

PRIVATE LIFE of AMOS 'n' ANDY

Radio Digest

February

Thirty-Five
Cents

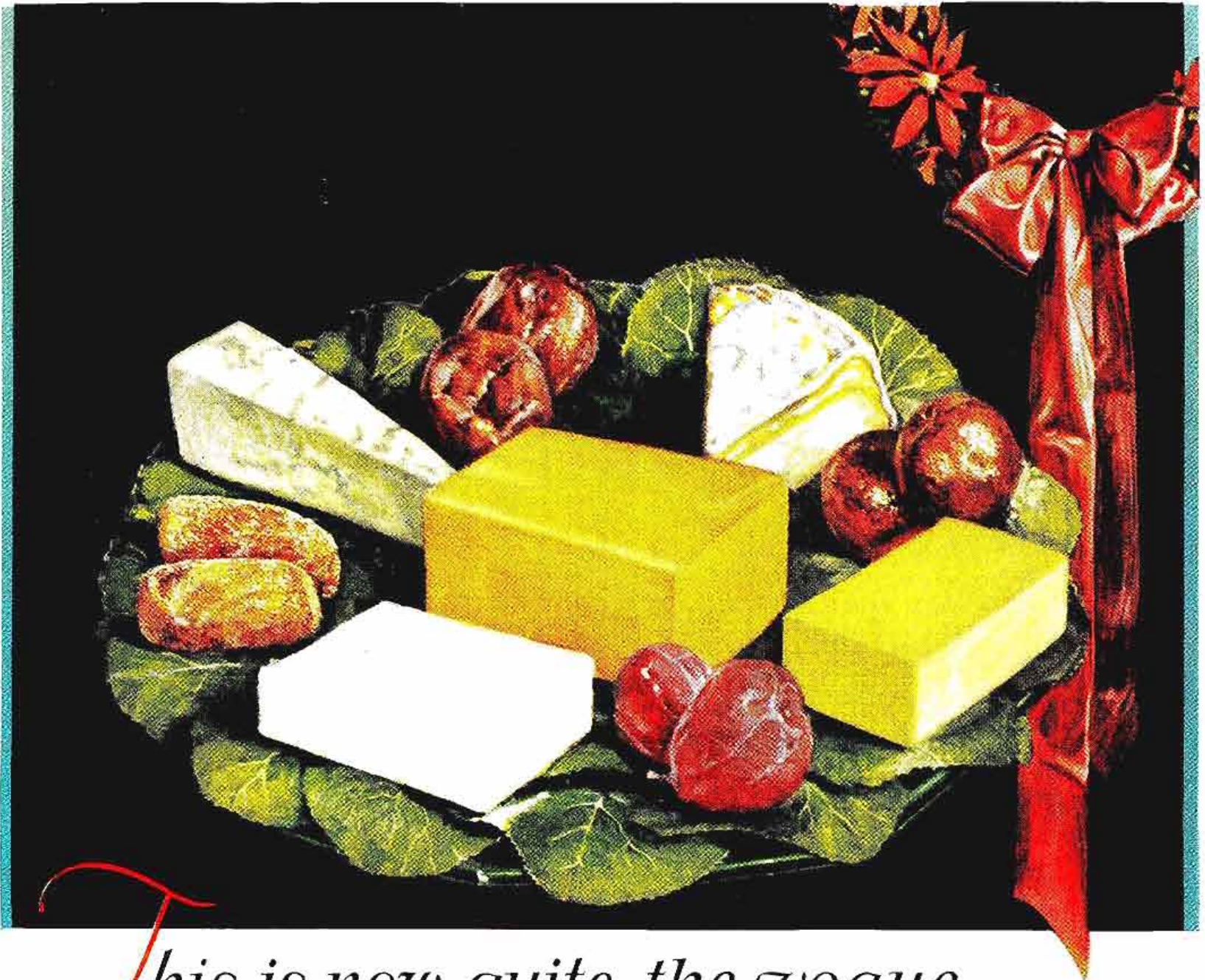
HELEN TWELVETREES
NBC-FOX

Edgar Wallace
How I Could Crook You

Jack Dempsey
The Ringside Announcer

*Bradshaw
Candell*

TEN and OUT a Short Story by *Octavus Roy Cohen*



This is now quite the vogue

Another delightful European custom—the cheese tray—is rapidly gaining favor in America, in fact it is quite the vogue—the smart accessory of the dinner.

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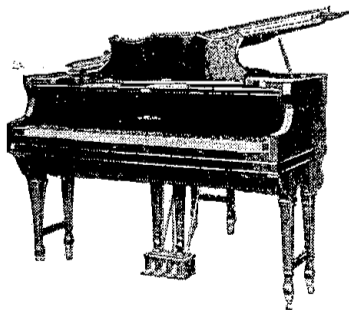
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

Illustrated

February, 1930

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Harold P. Brown,
Editor



ONE of the first of Radio thespians to desert the stage for the microphone, Florence Malone is widely known for the work she has done in NBC productions. She is leading woman in the Westinghouse Salute programs on Wednesday evenings.



LUCILLE BLACK steps out of character on Saturday nights when Madame Mocha de Polka steps into the limelight with that irresponsible group of people, the Nit Wits, led by Brad Browne. When in her right mind Lucille is a concert pianist of marked ability.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL ARTICLES

- MILTON CROSS—Personal glimpses of this outstanding announcer who won the national diction medal. *Herbert Devins* 9
- AMOS 'N' ANDY—Here's the lowdown on this inimitable black-face team. *Mark Quest* 14
- HOW I COULD CROOK YOU—Famous author reveals how he could make you crooked, steal your money. *Edgar Wallace* 16
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers
- THEODORE DREISER'S BED TIME STORY—Renowned writer tells how he cured his insomnia. *William C Lengel* 31
- FLOYD GIBBONS—Hunting headlines with famous war correspondent. *Rose Marie Drachman* 34
- JACK DEMPSEY, ANNOUNCER—Former champ a hit at the mike, and he likes it. *O. N. "Yank" Taylor* 42

FICTION

- TEN AND OUT—Rib-tickling troubles of a promoter, two fighters and a girl in Florida. *Octavus Roy Cohen* 10
- THE TRAP—A thrilling Night Club Romance as broadcast by the CBS. *Don Clark* 28
- MYSTERY HOUSE—Further adventures of Prof. Montegle and Richard Brooke III. *Finis Farr* 30
- LOST AT SEA—The secret of the loneliest man in a new Harbor Lights story. *Burr C. Cook* 32
- GERTRUDE—The concluding installment of this riotous story of a modern girl. *Salisbury Field* 40
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers
- THE GIGOLO MYSTERY—Craig Kennedy comes within an ace of solving the mystery of the green death. *Arthur B. Reeve* 44
Illustrated by Charles Ropp

STATION FEATURES

- GOSSIPY REFLECTIONS—What the broadcasters are doing here and there. 56
- DEVOTES LIFE TO RARE INSTRUMENT—Viola d'Amore brought to life for music and radio. *Walter M. Daniels* 59
- INSANE PATIENTS GIVE PROGRAM—Hospital broadcast presented through KWKH. *Eleanor Champlin* 62
- TEST PROVES FANS ARE ALIVE—WENR receives 7,000 letters following Sunday program. *Ben Pratt* 65
- PUTTING KANSAS ON THE AIR—KFH puts on programs boosting towns and state. *Donald Burchard* 69
- FORMER "SPARKS" KGW CHIEF—Paul Heitmeyer youngest executive on Coast. *William Moyes* 72
- CANADIAN "PINCH HIT" WINS—"Faith and Hope" fill in; now they're a sell-out. *Doc Irving* 75
- CHAIN CALENDER FEATURES 80
- WHO'S WHO IN RADIO 97



THE essence of pep and personality permeating KFWB studios is evident in the person of Jean Cowan. She specializes in blues singing and plays her own accompaniments. As the KFWB Personality Girl she has oceans of IT and unlimited popularity.



KENTUCKY long has been famed for its beautiful women, and Mary Alice McKinley is but one example of pulchritude to be found at WCKY, Covington, in the Blue Grass state. Just wait until television gets under way and watch the fans!

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Next to Last Call! Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest

Enters Last Lap with Nation's Leaders Bunched as New Stations Contest Positions

NEXT TO LAST CALL! This is the next to the last chance you will have to vote—your last opportunity to give a boost to the man who gives you some of the happiest and most worthwhile hours of your life, your favorite Radio station.

As the World's Most Popular Station contest goes into its fifth lap this month, Station WENR is still leading the field by a small margin, with WLS and WLW staging a close battle for second and third honors in the national field. From a position far down the line Henry Field's KFNF has suddenly leaped to within a step of the pace setters, while WWNC and KWKH are close behind, proving that it isn't always the big fellow who gives the best service or has the most faithful friends.

From Ponca City, Okla., has come another surprise for the leaders in this contest. WBBZ followers have suddenly come to life and put their favorite station in the running, perhaps for the Gold Cup, at least for one of the sectional Silver Cups to be awarded.

This is YOUR contest, YOUR chance to tell your favorite broadcaster that he is giving you better programs than any other station you tune in. Give him a break, don't be satisfied to sit back in your easy chair and think nice things—DO nice things, help the man who does so much for you earn sectional and international honors. VOTE! It's not too late. Just as WBBZ has come to the front in a few short weeks, so you can bring your most popular station to the front.

Not only has the pride of Ponca City suddenly leaped into the limelight in the Gold Cup Contest, the same influences seem to have been at work for WTAM, KHJ, KFI, KMOX, KDKA, and a host of others. The race is a hot one, and getting hotter every day. As the weeks pass, first one station and then another takes the lead within the geographical divisions. Everyone has a chance. It's up to the listener.

ALL nominations and ballots must be received by March 20, 1930. Don't forget to get the March issue and send in the six consecutively numbered votes you have been saving to secure

the bonus, as outlined in the rules and regulations for the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup contest.

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 handsomely engraved Gold Cup. This trophy will be in the form of a golden microphone, similar to that illustrated, which was awarded to the world's most popular Radio announcer. It will be suitably engraved with the call letters and location of the winning station.



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

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 that the base 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.

For 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.

No individual can tell exactly how any given station rates with listeners. It is only by an expression of ap-

proval or disapproval that the value of the service rendered may be judged, as in this Gold Cup contest sponsored by Radio Digest.

Literally thousands of letters have been received with nominations and ballots in this Most Popular Station contest. In many cases the enthusiasm for a favorite broadcaster mounts nearly to ecstasy.

"I BELIEVE that station KDKA cannot be equalled by any station on the air today for service, dependability, amusement and variety of programs," says R. L. Armstrong. "I believe WLW will win the Gold Cup. I never have heard (Continue on page 110)

**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.

Signed.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Number **5** **COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's
WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION
GOLD CUP CONTEST**

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

Please credit this ballot to:
Broadcasting Station.....
(Call Letters)
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(City) (State)

Signed.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



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Agency with offices all over the world. Stars of the stage and screen are available for programs of our clients.

Over one hundred popular key radio stations are now equipped to broadcast Bureau of Broadcasting programs. Such widespread radio distribution cannot be had by any other process.

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It has more than proved its great advantages. So now we are telling you about this Weed American Tire Chain.

It doubles the wear you expect after using ordinary tire chains. The traction it gives greatly increases the margin of safety.

Dealers are enthusiastic about the new Weed American. They say it is worth two pairs of ordinary chains. Your Weed Chain dealer will be proud and eager to show you their exclusive advantages. For example

THE NEW CROSS CHAIN

Across the contact links we have electrically welded re-enforcing bars, of 9/32" hardened steel. These re-enforcing bars, besides gripping the road, strengthen the chain against early breakage.

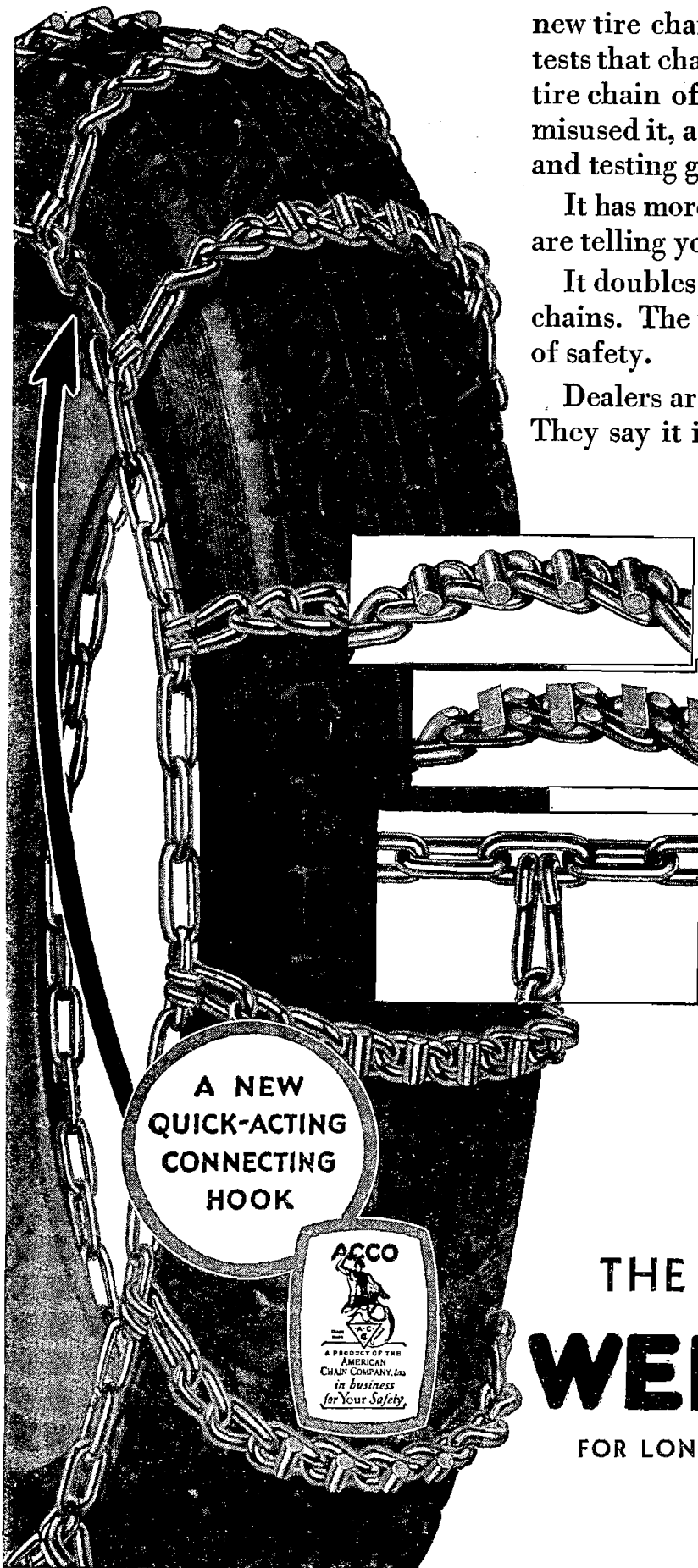
WHEN THE CROSS CHAIN WEARS

The cross chain shown at left (see inset) has already travelled a great many miles. An ordinary cross chain would have worn through long ago. Note the re-enforcing bar is only partly worn through, and the link proper is just starting to show wear.

THE NEW SIDE CHAIN

It's electrically welded. It has more links. It can't kink. It's tougher. It's stronger in the pull and withstands the roughest ruts.

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THE NEW WEED AMERICAN

FOR LONGER WEAR, BETTER TRACTION, GREATER SAFETY

Advance Tips

“PARIS, France — Sending two covers today American Express for Radio Digest. (Signed) Guy Hoff.” Ever since that cablegram was received in mid-December we have been eagerly watching every arrival of the express man, wondering what kind of a Parisian Radio beauty this famous artist would portray for you. The package has not arrived as we go to press. Hope it will be here in time for the March issue.

* * *

Natalie Giddings who wrote so entertainingly of Little Jack Little, in the January Radio Digest has discovered a ukulele player with a soul. And she thinks it has a sense of humor. Read her article about Don Becker, the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and the Flatenem Eight next month.

* * *

After you read Miss Drachman's interview with Floyd Gibbons in this issue you will be more than interested in the article Mr. Gibbons is preparing right now for the March number. We suggested that he write something about Radio in the Next War (which we hope will be long after this generation has ceased to worry about wars of any kind) but he may write about something else much better. Whatever it is the author of the Red Napoleon and other startling war stories will be sure to give us a thrill. And the article will be amply illustrated you may be sure.

* * *

Doty Hobart is on the schedule again for March. Mr. Hobart always gives us a wealth of interesting information about something worth while.

* * *

“It's only funny once,” says Sherwood Anderson, famous author, who writes an article about things that are funny, and things that are not so funny. Looks like this will be in the March issue too.

* * *

George Gershwin who created that modern classic, Rhapsody in Blue, will be the subject of our opening biographical article in the March issue. The story of this typical American genius is told most entertainingly by an intimate friend.

* * *

RUPERT HUGHES ranks among the very first of American authors of today. A Rupert Hughes story is a story of living hearts. Every character he creates breathes the breath of life. You love, you hate, you grieve or you exult with that character because Hughes can make you feel as he wants you to feel when you read. One of the greatest pieces of short fiction ever to come from the hand of Rupert Hughes is a love story woven into the Gold Rush to California in 1849. You forget all that has happened since and live through that frantic period with lovely Alice Gammell. The story comes in two parts. The first will be in the March Radio Digest.

* * *

A serial of romantic adventure will begin in the March issue of Radio Digest. Don't miss the opening chapters. Follow each installment through.

* * *

Anna Peterson one of the greatest cooking experts ever heard over the air is on the books for a special article of interest to women in the near future.

Across the Desk

SOON the big station popularity contest will be over. Seven beautiful trophies will be awarded the winners. Topping all will be the exquisitely designed gold cup, awarded in other years to the most popular announcer, but this year to the most popular station. Times have changed since Radio first began conducting these popularity contests. There still are favorite announcers. Today, however, there are many other outstanding personalities and groups identified with a broadcasting station. The real personality that characterizes a station may be heard only at rare intervals by the listener. Therefore it has seemed more equitable to consider the station from the viewpoint of the general ensemble. If you want to be a good scout and do one kindly deed before this day is done cut out the voting coupon on page 3, fill it out for your favorite station, and mail it to the station contest editor of Radio Digest. Every vote counts.

* * *

IF YOU think the popular author has a pretty soft snap of it turn to the article by Edgar Wallace on page 16 and read the short biographical sketch borrowed from the January Golden Book. Wallace makes a great

deal of money by his writing and he says in this article, which appears for the first time in print in Radio Digest, that he could make just as much money if he wanted to be crooked. But in spite of the long list of his activities—enough to stagger any other living soul—he says he “knows an easier way.” He even thinks he could make you a crooked partner in the nefarious schemes by which he says he could tempt you to part with your money in questionable enterprises. To think of Wallace as a foundling,



adopted by a fish porter and his wife, becoming at fifty one of the most prolific literary men of his day seems to hand a laugh to all the solemn theories of eugenics and environment. Radio Digest was fortunate to get this first-hand article by Wallace. The photo shown here was taken recently when Mr. Wallace took a peek at Chicago gangland and tried the effect of looking out from behind the bars of a Chicago jail.

* * *

RADIO DIGEST has gained thousands of new friends through the splendid co-operation of broadcasting stations throughout the country. Over sixty stations are represented in this January number by special items, or photographs, or both. This is the broadest representation we have ever before been able to get between the two covers of a single number. We are trying to give the reader the utmost of Radio information as it pertains to artists and programs and at the same time provide an attractive dress for other members of the Radio fan's family who may be more interested in good reading outside of the precise field of Radio. The co-operation of the stations in broadcasting our announcements has brought us more readers. More readers have made it possible for us to go into the market and buy better contents. So we wish to thank first the readers, and then the stations for expanding the public acceptance of our magazine. We have great expectations for a big growth in 1930. Important connections are being made for obtaining the best possible editorial material throughout the year. No Radio fan will feel that he can afford to be without his Radio Digest.

<p>Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left</p> <p>WHEN YOU WANT</p> <h2 style="margin: 0;">Radio Digest</h2> <p>YOU WANT IT!</p> <p>Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">2-30</p> <p>Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.</p> <p>Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City..... State.....</p>
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Deathless Youth

By Meredith Nicholson

*M*ONOTONY kills. Most of us are so constituted that we demand change. Whenever we find ourselves resenting a break in the day's routine we may be sure that Age has gripped us; the freedom and zest of youth are waning.

It is cowardice to yield our spears without a struggle to the grim Lords of Time. We best insure against Age by planning for tomorrow as though we expected to live forever. We must beware of ruts, of a too-easy contentment. To keep the cup of life brimming—that is the great thing.

The pressure behind us is insistent; we've got to keep moving. We minimize the chance of sinking forgotten into the chimney corner, a prey to unhappy memories, if we hold ourselves alert for the charm of some new surprise.

It was a dark day and my countenance must have reflected the somberness of the sky when I met Ruth unexpectedly in the crowded street—Ruth, whose smile is a benediction, whose voice is a challenge to despair. "We mustn't let the grown-ups catch us!" she whispered, with characteristic irrelevance, and hurried on. Ruth is wise in her generation. We are old only when we stifle the child-spirit that is our heritage.

Life is a serious business, yes; but it would be intolerable if we were obliged to live by a set formula. We must avoid the deadly iteration of a settled programme. In these times of bewildering change the healthy mind has no excuse for growing stale. The day's work isn't enough; we need the renovating and rejuvenating that come from the cultivation of a diversity of interests. Two business men in my town are accomplished astronomers. At the day's end their imaginations dare the heavens and they take counsel of Orion and Arcturus with his sons.

While curiosity is keen in heart and mind we can never grow old in a world that is re-created with every sunrise. To identify ourselves with a good cause that cries for assistance; to pick out of the crowd an individual whose lot is hard and renew his faith in man and God by an act of kindness—in a thousand such ways we may broaden and deepen the channels of our own lives.

Hoping and helping, ridding our pack of old rubbish that has become a weariness, we may know the joy of deathless youth and realize each day the beginnings of immortality.



MILTON CROSS is permitted but one night a week at home, and on one of these nights he entertained Mr. Herbert Devins, who describes the event on the opposite page. Mr. Devins also tells some of the details of the award of the American Arts and Letters Diction Medal to Mr. Cross and quotes the acceptance speech.

Milton Cross Says, "Come In"

*And the Family Is at Home Because Somewhere
on the Sidewalks of New York Jay Is Lost
and Little Lillian Is Sad*

By Herbert Devins

MILTON CROSS says "Come in!" as though he meant it.

Tuesday nights, of course, are the only times the famous NBC announcer is home long enough to invite anyone inside. It's his only night off from the studios, so even then it's a rare Tuesday night that he isn't planning to go out with Mrs. Cross for dinner and a theater.

Sometimes five-year-old Lillian goes with them; usually she stays home under the care of Mrs. Nona Clarke, the genial landlady who lives upstairs.

Tonight the Crosses are "at home." They daren't go out tonight, for tiny Lillian will not leave the phone. Her life-long playmate, the police dog, Jay, has been lost since Saturday. Someone may telephone that he's found.

So Milton Cross answers the door himself, and says "Come in!" as though he meant it. He leads the way from the brown stone entrance on quiet St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, a stone's throw from Prospect Park, through the shadowy hallway into one of those high-ceilinged parlors only to be found in old brown stone houses.

It's the sort of living room that can never seem unfamiliar, even at the very first glance. It is one of those rooms that somehow are always recognized as a racial heritage; that always strike a responsive chord through instinct, if not through experience. Its friendly expansiveness absorbs big, amiable Milton Cross without a jarring note.

The plain white ceiling is so far away that the unusual size of the room escapes attention. Tall windows look out upon the snowy pavements and wintry branches of St. Marks avenue, where stately houses with just such living rooms as this stand equidistant from the walks, like a military file at ease.

Inside with Milton Cross, none of the details of the room clamor for attention. Everything waits quietly, in perfect harmony. Even regular guests there are not sure of the color of the walls. One knows just where the marble fireplace should be, and only glances at it to make sure that it has not moved.

"Make yourself at home," smiles Milton as he drops your hat. As he bends to recover it, an ashtray clatters to the floor, spilling its contents. Before he has repaired this damage, you note that even on the floor it did not seem out of place.

"Just let me see what's in the ice box," he excuses himself and disappears through giant sliding doors at the end of the room.

After many visits, you may discover that Persian rugs are scattered about the floor. That snapdragon and yellow roses tumble from faience bowls on the library table and queer little stands. But not at first.

BECAUSE the thing is almost at your feet, you can't escape the long Venetian chest with intricate carved designs on its walnut sides. A grinning skull is painted on the dark velvet cover thrown carelessly across the top. It encourages the notion that the lid conceals a newly-strangled victim. When curiosity becomes unbearable, the smooth brass hinges reveal only a harmless assortment of little girl's toys; dolls and dishes, books and blocks, with the rear wheel of a tiny bicycle turning perceptibly on its axle.

There is a clatter on the stairway beyond the door, and a little musical voice queries, "Papa, has anyone phoned yet?"

The voice tumbles into the room—a tiny figure just beginning to stretch out of roly-poly babyhood into kindergarten size. This must be Lillian.

"Oh . . . where's—did anybody phone about Jay?"

"Who's Jay?"

"My police dog. Didn't Daddy tell you? We're still trying to find him. Where is he?"

"Who, Jay?"

"No. Daddy. Has he gone out?"

"Not with my consent. I came all the way over here to see him."

"Oh, I know. He's going to bring you some tea and cake, but I can't have any. Are you from the NBC?"

"Why, yes. How could you tell?"

"I couldn't. You don't look like most of them. I've been there. I—I was on the air twice, in Daddy's Children's Hour."

MILTON returned, with a tray that realized Lillian's promise. "Oh, you've met. Now meet Mrs. Cross." And he offered a cup to the graceful woman who followed him through the doorway. Behind dark lashes, the eyes of Mrs. Cross were brown and shining. But Lillian's eyes are blue, as mild and blue as Milton's.

"Mercy! Has she been talking much?" Mrs. Cross was worried. "Did she say anything she shouldn't?"

"I only asked him about Jay, Mamma. Honest. Wasn't I good?"

"Indeed you were. Remarkably!"

"But what about Jay?" I queried. Milton laughed.

"Now don't start to cry, Lily, so I can tell him. If you do, you'll have

to go to bed." The little girl promised. "Jay is our police dog, almost the same age as Lily. Their two birthdays are big festivals around here. He disappeared from the yard last Saturday, and we haven't seen him since."

"In the Children's Hour Sunday morning, one little tot sang 'Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?' so that gave me a chance to tell about the disappearance of Lily's pet, over the Radio. We've already had several replies, which may lead to our finding him."

"He was last seen, it seems, riding a subway train to midtown Manhattan. He got off the train safely, and headed for Sutton Place. He's easily identified, you see, because of two curly toes on one paw. He got those in an argument with an automobile when he was a pup."

Lillian was doing nobly. She hadn't shed a tear, though huge drops like fake movie tears must have made the whole room swim in front of her. With a sniff and a sweep of her wrist, she removed them, and tried to look unconcerned.

"He'll come back. You wait and see," was all she said.

I thought it best to change the subject. "Are you the pianist, Milt?" nodding toward the baby Grand.

"HA! You should hear me. No, the keyboard is home grounds to Mrs. Cross. We won't risk a demonstration. Better read the diploma, there." The diploma was duly starred and beribboned, announcing that Lillian Fowler had completed her studies at the Guillmant School of Organ. She and Milton Cross first met in the choir loft of the old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue at Twelfth Street, when Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick was preacher there.

Another diploma hung in deeper shadows. This was Milton's own, from the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. It claimed that Milton J. Cross was duly accredited and qualified as a

(Continued on page 91)

"RADIO work is not only a profession, it is a life, and the serious-minded announcer virtually orders his whole mode of living to conform to the requirements of his work. In my own case, I have been on the air so long, and have so constantly applied myself to making my speech habits conform to microphone technique that my wife tells me I cannot even say 'good morning,' 'good night,' or 'please pass the butter' without it sounding like a station announcement. But seriously speaking, the announcer should keep his voice in the best possible condition and in order to do so he must not only live up to the rules required for general physical fitness but should take a certain amount of vocal exercises—singing every day—for I believe that the correct speaking voice should be developed from the singing tone.—Milton Cross.

There's a Lot of Funny Ways to Count

T E N a n d O U T

*LEFTY Had to Do Some Heavy Thinking While He Fought—
To Knock Out His Pal—Lose His Sweetie—
Forget \$4,000 or Only Get Shot*

THE trouble with women is that they usually belong to the feminine gender and them which does is inclined to take too much interest in the folks which goes to make up the so-called masculine sex.

Now I ain't saying that a girl ain't entitled to have a sweetie if she wants to—or even three or four of 'em if she can get away with it—but she should let him work out his own destiny except in the home where he ain't got nothing to say and says it frequent.

Take for instance the average girl which when she gets married is an awful good battler when the ring is pitched alongside her own hearth—well, that same girl ain't so good when she mixes up in the art of prize fighting which is where I was always suspicious of Florrie and wasn't surprised entirely when she flang a monkey wrench into the sweetest piece of dollar-earning machinery I ever owned in all my career as a poor but dishonest manager of boxers.

Florrie was a nice girl and I didn't wish her no harm except to be married to a plumber or something and raising kids and hell out in Peoria or somewhere instead of travelling around with I and Lefty and George, which last-named is her brother by birth and breeding. But Florrie never could like the plumber which I kindly introduced her to, also she refused to flop for a taxi-driver or policeman or any other feller which was engaged in any art except fighting which I guess wasn't hard luck for me—only I don't guess that at all because it was and I don't blame Florrie except to say that it was all her fault and why should she of done it?

WELL, I will explain what my graft was so that you will see we had a clever scheme which didn't deserve anything like it got, and Oh Gawd! didn't we get it? You see, there is only two kinds of real money in the fight business and one of them is managing a champion which neither Lefty or George was or ever likely to be unless all the first class boxers quit the ring and went into the moving picture business.

Not that Lefty and George couldn't fight: believe me, Eleanor, they sure could. They knew all there was to know about the game which was invented by the Marquis of Queensberry only they couldn't do quite everything they knew. But they was good enough to bump off a local pride any time he got too prideful, and for a long time we done that until there wasn't no more local prides left which craved to take one on the jaw from either of my protejays.

Well, it seemed like we was due to return to the old days when we breakfasted and dined off of wheat cakes because they was cheap and not because we liked 'em. You see, the only boys which we could get bouts with which meant money was so good that George and Lefty was violently opposed to fighting them, saying thusly:

"If we fight 'em on the level we get our blocks knocked off also our fatal beauty spoiled and why should we do such? You are managing us, Ernest (they always call me Ernest, that being my name) and it is up to you to use your dome for something besides having a headache with."

WELL, they wasn't alone in accusing my brain of being on a vacation because Florrie, which is George's sister, and a real nice girl—sometimes—also remarked sotto voice that she had a hunch I was a bum.

"Lay off that libel stuff, Florrie," I protested passionate, "I ain't no bum which if I was you and your brother would be riding the rods instead of travelling around like kings and queens in the finest day coaches in the land. Besides you got to give me time to assemble my thought since I have a hunch that with the winter season coming on I am about to produce an idea."

"That is fine," she answers, "although I always thought that cabbages sprouted in the spring."

With which dirty crack she walks away haughty.

Well, all I will say for Florrie was that while I was annoyed at her sarcasm she certainly did start the old bean to working and if I do say it as one who shouldn't when my brain gets on the job it ain't hardly second to none if any, and before you know it I had thought out the Florida idea and was putting it into operation as the doctors say.

Now in order that there is no miscomprehension about this Florida game will say that so far as tourists is concerned Florida is divided into two parts. One of these parts is the East Coast and the other is the West Coast and the twin don't ever meet. If you happen to be a floss guy with a bankroll which spends a month or two every winter in Florida you



"You love him, don't you?" "Yes, but if you tell him—"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

either belong to the West Coast crowd or the East Coast gang, but you don't never belong to both fraternities. Maybe you might go to St. Petersburg for one month and then move down to Tampa the next but you don't never shift over from St. Petersburg to Daytona because they is on opposite coasts and ain't even members of the same club.

NOW sometimes a guy will visit three or four Florida resorts the same winter, but they always stays on the same coast: like for instance you go down to Miami at the beginning of the year and get an eyeful of the bathing beauties down there, and then when the weather gets too hot you move north to Palm Beach and after that you slide up to Daytona or Ormond and later to St. Augustine or Jacksonville. But never—Oh never!—if you are an East Coaster do you wind up your season on the West Coast. And that was where I got my glorious scheme which I put into effect as follows.

I divided Florida into two parts and I give the East Coast to Lefty and the West Coast to George. That was giving Lefty a little the best of it but what could George do about it and the answer is nothing. Which he did. Besides we was going fifty-fifty . . . fifty for me and fifty for them two lads. Daytona was our first stopping place and here is how we worked, which we done similar in all other towns where it seemed a good likelihood of putting our scheme over.

Well, we find out that down in Daytona they has got a local lightweight which is knocking 'em all dead and which the fans also tourists think would make Benny Leonard take a header which gives me the ha-ha. I look that baby over and see he ain't got nothing on his punches but a prayer and then I go back to Savannah where the gang is hanging out and give the word.

Well, George and Florrie go down to Daytona, only they take good care not to use their real surname, which is Rogers, and instead they select the moniker of Rafferty, which I humorously remarked has got a punch to it. They get to Daytona and registers in a bean-and-bed place as Jimmy Rafferty and sister, Florence; and Florence visits the newspaper office and lets it be published that said Jimmy Rafferty is a swell lightweight which is looking for new worlds to conquer, and especially the local bird which he says is a ham of the first water.

THAT seems like gravy to the local promoter and he matches George, alias Jimmy Rafferty, up with this here local pride. They get a lot of publicity out of the fact that this scrapper from Scranton, Pa., which Jimmy tells them he comes from knowing that is a safe place to mention—is managed by his sister and also she is a pretty girl, and usually the sporting editor has got a good eye for a pretty girl.

Well, of course when the fight comes off George—which is using the nom the guerre of Jimmy Rafferty—bumps off the local idle in about three stanzas and then he becomes the local king himself which is some king, I'm telling you. Well, sister Florence talks a heap about Jimmy don't want to remain out of work on account it effects his judgment of distance and why don't they bring somebody else up here for him. They usually do this and Jimmy knocks them off—being a real good fighter anyway—and then the Daytona and Ormond crowd think that now surenuff they have got a fighter in their midst which is a real world beater and why don't Jack Dempsey sign him up right away.

Well about that time, as per according to instructions, I get a telegram from Florence which is in code and reads as follows:

Mr. Ernest Harrison
De Soto Hotel
Savannah, Georgia.

Ducksoup.
FLORRIE.

Immediately me and Lefty hop the rattler for Jacksonville and points south—and I must say that Lefty ain't sorry to do same because he is kind of weak in the head about Florrie among other things.

NOW that's a queer thing about Lefty; how he went twenty-six years without taking him a wife of any kind and then should go nuts about Florrie. I ain't slamming Florrie, mind you, but if I was a marrying man which I am not, I wouldn't go picking on a girl which knows as much about fighting as Florrie does, also whose brother has got as good a right chop as George.

But anyway Lefty is cut in the head over Florrie and ambitious to marry her which Florrie says No to all the time even though I think she is pretty sweet on him but is just contrariwise like a fisherman which hooks a trout and prefers to see the poor fish swim himself to death instead of landing him right away.

So for almost a year Florrie has kind of dangled Lefty McCann on her line and let him understand that while he has got the inside track he has got to make her love him irresistible before she will say the fatal Yes and become Mrs. Lefty McCann and the mother of his children if any. And the more she puts him off the bughouser Lefty gets and

moons around the place and tells me he ain't half good enough for any woman, let alone Florrie, and if I agree with him he gets sore and if I don't he gets sorer, so where am I, and the answer is nowhere.

At Jacksonville we shift over to the Florida East Coast and get to Daytona two hours or more behind time and put up at a hotel, and then I and Lefty go around and visit the local newspapers and say to the sporting editor that we hear there is a ham in town which is named Jimmy Rafferty and we would like the chance of knocking his block off and have got money to back it up with.

Well, it is always that talk of betting on the side which gets a Florida crowd wild and they think we must be suckers to bet against Jimmy Rafferty—nee George Rogers—because they are sure that Jimmy is the best fighter which never took the count in Daytona, and before you know it the boys are

matched and Jimmy goes to a friend and says will you bet two hundred dollars for me that I will knock this bum out inside of six rounds and right away this guy comes to me and says I will bet you such-and-such a way and I let out a howl.

“KNOCK my boy out! Why that big stiff couldn't flatten a pancake. If the gates of Heaven was made of tissue paper he couldn't hammer a hole big enough to get in. “No,” I says, “I will not take that bet but I will bet you even money that my boy, Lefty McCann, wins the bout.”

Of course that causes a lot of excitement on account of me being so confident and after I have covered George's money he bets me still some more that he will win and everything is chicken. Well, of course George goes around town saying that it is all applesauce and how he will kill Lefty and so



He lets me peek at the butt of the ugliest automatic I ever did see. "You thought this was a flask, eh?"

fourth and then the wise money starts to appear which means that all them bimbos in Daytona which has seen George fight under the alias of Jimmy Rafferty and believes he is the hard boiled egg of pugdom go and offer to bet on him also to win.

Well that is where my brains come in because there is where some real money begins to appear from my pockets and I cover every bet I can find, wagering that my lad Lefty is going to come out on the long end—and we always manage to postpone the bout at least once so as to give the ballyho a chance and then maybe just before the bout Lefty sprains a wrist or something and there is more George Rogers money putting in appearance (only they call him Jimmy Rafferty) and by the time them two buddies step into the ring I have bet everything but my Sunday pants that Lefty will cop.

There is not no use going into the details of the fight except to say that there is nothing left to nobody's imagination if any. I have worked with them two boys a long time and their signals never get twisted and each knows every move that the other will make.

There is one fortunate thing about them lads in my line of business and it is that both of them is good bleeders and when a hick fight crowd sees a lot of claret they know that the fight must be on the level.

Well, they done so good that even after Lefty had knocked Jimmy-George for a ghoul and the broke and disappointed crowd was leaving there wasn't hardly a murmur of regret because those fans is for the most part good sports and they say it is the best fight they ever see and who minds losing a little bet and the answer is nobody—unless it is me that loses it.

Well, that is our graft and I am here to admit that it is pretty near jailproof. So after cleaning up in Daytona we do the same thing on the West Coast only that being George's territory, it is me and Lefty which goes there first and Lefty takes the name of Tommy Perkins and when George comes along and bumps this Tommy Perkins off, George does it under his own name.

WE DO fine the whole winter with only one break which is when I grab off a main bout for Lefty down in New Orleans: fifteen rounds to a decision for the other feller and that night when we carried him to the hotel and Florrie was bathing one of his black eyes he swears off fighting.

"It is too rough, Ernest," he says, calling me by my name, "and why should I fight real fights when George and me can do this brother act?" And when he says that brother stuff he looks at Florrie kind of wistful but she does not seem to pay him no heed.

"That's all right," I answers, "but there ain't always a season in Florida and our pickings will get awful slim when these birds begin to flutter north again."

"We got plenty money, Ernest. Seems like it would be a good time for a vacation."

George kind of grins and looks at his sister "It'd be a ideal time for two people of opposite sects to take a honeymoon," he suggests.

Florrie tosses her head. "Trouble with honeymoons is that they mean something. Once you have taken one you have got to face the consequences no matter how many."

Lefty reaches up a bruised hand and grabs her mitt. "How about it, honey?"

"Now, Lefty—you know I'm awful fond of you, but I do not see why we should get married right now."

"No, Florrie—you never do seem to see that, which makes me think perhaps your ideas and mine are not exactly the same, if any. But I am awful strong for you, Florrie, and am very ambitious to make you man and wife."

Well, she looks down at his poor bruised face, which at the moment looks like eight cents worth of dog meat, and kind of softens up—"Don't give up hope, Lefty," she says, just like a woman, "some day I may become your widow."

I take Florrie outside with me and talk to her. "Florrie," I says, "on the level why do you not unite yourself in matrimony to Lefty? There are a heap of guys worse than him."

"Ernest," she answers, "some day I am going to do that very thing."

"But why put off until tomorrow a marriage which you have got a chance at today?"

"Oh! no special reason, Ernest—except that it is a lot of fun to have a big strong man like Lefty McCann crazy about me which he might not be if we was married to each other perpetual."

"You love him, don't you?"

YES, I will tell you that I do; but if you tell him I said so I will say that you are a liar. As a matter of fact, Ernest, I guess I love Lefty almost as much as my brother

only entirely different; do you understand?"

"Sure," I says. "Of course I do. It does not puzzle me any more than what is inside of a hot dog."

Well, the Ides of March is on the way and we have planned one more big killing on the East Coast and one more on the West Coast and both of these have been planted elegant.

The scene of our big killing on the East Coast is Miami, which is a good live hustling town where a guy can get a run for his money and money for his run. George—calling himself Jimmy Rafferty—and sister depart for Miami to werk the usual racket. Just before leaving Florrie gives Lefty a little bit of encouragement.

"Maybe I will marry you some Thursday," she says, "when it is raining and I have not got anything else to do."

"Today is Thursday," he suggests.

"But I have got something to do today, which is to go to Miami with my brother and get him in trim to get licked by you. But don't you be discouraged, Lefty, because maybe if we close out our season successful and with nothing going wrong I might decide to take the fatal step, come what may."

Well, we hear occasional from Florrie and George that there is some good pickings down in Miami and we ought to make a cleanup there and already he has harvested a nice little pile and that there is one man in particular which has got a roll big enough to choke an elephant which already thinks that Jimmy Rafferty has got the stuff. A lot of these letters was about this man and Florrie was very careless to mention him also several times



"HE IS a fine, big strong man," she wrote to Lefty, "and he has got a way with him like a movie actor or something and he is teaching me to ride a surf board, also float, and we dance together divine almost every night. I do not know what he does for a living except that George says he has a hunch that our friend is a professional gambler, or at least plays for big stakes, which I can very well believe because whatever he is he is not no piker and he gave me a platinum bar pin with a real diamond in it."

Lefty McCann reads that letter twice and then kicks one hole (1) in the mattress, which I hope the hotel does not discover until after we get out. That afternoon he mails registered to Florrie a platinum bar pin with two diamonds in it.

"I reckon that will hold that big bum of a gambler," he says to me. "I do not see how a sweet innocent girl like Florrie can associate with such hoy polloy like gamblers. I will bet he is even a crook or something."

"Oh! I reckon she is just having a little fun to amuse herself, Lefty."

"Yes, and I guess when I get down to that sunny climb I am going to amuse myself with a little fun, also, altering the handsome expression of his face."

"Lay off that, Lefty. From what George writes this friend of Florrie's has got a bank roll which he is willing to bet that his friend Jimmy Rafferty can knock your block off."

"Just the same," says Lefty angrily, "he had better not fool around Florrie or God help him, if possible."

I must say that I did grow kind of sorrowful and sym-

pathetic for Lefty while he hibernated around Jacksonville waiting for the Ducksoup telegram from Miami. To put it real mild, it seemed to me that Florrie was raising hell with this gambler which we now learned was named Mortimer Rollins.

"Mortimer! Good Gosh! A handle like that and Florrie falls for it. I suppose he has by now already gave her a platinum bar pin with three diamonds in it. Just wait until I park myself in his neighborhood—I will show him that no man named Mortimer had better fool around with my girl."

Florrie was certainly rubbing it in and Lefty was almost wild or a little more so. And then finally we got the telegram and started for Miami, which I will say is a pretty long jump from Jacksonville in case you have never taken it—and a longer one if you have.

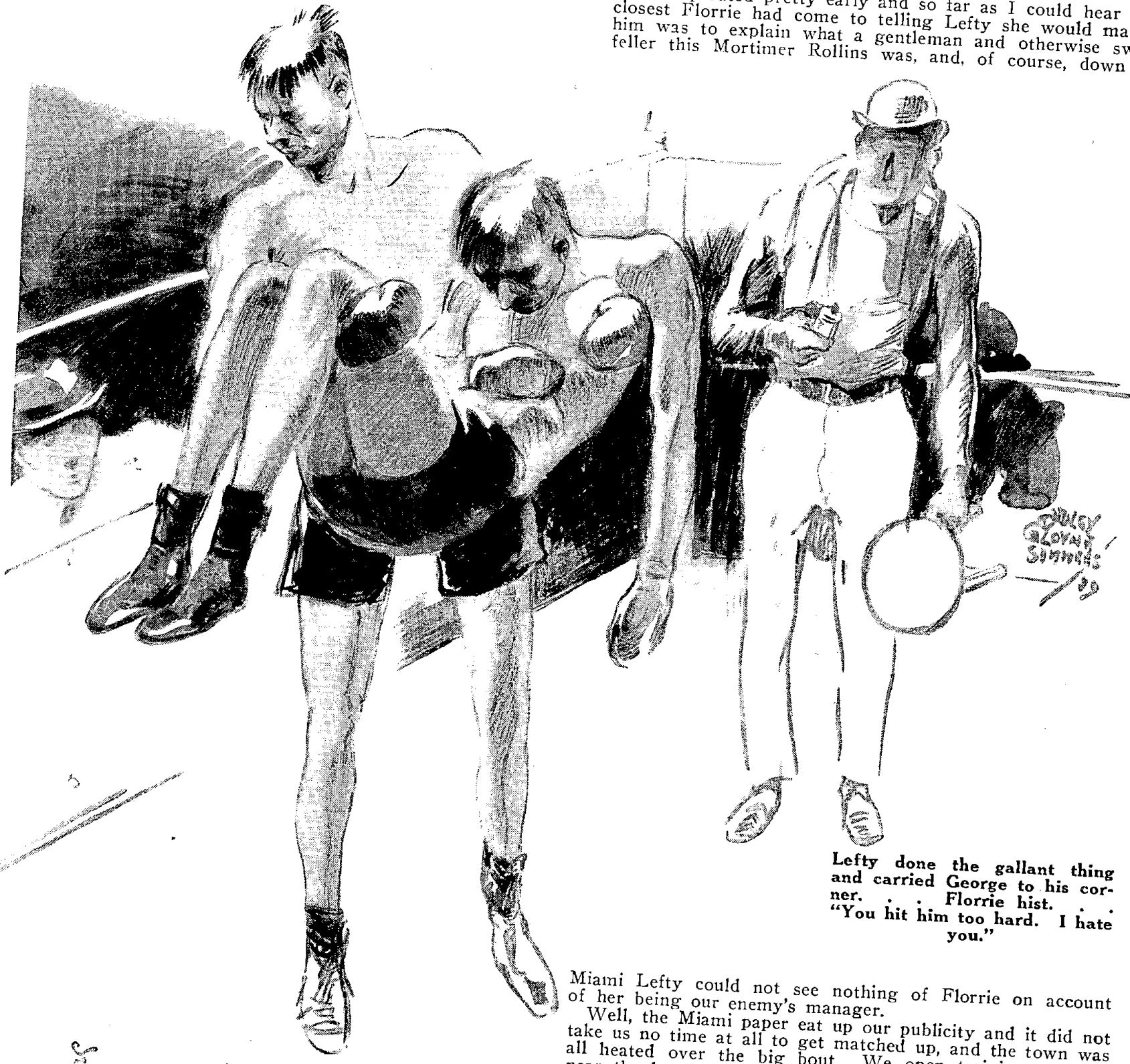
WELL, they was not at the train to meet us, which would not have done at all, but that night we met them on the beach surreptitious and Florrie was looking like one million dollars. Lefty was right pitiful: all full of love and fury and ready either to kiss Florrie or bite her.

"Mortimer is a prince," George tells us. "He seen me bump off a couple of local lads and he is certain that I am a wonderful fighter and will shoot the wad on me to lick you."

"Wait until you see him," gushes Florrie. "He is divine."

"Pff! Just wait until I see him. Any guy named Mortimer . . ."

We separated pretty early and so far as I could hear the closest Florrie had come to telling Lefty she would marry him was to explain what a gentleman and otherwise swell feller this Mortimer Rollins was, and, of course, down in



Lefty done the gallant thing and carried George to his corner. Florrie hist. "You hit him too hard. I hate you."

Miami Lefty could not see nothing of Florrie on account of her being our enemy's manager.

Well, the Miami paper eat up our publicity and it did not take us no time at all to get matched up, and the town was all heated over the big bout. We open training quarters near the beach and Lefty really gets in good shape under his own name, because it seemed that he had just got to hit someone if only his sandbag.

(Continued on page 93)

HERE'S the Real Low-down on that incomparable black face team, and their families

Private Life of AMOS 'N' ANDY

By Mark Quest

"NOW you have done it," laughed Marcella when I banged the receiver after Amos'n'Andy had hung up on me because I had tried to persuade them to come out from behind the telephone and tell me the actual color of their skins. Marcella claimed I had poached on her territory in asking such a question and deserved what I got.

"If you had been smart, really smart—" she was all set for a lecture but I stopped her.



Amos getting the best of Andy on an excursion boat about to leave Los Angeles.

"Don't do that," she said. "People have been killed by starting elevators when they shouldn't."

I WANTED to say a lot of things but decided to wait until another time and hurried out into the deluge. You can never get a taxi in Chicago when it is storming unless you follow one around until the passenger inside gets out. So I had to slish all the way over to the Daily News building, and dripped my way up to the twenty-fourth floor.

"You didn't expect to actually see them, did you?" asked Gilchrist when I had located him.

"That's what you said—" I gasped.

"What's what I said?"

"That they were here in person NOW and for me to come right over and have lunch with them before they put on their program, or something like that."

"Nothing like that, nothing like it at all. People never see them. They have their own studio all shut off from the rest of the place. They go in, the door is locked and that's the last anybody but the announcer and engineer ever sees of them until they come out again. Why their own wives couldn't get in there to see 'em broadcast. Not one of them—absolutely nobody, even me!"

"They are married?"

"Which?"

"Amos'n'Andy, of course."

"Certainly not. They are both men. That's funny—I guess you thought those two sweethearts they talk about were real girls, but they play the girls' parts themselves."

"Oh—then they are not married?"

"Didn't I just tell you they are both men? Men don't marry each other do they? It's just a partnership."

"I mean do Amos'n'Andy both have wives?"

"Why didn't you say that in the first place? Certainly. They both have lovely wives—one each. Now what do you want to know?"

"Any—er—ah—children?"

"Say, you don't expect me to know all about their private lives do you?"

"When I get through, you will."

(Continued on page 112)



Mr. and Mrs. Amos, alias Mr. and Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden.

"Thanks for your unasked advice, Marcella. You just worry around about Rudy Vallee's wavy hair and his eyes. Find out Graham McNamee's choice of suspenders and whether all fat men have tenor voices—"

"Oh all right, but you will be calling on me to find out all about their wives and babies before you are through."

"Whose wives and babies?"

"Amos'n'Andy."

"How do you know whether they have any wives to say nothing of babies?"

"That's important if you are going to tell about their private lives."

It was time for me to speak plainly to Marcella.

"I'll tell you, young lady—Amos'n'Andy are really smart, not dumb like they pretend. The colored people have a great deal of dramatic talent. Some are especially gifted. These boys have been running around putting on shows, just as they say. They got to singing together. Then they dropped into a broadcasting station. Folks liked to hear their lingo. Now they are famous. They don't talk the way you hear them on the Radio when they are around with their own people—just a couple of talented young colored boys. Probably they are graduates from Tuskegee or some place like that."

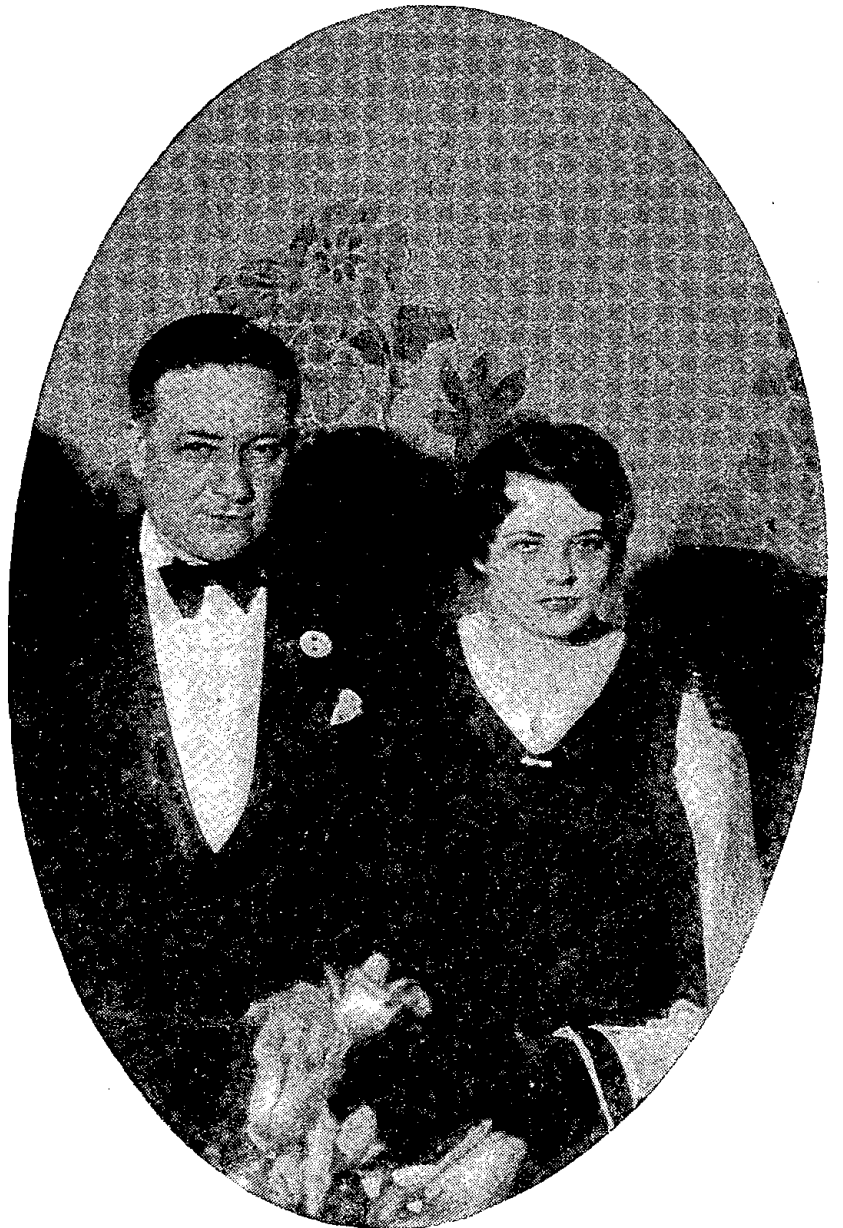
Marcella merely sniffed and commenced ruffling through her pile of letters. She is a hard loser but she simply had no answer to my argument along that line. To forestall any further nonsensical suggestions I turned to the phone and called up Charlie Gilchrist over at the Daily News.

"Why didn't you ask me in the first place?" he replied when I told him what I wanted.

"Do you actually know where they are in person?" I asked, more or less thunderstruck.

"Why certainly, they are right here, NOW!"

This was so startling after all I had been through I did not even wait to hang up the receiver. When I got down to the door I found it was raining like a summer cloudburst, only it was cold. So I went back up the elevator and got my rubbers and put them on while the elevator was going down. Marie gave the elevator a short stop at the main floor while I was standing on one leg trying to get the heel over my left shoe. It made her mad because I was pitched over against her arm that held the starting lever.



Mr. and Mrs. Andy, sometimes known as the Charles J. Corrells.

HOW I COULD CROOK YOU

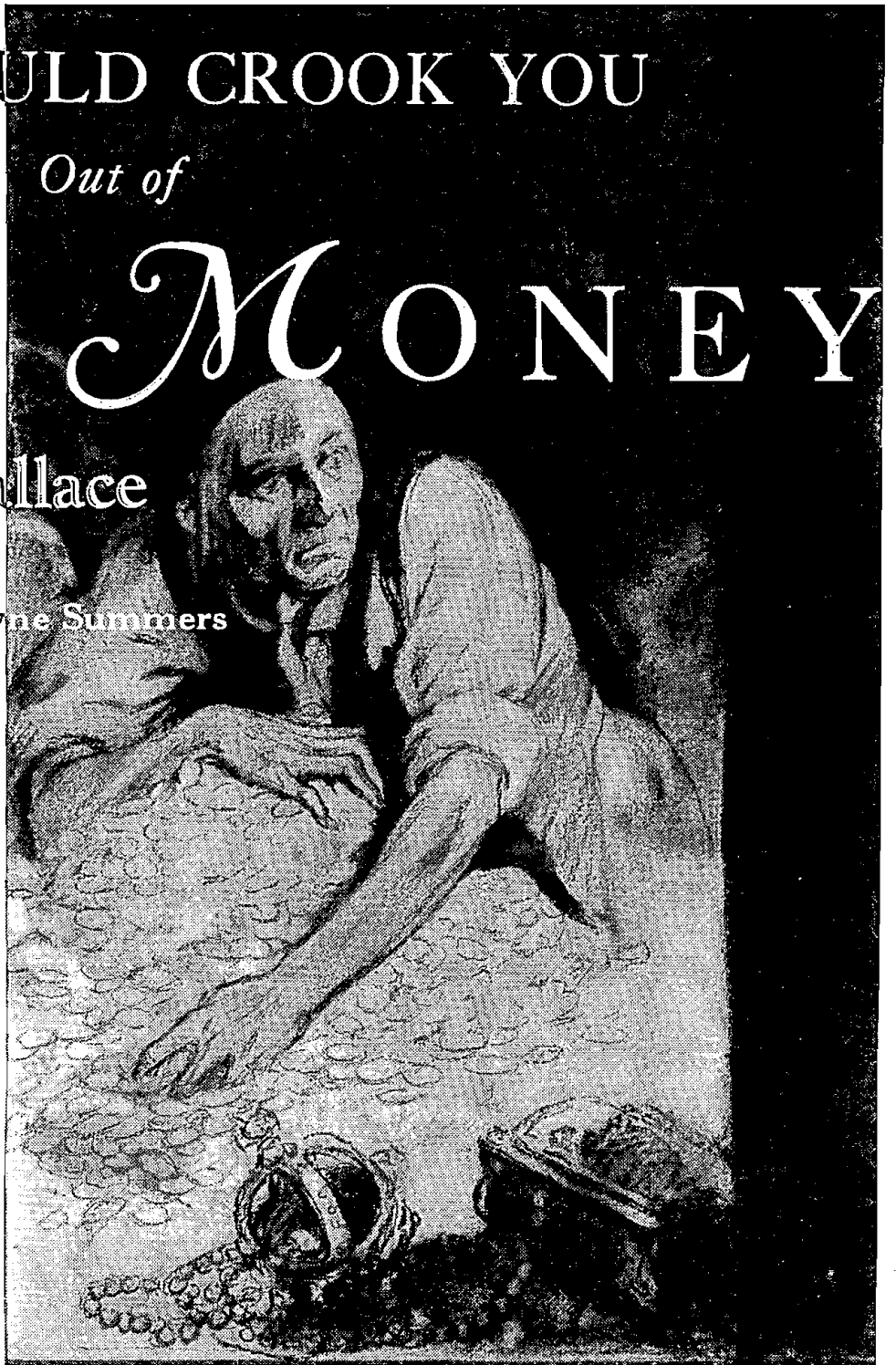
Out of

YOUR MONEY

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

EDGAR WALLACE has touched more hearts with his books than anyone since Dickens, says Hugh Walpole. Wallace has written about one hundred and forty novels (he has lost count), two to four hundred short stories, dashed off innumerable plays between breakfast and dinner, is dramatic critic for a London daily, and conducts one of the most eagerly followed racing columns in England. Mr. Wallace began his amazing career fifty-three years ago. At nine days he was a foundling adopted by a warm-hearted fish porter and his wife. At ten he was associate of a burglar's gang; he has been newspaper boy, factory hand, milkman, cockney soldier in South Africa, journalist, publisher, theatrical producer, writer. Not so long ago the overwhelming success of his mystery play *THE RINGER* brought him sudden fame. Magazines that had bought his stories for \$250 paid \$2,500 for the right to run them again; newspapers paid \$50,000 for thrillers written over a week-end.—GOLDEN BOOK.



SPEAKING to a woman's club I once boasted that if story or play writing ever failed me, I could earn a competence by becoming a crook. In one sense this was a vain boast, for if I failed as a writer of fiction, it would be because I was short of those very qualities of imagination on which I must depend for my success as a law breaker.

If I went crook, there is only one department in that game for which I am fitted to a superlative degree. I should become a confidence man—and a very successful one.

I make this boast because I have made three test experiments in the con game and each has worked out admirably. A year or two ago I established a "control" and sent identical letters to 543 names chosen at random from a classified directory. The identical letter was, of course, crude, but the essay in this case was to check sucker percentages. I did not ask for money—I merely asked whether the recipients were interested in the scheme outlined.

Of the 543, I received 274 favourable replies. All but four of the remainder, did not write; of these four, three objected to my scheme on the ground that they could only benefit by condoning the covert act of dishonesty which I suggested. The other writer did not object to this dishonesty, but thought the deposit I would require was unnecessary.

In an earlier experiment, I approached 47 people with the following story:

"I have just come from Russia and have smuggled to England a number of the Russian crown jewels. I am nervous about offering them for sale, because I believe they have been stolen from the Soviet Government. In consequence, although I have nearly 17,000 dollars' worth of property, I am practically destitute in London. Would the reader undertake the sale of them and share the profits with me? If so, would the reader

engage a room for me at the ——— Hotel (the best in the town) and send me the one-way car fare?"

Note these points. (1) Soviet Government. The average man thought it no sin to rob the Soviet. (2) The comparatively small value of the jewels; this read nearer to reality than a claim to have a million dollars worth. (3) Hire of the room; designed to convince the sucker that I was really coming in person to his town.

I WAS very careful to insist that I did not wish any money to be sent to me until they heard further from me. I clinched this by explaining that my address was not permanent. Of the 47 (all of whom lived at least 200 miles from London), 19 replied that they would send the car fare, 15 promised the fare (varying from \$10 to \$16) but required further information; and the remainder did not answer.

The Russian jewel fraud was "successful" because I was content to take small profits. The real art of this kind of swindle is to induce the sucker to part with an unimportant amount which he may have in his pocket-book—a \$5 bill—a £1 note. Give him the impression that he is not risking much and he will part without a pang.

My third experiment was by far the most illuminating. Sixty names were very carefully chosen from the records of provincial County Courts. They were the names of men who had been brought before a judge in respect to debts they had incurred. The amount involved in my letter, in each case, was the odd sum of £7.5.0. (\$36).

I explained how if that amount was sent to me the sender would be enriched to the extent of from \$600 to \$1200. I told each recipient not in any circumstances to send money until I asked for it—to my embarrassment three did actually send!



And when I returned the cash they wished to increase the amount of their "subscription"! Of the 60, no less than 55 returned favourable answers.

But you say, you would not have fallen for any such childish frauds. Well, I will wager, that I have a story, and a system by which I can relieve citizens of the United States of at least \$500,000, and although the preliminaries might occupy a year, the actual operations would be carried out in three weeks. I should not sell oil shares, or indeed, sell anything except organization.

First of all, I would first visit at least one hundred towns—not the great cities where the identities of all, save a few eminent citizens are submerged, but towns wherein the banker, the hardware merchant, the soft-goods proprietor and the small professional men are so well-known to the general run of citizens that their secret life stories could be ascertained by any skilled listener who cared to loaf away an evening or two. From this information, I would compile a town directory for my private guidance, and it would be a different kind of directory to any that has yet been printed.

WITH my directory completed, all that would be necessary would be to hire two offices, with good addresses, one in Paris and one in London, and within a few weeks of sending out my carefully prepared literature, the money would be flowing back to Europe at the rate of \$2,000 a day.

I should not promise money because the promise of easy money, written down in cold type, would raise nothing more substantial from my prospective financiers than a hollow and derisive laugh. I should emphasize the uncertainty of the project at some point in my appeal. You can only catch the sucker by suggesting, rather than stating, your transparent honesty. And that honesty is never better advertised than when you point out the defects in your argument and point them out

in such a way that the payee-to-be is clever enough to see how unimportant they are.

You must leave no doubt in your argument that the sucker can dispel without assistance.

Now I don't propose to operate a correspondence school for crooks but just suppose you should receive some such letter as this:

"Your uncle, Mr. Smith, who died in New York last February (these facts having been ascertained by enquiry) bought a quarter share in a mining property in Leydenburg, South Africa . . ."

Or suppose tomorrow you receive from London a letter written on very good note-paper, bearing the name of what looked to be a prosperous firm of agents and bearing such cunning etceteras as "established in 1807," six telephone numbers, a list of the partners neatly inscribed, and having the addresses and names of agents in India, South Africa, Berlin and Australia, and this letter told you that some months ago, the writers were in communication with (here is named somebody whom you know very well) and they acted as London agents for the late (here occurs the name of a man who was a friend of yours) and that they were holding an antique snuff box (or whatever article I knew that you were in the habit of collecting) which they had bought for you at his order, on your birthday; and suppose that they added that the value of the article for customs purposes was \$625 and sent you a bill to cover postage, insurance, etc., of \$40.50—would you pay? Of course you would!

The profit here would be so small to the swindler that it would hardly be worth while going after. I merely put this before you as an exercise in credulity.

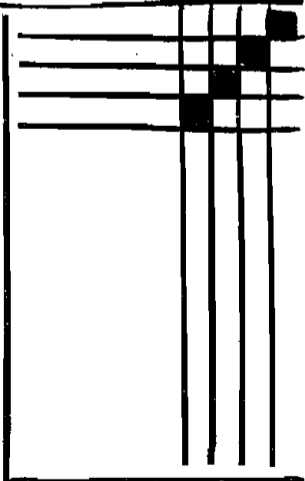
Big money CAN be made by an intelligent confidence trickster. It could be made by me. But happily, I know an easier way!

Cugat's Impressions of



John Golden is described by Doty Hobart as one of the Big Time showmen who have contributed to Radio.

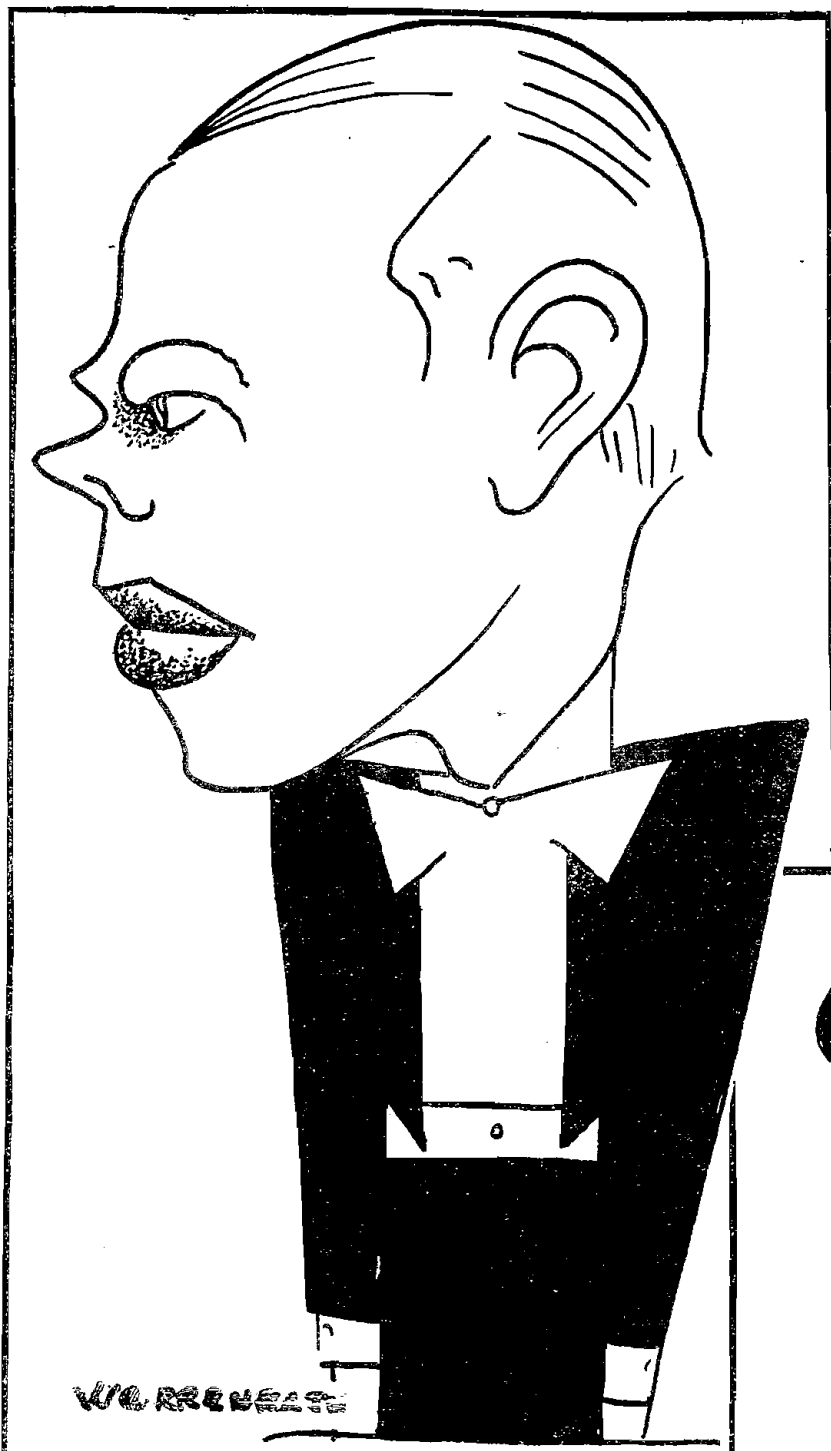
When the analytical eye of a satirical sketch artist beams on a ladies' pet like Rudy Vallee the above is what happens.



Even Walter Damrosch, that revered and dignified father of American symphony, is seen at the right teaching all our National youth music appreciation.



Today's Air Highlights



W. C. WERRENATH

Reinald Werrenrath, whose voice has been familiar to Radio listeners almost from the beginning, is seen thus by Cugat while waiting for the high sign from the studio director that the mike is "open."



It may, perhaps, be fitting that the Grand Old Band Man and March King, John Philip Sousa, should face Walter Damrosch on this stage of the Spanish caricaturist.

Salvation Army Drum Started Merle Johnston

*Famous NBC Saxophonist Develops Sense
of Rhythm and Finds Success
After Hard Struggle*

By Godfrey Irwin

SCENE: 1921. Another saxophonist. Stone broke on Broadway. Fifteen cents and no prospect of a job. All alone in New York. Big City Blues. Standing on the corner of Forty-sixth street and Broadway between frequent trips to Paul Whiteman's office. No luck. Moaning low. Crowds streaming to the theatre. Gay chatter. Skyscrapers blazing with light. No place to go, nothing to do, no one to talk to.

SCENE: 1927. A handsome studio just around the corner from the old location. Pupils galore on the saxophone. Broadcasting engagements filling every other minute of his time. Ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, meet Merle Johnston, one of the most popular artists on the air today. And not merely a top notch saxophone soloist. He is the organizer of a saxophone quartet and a thirty-piece orchestra. Moreover, this master of the seductive sax is the owner of one of the finest libraries of saxophone music in the world.

No time now to stand on the street corner. Busy days and busy nights. The tempo of the city as definitely understood as that of a musical composition. Nine o'clock in the morning; lessons at the studio. Telephone calls, Radio rehearsals, more lessons, more telephone calls. Noon, plenty of money for lunch, but only time for that sandwich and cup of coffee which would have tasted so good and which were so far out of reach in 1921. Studying scores and arrangements, discussing Radio programs. A taxi dash from his studio to the broadcasting station. Evening and on the air till 11, midnight, 1 A. M. Who knows? Who cares? The rhythm of New York, no blues, pop, gay, jazzy numbers.

And not yet satisfied. He never was and probably never will be satisfied. He admits it.

"Even as a youngster," Merle Johnston remarks to his interviewer between numbers at WABC, "I would plan ahead. The eternal question with me was always, 'What's the program for next year?'"

For Merle Johnston life has been somewhat of a musical program every since he was seven years old. His parents were Salvation Army people in Galt, Ontario, Canada. When Merle was six they moved to Oneida, N. Y., frequently stopping along the way to attend Salvation Army meetings.

To the child these gatherings spelt romance. He was proud of his stalwart Dad—Captain George Johnston—and loved to hear his mother's clear voice ring out as she sang the old familiar hymns. But, boylike, most of all he liked the big bass drum. He would stamp his tiny feet in time to the drum beat with the same rhythmic sense that characterizes his playing of dance music today.

His father noticed his sense of rhythm and rewarded the youngster with a miniature drum and harness, with which Merle tramped about the house enthusiastically playing with his toy sticks. At nine he was a Salvation Army laddie and stood on top of the bass drum in order to see the words in his mother's song book. After the singing was over he would join the musicians, and, as proud as Punch, march with them back to headquarters, beating his own tiny drum to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

JOHNSTON'S change from drum to brass was due entirely to his enthusiasm, for one evening he drove his drum stick through the drum head and his father decided on a hardier instrument. Presented with an alto horn slightly the worse for wear, Merle was soon playing "Oom-pahs," and at twelve received another present, a shiny trumpet, but it was several years later before he finally came into his own and acquired his first saxophone.

Playing trombone in the student orchestra of the Watertown high school, Merle enthusiastically seconded the suggestion that a saxophone was needed. No one had such an instrument and the orchestra was too poor to buy one. Finally, after scouring the town, the boys located an old saxophone which had been gathering dust in an attic for years, and proudly carried off the borrowed instrument. About that time they discovered no one had any idea how to play on



Merle Johnston

their latest acquisition. Merle took it home, patiently picked out notes on the piano, compared them with those on his newest treasure and long before his graduation from high school in 1917 had mastered the intricacies of the saxophone.

School days over, a job was the logical thing for Merle since money was scarce in the Johnston household, but the boy was determined to have a higher education. Tucking his sax under his arm, he set out for a school of technology and worked his way through a course of electrical engineering, graduating in 1921 as a Bachelor of Science.

"Even while I was in college," Johnston explains, "I specialized as much as I could. I had two main objectives, engineering and music. The training I acquired in the former was as great a help to me in my present career as music was in paying for my education, since it prepared me for the future and taught me to look ahead. That is my definition of the value of a college education.

"In 1921 all the large engineering firms were reducing staff personnel and I soon found that any hopes of work along that line were hopeless, so turned to music. Although I played both the trombone and saxophone, little hope for work was to be found at the Whiteman office, which I haunted for days. I honestly believe the booking agent grew so tired of seeing me that he finally gave me a job to get rid of me. It wasn't much of a job at that, merely playing the saxophone in the old Palm Garden in East 58th street, but I was so excited that I ran all the way home for my instrument."

Looking at the slight, wiry figure of Merle Johnston, you can picture the speed at which he made the trip, a light of triumph in his eye and the shadow of a smile on the sensitive mouth partially hidden beneath a trim moustache. He had made up his mind to succeed, and he did, for playing second parts with Wheeler Wadsworth proved so acceptable to the public that the pair soon found themselves booked for other engagements. It was a beginning, but not enough for Merle. He wanted to climb higher and make a place for himself not only among saxophone players but in music circles as well.

In those days curfew for the night clubs didn't ring so early, and his job with one of the prominent New York City resorts kept him on the job until 4 o'clock in the morning. Aside from this occupation, Johnston managed to play from five to six hours in the daytime.

(Continued on page 115.)

"Boy, you're one lyin' nigger," and Gene Arnold threatens his end man with a real caning.

S PARKLING and Varied from Beginning to End, the Wednesday Night Weener Minstrels Are "Big Time" Without a Doubt.



Gene Arnold Is Dean of MINSTRELS

I NTERLOCUTOR of Weener Mastodon Minstrel Show, Distinguished Alumnus of Stage, Is WENR Program Director

The Master of Ceremonies Says:

“AND as the next feature on our mammoth program this evening, we take pleasure in presenting the Weener Mastodon Minstrel Show from WENR, the Voice of Service, Chicago.

“There may be some of you in the audience who are interested in the personalities back of this glittering array of talent, consequently I will take a few moments of your time in telling you about Gene Arnold, formerly of the legitimate and musical theatre and now writer, conductor, interlocutor, creator, and third assistant office boy of this ether earthquake of mirth and melody.

“Mr. Arnold started out years ago as a traveling troubadour and ultimately became stage director for Henry Savage when that producer presented ‘The Merry Widow’ and ‘The Girl of The Golden West.’ From stage directing Mr. Arnold stepped into Radio, becoming an announcer at WOK, Chicago, in 1928. Later he joined the staff of WENR, where he now holds the title of program director.

“One of the most versatile Radio artists in Chicago, Gene

Arnold composes religious and popular songs, is a member of the ‘Memphis Mudcats,’ a Hill Billy troupe, and sings with the harmony trio of Chuck, Ray and Gene. And now, to the rolling of the drums, Mr. Arnold will make his appearance—Mr. Arnold.”

The eager throng in the auditorium of WENR sits a little farther forward on the chairs, as if better to see what is going on behind the large windows, and hear more clearly the voices coming through the amplifiers.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is more than a pleasure for me to meet each and all of you. Unaccustomed as I am to . . . Say, Pete, where did you get that big diamond on your finger?”

Pete: Well, my mother-in-law left \$3,000 for a stone, and there it is.

Gene: (turning in greeting to another end man): Chuck, you look different this evening. What’s the matter?

Chuck: Well, I lost two hundred pounds just recently.

Gene: How is that?

Chuck: My wife ran away from home.

By this time the audience has relaxed from the tense attitude of waiting, and the already crowded reception room is even more jammed.

Gene: I think I saw her yesterday at the police station.

Chuck: What was she saying?

Gene: Nothing.

Chuck: Then it wasn’t my wife.

The third end man has been squirming around uneasily in his chair, drawing the eyes of the audience, even before Gene turns to him.

(Continued on page 92)



VIRGINIA GARTRELL GRUBBS, and Virginia she is, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience. Tune WRVA at Richmond when this charming lady is announced and be looking at this page when you hear her.



*D*OROTHY DURHAM has sunny California written all over her face so we are not surprised to hear that she is the popular balladier and guitar ace at KFSD, San Diego. But they do wear furs there.



***E**LOISE KIRPATRICK is another California beauty whose charm lies in the wistful look of her eyes as well as the tender quality of her coloratura voice. Yes, sir, Los Angeles—and the station is KHJ.*



LILLIAN RICE, and Rice is a name that means a lot in Texas. This is what Mr. Gifford of WFAA, Dallas, says, "and it's a pity you can't see the original—red hair, green eyes—." She's mezzo-soprano.



MARY HOPPLE sings songs in the Palmolive Hour on Wednesday nights and thousands tune in to enjoy her sweet contralto voice. Brown eyes and naturally wavy hair add to the charm of this NBC star.

Study Educational Value

of RADIO in SCHOOLS

By Margaret Harrison

Director of Radio Studies, Rural Education Department, Teachers College, Columbia University

PRIMARY FIELD for Broadcast Education
Is in the Rural Field; Columbia University

Undertakes Analysis of Possibilities

IF RADIO is to prove a practical aid in education, it is fitting that its primary field should be in rural education where, by its inherent nature, it can overcome many of the natural drawbacks and backwardness of rural life.

In an effort to determine these possibilities the Rural Education Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, has undertaken a study of the use of Radio reception in country schools.

The research program includes an intensive study of the use of Radio in a small, concentrated group of rural schools in Wilton, Conn.; an extensive study of schools throughout six eastern states; and a comparative study of those programs actually designed for school purposes with daytime programs intended for a general audience but utilized by schools.

At the time the program was outlined, it was deemed advisable to list also the desired outcomes of the study. In the preliminary committee meeting, attended by Dr. M. Del Manzo, Provost to the Dean of Teachers College, Professor Mabel Carney and Professor Fannie W. Dunn of the Rural Education Department of Teachers College, Dr. Otis Caldwell, Director of Experimentation, Mrs. H. Howell Moorehead of the Foreign Policy Association and also a member of Secretary Wilbur's Commission on Educational Broadcasting, Dr. Ben D. Wood, Columbia University, and Mr. Ralph Rounds, Administrator of the Keith Fund, which is financing the study, the following "Desired Outcomes" were thought probable:

Desired Outcomes

- (1) Knowledge of, or insight into, the technical and administrative details of using Radio in a rural school.
- (2) Knowledge of educational adaptability or usefulness of programs not definitely designed for school use.
- (3) Provision for adaptation, or knowledge of how to adapt or make use of such programs.
- (4) Development of techniques of supervision or guidance of teachers in use of programs.
- (5) Development of supplementary materials essential to educational use of Radio programs.
- (6) Suggestions (from various groups) of desirable educational broadcasts.
- (7) A gradual increase of programs designed for and appropriate to school use.
- (8) A definite contribution (one of many) to the furtherance of development of educational broadcasting.

THE study will concentrate at first on programs already on the air. A weekly bulletin is sent to the co-operating schools listing daytime programs which might be utilized by either the entire school, one or two grades, or even, in some cases, by only one or two children. The teachers are urged to correlate these programs, wherever possible, with their regular school work. At the end of the week the schools report those programs used, what grades listened in, the effectiveness of the programs, stimulation in regular school work, and on any pedagogical problems which have arisen.

It is hoped that at the end of the school year data will be available on types of programs, methods of utilizing them in regular classroom lessons, correlation of programs with the school curriculum, and suggestions for future educational broadcasts.

The primary interest of this study is in the pedagogical problems involved in the introduction of Radio in the school curriculum, rather than in either Radio receiving equipment or programs. The schools are visited and the methods are observed of the teachers in working out these problems.

A MORE detailed study is being made of the NBC Music Appreciation Hour, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, Musical Counsel of the National Broadcasting Company, which is broadcast every Friday morning to the school children of the country. An effort is being made to test the growth of musical appreciation of those children, in the schools co-operating in this study, who listen to the Damrosch concerts. This series has been selected for specific study as it is the only program on a national network which is intended for school

children and, as such, serves as a basis for the third part of the research study—a comparison of programs designed for school purposes with those intended for a general, daytime audience but utilized by school children.

Our present teaching system involves the use of three techniques; teachers, books and supplementary reading materials, and visual aids, such as maps, pictures, graphs, etc. Many educators feel that Radio may become a necessary fourth device. Others feel that if it is included at all it should be supplementary only in the broadest sense of the word. With various educational and broadcasting agencies throughout the country working toward a national "school of the air," the Rural Education Department has undertaken this study to determine, insofar as possible, the practicability of such a "school" and the potential value to the 160,000 rural schools.

Radio has one function which is not covered satisfactorily by any of the three other devices—the function of disseminating news and history at the time it occurs. I don't believe any educator would question the educational value of having the 24 million school children of the country hear the President of the United States take his oath of office, but they do insist on knowing the point beyond which Radio ceases to serve as an educational tool. In admitting the worth of certain programs, many educators at the same time question the advisability of Radio's constant use and the broadcasting of subject matter ordinarily covered in the school curriculum.

Various groups throughout the country have interested themselves in the problem of educational broadcasting. The Ohio School of the Air, which is now extended to include Indiana and Kentucky, broadcasts school programs and accepts the dictates of the school people of the state in arranging and adapting these programs.

IN CLEVELAND, Ohio, a small group has experimented with broadcast arithmetic lessons. To correlate these and other such studies and to investigate further possibilities of education by Radio, a commission has been appointed by Secretary Wilbur of the Department of the Interior. Its chairman is United States Commissioner of Education, William John Cooper, and its members include prominent educators and broadcasting authorities, among them M. H. Aylesworth, president, National Broadcasting Company; William S. Paley, president, Columbia Broadcasting system; Dr. Charles R. Mann, president, American Council of Education; Dr. J. W. Cawtree, secretary, National Education Association; Frank Cody, superintendent of schools, Detroit; H. Robinson Shepherd, educator, New York City; J. L. Clifton, director of education, Columbus, Ohio, and Dr. Harold Stonier, educational director, American Institute of Banking, New York City.

In all the studies and plans made for the furtherance of Radio in education, so far rural schools have been given comparatively little consideration. Yet, as shown in a report recently issued by Professor Carney, Rural Education Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, of the twenty-four million children enrolled in public schools in the United States, practically one-third are farm children. Of these, 160,000 are in one-teacher schools, that is a school where all eight grades are taught by one teacher; 34,000 are in hamlets of a population less than 250; 20,000 are in two-teacher schools (one teacher handling from first to fourth grade, and the other from fifth to eighth); and 17,000 are in consolidated schools. The total number of teachers instructing farm children is 348,000, nearly half the 750,000 public school teachers.

"Of all the educational disadvantages suffered by farm children, however, the most serious is the lack of professional leadership, as expressed in the quality and number of well-trained teachers, supervisors, and administrators," Miss Carney wrote. "Of the 250,000 teachers in one and two-teacher rural schools, 23% or 57,000 have had less than two years of education beyond the elementary school; a third are not high school graduates; about 15,000 have gone no further than the eighth grade; and at least 5,000 (chiefly in Negro rural schools) have completed only the fifth or sixth grade."

In spite of these disheartening figures, it is a relief to learn that in the last fifteen years more progress has been made in the field of rural education than in any other. The difficulty is that we have further to go.

THE TRAP

A Night Club Romance

By DON CLARK

(Copyright by Columbia Broadcasting System)

ON ANOTHER Monday evening, we invite you to again be our guests as we set out in search of a Night Club Romance. Each week at this time, our steps lead us to one of the cabarets which provide rendezvous for those whose bedtime is not early—one of those typical song-and-dance restaurants whose activities do not really begin until most of the world is tucked safely away in bed. So come along as we go down these steps to a club nestled well under one of midtown New York's tall office buildings. We've been tipped off that something interesting is going to take place here tonight—so we'll wander around and take the place in. Maybe here we'll find our Night Club Romance!

* * *

Apparently our tip that something is to happen in this club tonight is a good one. At any rate, we see "Jinx" Remington, the proprietor, over there by the door talking to "Hank" Bailey—one of the best men from headquarters. Let's go over and see if they are to provide us with our Night Club Romance.

JINX: Yeah—we been having the customary run of hard luck this week. Either it gets too hot, or else it's too cold—the crowd stays away anyway. The cabaret racket ain't what it was, Hank.

HANK: No—I guess not. But—did it ever occur to you that there's some other reason why they're staying away, Jinx?

JINX: Some other reason? No, Hank—what other reason could there be? I give 'em good food, and good entertainment, and my cover charge ain't so high.

HANK: Listen, Jinx—we're wasting a lot of valuable time for both of us. Let's get down to brass tacks.

JINX: Why—do you mean?

HANK: I mean that you know as well as I do why you're not getting the crowds like you used to. And I'm going to do something for you tonight that'll get 'em back.

JINX: Well—I hope you can, Hank—but I don't know what you're drivin' at.

HANK: All right—then I'll tell you. You know you had a murder here a while ago, don't you, Jinx?

JINX: Oh, that. Sure—but that was several months ago—and that wouldn't carry over until now.

HANK: Don't fool yourself. The public remembers those things. You also remember that the murderer was never found, don't you?

JINX: Why, yes—sure. But what's that got to do with it?

HANK: Just this—every clue pointed to the fact that the murder was an inside job. That was all in the papers. The public remembers that. They know that a common citizen came to the club to eat and dance, just as they do. They know that he was murdered in cold blood, while he was sitting at his table over there in the corner.

JINX: Well? I can't help what happens here, can I? It's a public place, and I have all sorts of people coming in. Other places have had murders, too.

HANK: And most of the murderers have been found, Jinx.



It's the job of the police department to bring 'em to justice.

JINX: Well—you're beyond me. I can't see how all this talk about the police department is going to get my customers back.

HANK: You can't—but I can. I'm here tonight to catch the murderer of Roy Fulton!

JINX: What? Three months after the murder, you come around to catch the murderer? Are you trying to be funny, Hank?

HANK: No, I'm serious.

JINX: And you think that whoever murdered Fulton will just come back tonight to be caught? That's funny!

HANK: I know he'll come back. This was an inside job—you know that. I've located everybody who was working for you at the time. I've even brought back the singers and dancers who were working for you then. We're going to stage a show just like the night that Fulton was killed—and when I'm through, I'll show you the murderer!

JINX: Hank, I think you're out of your head. I've had dealings with you for ten years, off and on, but I never heard you raving like this before.

HANK: All right—call it raving if you like—but I know what I'm talking about.

JINX: Well, Hank, you know that whatever the police department has said with me goes, don't you?

HANK: Sure. That's why I was so sure that you'd be ready to cooperate with me in this little plan of mine.

JINX: I still think you're crazy, Hank—but I'm ready to do anything you say. If we can catch this murderer it will fix things for me all right. So—where do we begin?

HANK: I've got the people I need outside—everybody who has left since the affair. I'll call 'em in, and we'll set 'em to work doing the things they were doing that night. We won't tell anybody anything—just go ahead with the regular routine.

JINX: Oh, say, Hank—I'll have to tell the customers. They won't know what happened when all this starts.

HANK: We'll tell nobody. They'd interfere with my plans.

JINX: All right—just as you say.

HANK: Now come along out with me and we'll bring in these people and put 'em to work. You'll remember 'em all. I had a tough time locating some of 'em—but today I got the last one.

JINX: Yeah? Well—let's go.

RITA: Well—so we're back working for Jinx Remington again, Buddy?

BUDDY: Yeah. Gee, Rita, this place gives me the creeps.

RITA: Why, Buddy—don't tell me you're going soft!

BUDDY: No—it's not that—but every time I walk around the place I see that white face of Roy Fulton staring up at me. I swear, I get the willies.

RITA: Say, don't act like that, or this Hank Bailey person will begin to suspect you!

BUDDY: What?

RITA: Come on, kid, calm down. Nothing's going to eat you.

BUDDY: No—don't mind me. I'll be all right in a minute. I don't know why I got like this. Say—just what has Bailey got in mind, bringing us all here like this?

RITA: I'm not a mind reader, dearie. You'll have to ask him—or else wait and see.

BUDDY: Well, I'll feel a lot better after it's over!

RITA: Say, I'm beginning to be a little bit suspicious of you myself, Buddy!

BUDDY: Oh, come off that stuff, will you, Rita? As if it wasn't enough that we get hauled up here for this thing, after I'd just started my first week on the big time, without you complicating matters! Lay off me, will you?

RITA: Sure. Say, here comes Jinx now. He looks sort of worried.

BUDDY: Who wouldn't look worried, with his night club turned into a laboratory for catching a murderer? I don't blame him a bit.

JINX: Hello, Buddy. Oh, hello there, Rita. It's good to see you back here again.

RITA: It gives you a lot more pleasure than it does us—especially Buddy, by the looks of him. I guess he thinks they're going to put everybody through the third degree.

BUDDY: Rita! Will you lay off?

JINX: What's the matter? What're you nervous about, Buddy?

BUDDY: Nothing.

RITA: Say, tell me, Mr. Remington, what's the low-down on this?

JINX: Low-down on what, Rita?

RITA: I mean—what's the idea of getting the old crowd back here? Does Bailey hope that one of us will confess that he killed Roy Fulton?

JINX: I don't know just what his plan is. He hasn't discussed it with me, yet. But you'll probably find out soon enough.

BUDDY: I suppose so.

RITA: Well—if we're going to do a repeat on the ghastly details, I'll have to go in and dress. You know, Mr. Remington, I'll bet this is the cheapest I've ever worked for you.

REMINGTON: I'd rather pay you—and get this over with, myself.

(Continued on page 79)



Hank: "Look at him, Jinx Remington! Look at the man you murdered!"

Jinx: "No—No—I can't—I can't look at him! Roy! That face, staring up at me!"

BLACK BEAUTY

A Romance of the Old South

Twelfth Episode of Mystery House

An Original Radio Drama Written for the National Broadcasting Co.

By Finis Farr, Jr.

PROFESSOR MONTEGLE has called on what appears to be a psychic power in his efforts to get "Mystery House" into his control.

He has again managed to get Margot Hemingway, Brooke's fiancee, into his power. In a crystal he shows her a terrible danger which threatens her lover. Frightened, Margot agrees to write Brooke a letter, instructing him to "look behind the clock." With Sergeant Hanrahan, he does so, and when the big grandfather's clock is pulled out from the wall, a loud explosion is heard. The two men pick themselves up and find they have just escaped death from a concealed shotgun which was fired by the opening of the clock.

Who set this trap? There are two suspects: Sally, the dancer in Fragoni's night club, and Williams, Brooke's supposedly faithful servant. Questioned, Williams turns and dashes from the apartment.

Previous to this, Williams and Brooke have found the murdered body of Johnny Walker, Brooke's friend, in a waterfront dive frequented by the Professor. Pinned to the body is a black paper triangle with the number 2 written on it in white ink.

Even greater mystery is furnished when the Professor succeeds in getting hold of little Alice Denby, the legal heiress of the Denby fortune and the real owner of "Mystery House." Ransome Renwick, the great criminologist, rescues the child, but she is again spirited away by Montegle. It then develops that Montegle himself has lost the child—and unless Fragoni can throw some light on her whereabouts, she has disappeared entirely, both from Brooke and his friends and from Montegle and the gang.

Renwick arranges an interview with Montegle and confronts him with the charge of murder.

The master criminal and the master detective engage in a battle of wits; and it appears that each has checkmated the other.

COULD it possibly be true that Sally was a crook?

Young Bob Brooke could not yet bring himself to believe it. She had drawn a revolver and fled when Sergt. Hanrahan attempted to place her under arrest. That was natural. But why should she be carrying a revolver if she was straight?

There was no time to consider these questions. Margot, his fiancee was in the hands of the treacherous Professor Montegle. She had gone there to rescue little Alice Denby, kidnaped and held as a foil against interference by Brooke and others in the gang's nefarious operations and conspiracies.

Renwick the great criminologist who already had rendered valuable service to young Brooke has now come face to face with Montegle and bluntly accused him of murder. Montegle seems once more within grasp of the law and Renwick says:

"This looks like the end, Professor. The police will be here in two minutes."

"I've waited for them before, you know," Montegle replied sullenly.

"Yes. But this time there will be no slip-up. You'll be here when they come."

"You might give me an even chance. At least I have always played fair with you."

"Yes, very sporty you are, for example in asking me a moment ago to step over to that window where your man Fragoni could take a pot shot at me."

FOR that matter he has you covered right where you are."

"I grant you that, Professor. But you are likewise covered in that chair. From that distance he can not tell which of us is which."

Bantering each other these two kept up the interchange until the moment for the expected arrival of Sergt. Hanrahan. Then it was that Montegle discovered the telephone within reach of his chair. In a moment he had connected with the room in Haddon Hall across the street where Fragoni was waiting with rifle, ready to fire.

"Observe," he said to his henchman, "I am the one sitting in the chair. See, I raise and lower my arm. Are you satisfied? Good. Now, should you observe the figure of a man moving across the window from your left to right take accurate aim and kill your friend Renwick, who is holding me prisoner here. Give me a minute to get away then make your own escape."

Then he turned to Renwick with an apology, "If you'll excuse me, I believe I'll be going now—"

"Pardon! Just a minute," said Renwick. He reached for his gun on the window ledge with the walking stick and drew it to him. "You see I might be put to the painful necessity of boring a hole through your vest, shirt, skin and heart unless you remain seated exactly as you are."

"By heaven, it's a checkmate!" Montegle exclaimed.

The police arrive. The door is locked. They batter it down. In a moment of distraction as this takes place Montegle gives a sudden leap through the window, down two floors to a balcony roof. A quick scramble around the corner of the building, and he is gone.

Fragoni had fled the moment Montegle had hung up the telephone and a few minutes later Sally remarked to him that he would be expected to do just that. Then Montegle joins them. Fragoni has become greatly concerned about little Alice. He threatens to kill Sally because she insists she does not know where the child is. Montegle disarms him and says:

"The first thing for you to get out of your head is that little girl. Forget for the time being that she ever existed."

"Say you haven't gone and—" Fragoni turned a cheesy yellow.

"No, we didn't kill the child, though that would not have been so difficult. You know as much as I do, Fragoni. It looks as though Sally's failed us again."

RENWICK had achieved the impossible. He had taken little Alice away from her captors in some mysterious manner. Margot, too, had escaped. Gently the great criminologist questioned the child, trying to learn all that she could recall for what she thought was her whole life—and especially what she remembered about the big house where she had lived for a little while as a toddler.

Then, decoyed away by callers, Renwick left Alice alone for a few minutes. When he returned she had disappeared. Montegle, still holding the child's confidence as her Uncle Brooke had stepped into the room and persuaded her to leave with him. But why was it that the great detective did not seem greatly perturbed?

"Well, well, well," was all he said, but he said it with a chuckle. Then, after glancing about the room, he added: "Seems to have worked like a charm. Really my plans are turning out remarkably well. They even took my toy Kaleidoscope. That's just too good!"

Meanwhile in the old Denby House—the House of Mystery—young Bob was beginning to grow suspicious of almost everybody.

And then Margot paid an unexpected call. She was agitated. "I came down here to show you something," she explained.

"What is it?" asked Bob becoming serious at once.

"Here," she handed him a small piece of paper. It was black with a white triangle inscribed with the figure 3 in the center.

"Oh, Margot, my dear," Bob answered with a voice that seemed to come from deep in his chest. "This is not good. We must keep you under constant protection. The last one of these insignias that I saw—"

"Bob, do you mean that poor Johnny Walker—"

"Just like this. He was No. 2 in the triangle. They murdered him and I fear this means that you are marked for the next one to go."

Williams had taken his opportunity to escape from the room. He was not there to answer the buzzer that came at this moment. Bob answered it himself. And then came three words of amazement from Margot:

"Williams. How queer!"

Only a moment had the young man left the room. As he stepped back he heard Margot scream from a distance. He ran frantically to find her. She was gone—and gone without leaving a trace!

But Sally was there in her place. Sally warned him to keep his lips silent in that room.

Bob then persuaded her to show where Margot had been taken and his faith in her was restored. Mystery House never ends. Follow this thrilling serial as it continues each week over the network of the National Broadcasting company.

...e stretched
...nd the camp
...en Oscar
...he silence,
...eiser, do tell
...you cured
...insomnia."



Theodore Dreiser's

BED TIME STORY

Retold for Radio Digest
by William C. Lengel

THIS is the story told by Theodore Dreiser of how he cured himself of insomnia. Like all of Mr. Dreiser's stories it has a moral and even if it didn't have a moral there are, no doubt, many, many readers of *The Radio Digest* who suffer from insomnia and this story may serve as a lesson to them.

WE WERE stretched out around the roaring camp fire one evening when some one of us—it must have been Oscar Schmaltz, yet, it must have been Oscar—broke the silence and said, "Mr. Dreiser, do tell us the story of how you cured yourself of insomnia."

Well, with the prospects of hearing such a tale you may believe that we were all ears—as the phrase has it—and we settled back to hear the amazing revelation.

Mr. Dreiser filled his "jimmy" pipe, lighted it, slowly puffed and puffed and puffed, and then he began: "I was living in New York at the time," and such was the magic of the great novelist's word that we were transported back to the hustle and bustle of New York. "On Morningside Heights," he continued after a pause, stickler for exactness that he is.

"Living in my apartment at the time was a man whom I shall call A. H. for the very good and sufficient reason, as all and sundry know, his initials were A. H. I mention this now because A. H. has considerable to do with my story. "For some little time—say two years—I had been more or less troubled with insomnia. And just at this period, which appeared to me particularly troublesome, and when I was in considerable mental agitation, it seemed there were weeks on end when I could not sleep a wink."

and on, etc., without sleeping. And right I was

"**O**FTEN in the dead of night during the first three months mind you—not afterwards—after tossing restlessly in my bed would get up and sit on a bench in the park walk under the stars and then as dawn was breaking I would go back to bed and perhaps have an hour's fitful sleep. Later, feeling more and more the grip of the same ill, and tossing and tumbling as I was sure that I did, I devised the scheme of pulling down my shades and drawing my curtains so that the rays of the sun could not come in and waken me.

"Just the same the situation got so bad that I thought I sure I would lose my mind. The worst of it was that I had scant sympathy. A. H. had a latch key and swore that I should let myself in he heard me snoring. How can a man snore when he cannot even sleep?

"One night, after it seemed that I had tossed about for hours and finally sank into that peaceful borderline between consciousness and unconsciousness, I was brought sudden complete wakefulness by a curious dull thumping on my door. There would be a thud, then a few moments of silence, another thud—and so on for ten or fifteen minutes, which time my weary sleep-tortured brain debating with itself as to whether the thing to do would be to get up and investigate or wait for the noise to cease.

"Inside the room it was pitch dark. It could not, I am sure, be much after midnight. Another night's rest shot to me. "Finally after much groaning and swearing I got up and went to the door.

"There, stretched out at full length was A. H., his feet with his feet resting against the door. Every so often he would kick out at the door. That's the sound I had heard. "What's the big idea?" I growled. "Waking a man in the middle of the night like this?"

"Night, hell! It's nine o'clock in the morning," he said. "AND it was. The sun, as the saying goes, was in the heavens. My closed shades and curtains had let in the dark."

(Continued on page 116)

The Secret of the Loneliest Man

Reported **LOST AT SEA**

*OUT of the Writhing Waves Crawled a Man with
a Vengeful Wraith at His Heels—Tense and
Briny is this Harbor Lights Tale*

By Burr C. Cook

Produced by the National Broadcasting Co.

HARBOR LIGHTS are twinkling and there's an answering twinkle in the eyes of Captain Jimmy Norton. He's got another amazing yarn for his young friend Joe.

And as Radio's only ferryboat sails across Radio's New York harbor Captain Jimmy, through the medium of Burr C. Cook, unfolds his story to Joe and, perhaps, a million other listeners scattered about the country.

Another of Cook's dramatizations of the stories of old sailors, just as it will be told in the National Broadcasting Company studios in New York the night of February 14th, follows:

ANNOUNCER:

WE are now ready for another of our weekly trips across New York Harbor, ladies and gentlemen. The old Municipal ferryboat is about to leave her dock. Off in the night the lights of Manhattan Isle sparkle like fairy beacons and the bay itself is alive with the dancing beams of harbor craft. Old Captain Jimmy Norton is on deck again, attending the small duties that keep him near his beloved sea.

(WHISTLE OF FERRYBOAT BLOWS TWICE)

The time for departure has arrived. Hurry and don't miss the boat, or you may miss Captain Jimmy and another of his true stories of adventure.

VOICE: "All Aboard"

(Ferryboat pulls out)—winches—deck gates—rush of autos and trucks—tinkle of bells—engine—water—boat leaves.

JOE: Is that you, Capt. Jimmy Norton?

CAPT. J.: Aye—it's me. Hello, Joe.

JOE: I didn't know you, all dressed up!

CAPT. J.: Yes, sir—a new suit—present from my daughter and my son-in-law. Look all right?

JOE: It sure does.

MUSIC STARTS

CAPT. J.: S'posed to be the latest style . . . see the pockets?

JOE: Yes—fits you fine. Did you have a nice visit down at New Bedford last week?

CAPT. JOE: Aye—I al'ays have a nice visit, Joe. It's the one thing I got to look forrard to in my old age. Folks was all well—little Jimmy gettin' to be a great big feller. Good cruise, too—only thing spoiled it was the rain.

JOE: Yes—Capt. Barlow said it came down in bucketfuls.

CAPT. J.: I never see it rain so hard before—but once.

JOE: When was that, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: Aye—when was it, son? Thirty years or more ago—down below the line. 'Twas the only time I ever sailed as mate of a steamer. And it came near bein' the last time I ever sailed as a mate of anything.

JOE: South of the equator, eh?

CAPT. J.: Aye—in Callao, lad—to be exact—down on the west coast o' South America.

BELL BUOY

STEAMER WHISTLE IN DISTANCE

CAPT. J.: There's a small island, 'bout twenty miles off the coast o' Peru, with a single gravestone on it—made of a steel buoy. Probably still standin' there.

JOE: A steel buoy—? Go ahead, Capt.—tell the story—how did you happen to be there?

CAPT. J.: It's a long story, lad. We'd been shipwrecked—

'roundin' the Horn—and a square-rigger picked us up and brought us to Callao.

I wanted to get on to Panama—figgered I could cross the Isthmus and find a freighter bound for N'Orleans. 'Twas then I signed on with this steamer—and met up with the loneliest white man I ever knew.

JOE: Who was he, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: His name was Wilson—Cap'n Bartley Wilson—master o' the City o' Callao. His vessel was a small single-funnel boat that had been fixed up with cabin quarters and was about as seaworthy as a melon rind. They had one other boat workin' between Callao and Guayaquil. The line was British, as I recollect, but it had been goin' to rot and there was evil talk o' mismanagement and worse.

WHISTLE OF TUGBOAT

Anyhow, I was set on gettin' north, so I went to see this Cap'n Wilson.

JOE: What sort of man was he?

CAPT. J.: He was a white man—gone native, if ye know what that means. The tropics had got him. Must of been a big, fine-lookin' feller once—but his flesh was hangin' loose on him—his white alpaca greasy and dirty—and he was half drunk most o' the time. I found him in the dusty office of the Line—down on the quays. I remember, there was a long flight o' creaky wooden stairs and—spite o' the heat—the door was closed.

STOP FERRYBOAT NOISES

KNOCK ON DOOR

CAPT. W.: (In a drunken voice.) (He is an Englishman, but the polish has been taken off his enunciation by long years in foreign climes.)

COME in—

NORTON: Cap'n Wilson—?

CAPT. W.: Aye—that's me.

NORTON: My name's Norton—mate o' the Lewellyn. I'd like to sign on with the City o' Callao for the run to Guayaquil.

CAPT. W.: Sit down—Mr. Norton—sit down and—have a drink. It's not often I have an English-speaking visitor—visitors of any kind, for that matter. Lewellyn was wrecked, so they tell me.

NORTON: Aye, sir—lost her masts and was salvaged by the Boston Star.

CAPT. W.: Yes—so I understand. Foolish—payin' salvage money, you know. Have another drink—cool ye off.

WIRELESS SOUNDS FROM INNER ROOM

Ahem! So ye want to sign on for Guayaquil, eh? What do you know about steam-shiping?

NORTON: Not a thing—but I thought ye could use an able hand aboard—passin' coal, maybe.

CAPT. W.: Well, now—maybe I could—maybe so. I've got no more than a turret crew as it is. I'll take ye on as second mate, Mr. Norton.

NORTON: (Surprised) Second mate, sir?

CAPT. W.: Why not? You can follow the instructions of my first mate, Mr. Valdez—stand by the wheel—entertain the passengers and, I presume, if necessary—you can launch the life-boats.

NORTON: Yes, sir.

CAPT. W.: We have patent davits—latest thing from Liverpool—ropes run double in the blocks—but you'll soon learn to manage 'em.

NORTON: I reckon I can. But I hope you're not figgerin' on usin' the boats, Cap'n.

CAPT. W.: Well—best to be prepared, Mr. er. . . that's my motto. Six stirrups of rum and you can face the devil. You see, the City of Callao isn't as seaworthy as she was once—even with a good ballast—and we're sailing light this time—all the weight above decks. Maybe ye know the story of the blind Clyde merchantman—but you wouldn't, bein' a Yankee. Well—here's health to ye!

NORTON: (Drinking) Good weather, sir!

CAPT. W.: Don't—don't hurry—meant to ask you—to, er,



Captain Wilson: "Lord help me! I wasn't figgerin' on a storm, Norton."
Norton (sternly): "You was figgerin' on wreckin' your ship, tho?"

pardon the appearance of the office.

NORTON: It's all right.

CAPT. W.: Unfortunately—it's all wrong, Mr.— Mr.— what was the name again?

NORTON: Norton.

CAPT. W.: Aye—Norton. Was a time I thought the Line would amount to something—but it's—we've got beyond that, by now. Aye—got beyond a lot of things—out here in hell's corner o' nowhere . . . (laughs gently). And maybe that's just as well.

NORTON: It'd never suit me—in the tropics, sir.

CAPT. W.: Aye—don't I know. There is just one consolation—Mr. Norton—just one consolation. It's called casava. (Clink of glasses.)

A burning, fiery red—taste it—sweet poison, that makes ye forget, easy—(smack lips). Ah! . . . forgot a thousand leagues of water—Piccadilly—and the green downs of Surrey—summer sunshine on the Thames—friends and family, and all the ancient, decent things . . . if ye understand?

NORTON: Aye—I think I understand . . . When do we sail, Cap'n?

CAPT. W.: We'll catch high tide in the morning. Report to Mr. Valdez aboard ship. You can sign your papers here—or below stairs.

NORTON: (Snappily) Aye, sir.

CAPT. W.: Wait—wait—wait. If ye must salute—do it right. Stand with your heels together—and bring your hand up square and smart. Aye—that's better—more in the Navy tradition, Mr. Norton.

NORTON: I'll report in the morning, Cap'n Wilson—and thank ye kindly for signin' me on.

CAPT. W.: Don't thank me, Norton. Thank the mercenary Lords of Belshire. (Laughs cynically.) The Lords o' Belshire—and His Majesty's Navy. Thank a drum-head court martial, and blind justice—and the devil himself! (His maudlin laughter fades out.)

FERRYBOAT NOISES—Music—rondelay

CAPT. J.: Well, sir, he was a queer 'un—though I learned the sense of his maudlin' fore I got through. I reported aboard ship the followin' mornin'. The first mate, Valdez, was a lean, shifty-eyed half breed, who didn't seem to care much whether I learned the ropes or not. There was about forty passengers aboard—three women, one of 'em with a sick child—and a feller I recollect in partickler, named Bartlett. Bein' about the only one who could speak English Bartlett and me got sort 'o chummy.

JOE: How about the Captain?

CAPT. J.: Cap'n Wilson? He never stuck his nose out o' the cabin—took his meals alone, or with Valdez—and was drunk most of the time, I reckon. This feller Bartlett was a square-rigged, well set-up man in his forties—a Limey from Liverpool—and new to the tropics. He'd come aboard at the last minute—transferred from the Rio Mail steamer—and while he was friendly disposed, he seemed to be keeping his real business to himself. We was talkin' one evenin' in the bar—second day out. There was a light fog makin' as I recollect.

*SEA SOUNDS—Wind and waves, modulated
 FOGHORN—Blowing faintly from above decks*

BARTLETT: (He speaks concisely with an English accent.) Sit down, Mr. Norton—if you have a minute.

NORTON: Howdy, Mr. Bartlett—didn't see ye on deck today.

MR. B.: No—the roll of this vessel was turning my stomach a trifle—though I should be used to sailing by now. It was all of four months ago that I left London.

NORTON: Ye don't travel much by water, I take it?

MR. B.: No—I seem to have been cut out for a landsman—though my father followed the sea—and I had an older brother who was in the navy.

(Continued on page 103)

HEADLINE HUNTING

*Famous War Correspondent Scores
of His Many Thrilling Adventures*

By Rose Marie

HE IS known today as one of the greatest of war correspondents. They call Floyd Gibbons the man of a thousand and one thrills. Douglas Fairbanks, introducing him, says, "He does in real life what I do on the screen."

He has ridden with Pancho Villa, been torpedoed and sunk in mid-Atlantic, lost an eye in the great war, crossed the Sahara by camel, covered wars and events in all parts of the globe, and even now is planning to blaze an automobile road—The Western Hemisphere Trail—from the tip of South America to the tip of Alaska.

He is sought after by lecture groups and Radio companies. He is the author of three books, "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight," "The Red Knight of Germany," and the just published novel, "The Red Napoleon."

And the explanation for his success is summed up in just five words—"Every human being an adventure."

As he puts it, "Life's like a big apartment house with thousands of rooms. You can stay in your own little room and never see anything more than its four walls. Or you can wander out in the corridors and find out about the neighbors."

THE other day I had an interview with him in his New York apartment.

"Interview" is such a formal word, and anything less formal than the apartment where he has his home and office would be hard to find. He himself, for instance. Wrapped in a brilliant Chinese bathrobe, bright yellow Moorish slippers on his feet—that is his costume for this morning—it needs only the final touch of the white patch over his sightless left eye, to give him the air of a benevolent pirate (if pirates ever are benevolent).

As for the room—in one corner the secretary is madly typing. In another, the telephone is almost as madly ringing. "Yes, Red (that's Sinclair Lewis), I'll be over tonight." "The National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Gibbons. Will you talk to them?" "Captain Railey, Mr. Gibbons." Captain Railey is the backer of the Western Hemisphere Expedition.

In the space of five minutes a messenger comes in with a telegram. A bellboy delivers a large envelope filled with newspaper clippings, the secretary leaving her typing long enough to sort them in three piles—those on "The Red Napoleon," those on the Radio talks, those on the South American trip. A man staggers in, literally staggers, under a great package containing 2,500 sheets of paper and envelopes—stationery to answer fan mail. The maid comes to clean up the room and is told to come back later. A waiter enters with a cup of breakfast coffee, notwithstanding that it is one o'clock.

By the fireplace are two padlocked tin boxes holding photographs and movie reels of the trip across the Sahara. On the table is a great sheaf of fan mail. On the chairs are stacks of "The Red Napoleon," waiting to be autographed. On the davenport are great piles of newspapers. As I start to sit down on these newspapers—there actually being no other place for me to sit—Mr. Gibbons gives a yell and rescues from beneath me and from beneath the papers, his prize possession, a large illustration from "The Red Napoleon," the one in which he is telling "President Smith" and his cabinet the dangers of a red invasion. As the rescuer of the picture puts it tenderly on the mantelpiece, the secretary comes over and slides the newspapers, the telephone books, and her umbrella to the floor. There is a place for me to sit down.

Excusing himself for a minute, Mr. Gibbons continues to run his one bright blue eye over a manuscript, and alternately sips coffee and dictates his next week's Radio speech.

WITH that patch over his eye, in that many colored bathrobe, with those bright yellow Moorish slippers, he really does look like a pirate. All he needs is for that bathrobe to be tucked up around his knees, a scarlet scarf wound around his sandy hair, ear rings in his ears, a knife stuck in his belt, and he could well be one of those jovial buccaneers of long ago, one who would cheerfully rob you of your jewels but leave you enough money for carfare.

As you sit there you are conscious of a liking and an interest for the man, but more than that, as you get between coffee gulps and dictating, a stray smile and a glance from that eye of his, you are conscious that he likes and is interested in you

—that if you aren't careful, pretty soon he'll be asking all the questions and you'll be doing the answering, instead of vice versa.

THERE it is. Floyd Gibbons likes people—all people, of every sort of color, race, belief. It doesn't matter whether it's a witch doctor down in the Congo, or a soviet leader in Russia, or a little Moorish bootblack in Fez, or even someone as unexciting as a girl reporter, he has for them all a sympathy and about all of them an insatiable curiosity.

That is the secret of his amazingly vivid writing. He knows that in the last analysis events dissolve themselves into their effects on people. Therefore he makes events in far off places seem real to his readers, or for that matter, to his listeners, by making the people in them real. He knows that a thousand dead Riffs in Morocco are of less concern to you than the next door neighbor's broken leg. So he takes one individual Riff



With FLOYD GIBBONS

*National Success With Narration
in Strange Lands Across the Sea*

Drachman

tribesman, makes you understand why he fights, why he dies, and immediately the other thousand deaths become comprehensible.

"You want to know about me? Well, wait a minute."

He goes into the other room, comes back with an armful of brown paper envelopes, dumps them down beside me on the davenport.

"There. Those are my 'morgue' clippings for the last fifteen years. I bullied the file clerk into letting me have them while I was doing these Radio talks. Read those and you'll know more about me than I do about myself."

I read them. As their author strides up and down the room dictating, as the typewriter clicks, and the telephone rings, I get from the clippings in those brown paper envelopes a bird's eye view of a life adventure—packed as perhaps few men's lives have been.

AND in that incredible amount of writing (how words pile up in fifteen years at the rate of from one to two thousand

a day) I am conscious of many things—of a memory photographic in the accuracy of its recording, of an ability for writing which often passes fine reporting into literature, of an endurance, of a matter-of-fact courage, of an initiative which makes him ready not only to open his door to opportunity's knock but to rush out and drag in that elusive lady by the hair of her head. But, above all, I am aware of that sympathy for, that insatiable curiosity about people.

I look in the envelope marked "1915." The clippings are from Mexico. Gibbons is with Pancho Villa. It is at his own initiative that he is there. He had been sent down to cover the Johnson-Willard fight. When the fight did not take place, instead of getting on the train and going home, he wired for permission to find Villa. Now Señor Pancho had promised death to all Gringos he could lay his hands on. But before he realized just what was happening, the correspondent had arrived in his camp, had got into his good graces, had attached a box car to his special train. In that envelope were first hand accounts of a bandit's home life, of battles, lootings, executions. But also there are the human interest stories of the serape-wrapped soldados watching a cock fight, of the soldaderas, the women who follow the men into battle, cooking their pots of beans on the top of freight cars, of that young aviator and soldier of fortune, Mickey McGuire, the "Wild Irish Rose of the Sky."

Nineteen Sixteen. Clippings from Mexico again, this time from the Pershing expedition in pursuit of Villa. Clippings from the Texas border where Gibbons surveys the mobilization of the national guard and exposes its terrible inefficiency and unpreparedness. "A man, sick with pneumonia, lying on wet ground, a four inch ridge of earth all that holds the water back from him.

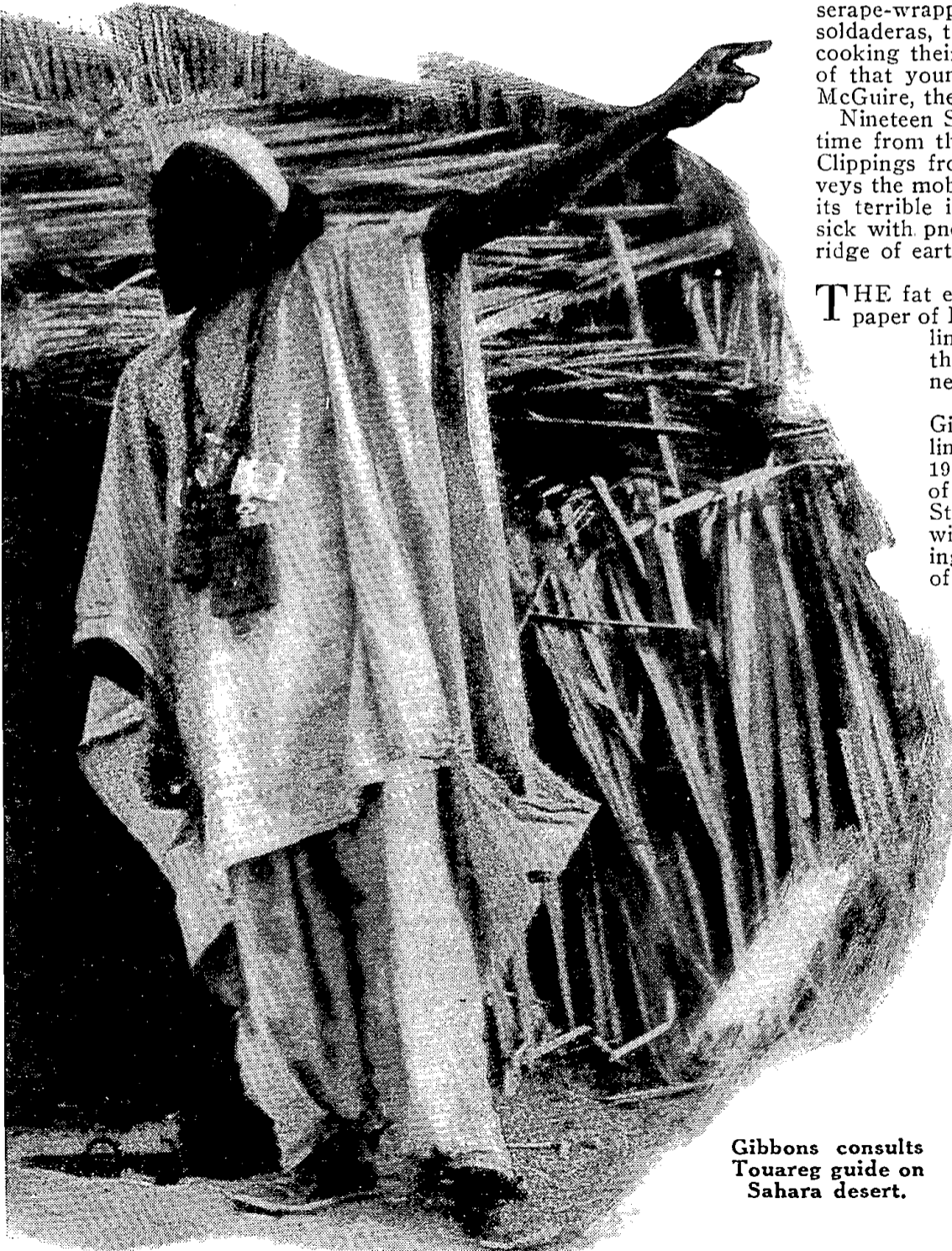
THE fat envelope of 1917. I hold in my hands that paper of February 27, with its two-inch banner headline, "How the Laconia Sank," and devour the columns of one of the world's greatest newspaper stories.

Perhaps some of you have forgotten how Gibbons happened to be on the torpedoed liner. It was, as I have said, February of 1917. Following Germany's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with the Central Powers. Gibbons was being sent to London to be nearer the source of news. His paper arranged a passage for him on the boat that was carrying home the German ambassador and which would have a safe conduct through the submarine zone. But Gibbons cancelled that passage and took a berth on the "Laconia," a British vessel loaded with ammunition and war supplies. He had a "hunch" that it was going to be torpedoed.

The "hunch" is correct. Two hundred miles off the coast of Ireland the ship is torpedoed by a German submarine. But to let the clippings tell the story. It is the night of February 26. In the "Laconia" lounge passengers are considering the possibilities of being hit. An Englishman says there is about one chance in a thousand. Another puts it at one chance in two hundred and fifty. They didn't know how stories had a habit of "breaking" for Gibbons or they wouldn't have been so optimistic. For just at that moment a dull jar shakes the ship as if she had slid gently against the pilings of a pier. Only, of course, there isn't any pier in mid-ocean. The "Laconia" had been torpedoed.

For six hours the little life boats drift about in the sea before a British patrol ship finds them and takes them into Queenstown. Thirty minutes after land-

(Continued on page 87)



Gibbons consults
Touareg guide on
Sahara desert.



Sweeter than sweet—Max Dolin, musical director NBC Pacific Coast division, has to keep his eyes on the music and his mouth closed to avoid taking a bite out of this violin, made of pure sugar except for neck and chin rest.



Lydia Lee, WENR Little Blue Bird, takes Radio Digest to the mike and tells listeners what's inside the covers.



Helen House and Margaret Speaks are heard over the Brown-Bilt Footlites at WABC, New York. Helen is contralto and Margaret soprano.



Eight years old and fairly bursting with IT is little Betty Leeland at WDG, Minneapolis. What will she be in 1939? She puts all the sparkle into the children's hour every Wednesday.



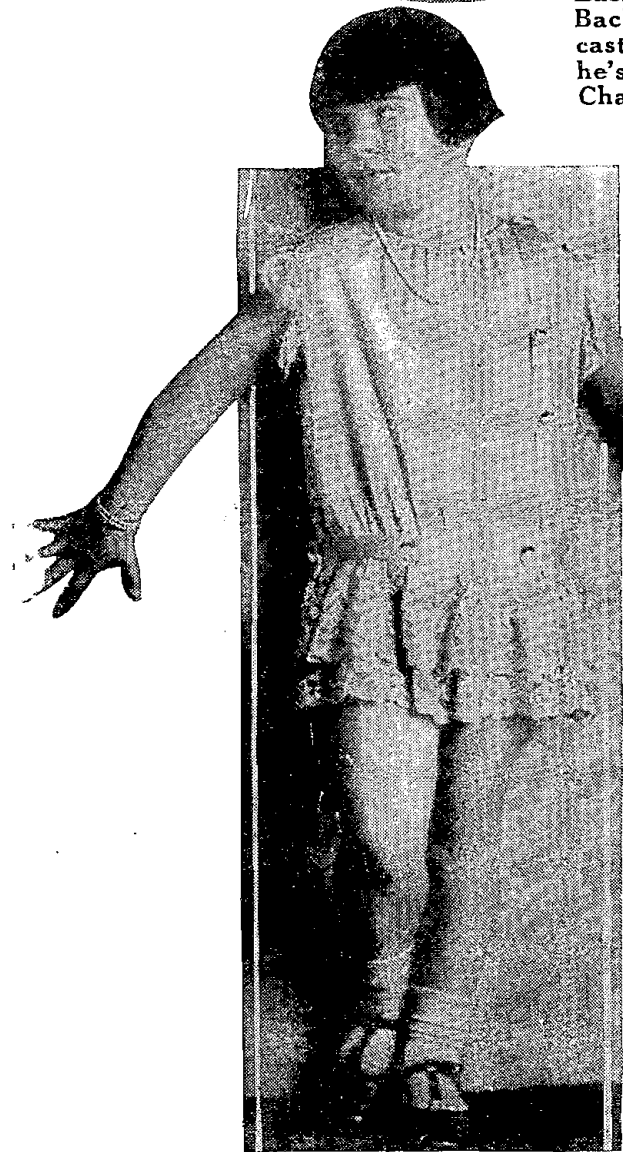
When Marion Ferrand and Jimmy Keith put on their Ann-and-Jimmy clothes at KSTP it's safe to predict rising temperature with heavy gales of chuckles for a thousand miles or so round about. They started teaming in grammar school—now look at 'em!



Lucky prefers the Backyard Broadcast system, but he's happy with Charlotte Bemis, RKO.



Sir Harry Lauder is never averse to picking up a few extra nickels at broadcasting when he comes to America. This is the \$20,000 smile earned at the NBC studios in San Francisco when he sang his popular Scotch ballads over the networks. Aye, d'na ask about the Scotch stick—'tis na nozzle at the end!



The Sandman's Little Helper is wee Patsy Britten, who comes to the children of the Northwest over KOL, Seattle, just in time to help them over the bridge to Slumberland.



Mountain mocking birds are Dixie and Peggy who carol at KDYL, Salt Lake City. Real names: Mrs. Dixie Penrose Lloyd and Miss Peggy Driscoll.

These bashful boys are Louie and Gus of the Schradertown band, NBC. Gus is crackin' a good one with aid of his thumb.





From the tips of her fingers to the tip of her chin artistic ability proclaims itself in this charming pose of Cecil De Horvath, guest artist at the NBC Baldwin.



Rembrandt might have posed this excellent portrait of Katherine Tift-Jones, daughter of the Old South, and creator of the Negro character Calliope.

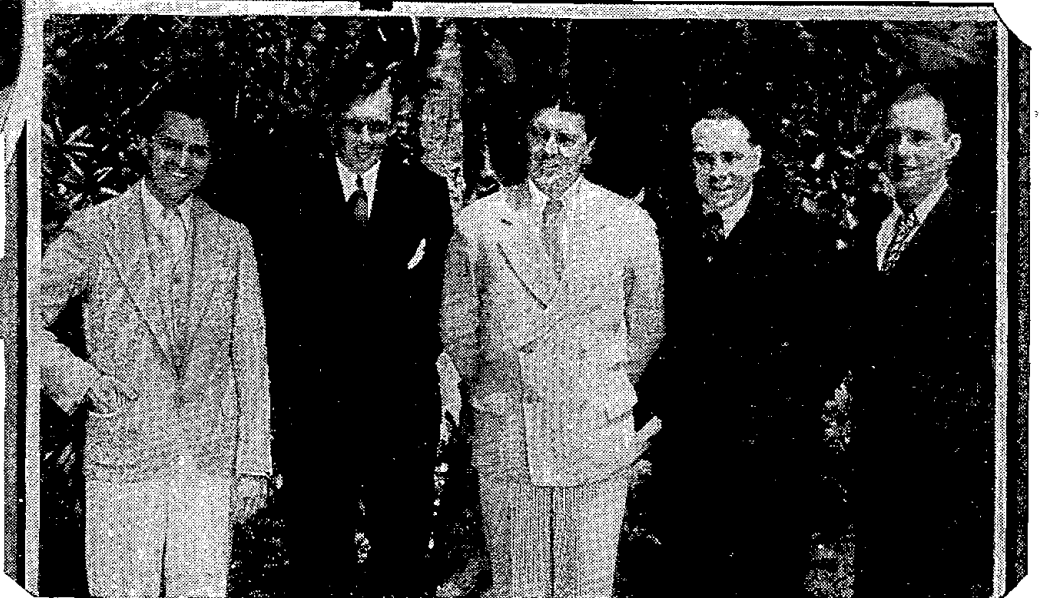
This puzzle picture shows Frances Alda, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and her two dogs at her country estate. Find the other dog. You will recall Mme. Alda with the Atwater-Kent program.



When Ben Weaver puts on his high hat at WHAM, Rochester, it's time for the Friday night minstrel show. Ben has to keep the dark gent at the right back from the microphone because the high frequency necktie has a blasting effect on the listener.



It's June in Los Angeles—or maybe April—where Dudley Chambers and his KNX Rounders waft their voices to the balmy breeze and make the chattering folks "back East" think of palms and flowering gardens.





This is the lady who makes you cry when you listen to the Johnson and Johnson musical melodramas on Tuesday evenings over the NBC. She is Joyce Meredith, who takes the part of the heroine.

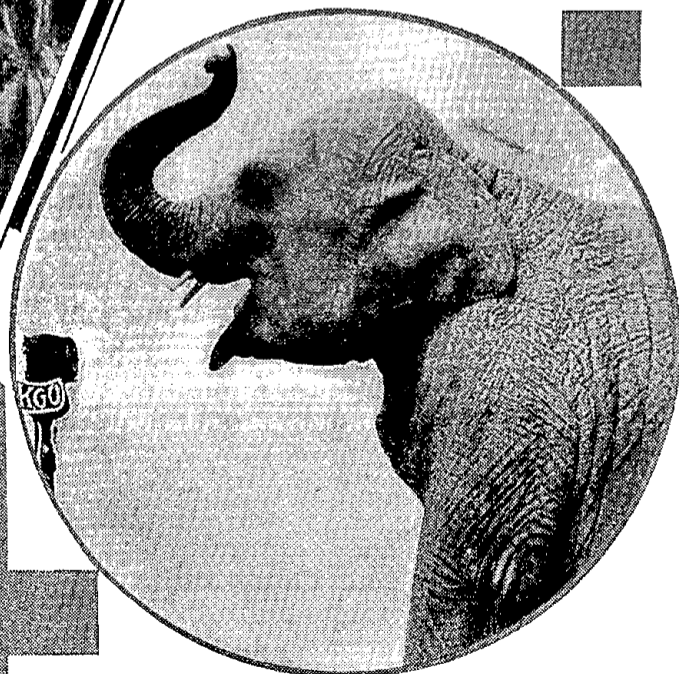


Lady listeners have severe palpitations when this handsome Spaniard sings to them over KFI, Los Angeles. Felipe Delgado with his lyric baritone voice is featured with the Los Caballeros orchestra.



Cold classical numbers are all very well as a general thing for the Ritz quartet at the CBS, but when you want to hear real harmony with plenty of volume pass out the Barber Shop Ballad books. 'Tis a pleasure.

"Oh Romeo, why art thou Romeo?" sighed the beautiful Juliet, impersonated by Eva Le Gallienne, and Romeo by Donald Cameron from WABC, New York, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



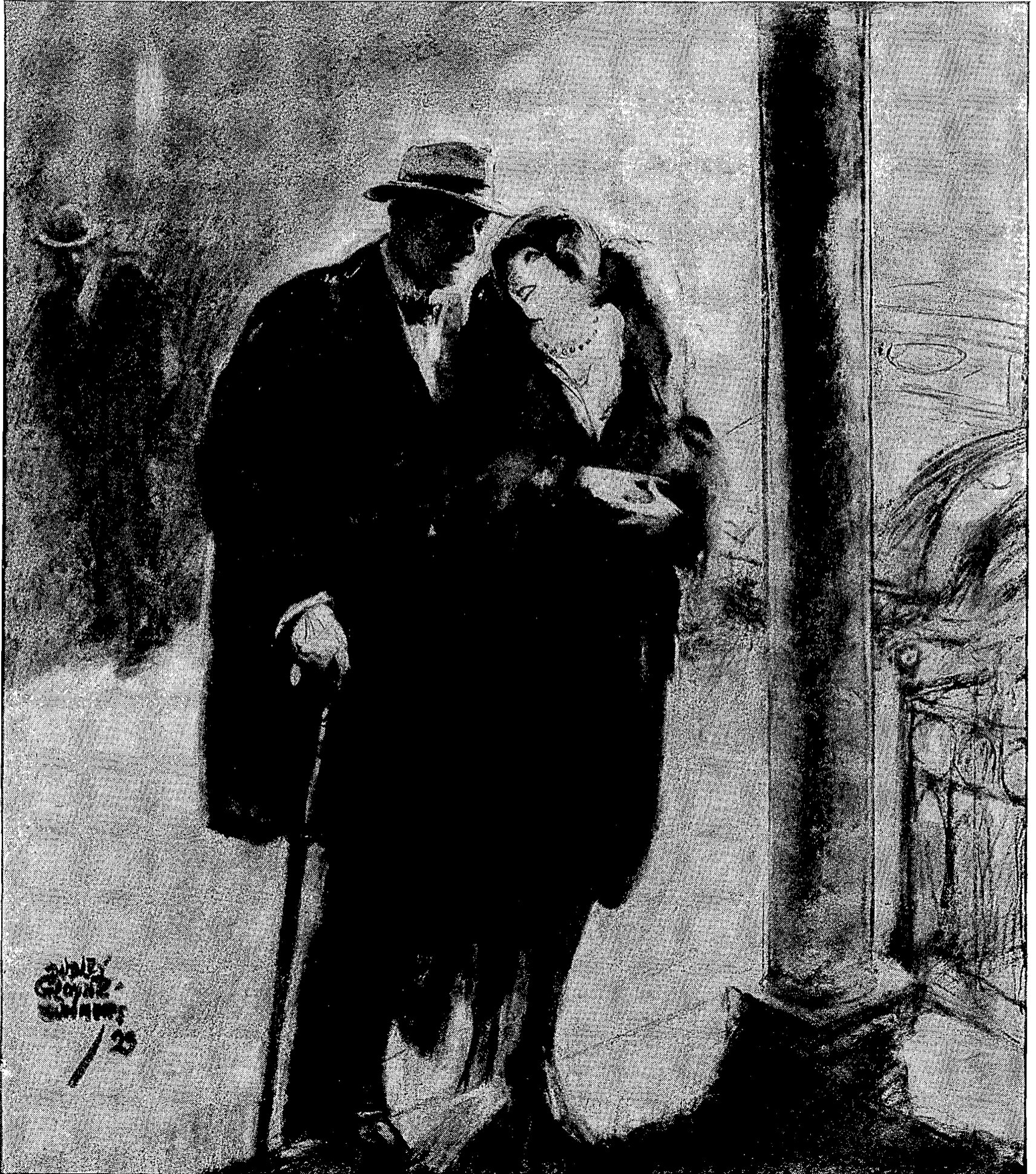
"Have you a word or two for the children?" asked the polite KGO Radio reporter as he moved a mike close to Little Eva, the vaudeville elephant. She certainly did. Rearing her trunk in the air she remarked, "OOGhkltz! WOOSHIJRRROL!" Several clocks and dishes were tumbled to the floor in Colorado and Iowa.



Matrimony and Alimony a la

G E R T R U D E

*Divorcing a Husband in Order to Keep from Losing Him Is
too Much for Harry, but It Seems to Work*



She was one swell dame. She'd entered the building with Victor about midnight, and hadn't come out. The lights had burned brightly in Victor's apartment, and then darkness. The girl was still there.

GERTRUDE 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 goes around the world.

At the time he returns to the happy couple Gertrude has had marriage a mirage, and Harry again foots the bills. He is sympathetic when Victor gets thrown out of his home, his clothes flying after. Of course the fact that Little Harry has red hair, while neither Gert nor Victor has 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 way and finds that Gert's husband is really blameless. Gert, however, insists that the only way she can ever be happy is to win Victor back again is to divorce him. So Harry with a sigh decides that blood is thicker than water and sets out to give Gert what she wants.

CHAPTER XI

IT'S FUNNY how hard people will work to keep a couple together. They do things much better at the Zoo. There, at the first sign of trouble, they put them in separate cages. I'm frank to admit I did my best to talk Gert out of this mad idea of hers.

"You may know what you're doing," I said, "but divorcing your husband, in order not to lose him, is too deep for me."

"That," said Gert, "is because you're a man. Any woman would understand."

"Very likely," I said. "But I'm as much in the fog as ever." And I was. For as far as I could make out, Gert's formula ran as follows: she'd married Victor and lost him; if she hadn't married him she wouldn't have lost him; so now all she had to do was to lose him all over again, and everything would be high, wide and handsome.

When in doubt, let Nature take its course—it will anyway. So instead of puzzling my bean further, I rang up Jack Parkinson, my lawyer. And next morning I went to call, by appointment, on Mr. Herman Silverstein.

Mr. Silverstein turned out to be a cagy bird, with the beak of an eagle, and kind, tired eyes.

"Mr. Parkinson has spoken to me about you," he said.

"And to me about you," I replied. "He says you're the best in the business. I'm here on my sister's behalf; she wants a divorce."

"Why?"

"I'm blessed if I know. But she certainly wants it, and she generally gets what she wants."

Then, after explaining the situation to the best of my ability, I added:

"Though in Dutch with my sister, my brother-in-law is a pretty good egg. He's more genteel than most song writers—and also more Gentile. So don't be too hard on him."

"I imagine," said Mr. Silverstein, "your sister would like to get her divorce on the grounds of desertion."

"Why not?" I replied. "Her husband has certainly left her."

"Unfortunately, in the law, the husband's residence is the family domicile. If we were to write his wife a letter asking her to join him there, and she refused, she wouldn't have a leg to stand on. You're sure there isn't another woman?"

"Not unless he's a fast worker. He only left home last night."

"Then, in my opinion, it would be easier for the husband to get the divorce. Would your sister object to that?"

"I don't think so. But I'm sure my brother-in-law would."

"Well, you might ask him. In the meantime please tell your sister she can have any kind of divorce she wants."

"But suppose you lack evidence?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Why should one lack evidence in a great manufacturing city like this?"

He picked up the desk 'phone.

"Send in Smith," he said.

IN THE matter of looks Smith did little credit to the illustrious name he bore—a sallow, gloomy man, with a decided cast in his left eye. An ideal eye for his job, by the way, for he was looking at you, he apparently wasn't. Smith, it was looking at you, he apparently wasn't. Smith, it was looking at you, he apparently wasn't. Smith, it was looking at you, he apparently wasn't.

"Just show me where the guy lives," he said. "I'll do the rest."

"Look here!" I said. "And this goes for your boss, too. If I catch you trying to frame my brother-in-law, you'll wish you'd never been born. Fun's fun, and fair's fair. Get me?"

Smith looked at me, or I think he looked at me, though he seemed to be looking elsewhere—Smith looked at me, and sighed.

"I gotcha," he said.

Victor greeted me like a long lost brother. But when I'd explained my errand, he was not so cordial.

"I'll not do it!" he declared. "I'd look fine, wouldn't I, divorcing Gert? But thanks for the tip. I'll write her a letter at once—and keep a copy. I'll have it registered, too. Then, if she gets funny, I can prove I've asked her to come and live here."

"But Gert wants a divorce," I said. "Aren't you man enough to give it to her?"

"No, I'm not," said Victor. "Besides, how do I know she really wants one?"

"If that's all that's bothering you, ring her up."

"I did. She wouldn't talk to me."

"I can arrange that," I said.

So I got Gert on the 'phone, told her what was expected of her, then handed the receiver to Victor.

If I'm any judge, there was very little love and affection in the conversation that followed. And I gathered, from the way he slammed the receiver on the hook, that Victor was thoroughly upset.

He was.

"Get out of here!" he said.

"But Victor, old man, I'm not to blame."

"You are. Maybe you mean well, Harry, but ever since you



"Oh, Smith! Smith called. He'd heard—was crossing the street on the

came to live with us you've taken sides with Gert. I had her buffaloed till you showed up; and I'd have straightened her out this time, if you hadn't butted in. Just because you got a million dollars you think you're God Almighty. Get out!"

Well, there you are! Though I'd be the last to call Victor a worm, he certainly had turned. He'd bit the hand that fed him, too. But I was far from blaming him. Perhaps I had been a thorn in the side of the Wiggins family. Of course I had. I remembered now.

I was only a kid in short pants at the time. But the second day after my mother's brother came to visit us, my father took me down behind the barn and said:

"Listen, Harry! I don't want you to think I'd say a word against your ma. But if you ever have the choice of living under the same roof with an in-law or an outlaw—choose the outlaw every time."

CHAPTER XII

AS I LOOKED back on the long day, I can't say I was particularly proud of myself. I'd started the divorce-mill grinding; I'd been ordered out of Victor's flat without even remembering to return the key he'd given me. I'd miss the flat. Hadn't I, only recently, staked it to a case of gin?

And there was Victor. I was sorry for Victor; he loved Gert and Gert, according to her story, loved him. Yet here she was, clamoring for a divorce. It didn't add up. Nothing added up except the meter on the taxi that was taking me towards Hollywood—and the empty peg on the hatrack where Victor's hat no longer reposed.

One thing. If those two locoed love birds ever did stage another old home week, I'd not be there to see it. In olden days they spoke in parables. Very likely the snake in the Garden of Eden was a long, long visit from Adam's brother-in-law. Damn fool! I should have realized this from the beginning, and set up my tent elsewhere.

At any rate, I'd rent me a furnished apartment, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. You see I was still an optimist as regards Victor and Gert. They were both up in the air at present, but what goes up must come down—even in Hollywood; and it might still be arranged so that they'd light in each other's arms. Yes, I was still hopeful.

But I didn't tell Gert this. Home once more, in the home where I felt no longer at home, I refused to tell her anything.

"It's been a hard day," I said. "What I need is the firm clasp of a sister's hand—and a couple of cocktails. Get busy."

I'll say this for Gert: she's far too democratic not to be a good mixer. And the result being even beyond my expectations, I now rewarded her impatience by unrolling before her the cyclorama of the day.

True, she was more startled than impressed by the fact that Victor had refused to divorce her.

"Him? Divorce me? I'd like to see him try it," she said.

"You'll probably get a registered letter from him tomorrow, asking you to join him. But that's just to protect himself. Because if you do join him, you can't get your divorce, and if you don't join him you certainly can't—not for desertion."

"Then how can I get it?"

"There's only one way. Poor Victor will have to misbehave."

"Goodness!" said Gert. "I thought—"

You thought all you had to do was to say you wanted a divorce, and Victor would give it to you. Well, he won't."

"He would if he was a gentleman."

"Sure, he would. But he isn't a gentleman."

"He is, too. You've always been jealous of him, Harry, because he's more refined than you are."

Can you beat it? My own sister! And Culture and Refinement my middle names.

"Oh, is that so?" I said. "Well, let me tell you, when it comes to refinement, I'm there. But that little pack-rat you married still thinks it's something they do to sugar to take away the beet taste.

If he's so darned wonderful, you'd better keep him. I'll ring up Silverstein and call the whole thing off."

"Here! Stop it!" said Gert. "I'd look fine, wouldn't I, quitting the first day? Besides, I didn't mean it. You are refined, Harry, and you got a heart as big as a house."

"I certainly have, or I wouldn't bother with a wild woman like you. Now talk sense."

She did. And in the end we decided to adopt the dear, old-fashioned policy of watchful waiting. So Smith, the bloodhound, watched—and Gert waited.

A WEEK passed. The registered letter arrived and was thrown in the wastebasket. Victor rang up each morning to inquire about little Harry; Smith rang up each evening to report he'd nothing to report. Gert confessed that now Victor was gone little Harry was getting to be a drag on her.

"What do you say we hire a nurse for him?" she asked.

"Good idea," I replied. "Have you anyone in view?"

"She's in the kitchen now."

So we hired a Swiss. Katrina wasn't beautiful; she'd had smallpox. Some people do not care for dotted Swiss—Little Harry, however, was not so particular—he adored her.

And still nothing happened.

"If you ask me," I said, "it begins to look like stale mate."

"Not Victor," said Gert. "He's full of pep."

"That's what makes it so annoying. What's the use of having an erring husband, if he refuses to err. Smith reports, except for his job, he goes nowhere, sees nobody, plays the piano."



"STOP!" It came from behind me like a bullet. I turned. For there, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono, was . . . Gert!

...ou talk, anybody'd think you wanted Victor to
 day?"
 terrible, Harry! If I'd known he cost that much
 ave let you hire him—even for an hour. The idea
 all that money! You got to get rid of him at
 ise?"
 intention of getting rid of Smith; I was merely
 having told Gert how much he cost. Women
 bothered with such things. (Besides, what's money
 o buy luxuries for those you love?
 rtainly was a luxury; so was the monthly budget
 supporting Victor's ex-wife. If I could do that
 Victor—. But Gert was waiting for my answer.
 se I'll get rid of Smith. I'm glad you mentioned it,"

This time it was an
 been an oil well if it had contained
 Gallagher, the bird who'd got me into it, insisted
 practically a gusher, and all we had to do to make it so was
 to go down a couple of thousand feet more.
 "It's a cinch," he said. "And you being the only stock-
 holder among us that's got more than a thin dime, it's up to
 you, Harry, old sport, to put up the dough."
 I liked Tom—but not to that extent.
 "Nothing doing," I said. "We're already down three thou-
 sand feet. If I have to spend my money on a trip to China,
 I'd rather take a boat."
 "Well, will you do this for me? Will you run up there
 and look things over?"
 "Yes, I'll do that," I said.
 For it couldn't do any harm to look, even if all one saw
 was an empty hole. So I called up Silverstein's office, leav-
 ing word where I'd be, then
 hustled out to Hollywood.
 "Hullo!" said Gert. "What
 you doing home this time of
 day?"
 "Came home to pack a bag,"
 I replied. "Tom Gallagher and
 I are going up to look at what
 he calls an oil well. I won't be
 home till late tomorrow aft-
 ernoon, and probably not then."
 "All right," said Gert, "I'll
 expect you when I see you.
 Good luck."



GEORGE
 SHERMAN
 49

I said.
 As I look back, it must have been
 about now that Victor wrote his famous
 song I WANTA GO HOME. That it
 afterwards swept the country like a
 plague was hardly due to its words,
 though this time he wrote them, too:
 I haven't been home since this morning
 at ten;
 I wanta go home.
 I said: I will stay just a minute, and then
 I wanta go home.
 The food is delicious, the wine is on ice,
 The ladies are lovely, the music is nice—
 But in spite of each beautiful face that
 I see,
 There's only one place and one pillow
 for me.
 I wanta go home.

CHAPTER XIII

PEOPLE will tell you this is so, and
 that is so; they'll point out Truth
 where she isn't, and fail to see her where
 she is. But you can put this down as
 gospel: nobody ever had a million dol-
 lars without somebody trying to take it
 away from him. The local fisherman be-
 fore I'd been in Hollywood
 when the bait

So I joined Tom
 roadster. It was
 two o'clock and
 to make Ventura
 I've wired to
 for rooms," said
 there are a coupl
 oil men I want you to meet. They'll tell
 got a cinch."
 "Very likely," I said. "I've seen a lot
 myself—but they were all on saddles. I
 The important thing about Ventura
 traveling thirty miles further you ge
 Barbara. IF YOU LIKE CALIFORNI
 LOVE SANTA BARBARA. That's
 and, believe me, it's the truth. Rich
 going there to live some day.
 In the meantime, what about this
 (Continued on page 95)

Craig Kennedy Nears End of Murderous Trail

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

*NEW CLUES Bring Kennedy Within a Step of Finding
Lola Langhorne's Murderers as Judy and Don the Dude
Round Up Ev Barr and Smith*

*Illustrations by
Charles Ropp*

By Arthur B. Reeve

"**F**IND Captain Ryder Smith and you'll find the man who can tell you who killed Lola Langhorne," declared Craig Kennedy, the famous detective, after all the circumstances had been pieced together pertaining to that unfortunate young woman's death aboard the Gigolo.

Captain McNaught of the revenue service agreed with this deduction, as did Walter Jameson, the newspaper reporter who had been with the two men at the discovery of the girl's body, lopped over a chair before a small dining table on the deserted yacht.

They had found that Lola was one of a group—part professionals, part amateurs—organized to bring in a cargo of liquor from Nassau for surreptitious disposal of thirsty New Yorkers. Conspicuous in this group was Eversley Barr and Don the Dude. Little Judy Hancock, in her seventeen years of sophistication as the daughter of a prominent banker, had been drawn into it because she liked Ev Barr, and it was Ev Barr who wanted to use her Radio and Long Island landing facilities to bring the liquor ashore.

Where there are sporty young men with plenty of money there are sporty young women, so Barr and Don the Dude had their feminine circle of admirers. It may have been that Lola Langhorne had incurred the jealous hatred of Trixie Dare and Mazie Mellish, but there was nothing tangible to show that they had had a part in the murder. In fact there was nothing to show exactly what had been the direct cause of death. The once lovely skin of the beautiful Lola Langhorne had turned to a livid green. The coroner had been unable to find any trace of poison. But Kennedy had preserved the remnants of food that remained on the table.

ONCE launched on the trail they had followed through in their search for Captain Ryder Smith, who had disappeared from the Gigolo not long before it had been deserted, its sea cocks opened, to let it sink with its ghastly burden. Dietz, an influential bootlegger, served as guide to take the famous detective and his friend Jameson to Rum Row. There, aboard the All Alone, they met Ev Barr and Don the Dude with Trixie Dare and others of the circle of whom Lola Langhorne had once been a part.

And when it seemed that they were getting hot on the trail of Captain Ryder Smith, the All Alone was boarded by a pirate crew of hijackers. A terrific fight ensued. Kennedy, Jameson and Dietz were sent ashore in safety, but not before Kennedy recognized among the pirate raiders Mazie Mellish, whom he had first interviewed and who had furnished him his first clew as to the trail of the slayer.

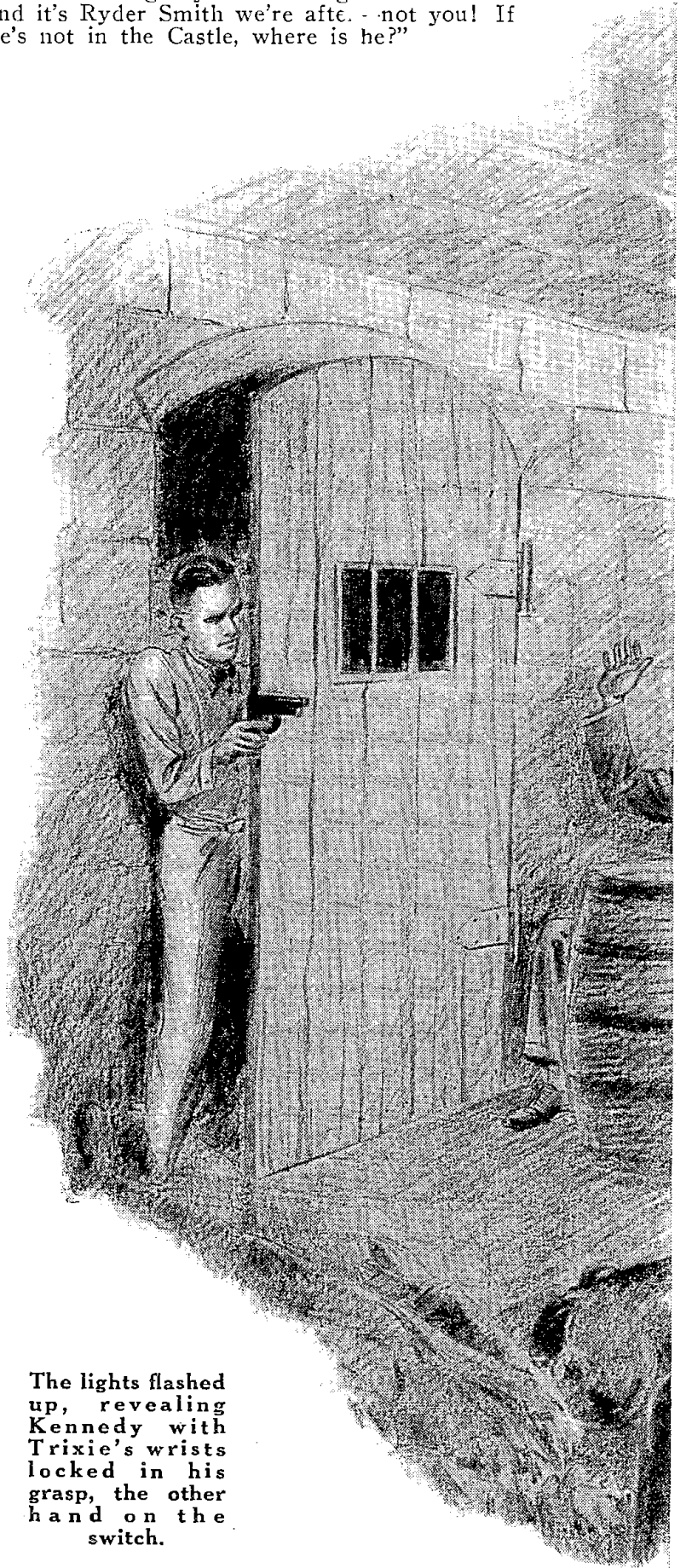
It was little Judy Hancock, the banker's daughter, who was next to serve as a guide on the hunt for Captain Ryder Smith. She believed herself still in love with Ev Barr. If by helping Kennedy she could help Ev escape the charge of murder, she would do what she could. Besides, the detective had taken her to see the body of the dead woman and the scene of her death, and Judy had received a severe jolt as to the real penalty of sin.

McNaught with his Radio trouble wagon had located the land headquarters of the big rum runners' organization. But he was not ready to make a raid. He, too, wanted to locate Captain Smith. To get at the headquarters, which was a veritable feudal castle, armed and protected on a hill, would require the assistance of some person known to those inside. He put it up to Judy to lead them and Judy reluctantly consented.

A burly brute of a man answered the buzzer at the door. "You know Eversley Barr?" asked Judy a trifle timidly. After a short interchange of suspicious questions and answers, they were admitted. Thinking they had been successful in their pose as peacemakers between the amateur rum runners of Eversley Barr and the organized gang, they followed Big Boy, the guide, through the hail into a bar room. Suddenly their guide left them. The floor dropped like dividing doors and they found themselves sliding down a chute into a dank and musty cave beneath the castle.

In the murky light Judy was the first to perceive three shadowy forms with guns trained on Kennedy. She sprang to his defense immediately.

"You'll have to shoot me first, men." Her voice was clear and ringing as she spread out her arms. "Mr. Kennedy did not come to get you. I brought him here—and it's Ryder Smith we're after—not you! If he's not in the Castle, where is he?"



The lights flashed up, revealing Kennedy with Trixie's wrists locked in his grasp, the other hand on the switch.

CHAPTER XII
TRAPPED!

"I KNEW it—this was too easy!" Kennedy with his gun levelled, one against six, was biting the words out decisively. "I knew it when I heard Trixie's voice in the hall upstairs. I won't shoot. She might be down here, too, in the dark. Judy is right. We didn't come to raid the place. It's only to locate Ryder Smith!"

"Put up your gun!" It was the same voice I had heard up in the hall. I recognized it now. It was Trixie Dare's. "Get back, fellows, where he can't recognize your faces. There!" Suddenly the lights flashed up and we could see only Trixie standing by a wall switch, no one else, not even the burly Swede beside me, as I recovered my own gun on the damp floor. "Now—remember! Keep your word. There's only eight guns covering you!"

"So this is where you came, Trix, after you left the 'All Alone.'" Kennedy remarked. "I suppose Don the Dude is

one of the two-gun men?"

"Ask me no questions!" Trix laughed back with an assurance that anything she might say would be something not to be relied on. "Now, come clean, Mr. Kennedy. What really brought you here?"

"Ryder Smith," repeated Kennedy. "Nothing else. Do you think I'm insane enough to walk right into a trap if it was anything else?"

"Then you think it was Ryder Smith who killed Lola Langhorne?"

"I didn't say that."

"And I didn't say he was on a gravel barge or a tug, either!" boomed a voice in the darkness. It was Big Boy's.

"That makes us even, then," laughed Craig. "Now, take my word. On my honor I don't want any of you in the ring. But I do want Ryder Smith."

"You think he knows how to give the Green Death?"

"Oh—so you know about that?"

It was all I could do to restrain myself. Was Kennedy just walking into new trouble by the mere tone of the question? You can't third degree those who have you covered by eight gats.

"Oh, I read the papers. What do you think?"

"Exactly that; that you got it from the papers. I know there's not one of you here knows what caused the Green Death."

"Why?"

"That's easy. If there was, at least one of those gats would have pumped lead into me long ago. And if I had suspected there was, I wouldn't have been here this way, either. There was really no occasion to tip off any of your stunts this way. I don't want any of you. It's Ryder Smith I want. There is just one question I want to put to him. Mind—I don't say he did it—or even knows what the Green Death is, perhaps. I'll play fair with you if you play fair with me. I am not smashing your rum ring. I don't even care about it. I do care about that poor murdered girl—and this pretty little flapper with me. Girls would be all right—if the men amounted to anything!"

"You said it!" This was from Trixie.

"Cut that stuff! I've a good mind to plug you just for that. You keep your trap shut, Trix! What do you mean by coming here and tryin' to make trouble for me, huh? One shot through this peep-hole and I'll take that little flapper you brought right away from you—understand?"

"You would, eh?" Trix had turned suddenly, her hand reaching out for the cellar switch.

There was a shot that seemed to come right from the brick wall of the cellar and I saw Kennedy lurch forward, one hand clutching wildly at the thin air as Trixie pulled the switch and the whole cellar was in darkness. I heard his gun clench in the other hand strike the cement floor and clatter on it.

CHAPTER XIII

A SHOT IN THE DARK

COME what might, I leaped in the darkness as nearly as I could at the spot where I had seen Kennedy fall and heard the clatter of his gun on the wet cement of the cellar floor.

I groped about frantically in the dark. There was no body there; there was no body there.

The next instant a shot rang out from an entirely different and unexpected angle, followed by an oath and gasp.

"Don't!" this was a cry of anguish from a woman. "I'll show you the switch!"

"Quick, Trixie!" I recognized Kennedy's voice.

"Hands up! I give you my word we are not raiding you. All Kennedy and Jameson want is to locate Ryder Smith. It's all I want, too, men! There's a Lewis gun at every window of the cellar. But not another shot will be fired at anyone else if you will tell. He's not one of you, really."

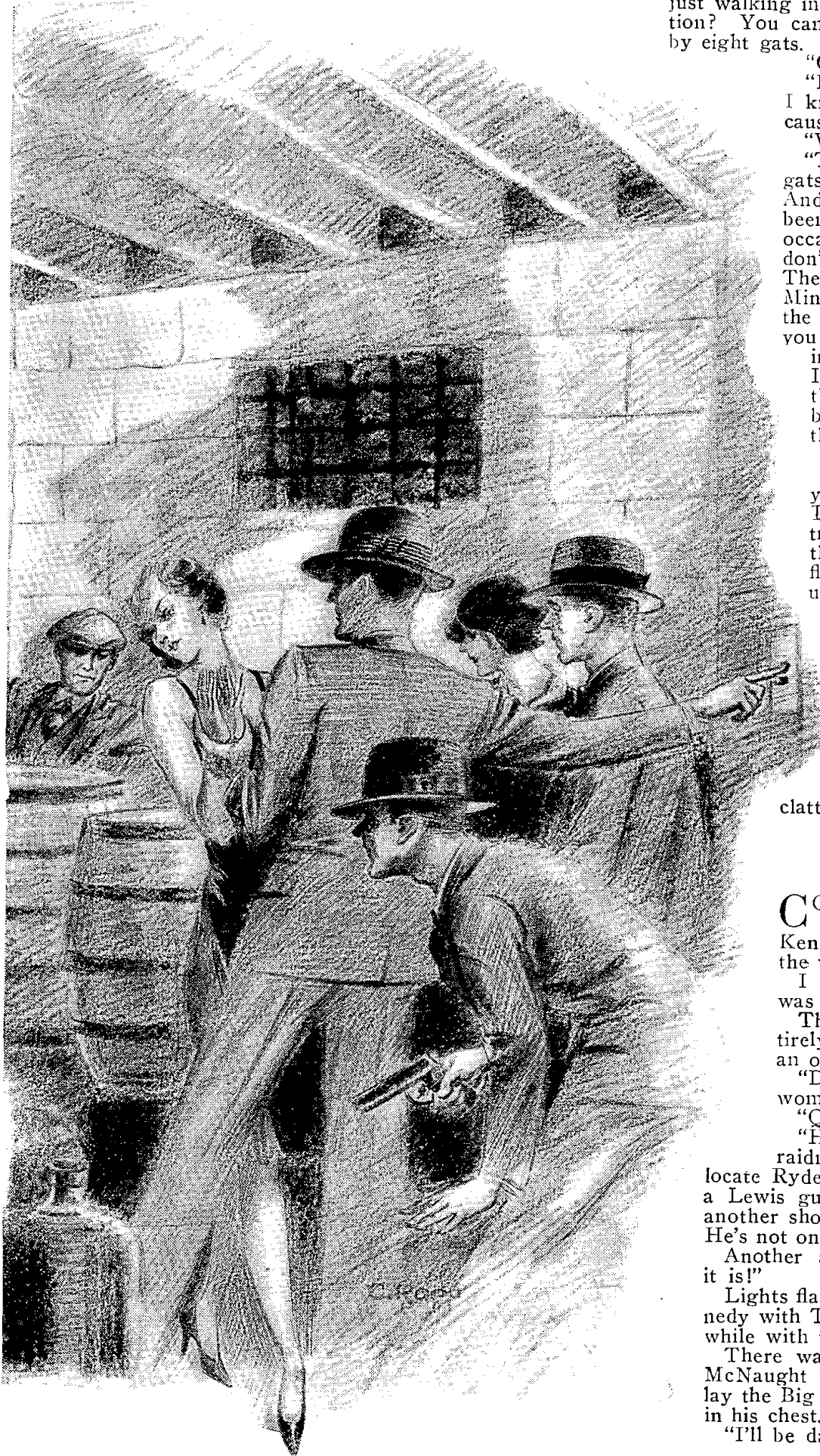
Another suppressed cry from Trixie. "There—there it is!"

Lights flashed up instantly in the cellar, revealing Kennedy with Trixie's two wrists locked in his vise-like grip, while with the other hand he had turned the switch.

There was silence. On the floor by the wall where McNaught with cat-like eyes had seen him in the murk lay the Big Boy, sprawled unconscious with a bullet hole in his chest.

"I'll be damned!" This was from Don the Dude. "I

(Continued on page 88)



ANTARTICA

COMMANDER Byrd Speaks From South Pole Base Through KDKA and Lloyd Thomas

By P. A. Boyd

“AND now, Commander Byrd, with your cooperation we will give to our Radio audience the surprise which we have promised them.” The speaker was a heavy set, light haired, blue eyed man with firm, clear and well modulated voice, seated in front of a microphone at the announcer’s table in the KDKA main studio, atop the Greater William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh.

From where the speaker sat he could have, had he so desired, looked out and down upon the myriad lights of Pittsburgh, “the workshop of the world”; he could have seen the flashes of flame from the throats of hundreds of blast furnaces in the great steel mills, reflected like sheet lightning on the clouds above.

But those sights were not for him at this particular time, as he sat quietly gazing at the microphone into which he had been speaking, and his thoughts were with the men to whom he had been speaking—Commander Richard E. Byrd and his band of intrepid explorers, eleven thousand miles away to the south at Little America, on the great Polar ice cap, and the operators on Byrd’s ship, “The City of New York,” eight miles distant from the camp in the Bay of Whales.

And as the man before the microphone sat there, the seconds ticked slowly away—fifteen of them—a long, long time on a Radio program. And then the speaker, wiping the sweat from his brow, reached for a pile of messages which had been thrust aside, advised the Radio audience that there had been a slight delay in the “surprise,” and continued his interrupted task of reading these messages to members of the Byrd Antarctic expedition. For eight minutes he continued and then, at a signal from the operator, advised the audience that the “surprise” was this time ready for them.

And this time it came quickly, sharply and with astounding clearness—a message in Radio code from Commander Byrd to the people of the world—via short wave from the transmitter on the ship City of New York, picked up by Westinghouse engineers at the “pickup station” in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, stepped up to KDKA’s standard wave, amplified and intensified in the huge KDKA transmitter, and rebroadcast for all to hear who wished. Many messages had been sent to and programs broadcast for Commander Byrd and his party, but this was the first time in history that Radio signals had been received and rebroadcast from the outposts of civilization.

And they heard it far and wide—men of the Arctic, scattered throughout the northlands, former companions of Byrd on northern exploration trips, hundreds of personal friends and relatives in the United States, and the great Radio audience of KDKA, estimated at several million people, who devote their time late Saturday nights and early Sunday mornings, listening to the programs which KDKA broadcasts regularly throughout the year to those in isolated places.

“THE rebroadcast was set for 12:15 o’clock Sunday morning, February 24th, but it did not take place until 12:23,” laughingly explained the blond man, “and it was not until after four o’clock Sunday morning, when we completed the program, that I learned the reason for the delay. You see Commander Byrd had prepared his message about ten days before and it had been transmitted to the New York Times by Radio telegraph in order that the newspapers might have advance copies for news releases in case the test proved successful.

“A copy of the message had been furnished to us in order that I might have it to read to the audience at the close of its reception in code, for not more than one person in a thousand can read code. Copies had been supplied to our transmitting station also as a matter of precaution, and as it turned out this was our salvation at that time.

“You see, Byrd was at Little America, on the ice cap, with a small transmitter by which he could converse with his operators on the City of New York, which at that time had the big transmitter and which was then stationed eight miles distant, in the Bay of Whales. Byrd’s copy of his message had been supplied to the ship operator who had been successfully ‘working’ KDKA right up to the time set for the big test. But evidently the importance of the occasion and the coming opportunity to broadcast to the Radio world through KDKA

A pioneer in Radio, Lloyd C. Thomas is now commercial manager of all Westinghouse broadcasting stations.



had flustered the operator, for when he received our signals to go ahead there was utter, abject silence for a few seconds, and the surprised KDKA engineers heard the excited signals from Byrd’s ship through their headphones. ‘For Heaven’s sake, I’ve mislaid my copy of the message. Send it down to me, so I can give it to you.’”

“And so,” continued the blond man, “the eight minutes of delay, during which I continued to give messages to Commander Byrd, was occupied in sending down to his operator on our short wave the message which he in turn sent back to our Radio audience and which marked a milestone in the history of Radio broadcasting.”

But this is only one of the milestones of Radio passed by the man who sat in front of the microphone that Winter night, for he and station KFKX both “landed” in Hastings, Nebraska, in the same month—September, 1923. Lloyd C. Thomas, commercial manager of the Westinghouse group of Radio stations—KDKA at Pittsburgh, KYW and KFKX at Chicago, WBZ at Springfield and WBZA at Boston, has his hands full now in directing the program and commercial activities of these pioneer stations, and very infrequently is he heard by a Radio audience, for he is now one of the army of workers “behind the scenes” in Radio who plan and direct the many activities of a group of great stations, such as the Westinghouse group.

LOYD THOMAS, best known as “Lloyd” to his thousands of friends in his native state, Nebraska, is a product of the Western plains. Until he came East on February 1, 1927, to take charge of the Westinghouse group, his activities had been confined to his home state. For sixteen years he had been editor and publisher of the leading “country newspaper” of the state, had served a term in the Nebraska legislature, served for three years as secretary of the Hastings Chamber of Commerce, and established a wide reputation as a leader in the field of publicity. So well were his years of work recognized in promoting the interests of his native state that even after he came East he was urged to return to Nebraska to become a candidate of his party for the governorship.

Under the direction of Lloyd Thomas, station KFKX at Hastings became one of the most widely listened to in the country, and his experience there fitted him well for his present duties. His duties require that he travel almost constantly and since coming East he has averaged better than fifty thousand miles per year. The contacts secured in his travels have given him the reputation as one of the best posted men in the Radio field today, and this together with his ability as a dynamic and forceful public speaker, has placed him in wide demand as a speaker at luncheons and banquets of business, civic and professional organizations.

Lloyd’s favorite subject is “The Romance of Radio” and this talk is replete with short sketches and personal glimpses of outstanding events in the history of Radio broadcasting, and in which he gives his audiences brief views “behind the scenes.” His stories of experiences before the microphone in broadcasting to the men of the Arctic for the past five years, of the “Radio scoop” in broadcasting a talk by Queen Marie on Armistice Day in 1926, of his experiences in broadcasting speeches by William Jennings Bryan, Charles W. Bryan, Charles G. Dawes, John W. Davis and other national figures, never fail to thrill his listeners and to carry to them in a con-

(Continued on page 91)

The Singing Indian Chief TECUMSEH

*Once More Deserts Valley of Wenatchees
as the Autumn Leaves Are Falling
to Visit Broadcast Tepees*

SILENT as an apparition the tall dark figure suddenly materialized before the information desk. His black shining eyes gleamed out from beneath the brim of his big sombrero, and the brightly colored beaded vest proclaimed his nativity.

"Whoops, my dear!" gasped Marcella after a quick glance toward the door. The office greeter stepped briskly forward with outstretched hand.

"How! How! Chief! Off the reservation again! How are you!"

The dusky caller was not cordial.

"I see many pictures in Radio Digest," said the chief, "but why never a picture of Chief Tecumseh?"

That, of course, was by way of bullying preliminary to an invitation to show what he had wrapped up in his newspaper bundle. So the greeter humored the round-about way of the Indian nature and asked:

"Well, Chief, if you only had some nice new pictures—"

The bundle was unwrapped. Two of the pictures selected you behold on this page.

EVERY autumn this red minstrel goes to the big Lookout Rock on the edge of the Wenatchee river and turns his face eastward where the paleface dwells in great cities and where the great broadcast stations sweep the continent with mighty hosts of singing voices. The blood of his ancestors surges in his veins. He, too, has a voice. He, too, would ride the clouds over the plains and the mountains and the valleys like spirits from the Happy Hunting Grounds on white winged horses.

From early sunrise until dusk sits Tecumseh on this rock and thinks of his people who have vanished. He sings a quavering melody from a half forgotten campfire. Below is the old Wenatchee reservation now covered with orchards where the famous Skookum apples grow.

In the morning Tecumseh sits in council with his father, old Sam Kami. His mother brings her basket materials, for she is famous throughout all the Northwest as a weaver of baskets. She is old now, but her fingers have not forgotten their cunning. They quickly thread

(Continued on page 115.)



Autumn brings thoughts of the white man's Radio and Tecumseh turns to the rising sun from his rendezvous on Lookout Rock . . . He bids farewell to his father and mother.



"I must hand the decision to Tony," Jack announced.

Champion Ring-

Jack Dempsey Awarded and Vivid Blow by

By O. N.

SPORT writers and boxing fans have declared unanimously that Jack Dempsey doesn't need any "ghost announcer" to do his ringside broadcasting. They say he proved unquestionably that he is master at the job without equal. And Jack really likes it. He says so himself.

JACK DEMPSEY has been given the decision as the world's champion ringside announcer.

This may seem like a "too previous" announcement but I have seen the mail from the Radio listeners themselves. The mail shows the minds of the listeners and the listeners have made the award.

Why shouldn't he be the champion ringside announcer? He has spent a lifetime of training for the job. Who could possibly understand better the meaning of every feint, every blow, every tactical maneuver? A little quiet practice to make his tongue do the parrying where his fists have done it before—a little technical microphone training by Graham McNamee, and he gave the Radio audience one of the most thrilling ringside reports ever heard over the air, even though the battle was not as important as some of his own battles in other years.

"It doesn't take a great vocabulary to report a fight," said Jack to a host of friends who met him after the Canzoneri-Loayza affair at the Coliseum in Chicago. "The point is to make each blow a word and each word a blow. The listener has rather a clear mental picture of the scene and of the three men in the ring. You don't have to worry about your background. The business before your eyes is action. If you understand all the technicalities of the action the matter of putting the impressions into audible words is quite simple.

"In my case I have thought over almost every conceivable situation in the ring many, many times. In fact I am almost inclined to race ahead of what actually happens in my anticipations so that it has happened not infrequently that I have already spoken into the microphone the obvious thing to happen at the instant it is taking place. To the boxing man all of these movements have certain terse expressive word interpretations. That is a vocabulary I did not especially have to acquire to do the announcing at my own boxing exhibitions."

THOUSANDS of Dempsey fans gathered in the mammoth Coliseum to see Jack as a promoter. There were hundreds there who had never seen a fight before that evening. They came just to see the great Dempsey.

And for this reason it can be said that the Radio audience saw more of the main bout than did a large portion of the visible audience. Those gathered in the Coliseum to see Jack, Jack in evening clothes instead of trunks, kept their eyes glued on him as long as he was in view. Just before the Canzoneri-Loayza bout, Jack stepped into the ring. The applause was deafening. While the cheers were still mounting to the lofty ceiling, Jack slipped between the ropes and took his place in front of the WBBM microphone.

The eyes of the thousands of Dempsey fans followed him. In so doing they missed the beginning of the fight and many of the fans missed a lot of the rest of the battle, as they said, gazing at Dempsey, ringside announcer. Those who missed seeing would have been fortunate if they had had portable Radio sets with them, tuned to WBBM or one of the other

stations on the Columbia chain.

They would have heard Jack announcing and describing the first round in this staccato manner:

"There goes the bell. The fighters advance toward the center of the ring. Loayza leads with his right. Ineffective on the shoulder. Follows with his right. Wrong again. Now Canzoneri gets into action. A straight right, left, right, all to the face. They clinch. They're apart. They spar for an opening. Loayza finds it. His left comes in with a rush. Rapid rights and lefts to the body. They don't hurt. Too close. They clinch. They part and Canzoneri gets over a right to the side of the head. Loayza feels it, but comes right back. Canzoneri catches his blows on his shoulder. Can't hurt a man pounding at his shoulder. They clinch, but break. Both boys are real fighters. They get out of clinches as soon as possible and go back to real fighting. Ah, its a great fight. They stand in the center of the ring and exchange fast ones. There's the bell."

"Pat Flanagan is supposed to come in here, but let me say a word. That round may have seemed like Loayza's to some of the crowd here tonight, but I must give it to Tony Canzoneri. He landed fewer blows but his were the only ones that counted. Loayza's blows to the shoulder were rapid and some of them were powerful, but the few Tony got into the head counted most."

AND so on through the five and a half rounds he broadcast. That the Radio audience saw the fight better through the eyes of Jack Dempsey than did many of the fans present was borne out in the letters Jack received. None of them "kicked" about the decision. The judges gave the fight to Canzoneri, and when the referee raised the little Italian's hand after the fight, the boos, coming from the crowded balconies and the medium priced seats at some distance from the ring, drowned out the applause of those real near the scene of action. Jack's words during the broadcast of the interval between the fifth and sixth rounds explain this perhaps.

"The crowd is cheering for Loayza, but most of the cheers are coming from away back from the ring. Loayza is a hard worker and to all appearances he has landed more blows than Canzoneri. However Tony is better on defense and what may seem like vital blows to those back from the ring, are not. Tony is catching them on his glove, shoulder and upper arm. Tony is more deliberate and the blows he lands are counting."

Such analyses as these are what enabled the listeners to see the fight in its true light and led them to write cheering instead of booing letters. Jack the expert fighter, Jack the enterprising promoter, and Jack the champion ringside announcer, told the story correctly and added much to his reputation as the most popular fighter since the days of old John L. Sullivan. He may not know much about "As You Like it" as a work of Shakespeare, but he does know a lot about the way the fight-Radio fan likes his ringside broadcasts.

"YOU must put yourself in the fighter's shoes," explains Jack "if you are going to give an accurate account of a boxing exhibition. Just as unnecessary movements in the ring tend to tire a boxer and lower his efficiency, so do extra words tend to tire your Radio audience and lessen your efficiency as an announcer."

Side Announcer

Top Honors as Accurate Blow Fight Reporter

"Yank" Taylor

TOO BAD Pat's friend Jack couldn't have been present at the Shires-Trafton comedy boxing match when a hoodlum with more beef than brains resented Pat's objection to swearing near the mike by a sock in the eye. Pat carried on to the end of the fight but he had to go to bed the next day with a broken nose. Pat tried to save the tough from being ejected.

Pat Flanagan and his "shiner"



Thus the "Manassas mauler" explained his theory of fight broadcasting to Pat Flanagan, WBBM Air Theater and Columbia Broadcasting System sports announcer, previous to his broadcast of this opening card at Jack's new Chicago Coliseum club. Flanagan was to handle the microphone for the chain and introduce Jack. It being Jack's debut in this city, as a fight promoter, he had consented to broadcast the first three rounds of the main bout of the evening, that between Tony Canzoneri and Stanley Loayza, scheduled for ten rounds. He continued:

"Never lower your eyes from the ring for a second after the gong sounds. If a fighter were to close his eyes for a fraction of that time during a round he would more than likely open them to be staring at the ceiling or the waving arm of the referee. An announcer who looks away from the ring to observe the crowd, or anything else, is apt to miss the blow that decides the fight or at least the round.

"Of course crowd description is interesting to listeners, but plenty of this can be given before the fight starts. In fact I think it adds interest to the listener if the announcer will give a clear word picture of the scene at the arena or in the stadium before the boxing begins. The listener is thus able to visualize the surroundings and imagine he is sitting with the announcer at the ringside. But during the battle the excitement of the spectators is carried over the air by their own utterances and if the announcer is following the fight properly it will not be necessary for him to explain why the crowd is applauding, shouting, or booing. Radio listeners tuned in on a good announcer will be doing the same as the crowd at the arena or at least thinking of doing it."

WHEN the starting gong rang for the Canzoneri-Loayza go, Dempsey took the microphone and started a running account of the fight. The words flowed from his mouth with the same rapidity and accurateness that his lefts used to shoot out from his shoulder when he was on the other side of the tape wound ropes. Just how well he followed out his theory of making every word count for a blow is attested by the thousands of letters he received following the broadcast from fight and Radio fans all over the country. All hailed him as the king of sport announcers and many advised that he should make ringside announcing his future business, even to the exclusion of his promotional activities. Some advised he should devote himself to all kinds of sport announcing.

"Jack Dempsey's description of the bout was technical, of course," said Flanagan in commenting on the broadcast, "but not too technical to be understood by any one who had ever seen a fight, read a fight story, or had heard one broadcast. Every word counted as he said it should, his description being so thorough that there was not much left for me to say between rounds.

"He knew the style of fighting each contestant used and oft times, Jack actually anticipated blows before they were

struck," Pat continued. "He seemed to feel as if he were in the ring himself. Being an aggressive fighter, he always placed himself in the role of the aggressor in the ring, changing from time to time as the tide of battle changed. But in so doing he kept his neutrality, never showing favoritism. Not only did he put the fight into words but he used actions as well. We were in rather tight quarters down there at the ringside and the next day my left side, the one that had been next to Jack, was rather sore due to the nudges and jolts he gave me. At times he would become very excited but rather than let this excitement off by shouting unnecessary words into the mike, he seemed to shift his body about and I got the brunt of it."

Dempsey's excitement, however, as much as it might have been uncomfortable to Pat Flanagan, was not noticeable to the fans listening in. Of course he was enthusiastic over well delivered or well blocked blows and disappointed over poor technique. A man who loves and knows boxing as well as Jack would not be human if a bit of emotion did not creep into his voice. However, the emotion was that of the fight fan and was not caused by incidental attractions.

"Fight announcers should be as impartial as fight referees," Jack explained to Pat. "The public will form its own opinion from what you state is happening and if you fail to give an unbiased account of a bout you are cheating the listeners just as much as an unfair referee or crooked judges would be cheating the spectators at the ringside. The boos of the Radio audience might not be audible but they would be emitted just the same."

DEMPSEY not only broadcasts a fight well, but he likes to talk into the mike. During the Canzoneri bout, he was only scheduled to go three rounds and then turn things over to Flanagan. He became so enthusiastic however that he described five and a half rounds and only gave up the mike when he was called to the box office to perform some duties in connection with his promotional activities. At that he hurried back to the ringside and took the microphone for the last two rounds for a local station while Flanagan carried on for the Columbia Broadcasting system and WBBM.

Dempsey has often said that he does not believe broadcasting hurts the gate at boxing exhibitions and this belief was borne out by the attendance at his first Coliseum exhibition and by the letters he received following his broadcast.

Radio fans were enthusiastic about the broadcast in their letters. Many letters were from Radio listeners who had never attended a boxing exhibition. Some in this group told Jack that his broadcast had sold them on boxing as a clean athletic exhibition and that it had awakened a desire on their part to see a fight. There were several letters from a Mid-Western Veteran's hospital, also. Business men from all sections wrote that they were going to plan their winter buying and business trips to Chicago so as to be there on a night when a Dempsey-promoted boxing exhibition was on at the Coliseum.

MARJORIE Oelrichs
*Deserts Drawing
 Rooms of New York for
 Career as Fashion Director
 of Columbia System*

SOCIETY DEB TELLS WOMEN of Styles

By Madeline Wolf

MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS is one of the many young society women who have joined the ranks of business women. As Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, she broadcasts twice weekly on "What to Wear and Where to Wear It."

Miss Oelrichs is a member of a family that has long been prominent in New York society. She believes that social and domestic duties, when the latter do not entail actual labor, are not enough to fill the life of any woman today. Furthermore, since education in its fullest sense has been granted to women, it is not likely that her new equipment will leave her satisfied with her old position.

Society, itself, has lost its old relish for the parasite and the dilettante. Most of Miss Oelrichs' friends are running shops, or various forms of Junior League services. She determined to equip herself with some artistic and technical training and to go at the work that she chose like a professional.

After leaving the Spence school, she betook herself to an art school, where she studied for several years, learning the proper use of line and color in designing.

Promptly she acquired a position as stylist for one of the fashionable shops in the city. She took her job in all earnestness, feeling that she had a particular responsibility in relation to women at large. It was more than normally important for her to make good because it was neither essential for her to work as a matter of earning her bread and butter, nor was her position sufficiently out of the spot light to insure her succeeding or failing inconspicuously.

One of the pleasantest aspects of Miss Oelrichs' approach to her work is her interest in the whole problem of women in their new-found freedom. She realizes that the opportunity that has lately been granted them must be seized and put to its best uses. The equality of companionship that has begun to grow up between men and women is more precious than the type of gallantry that it has replaced. The latter, she feels, was dependent on an attitude of condescension to an inferior, and paternalism in every form has gone out.

AFTER her experience in a New York shop, Miss Oelrichs went abroad and took a position in one of the famous Paris dressmaking establishments, Irene Dana's. There she acted as stylist and supervised fittings as well. This gave her a knowledge of line that no amount of mere drawing could have supplied.

On a number of occasions, Miss Oelrichs is amused to relate, she even stood for fittings for women whose figures and her's were identical, and whose desire to acquire the smartest clothes was only equalled by their eagerness to see everything interesting or gay that Paris had to offer.

On her return to America, Miss Oelrichs decided to round out her education still further and undertook to study costume designing. She felt that the history of costume was essential to an intelligent understanding of modern women's clothes, and that stage cos-



Member of a socially prominent and wealthy New York family, Marjorie Oelrichs much prefers telling American women what to wear and when to wear it over the CBS.

tumes would lend variety to her other fashion interests.

Miss Oelrichs has met so great a variety of women that she knows not only what the rich woman needs and can afford, but she can suggest a wardrobe for the women in businesses or professions. Their needs she considers no more vital than those of the woman, who still "carries on" at home.

She knows, too, that for the limited budget a tremendous amount of thought is essential in order to be smart. The point that Miss Oelrichs stresses first and always is the importance of comfort and suitability in clothes. She has worked out a budget for the woman of limited means that takes care of every conceivable occasion.

She is emphatic about certain fundamental truths in regard to dressing well. There are few day time occasions on which a well tailored suit is out of place. For the woman in an office a suit or a simple crepe dress of dark color with a matching, fur trimmed top coat is always appropriate. She can lunch at the Ritz, or tea at Sherry's, if the occasion arises, without stopping to change, and in perfect fitness.

With either costume a tight fitting, simple hat of matching color is suitable. Miss Oelrichs cannot stress too strongly the importance of simple reptile street shoes, with sane heels, for every woman who is not conveyed from one engagement to another in a Rolls Royce.

(Continued on page 124)

Women Strong for HOME HINTS

*MARJORIE Presnell
Builds WOR Program
From the Ground Up, Offering
a Real Service Solving Problems*

By Marjorie Presnell

"HOME HINTS," broadcast over Station WOR every Thursday morning at 9:45 A.M., came about in an interesting way. At the particular time at which the broadcast was first presented, we had no talk of that nature on the air, and we felt that with the coming of Fall, women would have a natural interest in things that pertained to the home.

I decided that I would try to make this talk one that was a little different. You see, I had to do this for although I am entirely familiar with the microphone and all of its eccentricities, I had never made the many things that surround the home and its angles and interests a feature over the air, and therefore it was essential that I make this a little different. This I feel was done in this way.

I went on the air and in the first broadcast announced very simply that I was by no means an interior decorator, nor, as a matter of fact, was I an authority on anything on earth. However, I was willing to tell those who would bear with me each week, all of the practical little helps that I could gather. I also explained to them that the source of that information would come from every imaginable source, including articles that I might read during the week. They might also come from shop windows, or from the shops themselves. I told them I would be a veritable thief of ideas, that the homes of my friends and foes alike would be invaded for suggestions that would be useful to them.

I then asked them to participate in this little forum which I was planning and let all of us have the benefit of any clever hints that they had heard of or invented themselves.

LITTLE by little the letters kept drifting in, and each week they increased in number. Then I discovered that I was by no means receiving outside ideas but that I was being asked to answer vexatious problems that troubled the writers. In a very little time I further discovered that the questions all pertained to decorating. Fortified with the knowledge that I had had a sound art education, and that I had spent several years abroad during which time I had more or less specialized in the collection of furniture—for I have always been mad about antiques—I decided that if listeners wrote that particular type of letter, then that was what they wanted and I began to build the talks around color schemes that I had seen—lovely rooms, used as display rooms or in private homes, etc.; draperies that I saw in shops, and, in fact, all and sundry that had charm.

The result is that many, many letters come to me each week for advice on dining rooms, living rooms, children's rooms, colors for the walls, rugs, and a thousand things that go to the making of an attractive home. Every one of these letters received a personal answer when postage was enclosed, or were answered on the air when this was omitted.



When she started her Home Hints program from WOR Marjorie Presnell frankly admitted that she was far from an authority. But she certainly learned fast, helped by thousands of women listeners.

This brings out to my mind one of the most human and absorbing things about Radio. These same women who write in to me and ask for advice have access to the same shops and stores, and access to the same magazines, and perhaps more time in which to consult decorators of the service departments of shops. In fact, there are many ways in which they could actually have the answers to their problems much more expertly handled. But the fact still remains that they prefer that human contact and little more personal touch which they receive when we of the air talk to them. I can imagine that you may have a feeling that this is true of a certain type of home-maker, one who has not the time because of her many

household duties, or one who cannot get into the nearby cities.

In some instances this may be confined to the woman who has a very limited amount of money at her disposal. In a very few cases, I have been asked to make suggestions that were to be restricted as to expenditure. I have received detailed descriptions of homes, the locality of which was perfectly familiar to me as being in fashionable neighborhoods. There have been descriptions of homes which were anything but modest, as well as homes that were small and modest. But the urge for the right color and arrangement was the same.

I may say, however, that the letters
(Continued on page 126.)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

“SWEETHEARTS were they until the other day
They parted and each went their way—
Now he's sorry too
For he loved her he knew
And to his mother does say today.
Somebody's lonesome for somebody's love,
Somebody's sad and blue—”

Spending last Fall in Seattle, trying to forget her sweetheart with whom she had quarreled, a girl heard the Bonnell Sisters sing this song over KNX, which was written by Al Stafford. “Somebody's Lonesome for Somebody's Love,” came to her from several stations all over the country for some little time until she finally was so affected that she wrote to her real love. In Calgary he must have gone through the same experience, as within a week everything was patched up and now it's a “bungalow for two.”

Now don't you think Al Stafford feels good? I wish I could be as much of an angel.

* * *

Joe O'Toole of WJAY wants me to tell Mrs. F. J. B. of Meadville that he's no good at blowing his own horn. But he did consent to my using his picture here, and confidentially it's the one he sent out to his friends at Christmas. Other names? Yes, indeed! Lots and lots of people who have heard “Heeza Nut” at the piano



at WJAY have wondered—and wondered. Now the mystery is out, it's just one of Joe O'Toole's trick ideas. You see, he's station manager, and his Irish dignity had to have some outlet. And they all love him, as Joe O'Toole. Young girls write to him full of love and hope; older women write to him as they would to a son. When Joe broadcasts he asks people to drop anything they are doing and listen in. He even promises to come out and help with the washing.

Joe has been in the entertaining game since he was four years old. That's when he began tickling the keys. He made his Radio debut quite by accident when somebody didn't show up for a program, and he was drafted to fill in. At the piano he's right at home, but he likes the bass drum better, as a battering ram for bandits. But ask him about that.

* * *

Good news for Mildred A., and the song should ring sweet and clear down in West Hickory, North Carolina, for Jack Jackson is single and unattached. “The Strolling Yodler from WLAC” is one nice boy, and in spite of his good looks has but one love, his steel guitar. Why his name? He used it when making records for Columbia.

* * *

I'm sorry to have to tell you, Mary Ellen, that Bob Richards has, as the mail man says, “moved and left no address.” I asked Jean Paul King about him, but got no help.

Incidentally, Jean Paul has left KHQ himself, and is doing business down at Mr. Crosley's stand at WLW. He's

keeping himself busy with production duties down there, after having been chief announcer with the NBC at Frisco, as well as play director. For a while he was at KFRC, then while with the Henry Duffy players in Portland announced for KGW, from where he went to KHQ as chief announcer.

* * *

I got the nicest letter from Ted Hediger the other day. He threatens to take me to lunch and everything. Threaten away, Ted, and see what happens!



Ted has been out on the sunny shores of California at KTM in L. A., and later got himself a job as studio manager of KGB. Then his mother, up in the Twin Cities of Minnesota, was sick and he had to run home, where her boy made her much better.

Ted says he had a wonderful time rummaging things of days gone by when he saw Bobby Griffin, who's out at WHO now, while Ted, I forgot to say, is at WRHM, or was when he wrote. And he wants me to help him say “Hello” to Charlie Garland and others of the old gang; so here's “Hello.”

* * *

Attention, please! Also, Help! Help! Here's a hard one, and it was asked of poor little me! Please, kind friends, do you know what stations broadcast programs in foreign languages, and what time? Particularly religious programs, in German and Swedish.

* * *

And now Bill Hartley wants to know if he can get a job with WENR. Says he doesn't know what he can do, but he likes the hours.

* * *

As far as the records of the National Broadcasting company go, Real Folks has been on the air a little longer than Seth Parker's Singing School. That's about all I can tell you, Mr. Zorn.

* * *

Yes ma'am, John B. Gambling and Uncle John are one and the same. His morning task is to get you started with a smile every morning. Winter or summer, rain or shine, it's all the same to Uncle John. Thousands tune in to his setting-up exercises and others hear his cheerful nonsense, but his popularity doesn't disturb him; in fact, he wonders at it. He was born and raised in Cambridge, England, had intended to take a course in horticulture when the war broke out, and he went off to sea as a Radio operator. He liked the U. S., and here he is. O. K., Mr. Kroll?



* * *

No, Mrs. Seymour, Jake and Lena don't really truly live, except before the microphone. That talented team created this pair for the air, and that's that.

* * *

Billy Beard, one of the Raybestos Twins, wants it known that he's sitting up nights writing a book, and it's a book on Radio Entertaining. If you want to

know how to sell yourself over the air, what type of material is most in demand, and anything and everything else from the artist's point of view, read Billy's book when it comes out. Billy's with the NBC in New York now.

* * *

I'm positively abject. Here in the December column I talked about a picture of Fred Rodgers, and then it wasn't there at all. Those mean printers, and no one can be any meaner than a mean printer. Anyway, here it is. Remember about him? He is general program director of Westinghouse stations and one of the best known of all KDKA artists. Besides his work on the air he sings in church, the Watson Memorial Presbyterian in Pittsburgh. He has sung in many famous musical organizations and has appeared in light opera. Is he? Yes, happily.



* * *

Yes'm and No'm, I mean, sure. Anyway, Ben Bernie has got a nice band. Likewise the Smith Brothers. 'Course everybody has his or her own ideas, but you're at least half right. I've talked to the editor, and he has scratched his head. Now we'll see what happens.

* * *

I hope Gordon Bluhm wins some money. Anyway, he's right. Ford and Glenn and Jack and Gene are very decidedly individuals and separate and unrelated persons. Gene and Ford and Glenn, formerly of WLW, and probably futu'rely (I know that isn't a good word, but then—), too, are on the road now. Jack is off the air, having lost his voice.

* * *

Jerry Sullivan of “Chi-caw-go” fame is being heard regularly from WSBC, Chicago, but is no longer “cawing.”

* * *

COMPLAINT COLUMN

What's a poor fella going to do? There are two stations right here in the Middle West who have no pity at all at all on a poor girl who's trying to earn an honest dollar. Down at WJR they don't even recognize that I exist. (Bet they would if I could ever get in to see them.) And in spite of my very good friend, Pat Barnes, at WGN, all I can get in answer to your queries is promises. Did you ever try to cash one?

I'm off from these stations. They're the only ones in the United States who won't answer my questions. So don't expect me to answer anything about them.

So if you really like me as much as you say you do—well, use your own judgment. But now you know and I feel better.

* * *

Now that is a poser. Harry Burke wants to know the best method to follow to become an announcer.

Of all the hundreds of announcers in the country, probably no two would agree on what has made them successful, but here's one suggestion that should work out.

Work up some sort of an advertising program, then sell the idea to a sponsor, and in turn sell the sponsored program, with yourself as director and announcer, to some broadcasting station.

If you try this, or any other scheme, let me know how you come out.

* * *

This, Arabella, if that really is your name, for it sounds too good to be true, is the love of your Radio heart, and a sweet one, too. Foster Hewitt, girls, can be heard from CFCA at Toronto. He specializes in broadcasting Canadian sports from the Daily Star station. He must know a lot, for he tells about rugby, hockey, boxing bouts, baseball, regattas, and other national and local events, and has handled the last two Wrigley championship swims for the Canadian National exhibition.



* * *

Open your eyes real wide, Kathleen O'Rourke, and look in the front of the book in the album section and see who you see. Right the first time; it's Mary Hopple. Y'w'kum.

* * *

The Oklahoma Cowboys are hard to keep track of, Faye, but if I can ever locate them again I'll get them to tell about themselves.

* * *

Mr. Halley Hammond is lonesome way up in Atwood, Ontario, Canada, to give the full address. He wants to write to some Radio artists, and tells me that he is blonde, just past nineteen, very presentable, and about medium height. Here's a friend.

And Hal, you can reach Rudy Vallee at the National Broadcasting company, 711 Fifth avenue, New York City. No, he doesn't broadcast the Sunshine Hour. I think you must mean the WENR program every morning. I gave the hours in another note.

Good luck!

* * *

The desert poems that are read by David Ross over the CBS on the Arabesque programs are the original creations of Yolande Langworthy. She is writing a book on Arabesque, in which these poems will be included. However, individual copies may be obtained by writing directly to Miss Langworthy at the Columbia Broadcasting system, 485 Madison avenue, New York City.

* * *

Nate Caldwell, who used to be with KOIL and then with WBBM, is doing commercial work right here in Chicago, and is off the air except for an occasional program.

* * *

Hiram and Henry? The editor promised me to run their picture this month. If he doesn't I'll have to pluck out a few more of the scattering thatch.

Walter Rothschild is at WTAD, Quincy, and is the high mogul in those parts.



Franz Locke of KMOX? I don't recognize the name, Mrs. Routh. Do you, by any chance, mean J. Francis Laux, the popular sports announcer at the St. Louis station? On the off chance that you do, here's his picture and a few lines about him. Known as just plain "France," he started life in 1897 in Guthrie, Oklahoma. Quite an athlete in school days, he has followed right through along these lines, managing baseball and semi-pro basketball and football teams. He is the oldest of a

family of athletes. His younger brothers have all starred in college.

France first broke into Radio as sports announcer at the World's Series between the Pirates and the Yankees in 1927, working by wire for KVOO, where he remained until February last year, when he moved to KMOX. He's married, and the proud father of an eight months old son.

* * *

Mrs. J. Thompson, you aren't the only one who wants to know about John and Ned, the old Mona Motor Oil Twins. All that I can tell is that they are somewhere out on the West Coast, but what station I don't know.

* * *

A dear friend of Gordon H. Johnson has asked where he can be found. He is now with the Wurlitzer company, Main street, Buffalo, New York.

* * *

I hate to have to tell you, Margaret of old Kalamazoo, but I've plumb lost track of Billy Adams. I'd like to hear his sweet tenor voice again as much as you would.



The six year Radio romance of May Singhi Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," and Peter de Rose, song-writer, was climaxed December 9 in New York. They had long been partners in weekly broadcasts over the NBC. Two years ago they announced their engagement over the air, and now they are real partners.

* * *

In answer again to hundreds of inquiries, Jack Grady is definitely off the air. His voice hasn't come back to him yet, but we all are still hoping.

* * *

When my mind and typewriter joined in a high-powered slip last month I certainly got myself in for a lot of ragging. Yes, Yes, and a couple of Yesses, Paul McCluer is at the same station he started with, WENR. He is still, and will be for many a long day, popular with fans as announcer of the Sunshine Hour, on the air every morning at 10 o'clock except Sunday, when it starts at 8 o'clock.

* * *

Gene Carroll of the Radio combination Gene, Ford and Glenn was born in Chicago. Gene received a good education, for his parents planned to train him for a business career. His earliest inclinations, however, were a disappointment to his family for when he wasn't playing "Cowboy and Indian," he was singing or "fooling with some sort of musical instrument all the time" (his father's words). Growing older, Gene still had a burning interest in the stage. His first experience in the theatre came when he was nineteen and began several years of touring the larger vaudeville circuits. Radio broadcasting was getting

on its feet contemporaneously with Gene so he turned to this new entertainment field. With an old school pal, Jack Grady, he first went on the air at station WLS where the team of Jack and Gene remained for several seasons.

Then the two went to Cincinnati to Broadcast from the powerful Crosley station, WLW. Their success was great there until Jack lost his voice late in the spring of this year. His friends Ford and Glenn invited him to join them permanently, having appeared with him before, and the team of Gene and Ford and Glenn became a reality on August 19 of this year when they went on the air at WLW. They expect to spend part of this season and next with WLW as the headquarters from which they will tour all the principal vaudeville houses within regular hearing distance of the big Crosley station.

Jack is slight in stature, about five feet six inches tall, and is very slight. He is fair skinned, light haired, and blue eyed and makes "wise cracks" continuously.

Ford (Rush) was born in Columbia, Mississippi, and carries the South with him on the air in his many quaintly southern expressions and the softness of his voice. At the age of ten, he moved with his parents to St. Louis, where he completed his education and entered the St. Louis offices of a New York music publisher as their professional representative. Thus he started on his theatrical career, and in this business he met Glenn (Rowell), destined to become his partner and to share his fame and fortune.

His interest in sports prompted Ford to leave the music profession for a time to play ball with the St. Louis Cardinals. But the lure of the theatrical world was too strong, so he re-entered the music business in San Francisco as manager of the San Francisco office of another eastern music publisher. If the truth must be told, Ford did his first broadcasting as a "song plugger" when those gentlemen with a musical axe to grind were the backbone of Radio programs. When a San Francisco publisher sent Ford back to Chicago as manager of the branch office, Ford and Glenn met again and presented their first joint Radio programs from WLS.

* * *

Here, Mrs. Davis, are a few words and a small picture of Glenn E. Riggs. This also answers Lucille, my old admirer from Weyers Cave.



"Good morning! This is Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA." Six days a week this is the cheery greeting coming from the lips of Glenn E. Riggs, who recently joined the announcing staff of the Pioneer station. During his high school career at Turtle Creek, Pa., he was in the National Oratorical contest and on the school debating team. When he went to college at Juniata college, Huntington, Pa. (loyal native son), he continued his forensic activities as president of the Freshman club and oratorical representative of his class, and also became trumpeter and reader for the glee club, and was a member of the dramatic society. Leaving college he became interested in amateur and professional plays, appearing in leading roles. Glenn is about five feet ten and a half inches tall; fair, with merry, twinkling blue eyes, chestnut, curly hair that you just love to tangle your fingers in, and has a love of everything out of doors, including baseball, football and tennis.

* * *

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

HOW-DO-YOU-DO, Mrs. Jones — We're awfully glad to know you better, and to know all about Calliope and Miss Katherine, and everybody. And Genia Zielinska and Vaughn de Leath, too. This IS a treat.

Jean Campbell is bringing these internationally known Radio entertainers right into your homes this month, and introducing them as only Jean can. Now you will know and understand your friends of the air channels as never before.

Each month Miss Campbell will write about two or three of the artists you hear over the great chains. Tell her the favorites you would like to meet through these pages and she will do the rest.

KATHERINE TIFT-JONES has a public confession to make. The gentle readers to whom it is herewith addressed are asked to become her father confessors and, as such, to deal most kindly with this charming lady of old aristocratic Georgian lineage, for she is about to become the mental murderer of one of the fans' pet illusions.

"Calliope," that lovable and much loved old Negro mammy of the air, and the stately Mrs. Tift-Jones, and "Miss Katherine" known to the "air ladies" as the mistress of Calliope, are all—now for the confession:

"They are all just ME!" said the guilty creator of Calliope.

"You see—she, 'Calliope,' is just a figment of my imagination. No, she is more than that. In all reality she is a reincarnation of the old darky who was my nurse and second mother in my childhood on our plantation down in Georgia. You can't imagine what an impression she made on me. I didn't realize it myself until I created the character of Calliope for Radio performance, and I never dreamed that everyone would think her a real person, but they did.

"It's hard to believe that an illusion in which thousands of folks have believed implicitly is not a reality. Well, spiritually and intellectually Calliope IS a reality, even to me.

"Some years ago, when I was doing my first Radio work, classic poetry recitations and homey little dramatic sketches, I was asked to create for the sketch the character of a real southern Negro mammy to add home-made comedy to the skit. I immediately thought of my old mammy, she certainly had added plenty of humor and a wise and unique psychology to the atmosphere of our home. And so I went into the silence and renamed her "Calliope" and took her—as a second personality—before the microphone.

"Woe betide me! Calliope won the day and I had to step into the background with my lesser character of Miss Katherine, who became to the 'air ladies,' just the mistress of Calliope!

"Today, Calliope holds the spotlight. I'm glad and proud to have created her, because she is the only living replica of the real old Negro mammy of the South being faithfully reproduced today. There's much 'colored stuff' on the stage

and screen and colored stories seem to be running away with the popular magazines. But as one who was born and reared on a real plantation I am pained at the lack of reality in most of the would-be likenesses of the old southern Negro.

"The real ones were a rare treat in human nature, lovable, kindly, humane, intuitively wise beyond the wisdom of book learning and loyal to the point of absolutely refusing liberty from their old masters when freedom was granted them. At least, that's the kind I knew



"Calliope"

in childhood. They stuck to us, fearful lest we turn them out, until we pensioned them off into homes of their own when old age overtook them.

"Now to all the fans who have for several years been sending lovely letters to Calliope, do tell them to keep on. I'm keeping a scrap book, it's now seven volumes thick, of those letters.

"To all those dear women who have believed so implicitly all those little human-interest stories that Calliope has told over the air, those stories, yes fibs, about herself, her family, her friends, her dog, her troubles and her triumphs, to all who have sent her innumerable gifts of clothing and food delicacies and other little luxuries, just tell them that all those lovely heartfelt offerings to 'My Calliope,' have gone on their errand of love and mercy into the homes of needy colored folk in New York, and much of it into the homes of needy Negro folk down South."

She appears regularly in the drawing rooms of "The 400," here. She is in constant demand for notable benefit performances for charitable or historical

purposes. She graces the platforms of the leading clubs.

She makes yearly trips to Europe to make her appearances on demand before Royalty, and to be entertained by near-royalty as a guest-artist. The money she earns, professionally, goes for charitable purposes, and to further the education and ambitions of a long list of proteges.

She does not tell these things on herself, but other intimates of her own class do tell on her, occasionally. This is one of those lucky times when an interviewer "hears a little bird," telling a nice story that would sound too-good-to-be-true if the interviewer did not happen to know the "little tell-tale bird" really well.

Mrs. Katherine Tift-Jones is a very modest person despite her stately bearing. She is soft voiced, light brown as to hair, has hazel eyes that sometimes look gray, sometimes blue, according to the reflection cast in them by the color of her gown. She dresses with beautiful simplicity, is a linguist and a scholar of all that is literary.

Her home, a roomy apartment in the suburb of Jackson Heights, Long Island, is a retreat shared with her husband, who is not a professional, her two young men sons, and, until recently, with daughter Elizabeth. But that minx of a Dan Cupid stole daughter Elizabeth away recently, and a lot of space in the newspapers was devoted to pictures of the beautiful bride and her bridesmaids.

Daughter Elizabeth is honeymooning during the Winter down South while mother is preparing an apartment nearer home for the newly-weds.

GENIA ZIELINSKA refers to herself as "Radio's unchagrined bachelor-girl." Unchagrined is the word, because she is actually happy to forego all thought of romance and marriage until she has first achieved certain ambitious objectives incident to her career.

Genia likes, too, the life of a bachelor girl, which she lives to the last letter of the law on how a bachelor girl should live, as a resident guest of the famous A. W. A. Club House. This beautiful, artistically designed home was recently erected by the American Woman's Association, a group of business and professional women having at heart the interests of their kind who are alone in New York. It is a home with an environment that reflects the gracious thought of Miss Ann Morgan, who is its president.

Genia is, indeed, and rightly, just as proud of this club-home, in introducing you into its portals, as she would be were its rare and interesting appointments her personal possessions and the effects of her own private house.

"You see, I have truly a palace here. Come out into the garden in the rear, it's all glassed in, glowing with rare flowers, hot-house, conservatory variety, comfortable with swing seats, wicker tables, magazines, books, woolly rugs. Like it," asked Genia.

"Now here, going back indoors, is the North African Room. Isn't it a treat for a tired soul such as myself at times?" It was. Here we sat down to enjoy a salad and a pot of tea at one of its many gleaming red tables, under the reflected light of its many colored glass decorations which sparkled, even in mid-afternoon, in rivalry with bright African rugs against the background, somewhat startling, of black terrazzo floor and dead white walls.

Here, later in the evening, Genia enjoys having her full course dinner, because she is just a bit more fond of this particular dining room than of the English garden room, just beyond, which suddenly transplants one into a more quiet atmosphere.

After tea we lingered awhile in the Tudor lounge room, passed a happy group of club guests entertaining friends in the Georgian lounge, and repaired to the loveliest bachelor girl bedroom, Genia's own private nook, that bespeaks Genia's love of all that is beautiful and refined.

While changing from a red-bird hat and matching wool street frock to a yellow evening gown, Genia told simply and unaffectedly, and too modestly, the story of her life and ambitious career. And so it is retold now in more flattering tones.

This American-Polish girl was born in Kansas City, Missouri. She was one of a large family, yet enjoyed a convent education under the guidance of the Benedictine nuns.

Genia's musical talent first showed itself in rare pianistic ability, one of those children who ran to the piano to play whatever tune she had last heard, a child who could play by ear and by inspiration as well as quite easily by note.

At an early age she was placed in the convent choir, only as a means of furthering her musical education, and then it was discovered that she had a voice that might do more for her than her fingers could do. She sang solos every Sunday and the concert pianist career promised to fade into the shadows while a career as a concert singer loomed as an almost immediate possibility.

But Genia, herself, insisted that she finish her piano course. Wise child, doubly praised today, for two great talents well developed and sometimes jointly used.

Through her continued study of the piano, even after her voice became the paramount issue, Genia acquired an enviable musical background, a knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and technique which few singers have achieved.

She came to New York for further study in her teens, acquiring finishing school vocal lessons and a command of seven languages, in which she became most fluent in Norwegian, Spanish, Italian and French.

Friends suggested that she obtain for herself a Radio audition or try-out while they listened-in beyond the broadcasting room, "just to hear how her voice would sound over the microphone." That was an auspicious occasion.

Before this occurrence she had been declared a phenomenal success by New York critics in both concert and opera debuts. Nonetheless, she approached broadcasting with the shyness and eagerness of a schoolgirl. Her personality as well as her voice won her instant attention. A few nights after her audition a well known Radio artist fell ill and failed, without notice, to come to an engagement.

Genia had a voice of similar quality. She got the call to come to the studio in this emergency.

She came, she sang, she conquered.

Radio has been her "find," and she has been called one of Radio's rarest finds, ever since.

Genia has behind a quiet exterior when in repose, which is seldom; a certain temperament, a dramatic force. It is said of her and for her that she has not yet been able to give up her concert work because of this very quality. She holds her audiences and they demand her personal appearances, again and again.

For this reason she has been cast by the NBC as one of the principals of its Radio opera company and also with the NBC quartette, which makes more personal public appearances than almost any other broadcasting group.

Genia is a slim, demure, brown-bird creature. Yes, she IS birdlike, in her constant activity of hands and eyes, giving one the impression of "fluttering," about to fly. It's that emotionalism, as she talks, of which they speak who say of her, "the stage will never completely lose her, because her gift is



Genia Zielinska

such that with eyes and hands she all but tells the emotional story of her songs before she sings a note."

VAUGHN De LEATH is not only "The Original Radio Girl," by virtue of the fact that ten years ago she was the only girl singing star then paid for her Radio performance but she is also the most original Radio Girl that one is apt to meet while venturing into homes of the Radio family. Originality, in everything that she does, in all that surrounds her personality, home environment and life, seems to be a keynote to her character.

When you enter the old-fashioned brownstone house where she maintains home and business studio quarters in a whole-floor-flat, your first expression is "Oh! How Original!" It is, indeed, a unique abode, with an atmosphere of luxury about it. Yet Vaughn declares that "it cost hardly anything to make it look like this"—since she designed and executed almost everything that is unique within the house except the actual furniture and the painting of the woodwork and the walls.

The furniture is all antique, things that she picked up here and there a piece at a time, to suit her fancy for French period stuff.

Each bit of furniture she has selected with the utmost care as to its authenticity and each piece from the Louis Sixteenth loveseat flanking the broad livingroom fireplace to the Marie Antoinette bedstead, in which Vaughn reposes at night amid queenly dreams, has its pedigree which is bound in a soft velvet book known as "Vaughn's Treasure Trove."

Under the covers of this book also reposes the history of another collection that is her hobby. She is addicted to earrings of antiquity and claims that the wearing of certain of these charms has a definite effect upon her mood of the moment.

In the matter of these ornaments it is her ambition to acquire the largest and most representative collection of savage and sedate ornaments outside of the museums. A peep at those she now possesses causes one to suspect that she has almost succeeded in this endeavor.

She wears certain earrings for certain moments and moods and declares it really remarkable what a mere earring will do to one's personality. Taking up a pair of slender black ornaments, long enough to all but touch her shoulder, she showed the effect, and added:

"You could put these on a Sunday school teacher and they would transform her into a woman with a soul of an adventuress—and what woman does not long to feel like an adventuress occasionally."

Vaughn serves tea, informally, in her business studio off the huge music-studio-livingroom. She takes lemon in her tea and also a bit of Chinese ginger with its sugary syrup to make it both spicy and sweet. It's a delightfully refreshing treat. Try it sometime, drinking it from a tall green glass goblet ala Vaughn de Leath, to whom color and the effect of color harmonies is indeed no mystery.

Had she not been a child prodigy, directing an orchestra at the age of twelve, later becoming by startlingly easy stages a Broadway light-opera singing celebrity, Radio star and composer of at least twenty well known compositions for piano and voice; had she not been all these things, so aptly and so easily, she feels her life might have been almost as successfully cast in the role of a well versed psychologist and an adept at things of a psychic nature.

Now this is a secret; and I've promised not to tell you his name, perhaps that's why she is happily married to a well known portrait artist, why her window curtains are of orange colored maline-net, the woodwork of old ivory and jade green, and the walls are of flat silver or gold, excepting for hall, bathroom and kitchen—which carry out in wall design a running story of the love life of a lady of the French court. These walls, by the way, represent a veritable French print from front to back of the house through hallways, highways and byways leading to various rooms, and all this is the work of her artist husband.

Vaughn does not regret the good old days of ten years ago when she was the center of Radio attraction. She finds her work more fascinating today, even though it now entails elaborate programs, rehearsals and rival stars. It at least affords comfortable studios to work in as well as a healthy competition of talents which she likes.

Vaughn recalls that her first broadcast

(Continued on page 91)

Gossipy Reflections From

Radio Digest

RADIO DIGEST—the very name is significant of news, gossip and opinion of Radio broadcasting and entertainment. But what a tremendous field to cover. Perhaps no other one industry in the world directly concerns so many people as does Radio.

In this section of Radio Digest you will find from month to month a true reflection of the life behind the scenes at broadcasting stations throughout the country. In presenting this news we want the help of the reader and the broadcaster, for without you we can do but little.

Mr. Reader, write us a letter, giving your ideas as to what should appear in these columns. Then, write to your favorite station, tell them to write to us. Mr. Broadcaster, help us tell your listeners about you.

Radio School Over CBS

EDUCATION via air waves for young children on the most comprehensive scale ever attempted will be inaugurated this month on a nation-wide scale over the Columbia Broadcasting system on a program jointly sponsored by the CBS and the Grigsby-Grunow company, manufacturers of Majestic Radio.

Two afternoon half-hours each week beginning February 4 and running through until the first of June will be utilized in presenting programs for classes from fifth grade through junior high school. These will cover a number of subjects and utilize several types of presentation in an attempt to determine the most satisfactory method of using Radio in educational work.

The decision to present this series of broadcasts was arrived at after several months of intensive research in Radio education conducted by both the sponsoring companies. W. S. Paley, president of CBS, some months ago was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to serve on the Advisory Committee on Education by Radio as a member of the fact-finding sub-committee. For the Grigsby-Grunow company, their educational director, Ray S. Erlandson, a former secretary of the National Education association, has been conducting a similar study. Research on a national scale, it was discovered, was handicapped through the fact that practically no work had been done on a national scale along the lines of educational broadcasts for school-room reception. It was then determined to present a "curriculum of the air" upon which to base further tests and study.

Owing to the experimental nature of the series, it will be divided into two distinct parts. One afternoon each week will be devoted to dramatizations for children, based on outstanding characters in American history, the dramas presenting the most significant events, historically, in which the individuals participated.

Among the events tentatively decided upon for inclusion in the history series are the discovery of America, the landing of the Pilgrims, signing of the Declaration of Independence, Daniel Boone and Western expansion, Fulton and the first steamboat, Lewis and Clark, discovery of gold in California, Sam Houston, Theodore Roosevelt and the Hague Peace Conference.

The second weekly series will be divided into several parts with the end in view of testing the adaptability of Radio for teaching various subjects. American literature, American music, political science or civics, health and

hygiene, and nature study are the subjects which have been tentatively selected for test work.

Leading educators of the country and outstanding authorities on the subjects to be presented have been invited by Grigsby-Grunow and the Columbia System to offer suggestions and to cooperate in the series. During conferences in Washington on November 20th between Mr. Erlandson of Grigsby-Grunow, Miss Judith Waller and Warren H. Pierce of the Columbia Broadcasting System and Dr. William John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Dr. Cooper enthusiastically endorsed the idea of a test series and expressed an opinion that it would be closely watched by school superintendents and educators throughout the country. Judge Ira E. Robinson, chairman of the Federal Radio commission, stated that the series would fill a long-felt need in nation-wide broadcasting programs. He predicted that it would meet with wide-spread attention and interest in educational interests.

Booklets to serve as text-books for the Radio course are being prepared and these will be distributed to all schools in the country in order that the teachers may properly prepare the pupils for the Radio lesson to be presented.

Vital News of Broadcasting Plans of Interest from Both Big Fellow in to Your Home With Their

"WITHOUT question Radio has been a marvelous gift to the world, its possibilities are unlimited for it has not only helped in appreciation of the classics but it has created a desire to hear and see artists in person." Thus does Katherine Meisle, contralto of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, enthusiastically endorse broadcasting.

Miss Meisle is not only a confirmed broadcaster herself, being under exclusive contract with the Atwater-Kent concerts, but is likewise a rabid fan.

Club Breaks Tradition

BREAKING a tradition of 63 years' standing the Mendelssohn club of New York City, which has been singing since 1866 without making a public appearance except for charity, made its first Radio broadcast over a chain of twenty-four stations early last December.

"Our recognition of the fact that Radio can make fine music most easily accessible to the greatest number has caused us to make this decision," said Allan Robinson, president of the club, on the occasion of the broadcast. Four songs composed by conductors and members of the club, past and present, were among the nine numbers offered.

The Mendelssohn Glee club was the



San Francisco and California joined in welcoming KECA to the Pacific Coast Division of the NBC. Left to right you see Donald Novis, Dove Kilgore and Don E. Gilman, the first two California winners in the 1928 Atwater Kent national audition. Gilman is vice president of the NBC.

Behind the Studio Scenes

from Ocean to Ocean and Topics
and Little Fellow Who Come
Entertainment, Education

First male chorus made up of native born Americans only in this country. Its organization in the year after the close of the Civil War encouraged several others to organize, including the Apollo Club of Boston. Up to that time male chorus music in America had been heard only in German-American and Welsh communities.

KGU Is Happy Family

By Dorothy Ellen Cole

MANY times I have been asked, "Just what is it that makes for success in the big Radio stations?"

I may not be correct with regard to other stations, but I do know that right here in KGU in Honolulu, Hawaii, it is the unstinted admiration of each for the ability of the other.

M. A. Mulrony, the manager of the station, is a man of great technical knowledge of all things pertaining to broadcasting. A scholar and a man with the deepest sense of the merriest humor, he is kindly and quiet and has the greatest respect for the other fellow.

The director, Homer Tyson, widely known for his work before the microphone, possesses what has been called one of the finest speaking voices on the air today. Mr. Tyson has a fund of wit that is always on tap.

On our KGU staff is another interesting man (you see I am completely surrounded by masculine society), Webley Edwards. He presents a snappy figure

before the mike, and can sing and play the old folk songs to his own banjo accompaniment.

We are really pioneers here in Honolulu, you know. We have just moved into our new studios atop the Honolulu Advertiser building, and boast all that is new and fine in broadcasting equipment.

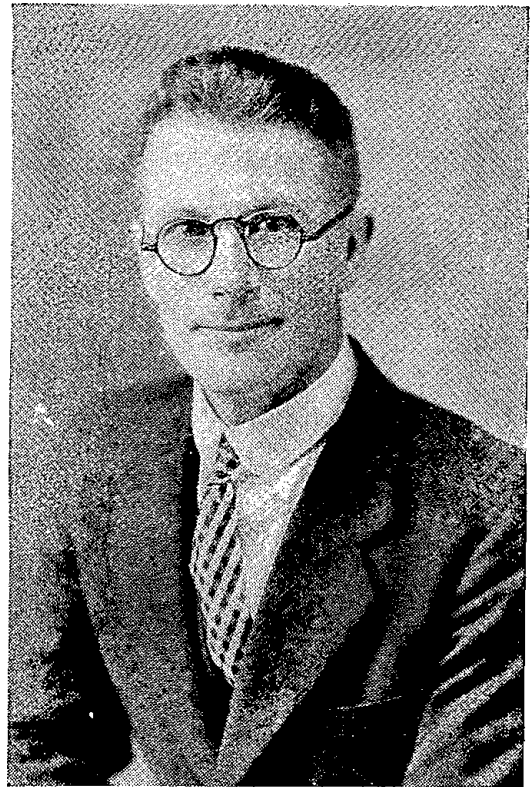
Of course the first night we were in our new home we put on a great program of everything in the bag, so to speak. And now, while the snow and cold is keeping most of you back in the States shivering we take friend mike down to Waikiki and let you hear the surf pounding as the bathers make merry.

And here's a special request, if any of you anywhere in the United States or Canada hear us, won't you let us know about it? We always like to hear from our friends back on the mainland.

Seek Farmer's Favor

WITH the inauguration of the farm community network by the Columbia Broadcasting system the directors of CBS are making an effort to bring the ideal Radio program for farmers and residents of farm communities a step nearer realization.

"We have endeavored," says Henry A. Bellows, advisory counsel of the Columbia system, "to avoid the pitfalls into which many other attempts to give farm programs have fallen. For that reason we have placed on our advisory



Where the waves roll at Waikiki, H. N. Tyson is right at home. He's announcer at KGU.

board the directors of stations who have had several years' experience in catering to the demands of farm communities.

"Our first step in the development of this farm network was a visit to a group of outstanding stations serving the agricultural area of the United States to ascertain the preferences of their listeners. The consensus of this group was that farm communities largely exclude jazz and do not want the music of a symphony orchestra. They do want music of the type familiar to country homes, of melodies and songs which have become dear to millions of Americans of all ages. They want news, pathos, humor, all in condensed dramatic form."

All of the men chosen for the Advisory Board of the Columbia Farm Community network are directors of stations which for several years have presented successfully programs designed to fill the wants of the agricultural districts. Headed by Henry A. Bellows, former Federal Radio commissioner, the members are: Ralph Atlass, WBBM, Chicago; Earl H. Gammons, WCCO, Minneapolis; Blythe Hendricks, WFBM, Indianapolis; Arthur Church, KMBC, Kansas City; George Junkin, KMOX, St. Louis; Charles Sessions, WIBW, Topeka; J. Leslie Fox, KFH, Wichita; Don Searle, KOIL, Council Bluffs, and Dan Corkhill, KSCJ, Sioux City.

* * *

ADD a check for \$3 to the list of presents received by Radio artists from fans.

The check came to Phillips H. Lord, principal character in Sunday at Seth Parker's weekly NBC program. It was from a man in a small town in New Jersey.

"I feel that I owe you something for the entertainment you bring," the accompanying letter said. "I don't know your likes and dislikes, so won't you take the enclosed and buy yourself a little present?"

The check went to buy a beefsteak dinner for a family in an East Side tenement.



After playing together in musical comedy for a number of years, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson "fell for the air," and are now heard in the Blackstone programs over the Columbia system. Both of them have been stars of the musical stage, appearing together in a long list of successes.



With "Yes, We Have No Bananas" for their theme song and "Fun for All and All for Fun" as their microphone cry, this irresponsible group of Nit Wits gathers every Saturday evening to broadcast their hilarious fun over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Music Taste Improves

AMERICA'S musical taste is growing rapidly finer and more discerning. The authority for this hopeful statement is none other than the great Walter Damrosch, for forty years conductor of the New York symphony and now musical counsellor for the National Broadcasting company in New York.

The statement was based on requests received by the NBC for musical selections during 1929 as compared to similar requests of other years. Thousands of letters from Radio listeners were included in the comparative survey, just completed.

Among the works for which numerous requests were made during the past year are: Symphony in G Minor by Mozart, Symphony by Cesar Franck, All Wagner program, The Moldau by Smetana, Toccata and Fugue in B Minor by Bach, Le Chasseur Maudit by Cesar Franck, The Seasons by Haydn, Symphonies 4, 5, 8 and 9 by Beethoven, Works of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Unfinished Symphony by Schubert.

"This list indicates a fine sense of discrimination and an appreciation of the best in symphonic music," Damrosch said. "Especially pleasing is the demand for entire symphonies, several of which I will endeavor to include in my winter programs."

"Letters from listeners also show a keen interest in modern works," Damrosch said, listing such compositions as "The Pines of Rome," and "The Dove," as among those frequently asked for.

* * *

Phil Cook, NBC comedian, is regarded by Radio fans as among the most versatile of entertainers. During a recent program he portrayed the parts of an Irish cop, a negro porter, an Italian bootblack, a down-east Yankee and read lines in his natural voice. The characters "conversed with each other," without the customary break of another voice.



Once a fireman on the Northern Pacific, now a Radio tenor heard all over the country, Howard Melaney evidently has to use an airplane to meet his engagements.

Irish Singers Ramble

THE Notre Dame Glee club, which at the close of the football season last fall appeared in a program from the Chicago NBC studios, like Rockne's famous Ramblers, each year piles up a record of mileage which far exceeds that of most of the other glee clubs of the country.

Under the direction of Joseph Casanta, of the Notre Dame School of Music, the glee club has been heard in every part of this country, appearing in theatres, Radio concerts and special entertainments.

In addition to regular concert work, the club has made records for Victor, Brunswick and Columbia companies, and has appeared in one Vitaphone presentation.

* * *

Jolly Bill and Jane, the Radio folks so well known to children who tune in on NBC broadcasts, average more than 300 letters a day from listeners.

A Lyric Fireman

A SILVERY lyric tenor voice, which has carried him from a grimy locomotive cab to the nation's most luxurious Radio studios in a little more than two years, is possessed by Howard Melaney, internationally known Radio artist, who sings each Tuesday night over Station KMOX.

This voice, of rare mellowness and range, peculiarly adapted to Radio, was hidden in the rattling acoustics of a locomotive cab, where Mr. Melaney was employed as a fireman, until its discovery by a song writer. One day the "North Coast Limited" of the Northern Pacific Railway enroute to Yellowstone Park drew up at Glendive, Montana. The fireman, on his usual schedule of duties, was oiling the cups of the engine and sang while he worked. The strains of "Within the Garden of My Heart" poured out of the clear Montana air. Passengers were attracted towards the locomotive, and when Melaney finished there was a lusty demand for an encore.

That incident marked the beginning of a Radio artist's career unduplicated in America. The song writer, who was in the Glendive audience, induced Melaney to sing over a Radio station in Minneapolis, where he was presented by the announcer as "The Singing Fireman of the Northern Pacific." Before he had concluded two of his songs, the switchboard operator called for help because of the flood of inquiries and requests for additional numbers. This ended Melaney's firing job on the railroad.

Mr. Melaney has sung to Radio audiences in more than ninety American cities from New York to California and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and also over the National Broadcasting System. He was featured by KMOX at the St. Louis Radio show this fall and is heard regularly over that station each Tuesday night. He receives thousands of "fan" letters each week at his headquarters in St. Paul, Minnesota.

*PAUL Shirley of Boston
Symphony Only Artist
Who Can Offer Complete
Program on 14 String
Viola D'Amore*

Devotes A Lifetime To **RARE Instrument**

By Walter M. Daniels

A LIFETIME devoted to saving from extinction a rare musical instrument is the unique boast of Paul Shirley of the Boston Symphony orchestra, whose viola d'amore was introduced to the audience of the air by Station WNAC in Boston. And Mr. Shirley's genius is as rare as his medium, he being the only artist who can offer a complete program for this instrument.

Inheriting a love for the beautiful in musical art, he commenced at the age of ten the study of the violin in his native Konigsberg in East Prussia, changing a year later to the viola. It was in 1910 while filling the position of solo viola at the Darmstadt Court theater that he was assigned the task of playing the viola d'amore part in "The Huguenots."

Never had Mr. Shirley played upon this archaic instrument, nor was there any precedent for self-instruction. He was obliged to devise a set of exercises for mastery of its fourteen strings, seven of gut and seven of metal which are not touched by the bow but vibrate in sympathy.

The artist in him was enthralled at once by the possibilities of an entirely new musical art. With the rich depth of a viol and full range of a violin, this instrument offered tonal and technical effects not possible with any other stringed instrument.

The antiquity of the Viola d'amore, which has been traced back to the Hindus of the fourteenth century, and its disuse in recent years made it exceedingly difficult to obtain one of the instruments that could be played. Through the patronage of the Duke of Hesse, however, Mr. Shirley had access to a splendid specimen. He was able to learn, not only how to play the instrument, but how it was constructed.

Another perplexing problem presented itself in the failure of the viola d'amore to harmonize with the piano and other more modern instruments.



Doesn't seem that these boys would be exactly at home in Worcester, Mass., does it? But they are, and popular, too, at WORC. Mose is Armond LaPointe, and Henry is Ralph Warren.

Radiology Makes Announcers Right By George Dworshak

THEY'RE giving weight in Buffalo to the saying "The announcer is always right."

The public is being taught, for instance, that when "Moscow" is pronounced "Mosko," it's that and not "Maskow"—that the announcer gives the proper pronunciation.

Twice a week every one of the eleven announcers on the staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, which operates stations WKBW, WGR, WMAK and WKEN, attends the Radiology school. So far as is known, it is the only announcers' school in existence today.

Radiology, of course, isn't limited simply to the business of pronouncing correctly, but includes also the using of the proper tonal quality, the incorporating into the work of a distinct personality and the giving of intelligent explanations on programs. In short, it aims at the development of quick thinking, creative ability and expressiveness.

During the class routine different members are sent into an adjoining stu-

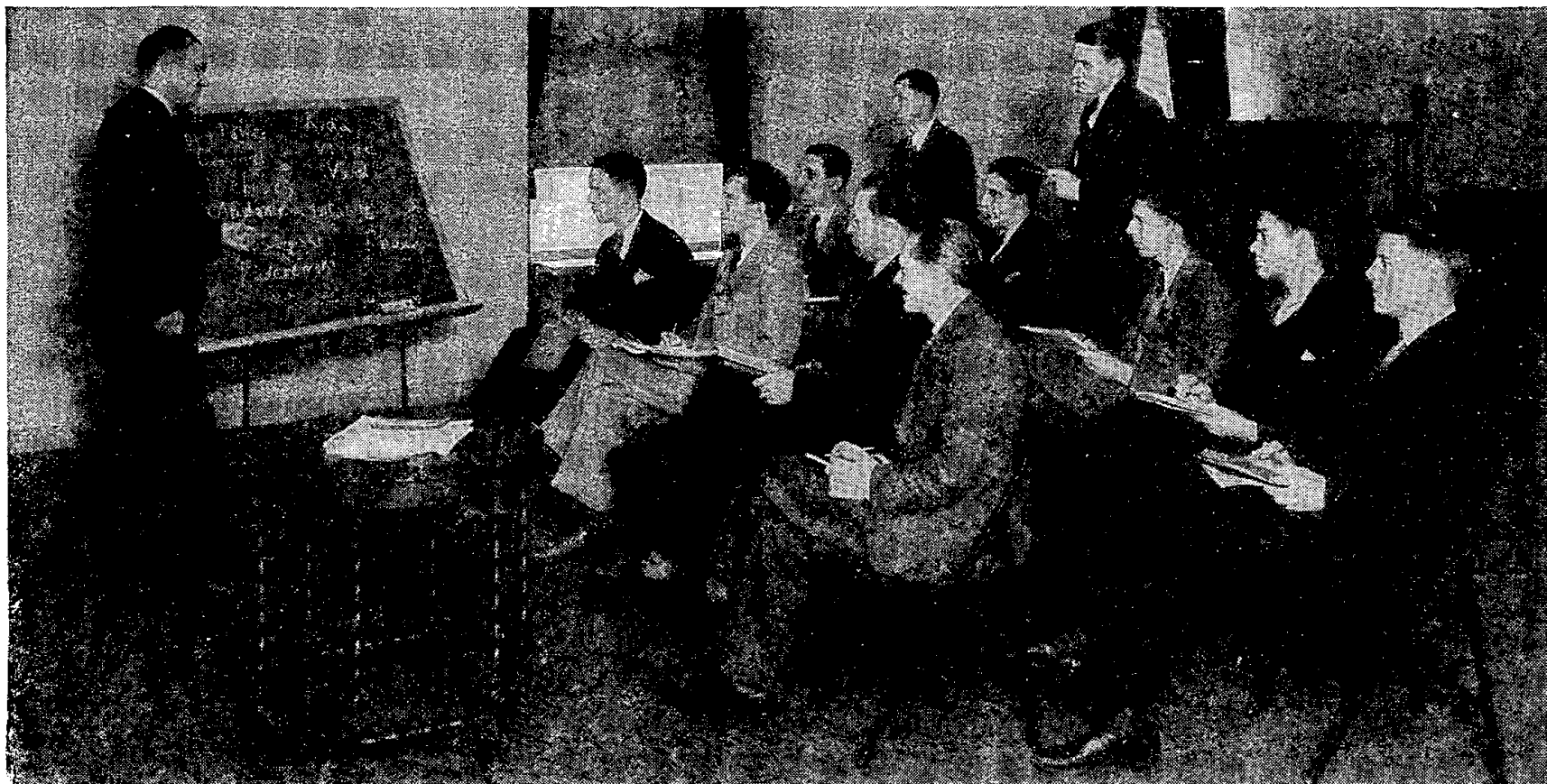
dio where they announce a program or extemporize into the microphone while fellow students listen in as critics. They tell him if his voice is too funereal, a little too decisive, too jovial, too light or if it lacks personality. There is something of the spirit of a forum about the whole proceeding as each man gives helpful suggestions to the other, and topics which make for general betterment of programs are discussed.

Kolin Hager, who is considered one of the deans of announcers in the country today and who now is vice-president in charge of production of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, is the instructor. While studio manager of WGY, Schenectady, he established the first announcers' school, and when he went to Buffalo in the late Summer he carried the idea with him keeping the boys busy and out of mischief.

Mr. Hager is shown at the left of the picture on page 60, while the announcers who preside at the microphone for the four stations are shown at the right. First row, left to right; Roger M. Baker, Ralph A. Gram, Walter L. Amidon, Robert J. Strigl; second row, seated, left to right; Lowel H. MacMillan, Bradley Yaw, John L. Ribe, Mark H. Hawley, Edward Horning; standing, left to right: Leon W. Fisher and Louis E. Dean.



Thinking up plots, that's what Eleanor Lothian says she was doing when this picture was taken. She's continuity writer and actress at Station WHEC.



"Now, all together, pronounce Andante Cantabile," says the instructor in the announcers' school of the Buffalo Broadcasting school, where these boys learn "Radiology." You can take their word.

Through his study of its structural detail, however, the sponsor was able with the aid of a skilled instrument maker to adapt it to take its place in the orchestra of today.

But neither of these handicaps, Mr. Shirley recounted to his friends at the studios of WNAC, held a candle to the difficulty of finding suitable music. Scarcely a half-dozen pieces existed which were available.

So the musician turned his attention to building up a volume of composition constituting a complete program for his instrument. Chords and phrases struck by his bow suggested more expansive bits. His study and creative efforts while sojourning at Bar Harbor, Maine, brought forth a number of distinguished works, including his D major concerto, an achievement of monumental scope in three movements.

During all of his struggle to attain mastery of the viola d'amore and to restore it to a place in the modern world of music, Mr. Shirley had the assistance

and encouragement of Dr. Karl Muck, who as director of the Boston Symphony brought him to this country in 1912. His labors have resulted, in addition to his compositions, in technical treatises on "Right Hand Culture" and "The Study of the Viola d'Amore."

Hears Own Suite on Holland Broadcast

WHEN Holland transmitted greetings to the American audience in the first international broadcast between that country and the United States, the officials of the short wave station at Huiszen chose for the opening salutation an orchestral suite by Christiaan Kriens, distinguished Dutch-American composer, conductor and recently appointed musical director of Station WTIC of The Travelers, Hartford, Conn. The suite was Kriens' "In Holland" and it was heard through 30 stations scattered across the American continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Christiaan Kriens' affiliation with Station WTIC is not his first Radio experience. Last season he conducted a program of his own compositions in the "Master Musicians' Hour," broadcast over a coast-to-coast network by the National Broadcasting company. His symphonic compositions and smaller works for the violin, piano, cello and voice are well known to the Radio audience. At Station WTIC he often conducts the studio orchestra in performances of his own creations. The orchestra, by the way, is a full-piece organization capable of both symphonic and light classical performances. The services of its members are devoted exclusively to broadcasts by Hartford's 50,000-watt transmitter.

Mr. Kriens recently completed 24 original scores for talking motion pictures, which are being retained in the library of the Warner Brothers and by several famous music houses for use in forthcoming productions.

The new musical director comes to Station WTIC from New York City, where he achieved a notable record as symphony conductor, composer, concert violinist and instructor in violin and piano.

Mr. Kriens came to America from Holland several years ago to conduct the New Orleans French Grand Opera company. During his American career, he has served as first violinist in such organizations as the Philadelphia symphony, the New York symphony, the New York philharmonic and the Metropolitan opera, under many renowned conductors.

College Life on WCAU

COLLEGE life and activities "what is" are being presented by the University of Pennsylvania from WCAU every week. On Thursday nights leading musical organizations of the University such as the glee club, symphony orchestra, band and ensemble groups from the music department appear before the mike.

The University Glee club, comprising 150 voices, is one of the best known organizations of its kind in the country. More than fifty years old, since 1923 it has been under the leadership of Dr. H. Alexander Matthews, the noted choral conductor. Several years ago the club was selected to appear with the New York Symphony.



When Louis Kaufman went up in the air he got a thrill, but didn't know whether he was upside down or downside up, he says. Louis is the pride of KDKA.



Busy, all day every day—that's Gertrude Mohr, musical director of WCAE, Philadelphia.

Railroad Trained Mr. Reed for Mike

By Ethel Rattay

"NORMAN," I said, breaking into the program department of WPG, "I am here to whitewash your past for your admirers." I was halted by husky, vociferous voices in Negro dialect, which told me I had interrupted a rehearsal for the Subway Boys broadcast.—

Rastus: Ah kaint git nothin' on ma Radio set but Atlantic City—ah been trying to git Washington, D. C., but all I can git is Atlantic City.

Mose: De trouble is yo all got an "A. C." set, you should borrow yourself a "D.C." set like mine. Ah gits Toronto and all over.

Rastus: Way down Toronto—whars dat?

Mose: Right between Atlanta, Georgia and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Rastus: Ma teachers learned me Toronto wuz in Canada.

Mose: Yur crazy, ah gits it on ma set between Atlanta and Knoxville!

"Gentlemen of the Sunny South," I interrupted, "may I have a few words. The Radio Digest is going to press and—"

"Be right with you," sang out Norman Reed as I sat down at his desk and swept aside a stack of reference books to take command of an interview with the World's Playground chief announcer and program director, who not only writes continuity for the Subway Boys regular Thursday night feature, but who is also the author and master of ceremonies for the new WPG Hokum Hour.

Mr. Reed acts as Dr. Hokum in this unique feature, which has acquired tremendous popularity, and includes poems, sketches and songs suggested by WPG listeners. All sorts of rare imitations are attempted, ranging as Dr. Hokum puts it, "from the splash of goldfish, singing seals to the meow of a cat or the bark of a tree." These programs are given FOB (full of bologna) with sufficient vocal and instrumental music to add variety.

The Subway Boys program was originated by Mr. Reed before he became officially associated with the station, and has been continued with each broadcast, taking the Negro adventurers through thrilling experiences which have included fires, wars, aviation stunts, jail terms, prize fights, horse racing, base ball—in fact running the entire gamut of human experience, with the boys seemingly "always in a hole." Their presentation is frequently in Moran and Mack style, but the text is entirely original and timely.

Then I asked Norman about himself, and here's the story as he told it to me:



Christian Kriens, music director of WTIC, goes over a piano selection with Laura C. Gaudet, talented French-American staff pianist.

"I was born in Pleasantville, N. J., October 26, 1899. After graduating from high school I started work with the Pennsylvania railroad, first in the freight department, and later in the passenger department, moving on to passenger representative in the Philadelphia district. In this capacity I planned itineraries and arranged entertainment for various organizations."

"When did you first become interested in Radio as a profession?" I interrupted.

"While publicity representative for one of the beach front hotels, Norman Brokenshire resigned as WPG announcer and Director Edwin M. Spence approached me for the vacancy, believing my former training qualified me and I was given the position which I have gradually grown in to."

"Do you like having the duties of pro-

gram director, added by way of promotion?"

"Yes, but I have been under somewhat of a handicap in assuming the duties of announcer for in my very early training I was always told that I should be 'seen and not heard,' and here it is a case of being 'heard and not seen.' When you once get a habit like that it's sort of ingrown and hard to break," he laughed.

And with this confidence it was evident that "Uncle Norman the Second" of WPG would talk no more. But much may be said of the responsibilities of this thirty year old charming and very versatile chap who writes as well as he announces, who sings a bit, tickles the ivories a lot better and who is always alluring—to feminine eyes especially.

His chief duty, however, one that has won an enviable place for WPG in the hearts of Radio audiences is program construction for WPG Municipal Station's sixteen remote controls which in daily and nightly broadcast supplement the Neptune, Marine and Ocean Studio features in which Mr. Reed has the assistance of Miss Margaret Keever.

With the inauguration of athletic activity from the auditorium with its seating capacity of 41,000, Mr. Reed will soon find his responsibilities increased as the sports contests are shared with distant listeners and those present thru the amplification system.

* * *

Advice to juvenile song writers: Don't throw away your manuscripts if you can't find a publisher. Vaughn de Leath, NBC contralto, wrote a song called "Old Glory" when she was twelve years old. The song has just been published and is having a widespread sale. It all happened because Miss de Leath sang the song, "just for the fun of it" on a Voice of Firestone program.



Jolly boys, every man Jack! This is the announcing staff of WCAP at Asbury Park, N. J. Left to right: Robert Jonasson, Thomas F. Burley, Jr., director, John Osbourne, S. G. Leigh and Carl Schmidt.

Insane Patients Give Program

By Eleanor Champlin

COUNTLESS programs are presented from broadcasting stations every day of the year, running the entire gamut of emotional appeal, but seldom has a broadcast been put on that equals in entertainment value and unusual features that presented by the patients of the East Louisiana State Hospital through KWKH.

Such is the verdict of listeners from practically every state in the Union, and from Canada and Mexico as well. "We listened to your program last night, and were little short of amazed at the excellence of the numbers. It is hard to believe that inmates of an insane asylum could put on such a splendid musical program." That one letter is typical of the sentiment expressed in the 3,000 communications received after the broadcast.

One day last November, Judge W. C. Barnette, of Shreveport, La., visited the state hospital and happened to hear some of the 2,900 patients render a musical program. He was so impressed that he induced W. K. Henderson, owner of Radio Station KWKH, to put a program on the air. Arrangements were finally completed after consultation between Mr. Henderson and Dr. Glenn J. Smith, superintendent of the hospital.

None of the patients or Dr. Smith had had any previous experience before the mike, and the fact that thirty-five per cent of the patients selected for the broadcast were from the violent wards, added to the difficulties in presenting the program. It naturally called for a great deal of practice and patience on the part of everyone concerned to perfect details. During the actual broadcast it was necessary to have strong-arm guards to watch some of the patients, although on the whole they reacted favorably to the idea that they were rendering a great service to the outside world.

The program was musical throughout, opening with a selection by the orchestra, which was followed by vocal selections, instrumental numbers, including piano, violin, accordion, guitar, saxophone, and other instruments. Both classical and jazz selections were offered.

Established in 1847, the East Louisiana State Hospital now has 2,900 patients and about 325 employees. Dr. Smith is a strong believer in occupational therapy for the insane, and some kind of employment is found for seventy per cent of the patients, including everything from field work to the most delicate art and music. The state allows only about sixty cents per day for each patient, so most of the work for the inmates is along remunerative lines, such as farming and dairying. The program broadcast through KWKH followed out the ordinary routine therapy work carried on daily at the institution.

* * *

WHEN Harry Lauder played a return engagement on the air he insisted that his time be extended to half an hour instead of the fifteen minutes formerly allotted to him. "The last time I broadcast I was only on for fifteen minutes," he said. "And people wrote in and said that wasn't long enough. This time I want to give them enough. And, anyway, I like it. When a fellow is before the microphone he doesn't have to worry at all whether the seats in the house are sold or not."

THREE Thousand Listeners Applaud Hospital Broadcast from Station KWKH



Smiling at you are Bill Schaefer and his Country Club Arcadians of WAPI, Birmingham. Bill is the handsome gentleman standing directly behind "Paul Whiteman 2nd," who is sitting at the piano.

WFLA on Air 4 Years By Exa Jones

THE fourth anniversary celebration of WFLA, Clearwater's popular broadcasting station, was staged in the studios in the city park, Wednesday night, December 4, where every available space in the studio and adjoining rooms was filled with musicians and friends from Clearwater, St. Petersburg and Tampa.

The Tarpon Springs High School chorus opened the program. Several sponsored programs followed and by the time the municipal gas department program got under way everything was in full swing.

A very popular feature of the evening was the Suwanee River Harmony Four, a local Negro male quartet. The darkies will be a regular feature of the gas department's program during the Winter season.

Ben Moss appeared frequently with popular and humorous songs which added much to the joviality of the evening.

Caroline Lee, "The Virginia Girl" entertained the party and the unseen audience with a number of vocal selections with her own accompaniment on the Spanish guitar. Miss Blanche McMullen sang several soprano solos which were appreciatively received.

Another novelty was the first appearance of Jack and Jill, two blind boys, who sang to their own accompaniment on the guitar. They were introduced by Ben Moss, who explained that these boys were bravely touring the state for a livelihood and commended them to the listeners.

Mrs. Frank Kennedy also sang several popular numbers to her own accompaniment on the banjo ukelele and rendered some well received piano numbers.

Another enjoyable feature was an impromptu chorus of the artists participating led by Ben Moss with a great deal of hilarity and jolliness. Corney Wol-

gum brought his violin and his saxophone and played several solos on each.

The party lasted until one o'clock, long past the regular hours of the studio and was going just as strong at the finish as at the start.

Hot chocolate, cake and cheese wafers were served during the evening.



As superintendent of the East Louisiana State Hospital, Dr. Glenn J. Smith deserves credit for the work of his patients in the KWKH broadcast.

WBRC Staff Proof Against Cupid

WHILE some Radio stations boast of being headquarters for Dan Cupid, WBRC prides itself on the fact that not one of its regular staff entertainers has felt the sting of the good old arrow of love.

Al Treadway and Eloise Floyd, of "Goodnight" fame, although rumor after rumor has told of their engagement and marriage, are still young and eligible, while William "Bill" Young, station manager, is still looking around for the "right girl." John Connolly, who has just



Bill Young.

passed twenty-two, is one of the nation's younger announcers, and has been successful in dodging feminine charms to date, but is said to be slipping fast. Dan Hassler and Eugene Calhoun, engineers, are also still baching in single bliss.

An increase of one hundred times its original power in four years is the record of WBRC, "the little station with a big voice." It was just a little over four years ago that J. C. Bell opened the station with a home-made transmitter using ten watts. Now the station sends out a 1,000-watt message.

Living up to its motto of "just a step ahead of the times," WBRC put on the first commercial program in Birmingham. Bell, having built the first Radio in the city, broadcast the first church service, and offered the first nation-wide program, and now uses more than 100 hours of Columbia programs.

The "powers that be" at WBRC are M. D. Smith, Jr., president; K. G. Marshall, vice president, and J. C. Bell, secretary-treasurer.

Puccini Is Broadcast

FOR the first time in the history of broadcasting operas by Giacomo Puccini are being broadcast. Beginning last November the NBC presented Madame Butterfly on a coast-to-coast hookup.

Only one opera will be given each month. In December La Tosca was broadcast. The other four on the schedule are Manon Lescaut, The Tryptich, The Girl of the Golden West, and La Boheme.

The offering of the Puccini works is considered a great tribute to Radio, according to musicians. His works have been carefully guarded and in the past permission to broadcast them always refused.



Favorite entertainers at WBRC, Al and Eloise have won a name for themselves with their famous "Goodnight." Al Treadway is studio director, while Eloise Floyd handles music and programs. "Goodnight."

Name Newswriter for Program Position

A FORMER newspaper woman, Miss Tremlette Tully, has been engaged by the management of Station WCKY, operated by L. B. Wilson, Inc., at Covington, Kentucky, to be woman's director.

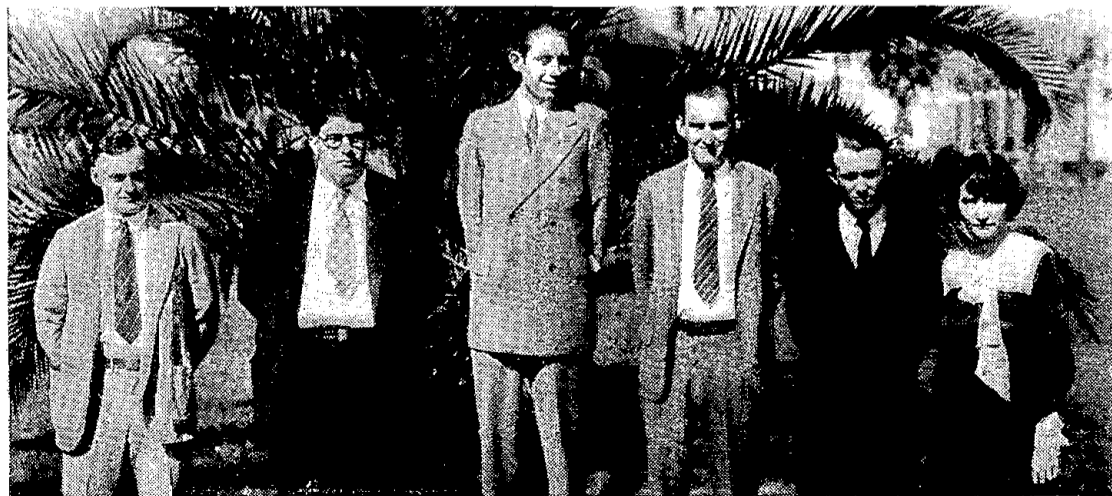
Miss Tully already has made her morning program, "My New Kentucky Home," an interesting feature for women of the city and country alike. She is planning something different, and instead of a steady diet of menus

she will broadcast daily but one menu, that for luncheon, which may be prepared by the housewife whether she lives in a metropolis or in the small country town.

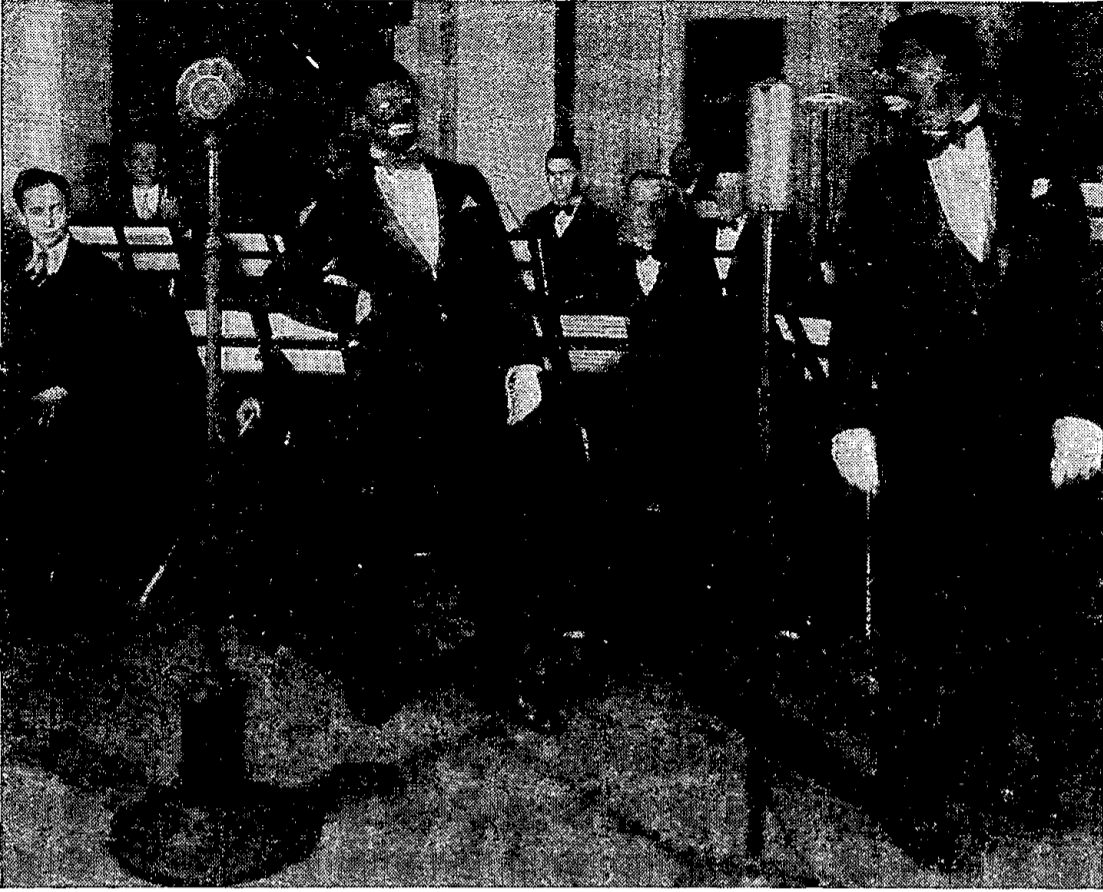
Also Miss Tully has chosen different topics for each morning's broadcast. Monday brings poetry, and she reads the best contributions from her listeners. On Tuesday flowers provide the theme, and Wednesday fashions of the moment. Thursday gives Miss Tully an excellent opportunity to intrigue women listeners, for she conducts a questions and answer department, confining the period chiefly to matters of the home. She hopes to solve many domestic problems for those who write to her. Friday famous composers are discussed, while on Saturday morning Miss Tully gives a menu for the Sunday dinner and discusses dressing up the home.

A novel introduction, playing of "My Old Kentucky Home" brings Miss Tully's voice daily to the Radio audience with her talks on the new Kentucky home. Miss Tully also has been engaged to write continuities, and "The Snow Family," a morning program broadcast three times a week is her work.

Miss Tully is a native of Flemingsburg, Ky., and has lived in Covington and Cincinnati, Ohio. She engaged in reportorial and advertising work for Cincinnati and St. Louis newspapers, and has conducted a shoppers' column. She has had dramatic training and a year ago gave a series of book talks from a Cincinnati station.



Palm trees, sunshine and WJAX—Here's the staff of the Jacksonville, Florida, station. Joe Kuehl, operator-announcer, Hunter Synde, announcer, John T. Hopkins III., chief engineer-announcer, Gifford Grange, operator-announcer, Earl Quattlebaum, operator-announcer, and Ruth Roark, secretary.



"Boy, all you gotta do is to begin at th' 26th floor an' wash them windows on down to th' tenth. I'll stay here on the ground and see that you don't fall." Tom Mooney and Joe Combs, or Tom and Joe, WSM Minstrels have a lot of fun for themselves and a host of others.

Make Big Whoopee on WJAX Birthday

WHEN WJAX in the Land of Sunshine at Jacksonville, Fla., celebrated its fourth birthday 'way back last Thanksgiving Radio fans in Jacksonville as well as DX hounds in every state in the Union had to sit up for twenty-four straight hours unless they wanted to miss part of the great whooperdoo program.

A typical Florida program went on the air, with but little in the way of speeches and plenty in the way of entertainment. Among the other feature numbers was a review of the leading artists heard over the station during the past year. As a gesture of Florida friendship early mail from DX'ers in each state was rewarded with oranges or a live baby alligator.

Opened on Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1925, by the people of Jacksonville as a municipal broadcasting station, WJAX has grown from an operating basis of but a few hours a day to a present average of over 400 hours a month. The station has always adhered to a policy of no recorded programs except during the daylight hours. Many selections from the NBC chain are picked for listeners of the Southland, and the station is a regular member of that system.

Financial return has always been a secondary consideration at WJAX. Pleasing 150,000 people in a municipal station in which they as taxpayers all own a share is a task that Commissioner Imeson has ably handled, as is evidenced by his leading the entire ticket in the last city election.

In passing out laurels more than a little credit is due John T. Hopkins, III., chief engineer and program director of the station. Not one day of broadcasting has been missed due to mechanical trouble since the first program was broadcast over four years ago.

Two studios are operated, one at the transmitter and one in downtown Jack-

sonville, in the Hotel Mayflower. Programs, which are all rigidly censored, include sixty chain features each week and events of national importance, which are secured by the station itself as sustaining programs. Besides the forty remote controls required to adequately broadcast the activities of the city, the stations have installed amplifiers in the city parks so that residents and tourists may listen to the programs from the studios.

Bushmen Hear Radio

AMID the barbaric settings of a Siang Dyak village in the heart of Dutch Borneo, and surrounded by scores of primitive natives who could hardly believe their eyes and ears, the All-American Lyric anthropological Radio research expedition recently gave a demonstration of the white man's newest magic by bringing in the voices and music of white men from Radio stations thousands of miles away, Theodore Seelmann, leader of the expedition, stated in a report just received here.

As a further demonstration of the white man's power, Harry W. Wells, Radio engineer with the party, rigged up what is probably the first broadcasting station in the history of the island, and broadcasted a program which included speeches in the native language. A number of distinguished guests were in the audience, including the resident governor of Dutch Borneo and the commander of the island army who were in Poeroek-Tjahoe, last outpost of civilization on the island, and main base of the research party. The officials came from Bandjermasin, capital of the island, for the annual inspection of troops.

As a result of the rebroadcast through the NBC system of a program originating at station PHI in Holland, the Dutch announcer has been offered souvenirs of the state of Texas. In a letter received from a woman in Abilene, Texas, the Dutch announcer was offered seeds of the mesquite tree, some Texas pecans and some bolls of Texas cotton.

Good Air Helps WWNC Audience

ASHEVILLE, North Carolina, has long been known as "The Land of the Sky" and because of the invigorating air of the mountains has drawn many people there to regain their health. This fact has played an important part in the destinies of WWNC, the Asheville Citizen station located there. It has given the station a large daytime listening public.

The thousands of patients in the various sanitariums have responded to the efforts of the station staff to keep the daytime programs up to the standard of evening offerings and the fan mail at WWNC has grown by rapid strides. In fact, many of the patients keep up a weekly correspondence with the station. One large tubercular hospital at Asheville is a government institution located at Oteen, just outside of the city limits. There are over 2,200 ex-service men there.

In order to form closer contact with these shut-ins the artist of WWNC make weekly appearances in the various hospitals. To further the work for these people who get so much out of the Radio programs WWNC recently took on all day service from the Columbia chain. So now the schedule of the station runs from eight in the morning until midnight and at least half of this comes from New York. The station has thus attained a popularity ranking with the leading stations of the country.

Asheville was the home of Bill Nye and O. Henry. Both of them are buried here. Bill Nye, Jr., sings over WWNC and has a very pleasing baritone voice. WWNC features an O. Henry program every Friday eve and this period is conducted by the Rev. Clarence Stewart McClellan, pastor of the outdoors Westminster Abbey of the South, otherwise known as historic old Calvary Church.

Few people realize that the widow of O. Henry still lives, and right here in Asheville. At the opening of this series of programs Mrs. William Sidney Porter (Mrs. O. Henry) was in the studio to introduce the first program. The keeping alive of these literary traditions has been one of the most important efforts of WWNC.



Name is Marcus B. Hooton. Business is singer, director, teacher and composer. Place is WJBY at Gadsden, Alabama. That's all. Sure'nuff.

RECEIPT OF 7,000 Letters Following Sunday Morning "Concentration" Program Refutes Wavering Allegiance Argument

FANS ARE ALIVE

WENR Test Proves

By Ben Pratt

SEVERAL years ago it was not uncommon for a Radio station to receive hundreds and even thousands of letters following some big broadcast. Then broadcasting was so new that listeners would write on any and all occasions—in other words, fan mail was easy to get. Of late, however, there has even been a question as to whether interest in broadcasting was waning, so light has been the response of listeners.

Any doubts as to lack of interest in Radio have been emphatically obliterated by a recent test conducted by WENR in which nearly 7,000 letters were received from people in 18 states who were listening to a morning program.

This record undoubtedly refutes any statement that the allegiance of Radio listeners in America is wavering, according to Morgan L. Eastman, station manager of WENR.

On Sunday morning, November 24, at 10:30 A. M. (CST), a "concentration test" was put on during the Sunshine Hour. Mr. Eastman, who in the past has been responsible for a number of unusual broadcasting innovations and who several years ago conceived the idea of broadcasting his own heartbeats, becoming known as "the man whose heart was heard around the world," was the author of the text.

He explained to the Sunshine Hour listeners that Paul McCluer, Sunshine Hour announcer; Sallie Menkes, staff accompanist, and Gale Swift, assistant manager, would give three different compositions over the air simultaneously. He asked the listeners to test their powers of concentration by picking out and naming the subjects that



Ballads and babies hold the interest of Bradley Kincaid, the famous Mountain Boy of WLS. Twin daughters, named by listeners after Bradley's song, Barbara and Allen, claim his attention much of the time. Just passed the one year mark, the babies have made their microphone debut.

Uncle Jerry Boasts 20,000 in His Club

UNCLE JERRY, the genial Radio uncle at WASH, Grand Rapids, is known in private life as Hugh Hart. He is also chief announcer and studio director at WASH. His Happy Club for the kiddies numbers 20,000 enrolled members and many times this number listen in every night for his songs, stories and letters.

Members of the Happy Club must do three things every day to make someone happy. Rivalry among the youthful members has sprung up as to who can send Uncle Jerry the largest number of kisses, and the fan letters which pour into the studio are loaded with crosses and circles. One youngster now holds the record with 1,000,000,000,000,000,000. It must be explained however that these were not actually counted, but were sent in totalled. Allowing one kiss to the second,—a pretty short kiss,—Uncle Jerry has figured it would take trillions of centuries to deliver this number of kisses individually. Figure it out!

Many of his kiddies join the club before they are 24 hours old through their parents or brothers and sisters. Uncle Jerry's present ambition is to get a centenarian enrolled.

He has also had to start an auxiliary branch of the Happy Club to take care of numerous pets, which their young owners feel are entitled to belong through their propensities for making others happy. Included in this auxiliary is a motley array of dogs, kittens, canaries, rabbits, white mice, ponies, parrots, and a large assortment of dolls.

Originality is displayed by the kiddies in reporting their good turns to make others happy. One little five-year-old miss writes in very gravely that she takes her cod liver oil every

day to make her mother happy, and another that she drinks all her milk every morning. A little boy promises not to punch his little brother any more, while the next letter comes from a little fourteen-year-old motherless girlie, who is playing the mother to her five little brothers and sisters.

Safety is stressed on all kiddies broadcasts, and Uncle Elmer Brackett of the Grand Rapids police department, the "Kiddie's Kop" speaks every Wednesday night about Safety.

"Voice of Gold Coast"

"RADIO STATION WEHS broadcasting from the Tower Studio in the Orrington hotel, Evanston, Illinois," is the daily announcement heard from Miss Jessie Robinson, announcer and studio director of the only broadcasting station on the Gold Coast of Chicago.

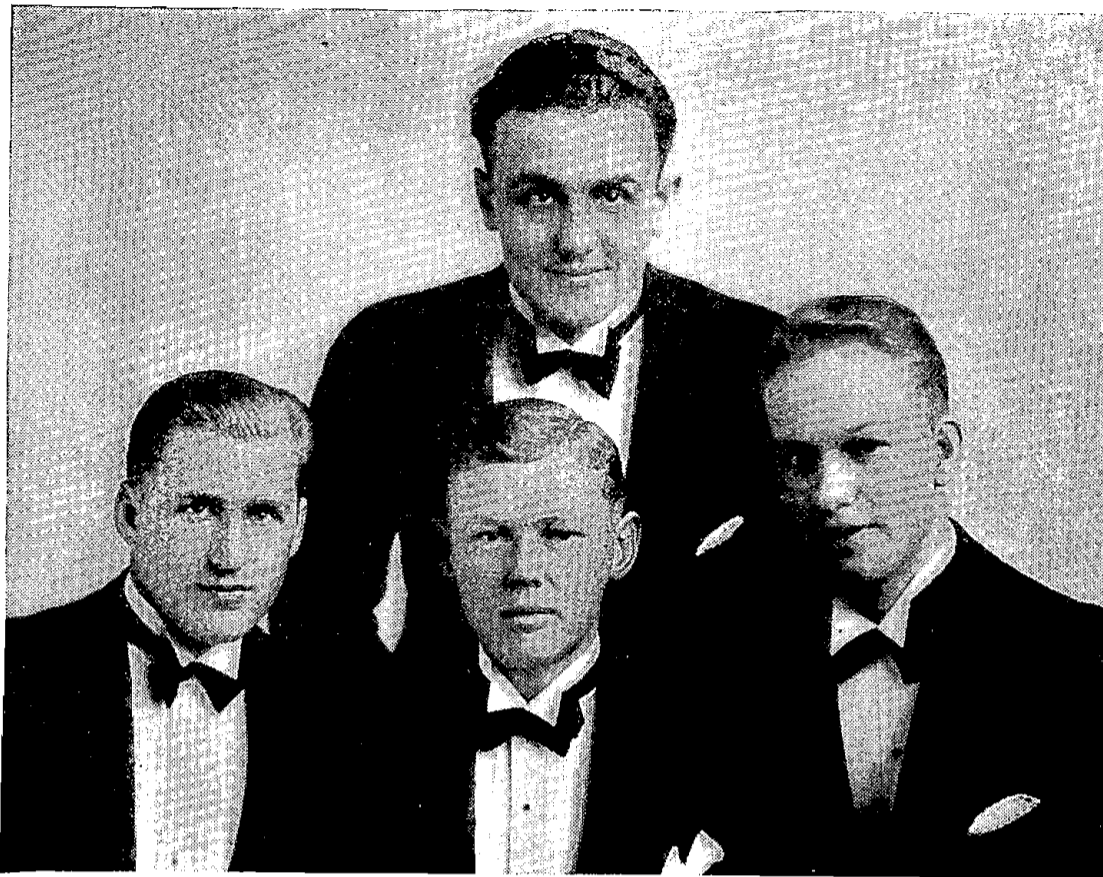
This charming and talented young lady whose rich voice thrills thousands within the range of WEHS every week is a conservatory graduate who has successfully appeared as a soloist with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. Her dramatic soprano voice is heard in classical songs as well as popular ballads. Radio critics of Chicago hailed her with acclaim when she made her debut with WLS while still a student.

After other appearances at Metropolitan Chicago stations Miss Robinson joined the staff of WEHS in the Spring of 1926, succeeding Joe Allabough as director and chief announcer. Assisting her as director and soloist is Vera Gillette, concert pianist and accompanist.

Located at the seat of Northwestern university, WEHS has many opportunities to draw on the talent of the school of music. Among the college artists heard frequently are Jack Warner, Georgia King, Morris Quint, John Rees, Helen Craig, Kenneth MacDonald and Milton Shurman.



Deep contralto, old minstrel songs, an Irish brogue, that's Grace Wilson, "Bringin' Home the Bacon Girl" who sings with the Shew Boat and Barn Dance crews Friday and Saturday nights at WLS.



Pride of Rockford and popular on the daily programs of KFLV, the Mellotone Male Quartet is an unusually talented musical organization.

each of the three speakers were reading in unison. Miss Menkes read part of the fairy story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." Mr. McCluer read a dissertation on "Eggs," and Mr. Swift recited "The Night Before Christmas."

On the four days following the broadcast—that is, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 25, 26, 27 and 28, the station received a total of 6,678 letters from the members of its listening audience.

From the figures it can be concluded that if only one listener in every hundred wrote in, there was a listening audience of nearly 700,000 at the time of the broadcast.

* * *

Ivan Firth of the NBC production department formerly was a leading contender for the amateur middleweight wrestling championship of England.



Two Little Girls in Blue. Very charming, very pretty, and much more than very popular with all those fortunate enough to hear them sing harmony from WTAD.

Good Things Come in Small Packages

IT'S NO small task to satisfy an audience out in the great central west. However, judging from the fan mail received daily at KFJB, the listeners of the tall corn state seem to get just about any kind of entertainment they ask for. There is the farmer who, if he doesn't hear enough old time harmonica, guitar or fiddle music, doesn't think he is being treated fairly.

If just a little too much of this is sent out over the ether wave, someone from the cities asks for more opera or symphony. Too much of this and the younger generation asks for more popular music and sports. The average medium or low powered station, if encountered with such a situation, must do their very level best with phonograph records.

But, Phil Hoffman, the station director-announcer of KFJB, didn't stop with records. His station has been very well thought of, not only locally, but over the entire state of Iowa, and it was time for the support of the merchants, manufacturers and distributors in that area. It didn't take very long to gain this support and it proved very helpful in many ways.

In one sense of the word, it served as a boomerang. The advertiser furnished some exceptionally good talent, which is abundant in and near Marshalltown, making very good programs for the followers and newly acquired listeners. The station not being operated for profit, but as a public servant, began to look around for the best entertainers and educational features.

All the proceeds received from the loyal advertisers were used to defray the salaries of the entertainers. The results were increasing popularity of the station.

The demand for increased time on the air made it necessary for Phil Hoffman to increase the announcing and engineering staff, and the station now has a total staff of sixteen. Gene Loffler was imported some time ago from one of the central west's major stations.

Missouri Waltz? It Means Voice of WIL

WHEN the sweet strains of the Missouri Waltz open a program you may be sure you are listening to WIL, the "Friendly Station." A pioneer in many ways, the men back of this St. Louis station are true pioneers in the world of Radio.

L. A. Benson, the founder of WIL, has been experimenting with broadcasting since he was sixteen years old, and his was the first voice heard over the air in St. Louis. The Benson Brothers, including L. A. and C. W., have been identified with Radio since its earliest days, and today are the principal stockholders in the Missouri Broadcasting company, which operates WIL.

The station staff is headed by W. M. Ellsworth, as managing director, who directs the broadcasting from the studio atop the Melbourne hotel, the Fox theatre and the RKO St. Louis theatre, as well as remote controls from police headquarters and the board of education.

Jerry Cammack is the staff organist, George Wood, formerly of KOIL, senior announcer, and Billy Lange of the vaudeville team of Ray and Lange, junior announcer. The Morning Orchestra is composed of ten girls, the E. Menges recording orchestra is heard on the afternoon programs, while Otto Reinhart and Allister Wylie, famous artists, are featured with orchestra on the evening offerings.

Some of the educational programs emanating from WIL include the music lesson, the police broadcast, the health talks, aviation and traffic talks, departmental releases from Washington, market reports, fire prevention, and others too numerous to list. The school children's programs on Saturdays and the bed time hours each have large audiences, judging from the quantity of mail received.

* * *

Co-operating with the Federal Commission of Education by Radio, WIL has been commended for the splendid work it has been carrying on, and has been asked for a further report of its features, notably its Saturday children's programs and safety programs.



'Tenshun! Listeners, present ears! Captain F. M. Dyer of the Third Infantry band at Fort Snelling, who serves as announcer during the broadcasts over KSTP.

It takes college folks to be collegiate. Thus it's a group of college students and grads, all with professional experience on the boards, who appear on the Heatrolatown Party programs at WLW. And it's a college boy who writes the sketches, each a vignette of good-time gatherings in college town homes.



KFLV Family One Busy, Lively Group

A BUSY, alive, talented group of men and women are behind the microphones and in the studios at KFLV, in Rockford, Illinois. Peter MacArthur, business manager, announcer and entertainer, heads the staff with Wesley W. Wilcox as musical director, also an announcer and entertainer.

Mr. MacArthur, who has traveled with Harry Lauder, and with many light opera companies, has had twenty years of professional singing experience. Before joining the KFLV staff he was prominent at WOC. Wesley Wilcox is a well known concert artist whose clear diction and individual mannerisms have won him a host of followers. When not entertaining with his baritone voice he is contributing to musical publications and serving as a music critic.

Romola Latchem Hicks, studio hostess and secretary is Nancy Lee on KFLV programs, as well as director of the home maker's hour. Mrs. Hicks fills numerous engagements during the fall and winter months as a dramatic reader and interpreter, and is often heard in dramatic sketches before the mike.

Celeste Bengston, pianist and organist, presents many organ recitals direct from the auditorium of the Emmanuel Lutheran church in Rockford, besides serving as accompanist and soloist at the studios. Dr. Leon Jones, the tenor who is frequently heard from the Rockford station, was for seventeen years

tenor at the First Congregational church in Chicago, and a member of the Apollo and Opera in English quartets.

Other staff artists include: Laurie's orchestra, Jane Harris Stiles, Arthur Duell, Mellotone Male quartet, Mildred Larson and Ruth Ticknor Mills.

Hayshakers Join WGHP

"THE HAYSHAKERS," old time dance orchestra, is a new and novel feature that is appearing regularly over WGHP. "The Hayshakers" are unique in that they play nothing but the old time type of music, in the old fashioned way, with no modern versions. They are believed to be the only organization of their kind in Detroit. Their popularity over the air is easily evinced by the volume of mail that they constantly receive from their invisible audience.

* * *

A new announcer has been added to the WGHP staff. He is Harold Tanner, and a new comer in the Radio game. Last spring he was graduated from Drury College, a prominent middle western institution. He has had quite a long and varied experience in amateur theatrical, oratorical, and debating work. Although new at the business he shows excellent possibilities of developing into a polished announcer.

* * *

A new studio pianist has been added to the WGHP staff. Miss Helene Wyhan is the versatile young lady who holds the official title. Miss Wyhan

studied at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago and completed her musical education abroad, studying for two and one-half years in Germany.



Milo Finley is director of ensemble at Hotel LaSalle and WLBF string trio. Doesn't he look like a musician? He is, and a real one.



Not just a Hawaiian trio, but real, honest to goodness Hawaiians, the Aloha Serenaders on WIL programs.

WKBF Beautifies

WITH the opening of the new studios of WKBF, station of Indianapolis Broadcasting, Indianapolis has the distinction of having one of the most attractive broadcasting studios in the Middle West, according to W. C. Bussing, manager.

"Beauty within and beauty without characterizes this progressive extension of Indianapolis' broadcasting activities," says Bussing. "Overlooking the new plaza of the World War memorial, the studios command a view worthy of comparison with some corners of Paris. The site of the World War memorial, covering land nearly 500 feet wide and half a mile long, has a monument that not only pays tribute to those who sacrificed their all for their country, but it is also a constant inspiration to all who look on its beauty." Bussing continues.

"The station has the entire second floor



Nice, and jolly, and talented, too. Therese Kochendarfer is staff contralto at station WFDF.

of a building which offers excellent lighting facilities in every room. Ascending the private stairway, one steps into a homelike reception room, furnished with upholstered furniture which carries out the general color scheme of rose and green. Sitting in any part of this room, one can look through long glass windows into the adjoining twin studios where excellence of sound reproduction has been attained by means of the most modern equipment. Here the light gray monk cloth draperies blend richly into the dark gray carpets, with candelabra and floor lamps lending color and a cozy atmosphere."

Picking Men Tough

WHEN Chester J. Gruber, who presents Tony Cabooch and His Jungaleers every Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 P. M. over KMOX, conceived the idea for this program it became quite a problem to select the men who were to portray the different characters, knowing that the public taste varies. After much thought Gruber decided to get a group of comedians of different dialects and weave a story containing comedy, travel and education. At the end of sixty days the cast was completed with the exception of the Chinese character, but shortly thereafter Gruber was successful in obtaining a Chinese actor.

In this story Gruber portrays the character of Tony Cabooch, and the letters received from Radio fans have amply compensated him for his efforts in bringing the story of the travels of the Jungaleers into thousands of homes throughout the land. The story will be full of action, thrills, comedy and hair-raising escapades once these characters start penetrating the African Jungle.

* * *

Gregory Williamson and John Wiggin, production managers at NBC, used to write varsity shows together when they were classmates at Leland Stanford University.

* * *

The longest name in the National Broadcasting company is worn by Viola Isabella Augusta Wilhelmina Lagergren. She's in the press relations department.

First Army Studios Heard From KSTP

THE first army broadcasting studios in the United States have been opened at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, under the direction of post officers and radio engineers of KSTP at St. Paul.

The Third Infantry band, the oldest regimental band in the United States, organized as a unit of three men, the fife and drum corps in 1784, even before the adoption of the constitution, played the inaugural program and KSTP installed the equipment for broadcasting.

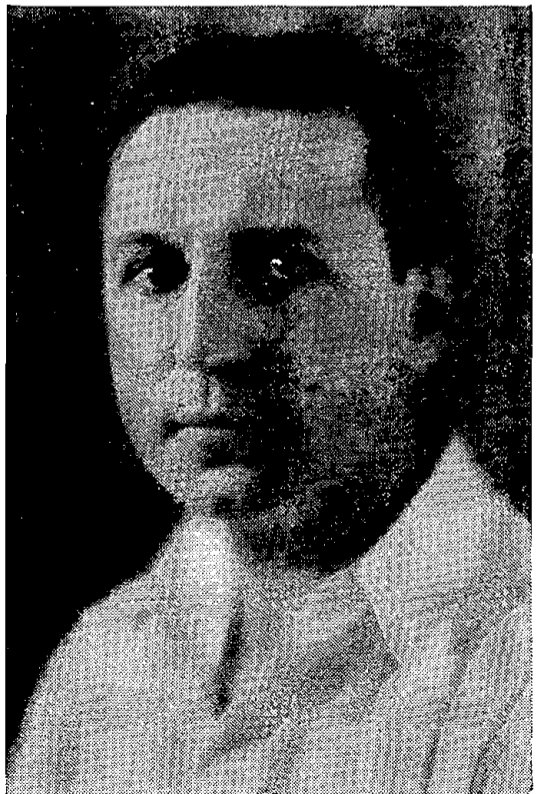
The original Continental uniforms and the Continental colors used by the Third Infantry when it engaged in battle during the Indian Wars, prior to the Revolutionary War, still remain with the unit. With the passing of time, new instruments were added to the regimental band, until now it is composed of 28 men, the regulation size of an army organization.

Fort Snelling is the first post in the country to undertake a program of radio broadcasting on an extensive scale, and Captain F. M. Dyer, the only commissioned officer who serves regularly as announcer during the presentation of army programs, is in charge of all broadcasting.

* * *

PRETTY?—Yes. Beautiful?—Yes. Talented?—Yes. All those questions and a host more of similar ones may all

be answered in the affirmative when you are speaking of Mildred Koenig, organist and vocalist. Mildred is known to thousands of Radio fans as the "Ray of Radio," and is heard frequently from the studios of WJKS. She has been in church solo work for many years and her winsome personality and beautiful contralto voice make her a great favorite with those whose fingers twirl the dials to the WJKS combination.



Boasting a membership of 20,000 in his children's club, Uncle Jerry, alias Hugh Hart, preaches safety and happiness from WASH at Grand Rapids.

KFH Keeps Busy Putting KANSAS ON AIR

Proud of Wichita and the Sunflower State, KFH Twice a Month Invites Home Town Boosters to Put On Prestige Building Programs.

By Donald Burchard



A sweet little, pretty little girl with a sweet little voice from a very nice station, that's what they say 'bout Dorothy Staker of WLBF.

Sleepy-Time Gals Sit Up Late, Letters Say

AMERICA'S "Sleepy-time Gals" are no more inclined toward eight o'clock slumber than they were when that popular tune was created, if responses to the all-night programs of KSAT, are any indication.

A veritable flood of letters last week assured the station that the program "Flying the Sunrise Trail," broadcast from 12 until 6 o'clock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights is decidedly being heard and appreciated, and induced the company to continue the feature that makes it unique among the country's hundreds of stations.

The scores of letters followed a change in the company's policy of all night programs as inaugurated with the opening of the station last Fall. Officials collaborated over the matter: "That's awfully late. Not many people are awake during those hours," they agreed. And so for a few nights the station went off the air at three o'clock. Immediately a wave of protest started at the corners of the country and rolled in to station KSAT. "Give us the Sunrise Trail program," they entreated. Officials, whose theories had been upset, were obliged to confer again hastily and KSAT went back on the air for its regular three-nights-a-week all-night program.

Newspaper men, filling-station operators, cafe owners, night watchmen, policemen and various types of individuals who work at night, as well as social gatherings, are particularly gratified by the program broadcast at such late—or early—hours when the Radio world is usually silent. That all-night parties are being arranged especially to "Fly the Sunrise Trail" with KSAT was indicated in several of the letters.

"Flying the Sunrise Trail," conducted by Paul Wellbaum, an entertainer of twenty years' experience, is presented with an aviation background that adds to its popularity. Announcements are made with the hum of an airplane motor back of them. The best talent available is presented on these programs and no records are used.

* * *

All the world loves organ music played with feeling and meditation, as well as with novelty and popular arrangements. With this in mind, KDYL has inaugurated a series of organ "Tone Pictures," played by Ethel Hogan. These broadcasts are heard every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 11:30 o'clock.

PROUD of Wichita—proud of Kansas—proud of each and every municipality that goes to make up the Commonwealth of Kansas, Radio Station KFH is out to boost the stock of its home city of Wichita and all of its neighbors. Every other Wednesday night from 10 to 11 o'clock a program offered by the representatives of some Kansas town goes out from the studios of KFH. This service is offered without charge to each community.

The programs are usually made up of musical numbers interspersed with brief talks concerning the advantages of the respective cities by their chamber of commerce president, mayor, or other speaker. The value of these broadcasts is hard to over-estimate and the stimulus it gives to local pride and to the musical resources of each community is undoubtedly worth more than can be immediately realized. In addition these programs unquestionably build prestige for Wichita, KFH and Kansas as well.

* * *

One of the most delightful and popular programs offered by KFH is "Just a Song at Twilight" by a mixed quartet and accompanist. The singers include: Mrs. Harry Cooney, soprano; Sue Fulton, contralto; Ted Marvel, tenor; and Kenneth Gascoigne, bass; with Myrth McLaugh at the piano.

The scene is laid in Grandmother's sitting room, as she turns the pages of her time-worn book of old favorites. As she runs across songs which bring back fond memories they are sung for her special benefit by the quartet.

Much of the success of this program is credited to Sue Fulton, program director, who writes the continuities.

"Hokum Kings," with Virgil Bingham

and Harry Wells, dispense sweet harmony daily on the Ladies' Matinee programs. The boys average over 300 requests a week, and are headliners at KFH in their line.

Portrayal Fools All

PORTRAYING Western characters so faithfully that ranchers think they recognize their own neighbors is an accomplishment of the Solitaire Cowboys at KOA at Denver.

The Cowboys call their outfit the Flying M ranch. It happens that there is an actual Flying M ranch out in the far reaches of the West, and after a broadcast there came a letter from a cowboy who once had worked for it. He asked why those waddies whose voices he recognized had changed their names.

The most recent letter was from an ex-cowgirl who has retired and lives in California. "You can't beat a cowboy when it comes to singing," she said. "It made me think of old times and wish I was on the ranch again."

Talking Way Through

BOB SCHULZ, announcer and studio operator at WDAY in Fargo, N. D., literally is talking his way through college. Bob, a student at North Dakota Agricultural college, takes care of WDAY's studio equipment, does his trick at the mike and still finds time to keep up his work in electrical engineering at the A. C. Bob has been interested in Radio for years and, while in Fargo high school, succeeded in getting an amateur license issued to the school. He also constructed the high school's equipment.

True harmony. Don't they look it? The picture was even taken by the Hart studio. It's Don and Farrell, the Harmony team of KOL. They're harmony singers, and, in this picture at least, harmony pals.



Big Time Years Help to Build Up Station

DOWN in the "Cow Country" in the land of the Ponca Indian and on the edge of oil lands that has made the Osage Indians the wealthiest Red Men in the world is a city of wealth and progression, Ponca City in Oklahoma.

Nearly two years ago a portable Radio station came into town for a week's stay and in the new allocations that became effective a little over a year ago WBBZ was granted a permanent license to remain in that city.

Things didn't go so well for the first eight months, but then there came to Ponca City a couple recruited from the ranks of Keith vaudeville, who were known as Morton and Betty Harvey.

They came into town and looked over the situation and realized that there was considerable work to be done, and the first thing they found was that the listeners had lost their interest in the station.

The vaudeville game is a great institution of learning and one of the things that Mr. Harvey learned was that an audience must be interested, so he set about to do that very thing.

There was considerable interest at that particular time (as always) in the personality of W. K. Henderson at Shreveport.

The first thing that Mr. Harvey did on the air was after about two weeks' study of the situation and when the psychological moment came he stepped to the mike and used his knowledge of mimicry and gave an excellent impersonation of Mr. Henderson. This was not with the intent of misleading any of the listeners, but merely to attract the attention of the air audience to the station.

The folk in Ponca City and surrounding territory became interested and asked each other if they had heard the new announcer at WBBZ, who impersonated Mr. Henderson. This was what Harvey wanted and immediately they began to improve the quality of the programs.



Why do so many people like to visit the KOIL studios? Evelyn Kitts, studio hostess and purveyor of blue songs, is the reason, and, if you ask us, a good one.

Just Uncle John and Aunt Minerva. And if you don't believe that those are their names, why just write to them at KMMJ, Clay Center, Nebraska, and find out.



The advertisers had been fooled a few times so were not inclined to look with favor on this new man that had come in "to fool them" again. Programs were arranged with great care and the selections were made that would attract the class of people, as listeners, who were interested in the advertisers' wares.

Suddenly there came a letter to all the merchants asking that they include Radio advertising in their budgets for 1929. Out of ninety letters there was only one reply and that was that the writer was not interested. Now what was to be done? The old vaudeville training came into use again. He went out and secured ten advertisers at a very nominal figure and the Original Oklahoma Alarm Clock club was formed, meeting every morning at six-thirty.

During this program the listeners get the time announcements, a bulletin from the Department of Agriculture, Associated Press dispatches, a scripture reading, cream and market quotations and a poultry question box.

These features were interspersed with carefully selected recordings and the ninety men who received the letters and did not seem to be interested heard all about the other fellow's merchandise while they were having breakfast and began to see the effects of the other fellow's advertising.

The listeners who began to call and ask who the announcer was that was giving impersonations were told it was the "Rolling Stone." This because of the character he assumed and the friendly tone of voice and personality he put over the air. Boys and girls and grown folk all called him the "Rolling Stone," and soon when Betty Harvey began to tell the children the stories of the animals at the zoo, everywhere they talked of Aunt Betty and the "Rolling Stone" of WBBZ.

Aunt Betty has a rich contralto voice and plays the piano and the "Rolling

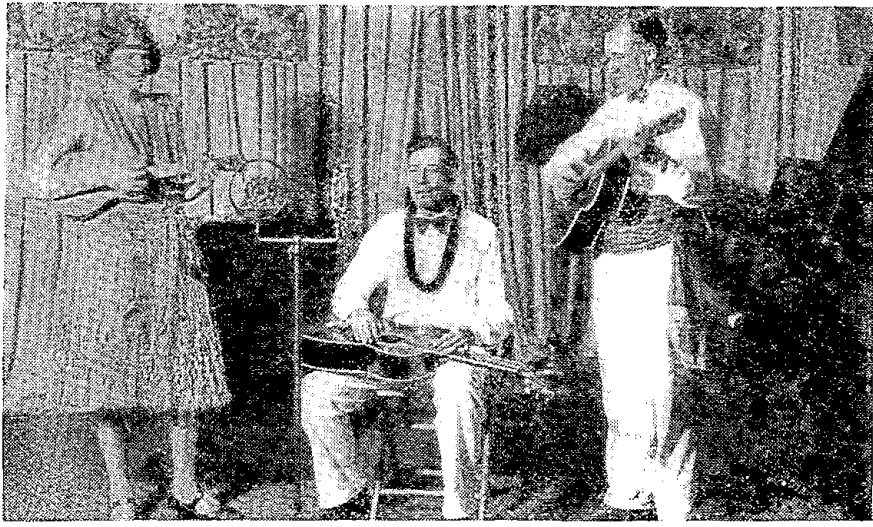
Stone" is a baritone and reader. The combination was perfect and soon the business men's luncheon clubs commenced calling for the services of these entertainers, and no social function was complete without their harmony songs and the solos and stories that seemed to come from an inexhaustible supply that had been gathered in the years of vaudeville.

The standing of WBBZ in the community had become a thing of pride, and the folks from miles around came in to see this man who talked to them every morning at breakfast and the lady that always was glad to see the children of her Kiddies club and knew most of them by name.

Gradually national advertisers came to see the value of this little station in their plan of national distribution, and when a few of the advertising agencies sent representatives down to interview the manager and found him and the "Rolling Stone" to be one and the same they were astounded, as they could not see how any one man could do all the things he had to do, sing, announce, write continuities, sell advertising, work out advertising for any line of merchandise and talk on it intelligently and work out features for the farm listener and city listener that would hold the interest of both and tire neither of them.

* * *

THE Norfolk Daily News Radio Station WJAG at Norfolk, Neb., to keep up originality in Radio experimented successfully with a minstrel show via Radio recently. Karl Stefan, "The Printer's Devil" of the station and also the chief announcer, appeared as the interlocuter wearing a beautiful full dress suit of green. Other members of the Radio staff took leading parts and local fans "saw" and heard the old time minstrels which were sponsored by the Elks Lodge of Norfolk.



Bob and Francis Kia, better known in the West as Gurney's Hawaiians, playing on steel guitar, standard guitar and uke at WNAX. Brother J. Kumalae is the third of the trio.

Smart Man; He Plays 95% of All Requests

IMAGINE a man who can play ninety-five per cent of the numbers requested of him! Such an artist is Jack Medland, who is heard over KDYL at Salt Lake City every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock (MST). The only restriction is that the requests must be for numbers at least ten years old. Beyond that the field is open. Hundreds of requests await Jack each Wednesday night when he steps into the studio, and although he hasn't time to play all of these numbers, he has made a record of playing thirty of the old tunes in the half-hour allotted to him.

* * *

It is new ideas that interest the audience, and KDYL has captured one that is truly novel as well as vastly interesting. It is the Music-Box announcer. That sounds odd, but if you tune in any Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock (MST) you will hear a very novel program, with musical variety from popular to classical, presented without the aid of the usual human announcer stating the name of the musical selection. Instead, a music box will do the announcing, telling you in tinkling tones what the featured selection to follow will be. This is known as the Maid O'Clover hour.

* * *

KYDL listeners often hear a speaker with a musical background that sounds something like the Salvation Army Band. This is due to the fact that when ventilation is needed in the main studio, the windows are raised and the melodious notes of the Salvation Army band on the street come drifting up into the studio and through the sensitive mike.

* * *

Vernon Duke, graduate engineer of the University of Colorado, is the newest addition to the technical staff of KOA in Denver. Duke entered the General Electric training school on his graduation a year ago last June and was employed at the Fort Wayne and Schenectady plants until coming to Denver. He is married and quite large chested over the very tiny Eleanor Jean. Two pretty important interests for one man.

Toy Siren Is "Cop-y" Signal From WDAY

A GONG or a whistle may mean "police bulletin" from some stations, but WDAY at Fargo, N. D., has decided that something more "cop-y" would serve better.

Now a toy bicycle siren, operated by a hand crank, sends its startling noise over the air before each police bulletin is read.

WDAY fans now have no excuse for getting time signals mixed up with their police bulletins. And, incidentally, in the sparsely settled northwest territory these police bulletins serve a wide variety of purposes. For instance, the other day a bank at Rosholt, S. D., some 150 miles from WDAY, was robbed. Four minutes later WDAY had the dope and about three minutes later a warning was on the air. Another instance. The other day a car was stolen from a Fargo street. About twenty minutes later WDAY's siren roared and a warning went out. Half an hour later a call came to the studio from the town marshal at Buffalo, N. D., twenty-four miles to the west. He had the car, he said, as well as the thief. And then there was the time the little Fargo boy set out to see the world. He was gone seven hours before his mother called WDAY. A bulletin was read and a few moments later his mother was notified that the child had been picked up by a passing motorist and taken to the police station, where he was being taken care of.

Trains Teachers in Town Barber Shop

A CERTAIN Montana barber shop is turned into a training school for Sunday School teachers every Saturday night, according to information reaching KOA.

The Rev. William O. Rogers, pastor of Washington Park Congregational church in Denver, is their instructor. He broadcasts a pre-view of the international Sunday School lesson each Saturday night over KOA, giving teachers suggestions for teaching their classes next day.

The owner of the barber shop is superintendent of the local Sunday School and he requires his teachers to be present each week to hear the Reverend Rogers.

More than 300 old time songs were played and sung over a period of eight months by the Old Stagecoachers, those four music makers out of the past who broadcast each week over KOA. Begun as an experiment to learn if a banjo, guitar, fiddle, harmonium quartet assisted by a vocal trio could create a frontier atmosphere, the Stagecoachers were accepted enthusiastically until so many old numbers were requested that the mu-

sicians will be several months catching up. There has not been a repetition in numbers during the eight months except in a few cases where listeners demanded it.

Lauds Radio Clubs

RADIO clubs are not only a lot of fun but are really necessary in the West, according to a recent article by Harold A. Lafount, Federal Radio commissioner. Many cities in the outlying districts of the West are some distance from a broadcasting station, which adds to the value of Radio clubs, such as that in Butte, Montana, which is said to be one of the largest organizations of listeners-in in the United States.

Such clubs are not necessary in the eastern centers, where stations are close together, according to Lafount.

In his article he praised the club in Butte for its active work in promoting the use of the Radio, for its employment of experts to do away with Radio interference and for other work in securing worth-while programs.

* * *

A new series of programs is being put on the air by WBAP at Fort Worth, Texas. Tuesday evenings at 6 o'clock the Eureka Vacuum cleaners are heard in an entertaining broadcast.

* * *

Among the wide variety of programs heard from WBAP one of the most popular is the team of Prissy and Jack.



Winken, Blinken and Nod, three fairies who step out of the story books to sing over KDYL every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With the musical signature of "Sleep" they proceed to wake everyone up with real blues. In private life, Virginia Allen, Verba Robinson and Genevieve Davis.

Former "Sparks" Is KGW Chief

Paul Heitmeyer Is Youngest Executive of Any Major Station on the Pacific Coast Today

By William Moyes



Helms and Harkins are known about the KMO studios as Hugh and Bennie. Hugh is the straight man and Bennie is the Oofgay. Their line makes even the studio hostess laugh, an acid test.

Making Merry in A. M.

•**M**AKING Merry With Sperry" is the new title given to Hugh Barrett Dobbs' morning health exercise period from KPO, 7 to 8 o'clock.

Dobbsie and Wee Willie, his versatile musical partner, known in private life as William H. Hancock, have been on the air continuously from KPO going on five years, with their hour of original nonsense and "applesauce," together with the setting-up exercises. And now under the sponsorship of the Sperry Flour company, one of California's pioneer establishments, the broadcasts are released every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings over the entire Pacific Coast Network of the National Broadcasting company, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays locally from KPO.

As entertainment, aside from Dobbsie and Wee Willie, the program offers a variety of well known singers, pianists and musical novelties. Among the artists whose work has contributed to the success of the hour are Kevin Ahearn, the young Irish tenor; Art Fadden, the pianist with a personality, and others.

* * *

When Jeannette Sheerer, NBC clarinetist, was nine years old, she decided to try-out for the "Boy's Band" in her home town, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Then she grew up with the same band and later found herself playing solos with the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

MEET PAUL HEITMEYER, ladies and gentlemen!

Manager of KGW, the Oregonian's Radio station and the youngest executive of any major station on the Pacific coast. A man who in the eight months he has been at the helm has increased the business of KGW to a point where it is on the air 17 hours a day continuously, with its time very close to being 100 per cent sold. Courteous, modest and amiable, he can do any job in a broadcasting station from operating the transmitter to actual selling.

Operating, by the way, was the avenue by which Paul approached his present position. Radio had been a hobby with him as a kid in school. When he graduated the wanderlust seized him. A tramp steamer came in to Portland. The captain, a big Swede, needed a Radio operator. Paul ran home, packed his bag and jumped aboard just as the gang plank was hauled up. Down the Columbia river they floated, Paul at one rail and the Captain opposite. The old craft rolled like a sporting porpoise. Now the Swede was 20 feet above Paul and now 20 feet below him, see-saw fashion.

"Where's the Radio?" Paul inquired. "Raadio! Vass ist?" was the puzzled reply. Sign language followed, then "dah-dit-dah-dit-dah-dah," and the big Swede comprehended.

"Ach, der Schpark-funker!" he said. "Ve keep dose pieces in dot tub mit fresh water uberall. Dot keeps der sea air from making green cheese on der machinery."

Paul drained off the water, dried out the parts, and day and night for three days while the old tramp ploughed down the Pacific coast he labored until finally the ship Prosit—or something equally ridiculous was its name—boasted a working transmitter.

One voyage to Scotland was enough. Paul stepped ashore in Portland again and immediately took precautions to prevent ever going to sea again. He got married. Then came the job as Radio operator for KGW. Next stop was Radio editor. These were the days when Radio editors knew not so much about who Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker were as about the latest super-heterodyne circuit.

From Radio editor to production manager.

And now manager.

And how!

Aside from Paul's eminence in the Radio industry, he enjoys another distinction—that of being the first man ever to go to sea in an automobile. Last Summer he loaded his sedan with two new Radio sets, one of them an expensive short waver, also three weeks' food supply and all his family's personal belongings and set off for the beach to enjoy a vacation. To reach his cottage he had to drive along the beach. Racing along at 30 miles an hour he hit a crab hole—one of those 12-foot deep lakes that appear to be only moist places in the sand—and in he went and disappeared. The water was three feet about the roof of his car and he barely escaped drowning inside. Radios, the family's clothing, the cargo of food, most of the insides



Youngest executive of any major station on the Pacific Coast, Paul Heitmeyer started Radio life as "Sparks" on a tramp freighter. Some jump, eh?

of the car and vacation were ruined. But the lot of the pioneer is a tough one, and Paul has sworn off the sea—the bottom of it as well as the top—and on dry land in a Radio station he will stay. And watch him!

KOIN Starts Early

POSSIBLY you have talked to people who were of the opinion that it is useless for a Radio station to start broadcasting before noon every day. KOIN has a feature that disproves any such statement. Stanleigh Mallott, organist at the local Publix theatre, has one of the largest audiences of any feature on the air. Each morning at nine o'clock Mallott goes on the air and for the following half hour the phones at both the theatre and the studio are kept busy taking requests. Requests are even written in days ahead, and advance orders play a major part in the arranging of Mallott's program.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST receivers tuned in to the Eveready hour broadcast over the NBC late last Fall were privileged to hear a voice never heard over the air when Inga Hill of Minnesota was introduced to the Radio audience.

Miss Hill only a short time ago was a school teacher who didn't know she had a voice. Shortly after graduating from the University of Minnesota she was urged to develop her vocal talents. After winning the Juilliard scholarship she was helped financially by music lovers in the Twin Cities, later studying with Madame Iga Schoenrene.

* * *

Yes, the voices of the KGO "Morning Glories" have been heard often before by the NBC System audience. The new harmony duo is Imelda Montagne, who has been singing with the Pepper Maids, and Peggy Chapman, contralto soloist with the Pacific Vagabonds.



At the extreme right you see the director of this orchestra, Bill Harkins. He leads them in dinner concerts and dance programs from the studios of KGIR. And they don't scorn old time tunes.

Breneman's Stunt Is a Thriller for Fans

By Gerald Byrne

TWO hundred people were crowded about the lobby Radio in the Alexandria hotel, Los Angeles. The lust of battle was in their eyes.

Through the great mahogany set's speaker came an excited voice: "O-O-O! What a beauty! The champion connects with Tom's chin! Tom reels against the ropes. The champion is after him like a panther. Tom covers his face with his gloves and attempts to protect his body with elbows as he crouches, knees wobbling— O-O-O! The champion sinks his right to the midriff . . . and Tom . . . is down—"

A newcomer, trying to crowd in, demanded, "Who's fightin'?"

And a bell-hop who was in the know grinned as he answered:

"Aw! That ain't no real fight. It's a guy out at Hollywood pullin' a stunt. But it sounds better'n some of the bouts these bozos stallin' for real dough put up."

And so it was.

The "bout" was being put on by Tom Breneman, who has gained coastwise fame for himself through a Radio skit known over the Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express station as "Tom and His Mule Hercules." The "fight" stunt was one that was ballyhooed just like a real prize fight and interest arose to fever pitch among KNX listeners on the Coast as all the details of training preliminaries were put on the air.

It all began when Tom, Negro hostler in a livery stable, helped out his friend, "The Deacon" (Frank Geiger), who was down on his luck. The Deacon's 200 pounds gave Tom an idea. He began building him up for the "championship" of the world. Once a week the story went on the air—the beginning of Tom's cunning plan; the deacon's apparent acquiescence; the hard training in the gym; the deacon's groans as he worked with punching bag, medicine ball and hard-hearted sparring partners; the sarcasm of Miss Sophromie (Martha Boswell) which irked the deacon so he wouldn't quit. Then, as they say in Hollywood, came the night of the great battle!

And as the impatient customers waited; as the champion, contrary to all ring precedent, entered the ring first and sat impatiently awaiting—

No Deacon!

The Deacon had taken a run-out powder!

And here was Tom with a championship fight on his hands—a big house—lots of money in sight—more than a poor cullud boy had ever hope to gather in a lifetime as valet in a livery stable.

What should he do? What would Hugh Wiley's "Wildcat" have done under the circumstances?

Well, that's just exactly what Tom did. He put on the gloves, climbed through the ropes and got more tar knocked out of him than Willard did when Jack Dempsey laced him at Toledo.

And Tom has forsaken the ring forever—a real retirement.

KFRC Is Proud of Variety and Staff

KFRC, the Don Lee Station, San Francisco, is proud of its continued growth, not only in the size of its staff and technical facilities, but also in the increased quality and variety of its programs. KFRC is a unit in the Don Lee chain which includes KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles, and KMJ, the Fresno Bee station in Fresno. All programs originate in the studios of the Don Lee stations.

KFRC's concert orchestra, directed by Frank Moss, numbers eighteen people. All of them are musicians with many years experience who play either classical or jazz—difficult musicians to find. They set up in the new studio "C," a huge room measuring fifty by fifty feet, richly decorated and containing marvelous acoustical properties.

From the great staff of singers has been chosen the KFRC Mixed Ensemble, which includes Juanita Tennyson, soprano; Lucille Atherton Harger, contralto; Harold Dana, baritone; Lloyd Knight, bass; Raymond Marlowe, Frederick Brown, and Harry McKnight, tenors.

The comedian department includes "Pedro," the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, whose naive Mexican soul is never ruffled. His real name is Eugene Hawes. "Frank Watanabe," the politest Japanese who ever had difficulties with the English language, whose other name is Eddie Holden. "Simpy Fitts," Radio humorist and writer who has a reputation for always popping up with something new and timely. He also has a

name for signing checks and log sheets: Monroe R. Upton. Al Pearce, also known as "Dippy" when he teams with "Simpy" is just as much of a clown as he is a singer—he is fifty per cent of the Pearce Brothers, harmony team which makes Columbia records.

* * *

THE best in the modern theatre is being brought to KHJ every Thursday night during the 7 to 8 o'clock hour. The hour is called "Raymond Paige Presents" and in it Mr. Paige, musical director of KHJ, presents stars of the stage and screen in good drama; his own famous orchestra, the Sierra Symphonists, and discoveries in the way of singers and musicians. The following stage personages are among those who have been heard: Nance O'Neill, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Maude Fulton, Henry B. Walthall, Ruth Nenick, Marjorie Rambeau, Franklyn Pangborn, Edward Everett Horton, Florence Eldridge and others of less fame who handled roles in the weekly dramatic offerings.

* * *

Cecil Underwood spends his working hours announcing at the San Francisco NBC studios, but his hobby is aviation and he is out to become a licensed pilot.



Saturday nights especially, but almost any other time that KFSD is on the air you may hear the voice of this charming contralto, Ruth Merrill Bence.



"Old Man River" is more than a theme song for these children who learn much about geography and their little foreign cousins from the educational tours they take with Aunt Betty and the Kiddies Klub at KGO and the NBC.

Buys Law Books But Sets Up as an Actor

SAM HAYES bought an impressive supply of text books and set out to become a lawyer. He enrolled at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California, and remained until he graduated. But he came out an actor rather than a lawyer.

Now he is a member of the National players at the NBC San Francisco studios. Sam doesn't know just how it happened.



He was given roles in college productions and, well, it just was "one of those things." Gordon Davis, director, was impressed by Sam's talent and stage presence. He encouraged Sam, who already was enthusiastic, and the result was an engagement.

Hayes distinguished himself in the Mountain Play association productions in Marin county, interpreting the leading role two years. This year he will be featured again in Peer Gynt, a role in which he has been very successful.

The San Francisco Theatre guild claimed Hayes for "Craig's Wife," the Pulitzer prize play two years ago, and "The Young Idea."

Besides working with the National players, he will appear in Ned Cobb's Daughter, at the Berkeley playhouse, and with the San Francisco players.

Romantic productions and revivals such as "The School for Scandal" are Hayes' favorites. He had a ripping time in his first commercial production, "The Green Goddess."

Down in the Hayes' home there's another interest for the young actor—a very new baby son. Hayes was married only a few years ago and junior is the first child. Mrs. Hayes was Marion Brune of San Francisco.

The new NBC star was born in Cooksville, Indiana, and came to California in 1920. He had his fling in Hollywood. Perhaps that's why he decided to become a lawyer. School looked good after Hollywood and the stage looked good after school.

But Radio? "I don't know exactly why I came to Radio," Hayes wondered aloud. "Perhaps because Herbert Hayes and Bill Ryan like it. Now I know why they do. It's interesting to learn the reactions of a vast audience. There is unlimited opportunity and, best of all, there is so much latitude. There are many, many more productions. In stock or on the road, an actor is cast and, if he is good, he retains his part until the show closes. Playing before the microphone, he has the opportunity to interpret a hundred parts to one on the legitimate stage."

Simply "Smiling Eddie"

ONE of the most popular singers in Southern California is "Smiling Eddie" Marble—"the boy with the green hat"—who sings regularly over KGER, the Long Beach good will station.

Marble's clear tenor voice radiates a beaming personality as well as an exceedingly friendly attitude, which he maintains at all times toward his audience. He is well known throughout the southland, having appeared before many civic organizations and over various Radio stations, among them being KFI, KMTR, KWTC and KMIC.

KGER's "Smiling Eddie" has a large repertoire of light classical selections, ballads and popular numbers, any of which he is always ready to sing whenever an admirer requests.

Assisting Marble is Dorothy Richardson, popular pianist, who is a real co-worker and partner in his weekly request hour, the Sunday Night Frolic, of which Eddie is master of ceremonies, and the "Melodies of Bygone Days" theme program of each Wednesday evening presenting quaint, old-fashioned tunes of yesteryear.

* * *

HAL'S GANG are "At Home" to their Radio audience every night except Sunday from 6 until 7:30 over KFOX. This informal program presents Hal Nichols and his "gang" of studio artists in the sort of entertainment, which, according to the thousands of letters received in a recent contest, is preferred by the majority of the listeners-in. Hal Nichols has an inimitable manner of making his audience "see" as well as hear his programs.

KOMO Rehearsals Often Beat Show

REHEARSALS at KOMO are often more interesting to studio visitors than actual broadcasts. One day an unexpected thrill was provided when the members of the Associated Football orchestra laid down their instruments and engaged in a lively scrimmage. Lead by their gallant director, Walter Henningsen, they ran signals all around the studios.

The secret is that the band was called on for a takeoff on a football team in action. For several weeks the boys had been playing a musical football game on their programs over the stations of the Northwest Triangle, KGW, KHQ and KOMO.

The University of Washington alumni wanted to see this football orchestra in action, however, which was an entirely different kind of a horse than telling the story before the mike. The athletic department of the University came to the rescue, however, and when the Homecoming banquet came along the musicians dashed onto the ballroom floor with as much speed as the Thundering Herd from U. S. C. and proceeded to hit the line for great gains of "Break Away," "Piccolo Pete" and "Singin' in the Rain." A good time was had by all.

* * *

Pacific Northwest listeners tuned to an NBC program from San Francisco coming through KOMO had a treat in hearing the voice of an old friend, Art Lindsay, KOMO's former chief announcer. Art is now announcing for the Frisco NBC studios. Other former KOMO artists with the same organization include Doug Richardson, tenor, who is frequently heard with the Musical Musketeers.

* * *

Engineers are hard at work building a new transmitter for KOMO. All this activity followed word from Washington, D. C., that a frequency of 970 kilocycles had been assigned, together with a permit to use 15,000 watts. Of course, all the latest and best will be used in this plant, including an RCA transmitter, the first of its type on the Pacific Coast.



Sweet? We thought so, too. Her name is Edna Bond, and she is a very clever popular singer at KGER. Edna has a voice with personality, which she uses to advantage, playing her own piano accompaniments.

Canadian "Pinch Hit" Act Wins

"Faith and Hope" Fill In when Storm Delays Act; Now They're Constant Sell-out

By Doc Irving

IN FEBRUARY, 1928, on a Tuesday evening, some slippery intersection brought about an accident, in which four Radio artists were so delayed that they could not arrive at the studios of CKCL on time for an 8:30 to 9 o'clock program. This was learned in the neighborhood of 8:20 P. M., and it was the special intention of those in charge that the air would not be dead immediately preceding one of our biggest hours.



Just what was to be done no one knew, and the manager, A. P. Howells, was pacing the floors of every studio, office and reception room in the building, trying to figure out some presentation that would not be detrimental to other programs following. Suddenly one of Toronto's finest young pianists, capable of handling both the modern, popular and heavy classic types of piano work with the greatest of ability, offered his services if Joe Allabough would sing the numbers and handle the announcing.

With a pack of music under arm, the two entered Studio "A" at 8:30 and proceeded to unleash just about anything that came to mind.

Pandemonium reigned, and after singing about thirty songs, discussing politics, the weather and anything uninteresting, said half-hour was brought to a close.

The result of this thirty minute outbreak, crammed full of nothing worth while, and undoubtedly the worst piece of supposed Radio entertainment in history, was over a thousand letters, postcards and telegrams, repeated demands for "more," and a sponsor, operating one of the finest Radio and sporting goods houses in Toronto, known as the Toronto Radio Co., Ltd.

This feature has been known as "Faith and Hope" (the World's Two Worst Radio Entertainers) since the evening the opportunity came, averaging over a thousand letters weekly, and causing the sending out of more than two thousand photographs monthly, which CKCL claims is a record, more or less.

During the ten-month period this nonsensical act has been considered one of Toronto's most attractive programs, there have been no less than 11 large Canadian firms desiring the services of this team, and asking only an opening announcement and closing announcement.

Presented every Wednesday night (the evening being changed from Tuesday shortly after it started back in February) from 10:15 to 11 o'clock, in the studios of CKCL.

* * *

SHORTLY after winning the Fourth Annual International Oratorical contest at Washington, D. C., Roch Pinard went on the air as the guest of the Canadian National railways. Pinard, who is only eighteen years old, was featured during the French-Canadian hour of music by the CNR.

Canadian National Again Leads Pack

By W. E. Thompson

A RAILWAY, as Sir Henry Thornton said in a recent interview, is never finished. To streak across the prairies after the farmer's grain, to bring the farmer to the world and the world to the farmer; to bridge the mountains, to link sea with sea, to pull the wild, potent North down to the populous cities—these have been the tasks of the Canadian National railways. How can they be finished until Canada itself is done? And within itself a railway is ever changing, for here, as in all life, the law is change or die.

"When our president, Sir Henry Thornton, decided to harness this latest and most wonderful invention of modern times to the Canadian National Railways," Mr. W. D. Robb, vice-president in whose department the system's Radio service comes, said in a broadcast address, "he was animated by a single thought—to render still greater service to the public of this country."

The story of Radio and the railway goes back to the time before the Radio and before the National system; it goes back to the days when Radio was wireless telegraphy only and when the Canadian National existed, in nucleus, in the Grand Trunk. It was on October 13th, 1902. Telegraph signals were transmitted from Saint Dominique station, near Coteau, Quebec, to a special Grand Trunk train running from Chicago to Portland carrying members of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents to their forty-seventh annual convention. This unique wireless demonstration was carried out by Dr. Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S.C. (now Sir Ernest Rutherford) and Dr. Howard T. Barnes, F.R.S.C.



This former Toronto boy is director of the Ritz-Carlton dance orchestra in Montreal, heard from CKAC on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



Perhaps the worry of building up and maintaining a comprehensive Radio chain hookup across Canada is the cause of the lack of hair on this gentleman's head. He's E. A. Weir, Director of Radio, CNR.

During the early Summer of 1923 Radio and the railway were actually linked. So successful was the experiment that several trains were equipped with receiving sets and on the last night of 1923, the first Canadian National broadcast took place. The next step was the erection of a station at Ottawa, the erection, by the railway, of the most powerful broadcasting station in the Dominion.

The Canadian National railway has brought about a development this year which should be of the greatest interest to the lovers of music in Canada. Every week the stations at Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Moncton, Quebec and London are linked in a broadcast of the finest programmes. These chain concerts will soon include Chatham.

Soon the chain will reach out even farther. Now the concerts are broadcast simultaneously from the eastern series and Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Yorkton, Edmonton, Calgary and Red Deer as well. Twice a week, Canadian National broadcasts are heard from Moncton to the mountains. When the lines are available, Vancouver will also become part of the network and the chain will stretch from ocean to ocean.

* * *

JAMES RICHARDSON and Sons, operating CJRX, are temporarily using the station on 49 meters with the call letters of VE9CL. A good deal of experimental work is being carried on at this short wave station, and they are anxious to test distant reception. Among the features on these programs is the well-known British artist, Georgie Wood.

Earl Hill and his Royal Alexandra hotel orchestra are still bringing in the mail over CJRW, while a new feature at the same station has attracted widespread interest.

On Thursday evenings the Rev. W. O. Fryer is tracing the progress of China and Japan and dealing with the influence, past and possible future, upon Western civilization. This series of talks has attracted widespread comment.

Cook, Eat Right, Forget Calories

Advice of Mrs. Page at WJR; Says Preparation of Food Can Be as Much Fun as Eating

EATING is one of life's fundamental pleasures. It ought to be fun, instead of a daily intake of so many calories of protein and carbohydrates. Cook right, eat right, and the calories will take care of themselves. This is the principle on which a morning talk for women from WJR, Detroit, is based. Furthermore, listeners to this talk soon learn that cooking can be fun as well as eating. Mrs. Page, practical housewife, who conducts the program, says this,

"We all have more than a thousand meals to get in a year, too much time to waste in something we don't enjoy, too big a sacrifice to make if the rest of the family are the only ones who have any fun out of it! It's fun to think of the things which come to our kitchen from every part of the world, and to know that we are entrusted with forming them into delicious nourishing foods. The difference between cooking that is work and cooking that is pleasure is a state of mind. Get into the right frame of mind. And if you do have one of those unappreciative families, where everything is gobbled down without a word of praise from one year's end to the other, think of this old saying, 'God made the food, the devil the cooks,' and see if you wouldn't rather give the lie to this old proverb than support it."

Because few suggested menus can be made practical for every kind of budget, Mrs. Page confines her morning talks to "Ideas." She spells "Ideas" with a capital, because "Ideas," according to Mrs. Page, are what the distracted housewife craves when three times a day the same old question arises, "What shall we eat?" She gives ideas on inexpensive meals, on inexpensive entertain-



Learning the intricacies of what is and what's not at the National Radio Home-Makers Club. Left to right, Adele Holt, instructor; Grace White, Barbara Daly, Helen Lewis, Joan Barrett, Sue Moody and Ruth Underhill.

ing, ideas on getting the children to drink all the milk they need; ideas on time-saving meals; ideas on fuel-saving meals, and ideas for old foods in new guises. In short, a continual supply of the kind of ideas women in homes are constantly seeking. "Often tonight's dinner, or the children's lunch for tomorrow,

presents such a worrying problem that it just seems impossible to figure it out without getting half an hour by oneself in a quiet corner of the kitchen with a pile of cook books," says Mrs. Page. "It's my ambition to keep such a continuous flow of ideas circulating that nobody will have to wonder and worry too much when it comes time to think 'What are we going to have for dinner?'"

* * *

PROGRAMS for women are always in demand, and if they offer anything of value and interest, as most of them invariably do, they are universally popular. But just as insistent are the demands for women broadcasters who are equipped and qualified to handle a big program without masculine assistance. And here there is a difference, for such women are rare.

Because of this dearth of good women broadcasters, Ida Bailey Allen, president of the National Radio Home-Makers club, conceived the idea of training specialists in the various subjects to be presented in broadcasting and in Radio technique.

For this work Mrs. Allen enlisted the assistance of Mrs. Adele Holt, well known in theatrical circles for her earlier work in the Shakespearian drama, and in light opera. Mrs. Holt's last dramatic appearance was in "Experience." Since then she has specialized in diction and in Radio broadcasting technique.

This class meets for two hours every day in the Columbia Broadcasting system studios in New York City. Each student is required to practice exercises for flexibility of the tongue, jaw and lips. These are followed by actual work before the microphone. In addition, each member of the class has two singing lessons a week. This training produces amazingly successful results, and proves how unnecessary it is to foist unpleasant voices on the listening public.



Wednesday afternoon rehearsals of the National Radio Home-Makers Club are pleasant occasions, with tea and everything. Here are Ralph Christman, Vivian Holt, Margherita Gentile and Richard Hale waiting for the bell.

Voice of the Listener

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

Out of all the letters received only one—which came unsigned—took occasion to be really unkind and perhaps a little unfair. It was not printed for the first reason that it was unsigned, and for the second reason it obviously did not represent even a small part of our readers in its opinion. There were such expressions as "the problem is not how to get the chain programs but how to get anything else but." The fact that Radio Digest has incorporated fiction seems to make him unhappy (assuming that it is a "him"). He overlooks the fact that Radio Digest has more Radio in it than ever before and the fiction is extra, to satisfy the magazine wants of the other members of the family who like fiction.

* * *

"Grandma" Likes Us

Allow me to congratulate you on the October Radio Digest. It certainly is a beauty and arranged so interestingly. Certainly am so proud to be a subscriber.

I am sending in my favorite station for the gold cup contest, and hope they will win the gold cup. Best wishes and success.—"GRANDMA" MRS. WM. H. FAIRBANKS, Hobart, Indiana.

* * *

Look on Page 34

I am a new reader of Radio Digest, having begun to read it with the October issue, and I would like to tell you that I like it very much.

Can you run an interview of Floyd Gibbons, "Headline Hunter"—who tells his very interesting real life adventures over WEA and associated NBC stations every Monday evening at 10:30. I would also like to see something about Henry Burbig of the Ceco Couriers and about Bradford Browne—"Chief Nit-Wit" and about the Hank Simmons' Show Boat Company—all broadcast over the CBS.

Just one week after I read your story about Norman Brokenshire and his evidently final location as an announcer, his resignation from the CBS was announced. He left to become Radio advertising head of H. W. Kastor and Sons, although he still acts as announcer in some programs.—ALAN E. SMITH, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Announcers Please Note

Now I am a DX hound and I must say I am heartily in favor of more frequent announcements. Haven't I sat through eight numbers to hear "who it is"? Since the wave length change of November 11, I have had a time. Of course, I don't believe in announcing

who it is—what the number is—then who played—but I do think at least every fifteen minutes stations should identify themselves. Even on the test programs of the wee small hours of the morning announcements are not often enough. So many play the same few records.

If the announcers could only speak slowly and distinctly it would help. All cannot be Graham MacNamees, but don't bunch the call letters, station and town like breath was too precious to use.

"Bags Big Game With Radio" reminds me of one night last summer. I was listening to a dandy play over my six tube receiver. I did not get the title of the play as it was just started when I tuned in. It was coming in clear and fine. During the lines which run "Madam, I have come to kill your husband" —Madam: "Now don't kill him in here on the rugs, they get so mussy—take him in the bathroom, that is easier to clean," I became aware several persons were gathered outside. A man said, "Say, get this—this will be good—did you ever hear anything so cold blooded?" Another suggested going for the police; no one wanted to miss anything—so they all stayed. The play was finally finished, then the announcer said, "You have been listening to a play by the Faust Players at WDG," then one man said, "A Radio, by golly; come on, well, I'll be doggoned."

* * *

He's Having Trouble

I have been reading your Radio Digest and I am well pleased with it. Now I wish to ask you a few questions. We have quite a bit of interference at Fort Wayne with programs coming in after 7 p. m. in the evening. Now the way this interference acts, I'm sure there are too many stations too close together on the same wave length. For a time the program will come in fine, then it will faint way out and get mushey, then it will come back full power again. Now this trouble we don't find in the afternoon or on Sunday. That shows that there are not so many stations on. Stations WLW and WLS we find more troublesome now than we did a year ago. I am just mentioning this for you may be working on this line now.

For programs I am sure that the people wish for more songs and music that have a good sound as some of the old songs and melodies and more hymns instead of all dance music. This is only my suggestion.—H. F. Dicke, 1322 Park Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * *

Happy to Please

May I suggest that if you want to please your readers you will do so greatly by printing in Radio Digest the speech made by Milton Cross when he received the medal he won in the Diction Contest.

On account of static many listeners could not hear his speech clearly. Not only the youth of today but many older people have received much help and inspiration toward correct speech from Radio announcers, and it would be a nice way of showing appreciation for their efforts if you will give space to this good speech in the best Radio magazine published in the world today.—Ethel Williams Sopher, New Providence, Iowa.

* * *

An Embryo Announcer

Tonight I bought (after a Radio announcement) my first copy of the Radio Digest and it surely fulfills my idea of

what a Radio magazine ought to be. I've bought them many times, as I am a Radio F.A.N., but always have been disappointed, because, as you say, they are all too technical.

Your editorial about John B. Daniel touched me very much, as I loved his "Golden Voice." He was a fine announcer.

I am attending the "Announcers' School," and hope someday to, at least, do something about Radio (if only to scrub the floors in a studio).

I like the pictures especially of Radio Stations, and staff, etc.—Mrs. Charlotte F. Trusty, 129 S. Ritter Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

* * *

See November Issue

I have just discovered the Radio Digest and think it is a wonderful magazine. Just the thing for Radio listeners. Have you ever published any articles about or pictures of the popular entertainers, Rudy Vallee and his orchestras? If so, what issues of your magazine contained them and may I procure them from you?—Wilma Lambertus, Route 3, Milford, Iowa.

* * *

Allocation Troubles

The new Radio change may have helped certain sections of the country but it has made matters worse for the Radio listeners here. Before the change we had KYW and WLW, WGN and WMAQ, but now we never get KYW, the station could be off the air for all we know about it! We must depend upon WGN, WLW and WMAQ for our programs and if any of these stations gives up broadcasting any of our favorite programs we are out of luck.

My suggestion to whoever makes up the chain programs would be to have one station broadcast "all" of the chain programs. WGN could carry the Red, WLW the Blue and WMAQ the Columbian. Who wants to listen to the local programs? Some of them are not even programs.—Mrs. R. M. Robertson, La Fayette, Indiana.

* * *

Can Anyone Help?

Is there any way to ascertain the stations that broadcast programs in foreign languages and when they do?

My mother-in-law (an old Swedish lady) has learned that WNAX broadcasts Swedish church services from 9:00 to 10:00 a. m. Sunday mornings and she not only listens in herself but she also invites her old friends in to listen to them.

How would it be to publish a schedule of stations broadcasting foreign programs in the Digest?—Wesley Johnson, Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

Cooperation Appreciated

Please make me a member of the V. O. L. correspondence club. I enjoy reading the Digest and certainly appreciate every picture of the various artists you have published thus far. Having written various stations to have their artists, studios, etc., published in the Digest but have had no reply since, hope you get them. I would like to see pictures of the WLS male artists and announcers as Steve Cisler, Bradley Kincaid, etc., and Campbell K. New of Radio station KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark. Thanking you for the Digest, waiting for the January issue of 1930.—Carl J. Maurer, Wakarusa, Ind.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Poetry Program Wins Short Go

ORIGINALITY and High Standard of Thousands of Suggested Programs Makes Judging Difficult

FROM far and wide, from every corner of the United States and Canada, thousands of letters offering suggestions for a fifteen-minute program have been received in the first Short Go contest sponsored by Radio Digest. The number of letters and the high standard as well as the originality and practicality of the suggestions offered by readers and listeners demonstrate a great degree of intelligent interest and criticism of the offerings of broadcasting stations.

Each entry in the contest was submitted independently to a committee composed of such outstanding men in Radio as Don Bernard, program manager of the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting company, Gene Arnold, program director of Station WENR, and Don Malin, musical director of station WLS.

Winners in the second Short Go contest, which closed on January 1, will be announced in the March issue of Radio Digest. The judges are now at work studying the many entries received.

Suggestions of the leading contestants were so nearly equal in value the judges were some time in arriving at a decision. After due consultation, however, Miss Elsie McCloskey, 237 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa., was awarded first prize; Mrs. Clyde Bradley, 66 Hillside St., Asheville, N. C., was awarded second, and Jos. C. Taksar, 32 Levesque Ave., Hartford, Conn., was third. Especial honorable mention was voted to: Lloyd Elsworth Hopkins, 1232 A Hodiament Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Gertrude Otto, Edinburgh, Indiana; Ronald Preston, R. F. D. 2, Marshall, Michigan; and Glenn O'Connor, 9449 Brush St., Detroit, Michigan.

Miss McCloskey's \$25 prize-winning letter follows:

"May I suggest 15 minutes of poetry? This is something that you hear very little of over the Radio and I think it is something that we should all hear and know more about. Not only the poems of the older and better-known poets, such as Longfellow, Riley, Burns and others, but the poems of our more modern writers should be used. I really don't know many of our modern poets myself, and should like to know and learn more of them. There are poems to fit almost every mood—humorous ones, cheery ones, poems to banish sadness and those that help us to live day by day. Such a program would be not only entertaining, but helpful and educational as well."

ONE of the judges, Gene Arnold, says of this letter: "It proposes a program of diversified readings featuring modern poets. With a musical background, it would have great appeal, and as a sustaining program, could be extended indefinitely. The response, both in letters of appreciation and in contributions by the listeners, would be enormous."

The \$15 second prize suggestion, submitted by Mrs. Clyde Bradley:

"As a suggestion for a fifteen-minute program, why not give the public fifteen minutes of real life, as various people

experience it. Take the telephone office and visit and listen in there, then a department store, a Radio shop, a factory, a hospital, a lawyer's office, almost anywhere. Go behind the scenes and broadcast what is found there in everyday life."

Of this suggestion Don Malin writes: "The idea is not fully outlined in the letter, and is capable of being developed considerably further. However, I like the idea of broadcasts taken from real life, for I believe the inside of the telephone office, or a department store, offers an opportunity for a colorful, out-of-the-ordinary broadcast."

Mr. Taksar wins the third prize of \$10 with this suggestion:

"For a fifteen-minute program I would suggest dramatizations of news happenings. They should be of a humorous, odd or light nature. The Radio audience could be asked to send in clippings of this sort."

"This has the germ of an excellent idea," says Mr. Bernard. "Dramatization of current news events should make a great show, and should be very popular with the audience."

IT WOULD be impossible to print every letter received in this contest, or even every suggestion awarded honorable mention by the judges, of which there are 100. The first three given especial honorable mention, are printed in order, without comment, and also a summary of a few of the other letters, also without comment, and not in the order of value.

"Every large city has its zoo, which is visited by thousands each week. Why not a fifteen-minute program of 'Animals in the Zoo'? This would be both interesting and educational."—Lloyd Elsworth Hopkins, St. Louis, Mo.

"Why not have a spelling match over the air? Have the station give out the words to be spelled, pronouncing them twice. The competitors should have pencil and paper, and write out the words, the correct spelling and instructions for grading being given at the end of the program."—Gertrude Otto, Edinburgh, Indiana.

"For a Saturday evening, discuss the Sunday School lesson and read the part it covers from the Bible. For week-day evenings, read some of the old, old stories and songs which used to be told and sung a hundred years ago or more."—Ronald Preston, Marshall, Michigan.

"Let the personnel of the station put on a fifteen-minute playette depicting the intimate back stage scenes that occur during the arranging of a program. Let this be as authentic as possible, with a little 'dressing up'."—Glenn O'Connor, Detroit, Mich.

"Why not put 'Old Man McGuffy' and the 'Old Oaken Bucket' and the old 'Readin' and Writin' School' on the air?"—Mrs. Lucy Bayless, Toledo, Ohio.

"Why couldn't some station undertake a series of 'Spoopendyke'? I suppose he

went out of date with leg o' mutton sleeves, but he was good. Any other good humorous programs are always welcome."—Alice M. Morris, Bismarck, N. D.

"Get a group of young children, from one to six years of age, and have them give little playlets and programs. Children have a universal appeal."—Kathern Pollock, (age 12 years), Burnaby, B. C., Canada.

"Suggestion for a Christmas program. A happy family is gathered in the living room. As they chatter and sing a band of carollers is heard approaching, follows a group of carols, and the village clock chimes midnight, the program closing with 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen'."—Alice J. Griggs, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

"A good novelty male quartet is fine entertainment because of the variety they can offer. Words play a small part in a good quartet when they can imitate steamboats, train whistles, and do other harmony tricks. An unusual yodeler also puts life and interest in a selection."—Ned Pilley, Sheridan, Wyoming.

"'Ask Me Another' stunt would make a good program, asking the questions in the first few minutes of the Short Go, answering them at the close."—A. M. Schaub, Eufaula, Alabama.

"Ask the audience to name the composition from which the classical number just played was stolen. This is adaptable to Radio parties in outlying sections, where little prizes can be awarded, etc. The answers could be given later in the evening, or the next day."—J. D. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

"College pranks should go over big. Typical stunts as the average person thinks of college, burlesqued, of course."—Mrs. E. M. Hoefler, Geneva, N. Y.

"Give a little talk about the doings of the stars outside of the studio, their hobbies, habits, etc."—Mrs. J. C. Garner, Waco, Texas.

"News of general interest, with a very brief biography of one or two of the outstanding men in the day's news, and leaders in national and world affairs."—Helen C. Mahmoney, Kansas City, Mo.

"An entirely Indian program, high spots of first settlers, life of the aborigines, etc. This could be worked in with a musical program."—S. M. Shields, Topeka, Kansas.

"Lives of our greatest men. Biographies, running perhaps a week to a man, of such men as Edison, Burbank, etc."—Arthur B. Phillips, Washington, Indiana.

"A program of helps and hints on making a few extra dollars would be greatly appreciated by the vast number of women who are trying to struggle along on \$18 to \$25 a week."—Mrs. Mary Goggins, Lincoln, Nebr.

Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 29)

RITA: Another man afraid of his soul! It must be contagious. Well, I'll put on the fancy clothes and see you in a few.

BUDDY: A few what?

RITA: What do you care—you're here for the evening anyway. See you later!

BUDDY: Gee, you know, Mr. Remington, I'd rather do almost anything than come back here.

JINX: Why?

BUDDY: I don't know. I get the willies, some way.

JINX: Maybe—there's a reason why you don't like it here any more.

BUDDY: You mean—you think—

JINX: I didn't say I thought anything. That's the business of the police. Whoever they get, it will be on circumstantial evidence, anyway. You stand as good a chance as I do—as anybody does.

BUDDY: Well, I'll go and dress for my dance. I hope the orchestra doesn't do as bad a job of the number as they did the night of—that night!

JINX: They will. I've got to go, too. I've got to see what Hank's plans are. Better be on hand pretty soon—he may want you.

BUDDY: I'm afraid so.

HANK: Now, Jinx, if everybody's ready we'll start the proceedings. I want everyone to do exactly the things they were doing the night that Fulton was killed, do you see?

JINX: Sure, I see.

HANK: All right, you can tell all your performers that. The people in the audience I'm not interested in—much. We'll start with the beginning of the show. Let's see, what was your first number?

JINX: Rita Pickett—the girl you brought back with you—opened the show with a song. Then the quartet sang—and then Stearns and Kinsey did their dance specialty.

HANK: And it was during that dance specialty, if I remember correctly, that Fulton was shot.

JINX: That's right.

HANK: O. K. You go and tell all your performers what to do—and I'll make my arrangements. When I'm ready, I'll tell you, and we'll start the show.

JINX: All right, Hank. I'll tell 'em now.

JEANNE: Buddy!

BUDDY: Hello, Jeanne.

JEANNE: Buddy, they brought you back—for this?

JEANNE: Oh!

BUDDY: What's the matter, Jeanne? Don't worry. Everything'll come out all right.

JEANNE: Oh, but Buddy—it took this to bring you back!

BUDDY: Listen, Jeanne, I wanted to come back. You know that. I didn't dare—that's all.

JEANNE: Didn't dare?

BUDDY: No.

JEANNE: Then—you do know something about—that night?

BUDDY: I know that you and I had a fight that night, Jeanne. I know that I've been struggling along to try and keep my head ever since.

JEANNE: But you didn't have enough thought for my feelings to tell me where you were, or what you were doing.

BUDDY: I didn't think you'd want me to, Jeanne. I somehow felt that you never wanted to see me again—after that night.

JEANNE: Oh, Buddy!

BUDDY: Nothing seems right without you, Jeanne. I opened this week on big time, but it didn't mean anything

without you there.

JEANNE: I've been here all the time, Buddy—waiting for you to come back.

BUDDY: Well—I'm here now, dear. Am I—too late?

JEANNE: I don't know, Buddy. I'll tell you when—when tonight's over.

BUDDY: Why, what do you mean, dear?

JEANNE: I mean that—a great many things may happen that will surprise us. That's all.

BUDDY: But you'll give me your answer before I go?

JEANNE: Yes.

BUDDY: And we do the same dance again tonight—the one that we used to do here.

JEANNE: Yes.

BUDDY: Oh, Jeanne, don't you know that I love you?

JEANNE: I think you do, Buddy.

BUDDY: I won't ask you if you love me—yet. But will you promise me that—whatever happens here tonight—you'll give me the chance to tell you that again?

JEANNE: Yes, Buddy, I promise. Now let's go over and see what's on the program.

PETE: Chief!

HANK: Well—what is it, Pete?

PETE: I've got him!

HANK: Yeah? How does he look?

PETE: Swell, chief. Gosh—I didn't know he could look so good.

HANK: Where is he?

PETE: I put him out there in the ante-room, and locked the door. Is that O.K.?

HANK: That's fine, Pete.

PETE: When will you want to use him?

HANK: We'll keep him for a last resort. If everything else fails, I'll fall back on him. If you see that we need him, bring him in. You know what to do with him.

PETE: Yeah—that part's all set, chief. Well—I'll be handy by if you want to see me.

HANK: All right, boy.

PETE: So long, Bailey.

HANK: So long, Pete.

HANK: All right, Jinx—your show all set?

JINX: Yeah—everything all set, Hank. I'm kind of nervous about this thing, though. I've got a lot of good customers in here tonight, and I hate to lose them by frightening them to death.

HANK: Don't worry about that. I'll take care of things. Now remember—don't leave out a single detail of what happened the night of the murder. If you see anything going wrong—stop and we'll start again. It must be just the same way.

JINX: I understand.

HANK: All right. Tell them to start off with Rita Pickett's number. Oh Miss Pickett! We're starting the show. Get ready, and do exactly as you did the last night you were here.

RITA: O.K. Only—I broke on one of my high notes that night, because I had a cold. Do I have to do that again? It may ruin me with my public if it happens twice, you know.

HANK: No—you won't have to do that again. There—they're ready for you. Go ahead!

LEE SONG IN FULL WITH ORCHESTRA.

PETE: Nothing wrong there, chief.

HANK: No—that's all O.K.

PETE: You know—maybe they're not doing the same things that they were on the other night, chief.

HANK: I've got a hunch they're following things pretty closely, Pete. They would, you know, until they get to the point where it happened. Then every-

body will act self conscious. Some of 'em will do the right things—and some of 'em will do the wrong things—and they won't match. That's where I come in.

PETE: Bailey—did you find out much about this wise-cracking Rita Pickett?

HANK: Sure, I found out about her—why?

PETE: Did she know Roy Fulton?

HANK: Yes—she knew him fairly well, I guess. Why?

PETE: Did you know that she and little Jeanne Kinsey had a fight on the night of the murder—over a man?

HANK: No—I didn't, Pete. That's a fast one. Where did you get that?

PETE: I just overheard a conversation. They're not speaking yet.

HANK: Um-hum. Thanks, Pete—that may help, you never can tell. Well—there goes the quartet to do its bit. Let's get this and see what happens.

PETE: O.K. Chief.

QUARTET: SING S NUMBER WITH PIANO.

HANK: All right, Miss Kinsey. Ready for your dance?

JEANNE: Yes.

HANK: Good. Tell me first, though—did you know Roy Fulton?

JEANNE: (PAUSE) Yes.

HANK: Oh—is that so? Then why did you say after the murder that you didn't know him?

JEANNE: Did I say that?

HANK: You did!

JEANNE: I—I—listen—Buddy didn't—I don't know anything.

HANK: If you're trying to tell me that Buddy didn't do it—I think you're right. But that doesn't help me any. Is it true that you had a fight over a man on the night of the killing?

JEANNE: Why—yes.

HANK: And that fight was with Rita Pickett?

JEANNE: Oh—yes. Why are you asking me all these things?

HANK: Because you forgot to mention them at the inquest. That's all—go ahead and do your dance routine with Buddy. How did you work it?

JEANNE: Well—I'd go out and do a chorus first—and then the lights would go out and while it was dark, Buddy would come out and join me on the floor.

HANK: I see. Well—let it go, and we'll try it. I'll pull the lights myself. Go ahead—there's the orchestra.

HANK: Wait a minute there, Miss Pickett. What are you doing over on this side?

RITA: Well—you said you wanted everybody to go where they were when the murder took place. I was over here trying to get acquainted with a big butter and egg man. I can't do the job properly, because he's not here tonight. But I'll look for another, and—

HANK: All right—all right. Find a seat near where you were and sit down. I want to talk to you later on. Say! Stop that music, Jinx, will you?

RITA: Well—the murderer didn't come out and give himself up, did he?

HANK: Beat it, will you?

PETE: Say—chief—how about it?

HANK: Nothing happened, Pete. So—bring him in this time, and see what happens.

PETE: O.K. chief. Say—are you following up that hunch I told you about?

HANK: Yeah—now hurry along. And bring him in at just the right moment—you know when.

PETE: Sure.

JINX: Well, Hank—how's it working. Got any clues yet?

HANK: No—not yet, Jinx. But I'm going to do that part over again. Something was wrong with that.

(Continued on page 118)

Chain Calendar Features



Internationally known as a composer and the conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, Eugene Goossens has been heard as a guest artist in the Baldwin hour through the NBC Sundays at 7:30 (EST).

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m.				Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6		
The Balladeers.										
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW					
454.3	660	WEAF								
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30										
Metropolitan Echoes.										
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
221.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC					
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ					
1 National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Program.										
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ					
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF					
2 Trolka Bells										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
265.3	1130	KSL	344.6	870	WLS					
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF					
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD					
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR					
2 Roxy Symphony Concert.										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC					
234.2	1280	WBEC	394.5	760	WJZ					
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR					
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW					
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ					
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WFAA					
305.9	980	KDKA								
12:30 11:30 2:30 1:30										
Milady's Musicians.										
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
265.3	1130	KSL	344.6	870	WLS					
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF					
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW					
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD					
3 Chicago Symphony Orchestra.										
Key Station—Chicago Studios.										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620	WTMJ					
234.2	1280	WBEC	491.5	610	WDAF					
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW					
399.8	750	WJR	545.1	550	KSD					
416.4	720	WGN								
4 Symphonic Hour.										
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)										
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX					
209.7	1430	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC					
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ					
215.7	1390	KFY	333.1	900	WFBL					
223.7	1340	WSPD	234.2	1280	WDOD					
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC					
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO					
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN					
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	WMAQ					
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAL					
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WCAO					
243.9	1230	WNAC	486.5	640	WAIU					
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO					
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC					
267.7	1120	WISN	535.4	560	KLZ					
			545.1	550	WKRC					

Eastern 4		Central 3		Mountain 2		Pacific 1	
Cathedral Hour.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN		
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX		
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC		
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL		
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK		
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC		
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO		
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN		
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC		
243.9	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ		
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL		
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO		
5 p.m. 4 3							
McKesson News Reel of the Air.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU		
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO		
204	1470	KFIF	267.7	1120	WISN		
208.2	440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX		
215.6	950	KMBC	288.3	1040	KRLD		
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN		
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WBRC		
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ		
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KHJ		
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL		
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN		
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO		
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR		
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ		
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL		
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC		
238	1260	WLBW	497.7	600	WREC		
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC		
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ		
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC		
243.9	1230	WNAC					
6:30 5:30 4:30 3:30							
Whittall Anglo-Persians.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO		
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA		
234.2	1280	WBEC	379.5	790	KGO		
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ		
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR		
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW		
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KPO		
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI		
302.8	990	WBZ	483.5	620	KGW		
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ		
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ		
Old Company's Songalogue.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI		
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG		
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT		
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR		
454.3	660	WEAF					
7:30 6:30 5:30 4:30							
Heroes of the World.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR		
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	WLS		
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA		
234.2	1280	WBEC	365.6	820	WHAS		
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY		
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC		
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB		
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTE		
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF		
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ		
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM		
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF		
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI		
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG		
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT		
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR		
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD		
333.1	900	WKY					
333.1	900	WJAX					
7:30 6:30 5:30 4:30							
Major Bowes' Family.							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
206.8	1450	WFJC	405.8	740	WSB		
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WEAF		
252	1190	WOAI	508.2	590	WOW		
299.8	1000	WHO	545.1	550	KSD		
315.6	950	WRC	325.9	920	WWJ		
333.1	900	WKY	225.4	1330	WSAI		
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WIOD		
365.6	820	WHAS	280.2	1070	WTAM		
379.5	790	WGY	288.3	1040	KTMS		
384.4	780	WMC					
7:30 6 5 4							
At the Baldwin.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY		
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA		
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS		
234.2	1280	WBEC	384.4	780	WMC		
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ		
260.7							

Eastern 9:15 p.m.		Central 8:15		Mountain 7:15		Pacific 6:15	
Atwater Kent Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC	205.4	1460
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KPRC	245.6	1220
252	1190	WAOI	325.9	920	WWJ	252	1190
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KOMO	265.3	1130
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WKY	280.2	1070
288.3	1040	WFAA	361.2	830	KOA	288.3	1040
299.8	1000	WHO	374.8	800	WSAI	299.8	1000
10:30		9:30		8:30		7:30	

Arabesque.		Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call		
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO		
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX		
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC		
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL		
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO		
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN		
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM		
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL		
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO		
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC		
10:15		9:15		8:15		7:15	

Studebaker Champions.		Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN
234.2	1280	WBC	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHO
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

Royal's Poet of the Organ, Jesse Crawford.		Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	500	WKRC
10:45		9:45		8:45	

Sunday at Seth Parker's.		Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
208.6	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ
234.2	1280	WBC	333.1	900	WKY
245.6	1220	WCAE	333.1	900	WJAX
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
11		10		9	

Longines Time.		Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call		
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA		
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ		
302.8	990	WBZA					
11:45		10:45		9:45		8:45	

Armchair Quartet.		Key Station—WJZ			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA			

Monday

10 a.m. Ida Bailey Allen.		9		8		7	
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL	227.1	1320
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK	232.4	1290
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO	238	1260
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WBBM	243.8	1230
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL	256.3	1170
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO	258.5	1160
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC	267.7	1120



Rosa Raisa, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera, had the title role in Aida, presented by the NBC on Monday evening at 11 o'clock (EST).

Eastern 11:15 a.m.		Central 10:15		Mountain 9:15		Pacific 8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	205.4	1460
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	245.6	1220
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ	280.2	1070
293.9	1020	KFKX	508.2	590	WEEI	293.9	1020
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT	319	940
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD	325.9	920
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR	336.9	890
374.8	800	WSAI				374.8	800

1 p.m. National Farm and Home Hour.		12 n. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)		11 a.m. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)		10 a.m. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY	222.1	1350
234.2	1280	WBC	361.2	830	WJAX	234.2	1280
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	KOA	245.8	1220
252	1190	WAOI	374.8	800	WHAS	252	1190
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WFAA	260.7	1150
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WMC	263	1140
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJZ	270.1	1110
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW	277.6	1080
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WTF	282.8	1060
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM	293.9	1020
299.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ	299.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF	302.8	990
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW	305.9	980
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD	315.6	950

2 Patterns in Prints.		1 p.m. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)		12 Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)		11 a.m. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN	204	1470
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM	227.1	1320
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI	232.4	1290
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL	238	1260
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ	243.8	1230
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC	256.3	1170
7		6		5		4	

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.		See "10:30 C. S. T." Listing			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	434.8	690	CKGW
305.9	980	KDKA			

7:30 Roxy and His Gang.		6:30 Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)		5:30 Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)		4:30 Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL	222.1	1350
227.1	1320	WSMB	315.6	960	WRC	227.1	1320
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR	263	1140
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB	282.8	1060
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM	302.8	990
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD	305.9	980

8 The Voice of Firestone.		7 Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)		6 Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)		5 Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY	205.4	1460
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR	206.8	1450
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	225.4	1330
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY	227.1	1320
234.2	1280	WBC	384.4	780	WMC	234.2	1280
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB	245.6	1220
252	1190	WAOI	454.3	660	WEAF	252	1190
263	1140	KVOO	461.3	650	WSM	263	1140
263	1140	WAPI	483.6	620	WTMJ	263	1140
270.1	1110	WRVA	491.5	610	WDAF	270.1	1110
277.6	1080	WBT	499.7	600			



One of America's best known singers, Morton Downey, has appeared as a guest artist with the C. A. Earle orchestra, heard over the NBC Tuesday nights at 10:30.

Eastern 11 p.m.		Central 10		Mountain 9		Pacific 8	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX	204	1470
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ	209.7	1430
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC	215.7	1390
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK	223.7	1340
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO	227.1	1320
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN	230.6	1300
232.6	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KVI	232.6	1290
234.2	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ	232.6	1290
238	1260	WLWB	475.9	630	WMAL	234.2	1280
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO	238	1260
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC	238	1260
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC	241.8	1240
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ	243.8	1230
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	256.3	1170
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC	258.5	1160

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY	204	1470
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB	215.7	1390
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	WPTF	223.7	1340
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	227.1	1320
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	232.4	1290
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	238	1260
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC	238	1260
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	241.8	1240
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WTAG	243.8	1230
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WBO	256.3	1170
325.9	920	WVJ	526	570	WFI	267.7	1120
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WGR		
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550			

Eastern 1 p.m.		Central 12 noon		Mountain 11 a.m.		Pacific 10 a.m.	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY	245.8	1220
333.1	900	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC	263	1140
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ	270.1	1110
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW	282.8	1060
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBY	491.5	610	WDAF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW	305.9	980
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD		

Eastern 9 p.m.		Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
333.1	900	WFBL	475.9	630	WMAL	333.1	900
348.6	860	WABC	499.7	600	WREC	348.6	860
370.2	810	WCCO	499.7	600	WCAO	370.2	810
384.4	780	WEAN	526	570	KMTR	384.4	780
384.4	780	WTAR	526	570	WWNC	389.4	770
389.4	770	WBBM	535.4	560	KLZ		



From the legitimate stage, Evelyn De LaTour now is a regular member of the "Show Folks" company over CBS Tuesday evenings at six o'clock.

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	7:30	6:30	5:30	4:30
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR	205.4	1460
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA	225.4	1330
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB	263	1140
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF	263	1140
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM	263.9	1130
263.9	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI	270.1	1110
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	288.3	1040
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WRC	508.2	590	KHO	315.6	950
315.6	950	WOW	508.2	590	WEEI	319	940
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WWTG	325.9	920
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WVJ	333.1	900
333.1	900	KOMO	535.4	560	WVJ	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WVJ	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WVJ	333.1	900

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11	10	9	8	8	7	6	5
Around the Samovar.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WNAC	399.7	600	WCAO	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	500	WEAN	275.1	1090
275.1	1090	WMOX	545.1	500	WKRC	258.5	1160

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30	8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station Chicago Studio							
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WISN	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	265.3	1130
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5	610	WDAF	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHO	325.9	920

Wednesday

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10 a.m.	9	8	7	7	6	5	4
National Home Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI	280.2	1070
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI	319	940
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WWTG	325.9	920
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WVJ	336.9	890
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WVJ	336.9	890

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10	9	8	7	7	6	5	4
Ida Bailey Allen.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)							
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC	239.9	1250
239.9	1250	WRHM	389.4	770	WBBM	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL	245.6	1220
245.6	1220	WCAU	545.1	500	WKRC	256.3	1170



This internationally famous actor, Pedro de Cordoba, is the "Voice of Intervals" in the Westinghouse Salute, which is heard over the NBC Wednesdays at 7:30 (EST).

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45	7:45	6:45	5:45	4:45
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WSMB	302.8	990	WBZA	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR	263	1140
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR	282.8	1060
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB	293	1020
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15	8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP	245.6	1220
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY	263	1140
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC	270.1	1110
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF	280.2	1070
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM	288.3	1040
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	319	940
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WWTG	325.9	920
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WVJ	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WVJ	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WVJ	336.9	890
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WVJ		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30	8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30
Columbia Noon Day Club.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.	8 a.m.	7 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	KYW	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC	263	1140
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJR	270.1	1110
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW	282.8	1060
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW	305.9	980
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WTOD		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
2	1	12 n.	11 a.m.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.	8 a.m.
Patterns in Prints.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC		



Vincent Lopez himself, as conductor of the Thursday night (7:30) Kyelectroneers, National Broadcasting company program.

Thursday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
Cheerio.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7
315.6	950	WRC	508.2
319	940	WCSH	508.2
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9
325.9	920	WVI	526.0
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1
10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00
Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.			
Key Station—(348.6m-860kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4
238	1260	WLWB	475.9
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30
Busy Fingers.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
49.2	6120	W2XE	238
201.2	1490	WLAC	238
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3
215.7	1390	KLKA	258.5
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4
238	1260	KOIL	468.5
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1
256.3	1170	WCAU	550
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30
Du Barry Beauty Talk.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5
204	1470	WKBW	267.7
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4
238	1260	KOIL	468.5
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1
256.3	1170	WCAU	550
11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45
Columbia Noon Day Club. Tropical Tramps.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
204	1470	WKBW	333.1
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2
238	1260	KOIL	389.4
238	1260	WLWB	475.9
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7
315.6	950	KMBC	535.4
1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1
238	1260	WJAS	361.2
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6
252	1190	WAOI	374.8
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4
263	1140	KVOO	399.8
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3
282.8	1060	WBAL	468.5
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1
5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00
Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9
315.6	950	WRC	535.4
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1
7	6	5	4
See "10:30 CST" Listing			
The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9
302.8	990	WBZA	315.6
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8
8	7	6	5
Fleischmann Hour.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
206.8	1450	WFIC	365.6
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9
315.6	950	WRC	535.4
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1
7	6	5	4
Key Station—Chicago Studios			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8
238	1260	WJAS	399.8
245.8	1220	WREN	447.5
265.2	1130	KSL	483.6
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2
325.5	920	KPIC	590

Eastern 8	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5
Lehn & Fink Serenade.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9
249.9	1200	KPRC	333.1
252	1190	WAOI	374.8
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30
Champion Sparkers.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3
9	8	7	6
Truo Detective Mysteries.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
204	1470	WKBW	256.3
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4
238	1260	KOIL	389.4
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1
243.8	1230	WNAC	550
6	5	4	3
Seiberling Singers.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
206.8	1450	WFIC	454.3
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5
245.8	1220	WCAE	483.6
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2
315.6	950	WRC	508.2
319	940	WCSH	516.9
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1
379.5	790	WGY	550
379.5	790	KGO	590
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30
Maxwell House Melodies.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6
238	1260	WJAS	374.8
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1
6	5	4	3
Around The Samovar.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
204	1470	WKBW	275.1
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6
238	1260	KOIL	370.2
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4
243.8	1230	WNAC	399.7
256.3	1170	WCAU	447.5
258.5	1160	WOWO	475.9
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1
7	6	5	4
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4
302.8	990	WBZA	416.4
8	7	6	5



Coming to the United States only a few months ago from Italy, Nino Martini appears as the principal in the Grand Opera company concert of Columbia Wednesday night at eight o'clock.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern (10:00 p.m.), Central (9:00), Mountain (8:00), Pacific (7:00). Lists stations and call letters under 'Victor Program'.

Longine's Correct Time.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Longine's Correct Time'.

Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy'.

Friday

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Friday'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'National Home Hour'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Salon Singers'.



After making a successful Radio debut back in 1926 Bobbie Perkins has been kept busy filling theatrical engagements. She was induced to appear, however, in the Brown-Bilt Footlites program, which is heard over the Columbia system Fridays at 8 P. M. (EST).

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Salon Singers'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Evening Stars'.

National Farm and Home Hour.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'National Farm and Home Hour'.

Patterns in Prints.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Patterns in Prints'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'The Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Cities Service Concert Orchestra and the Cavaliers'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Brown-Bilt Footlites'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Interwoven Pair'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Harbor Lights'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'True Story Hour'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Harbor Lights'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'True Story Hour'.



Quite a background! It's Phoebe Crosby, operatic and concert soprano, as a guest soloist with the "Something for Everyone" program from WABC and the CBS Thursday mornings.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Philco's Theater Memories'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Schradertown Band'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Bremer-Tully Time'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Armstrong Quakers'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists stations under 'Armour Program'.



Guest soloist with the National orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, Arcadie Birkenholz was a hit on the eight o'clock Saturday evening program over the NBC.

Eastern 10:30 p.m.		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30	
Armour Program.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
461.3	650	WWSM	483.6	620	WTMJ		
468.5	640	KFI			KHQ		
483.6	620	KGW					
Mystery House.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.8	1220	WCAE	299.8	1000	WOC	315.6	950
299.8	1000	WRC	325.9	920	WWJ		
315.6	920	WWJ					
325.9	920	WWJ					
Longine's Correct Time.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.8	1220	WREN	260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990
260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZA	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA					
302.8	990	WBZA					
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	222.1	1350	KWK	234.2	1280
222.1	1350	KWK	245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190
234.2	1280	WREB	245.8	1220	WREB	252	1190
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI	265.2	1130
252	1190	WOAI	265.2	1130	KSL	283.9	1020
265.2	1130	KSL	299.8	1000	KYW	299.8	1000
283.9	1020	KYW	325.5	920	KECA	325.5	920
299.8	1000	KECA			KPIC		
325.5	920	KPIC					
325.9	920	KOMO					

Saturday

Eastern 6:45 a.m.		Central 5:45		Mountain 4:45		Pacific 3:45	
Tower Health Exercises.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.6	1220	WCAE	315.6	950	WRC	379.5	790
315.6	950	WRC	379.5	790	WGY	454.3	660
379.5	790	WGY					
454.3	660	WEAF					
Morning Devotions.							
Key Station—WCAE (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.8	1220	WCAE	315.6	950	WRC	379.5	790
315.6	950	WRC	379.5	790	WGY		
379.5	790	WGY					
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.1	1480	WCKY	205.4	1460	KSTP	234.2	1280
205.4	1460	KSTP	234.2	1280	WREB	333.1	900
234.2	1280	WREB	245.8	1220	WCAE	263	1140
245.8	1220	WCAE	263	1140	WAPI	263	1140
263	1140	WAPI	263	1140	KVOO	299.8	1000
263	1140	KVOO	315.6	950	WRC	319	940
299.8	1000	WRC	325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920
315.6	950	WRC	325.9	920	KPRC		
319	940	WCSH					
325.9	920	WWJ					
325.9	920	KPRC					
Parnassus String Trio.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
222.1	1350	KWK					
Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
201.2	1490	WLAC	204	1470	WKBW	215.7	1390
201.2	1490	WLAC	204	1470	WKBW	215.7	1390
204	1470	WKBW	215.7	1390	WHK	223.7	1340
204	1470	WKBW	215.7	1390	WHK	223.7	1340
215.7	1390	WHK	223.7	1340	WSPD	227.1	1320
215.7	1390	WHK	223.7	1340	WSPD	227.1	1320
223.7	1340	WSPD	232.4	1290	WJAS	232.4	1290
223.7	1340	WSPD	232.4	1290	WJAS	232.4	1290
227.1	1320	WADC	232.4	1290	WJAS	232.4	1290
227.1	1320	WADC	232.4	1290	WJAS	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	238	1260	WLBW	238	1260
232.4	1290	WJAS	238	1260	WLBW	238	1260
232.4	1290	WJAS	241.8	1240	WGHP	241.8	1240
232.4	1290	WJAS	241.8	1240	WGHP	241.8	1240
238	1260	WLBW	243.8	1230	WFBM	243.8	1230
238	1260	WLBW	243.8	1230	WFBM	243.8	1230
241.8	1240	WGHP	258.5	1120	WOWO	258.5	1120
241.8	1240	WGHP	258.5	1120	WOWO	258.5	1120
243.8	1230	WFBM					
258.5	1120	WOWO					
267.7	1120	WISN					

Eastern 11:15 a.m.		Central 10:15		Mountain 9:15		Pacific 8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	245.6	1220	WCAE	252	1190
205.4	1460	KSTP	245.6	1220	WCAE	252	1190
245.6	1220	WCAE	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
245.6	1220	WCAE	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
252	1190	WOAI	263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080
252	1190	WOAI	263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080
263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080	WBT	280.2	1070
263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080	WBT	280.2	1070
277.6	1080	WBT	293.9	1020	KFKX	293.9	1020
277.6	1080	WBT	293.9	1020	KFKX	293.9	1020
280.2	1070	WTAM	299.8	1000	WOC	315.6	950
280.2	1070	WTAM	299.8	1000	WOC	315.6	950
280.2	1070	WTAM	319	940	WCSH	319	940
280.2	1070	WTAM	319	940	WCSH	319	940
293.9	1020	KFKX	325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920
293.9	1020	KFKX	325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920
299.8	1000	WOC	333.1	900	WKY		
299.8	1000	WOC	333.1	900	WKY		
315.6	950	WRC					
315.6	950	WRC					
319	940	WCSH					
319	940	WCSH					
325.9	920	WWJ					
325.9	920	WWJ					
333.1	900	WKY					
333.1	900	WKY					
336.9	890	WJAR					
336.9	890	WJAR					
365.6	820	WHAS					
365.6	820	WHAS					
374.8	800	WBAP					
374.8	800	WBAP					
1:00 p.m. 12:00 m. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 a.m.							
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	222.1	1350	KWK	234.2	1280
205.4	1460	KSTP	222.1	1350	KWK	234.2	1280
222.1	1350	KWK	234.2	1280	WREB	333.1	900
222.1	1350	KWK	234.2	1280	WREB	333.1	900
234.2	1280	WREB	333.1	900	WKY	333.1	900
234.2	1280	WREB	333.1	900	WKY	333.1	900
333.1	900	WKY	336.9	890	WJAR	361.2	830
333.1	900	WKY	336.9	890	WJAR	361.2	830
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI	263	1140
252	1190	WOAI	263	1140	KVOO	270.1	1110
252	1190	WOAI	263	1140	KVOO	270.1	1110
260.7	1150	WHAM	270.1	1110	WRVA	277.6	1080
260.7	1150	WHAM	270.1	1110	WRVA	277.6	1080
263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080	WBT	288.3	1040
263	1140	KVOO	277.6	1080	WBT	288.3	1040
270.1	1110	WRVA	299.8	1000	WHO	299.8	1000
270.1	1110	WRVA	299.8	1000	WHO	299.8	1000
277.6	1080	WBT	315.6	950	WRC	319	940
277.6	1080	WBT	315.6	950	WRC	319	940
282.8	1060	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920
282.8	1060	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920
288.3	1040	KTHS					
288.3	1040	KTHS					
299.8	1000	WHO					
299.8	1000	WHO					
315.6	950	WRC					
315.6	950	WRC					
319	940	WCSH					
319	940	WCSH					
325.9	920	WWJ					
325.9	920	WWJ					
333.1	900	WKY					
333.1	900	WKY					
2:00 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 12:00 m. 11:00 a.m.							
Patterns in Prints.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
201.2	1490	WLAC	204	1470	WKBW	209.7	1430
201.2	1490	WLAC	204	1470	WKBW	209.7	1430
204	1470	WKBW	209.7	1430	WHP	215.7	1340
204	1470	WKBW	209.7	1430	WHP	215.7	1340
209.7	1430	WHP	215.7	1340	KFPY	215.7	1340
209.7	1430	WHP	215.7	1340	KFPY	215.7	

Headline Hunting With Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 35.)

ing in the little Irish port, Gibbons has on the cables one of the greatest newspaper stories ever written. It is a masterpiece both of reporting and literature. It was read on the floor of the Senate. It furnished the dramatic evidence for the overt act which sent the United States into war five weeks later.

IT IS a story full of those I weighty things called facts—the tonnage of the "Laconia," the exact hour of the torpedoing, the number and position of the lifeboats, the number of the casualties—yet, as always, Gibbons emphasizes the human element.

Across the years, I shall remember the jibbering negro in the bow of the boat, the old sea captain giving his quavering commands to be translated by the booming voice of Gibbons, the little near-sighted Jew who had lost his glasses, and quite unforgettable, the joy of the mother who finds on the patrol ship one of her missing children delivered up from another life boat.

Still from the 1917 envelope. Gibbons is greeting Pershing as he lands in Liverpool. He accompanies him across the channel to France. He is with him as he arrives in Paris, at the flag-draped, red-carpeted Gare du Nord. Blue clad poilus stand at attention. The band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." The crowd is hysterical with joy.

More clippings. The American troops have arrived in a little village on the coast of Brittany. The first American troops are going up to the front. Gibbons rides with the doughboys, tells of eight horses and four men trying to be good traveling companions in a toy French box car. Later there is a more serious picture of these same men and horses in an air raid. The final journey is by foot through a rain-soaked night, "along a road bordered with bare skeletons of shell-wrecked houses, the mud of the roadway forming a colorless paste that makes marching not unlike skating on platters of glue."

Into the trenches. A story of the first concentrated artillery action. Three minutes to zero hour—two minutes—one minute. "The black horizon belches red . . ."

Nineteen eighteen. The great German offensive. Hindenburg driving into Picardy. The retreat of the Allies toward Amiens. Foch in supreme command. Belleau Wood. The marines advancing into the lead-swept open field to the never-to-be-forgotten words of their sergeant, "Come on, you — — — do you want to live forever?"

AND then for a while there are no clippings from Gibbons. Clippings about him instead. He has been wounded. Creeping across a machine-gun swept field to the aid of the injured Major Berry, three bullets tear into his arm, and another takes out his left eye.

Gibbons, set for a new adventure in the field



For three hours he lies there until with darkness he can crawl away to safety. And all the time he lies there his mind—that trained newspaper mind of his—is clicking on with the inevitability of a taxi meter, registering impressions, that the bullets in his arm had felt like the sudden burning of a lighted cigarette, that at the moment the fourth bullet took his eye, everything turned white, not black. In the first aid station he describes the doctors, notes the talk of the other wounded men, tells the exact measure of his relief when the anti-tetanus serum arrives and the needle jabs into his abdomen. Those who wish may read the complete story of this experience in "How It Feels to be Shot," a chapter in his war book.

Still the clippings continue about him. He has won the Croix de Guerre. He has a citation from General Petain.

And as if this weren't adventure enough, there are eleven more adventure-filled years.

In the 1919 envelope are stories from the Irish revolution.

In the 1920 one, tales of the American occupation of Germany, the bombing in Bucharest, civil war in Germany, the activities of the soviets in Russia. In this file I learn that he has been made foreign chief of his paper's pan-European news bureau.

In the 1921 file is his 2,000 mile trip by rail, motor, horse and boat through famine-scourged Russia. From towns with the queer sounding names of Syzran, Samara, Kazan, come tales of starvation, cholera, filth, stench, lice. There is a description of a dying child, its horribly protruding stomach filled with clay. His dispatches speed relief. He reports the work of Hoover and Kellogg.

Nineteen twenty-two. There is the election and the coronation of the Pope in Rome. There are elections—not so peaceful, these—in Ireland. There is the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

IN 1923 he carries the first United States flag across the Sahara Dessert, in a three months camel trip from Colomb Beehar to Timbuctoo. There are descriptions of the kingdom of the Touaregs where men go veiled and women are uncovered. The king of the Touaregs gives him a message to President Harding. There are the tales of the expedition's hardships, of being lost, of thirst, of semi-starvation. A picture in one of the clippings shows Gibbons in native costume, wearing turban, baggy trousers, a long beard. At Timbuctoo he learns France has made him a chevalier of the legion of honor. He goes down the west coast of Africa, visits Liberia, Portuguese Guiana, the British gold coast.

In 1924 clippings tell of the situation in New Zealand and Australia.

Nineteen twenty-five. He is in the Philippines, China, Manchuria, Siberia, and Morocco.

The 1926 clippings tell of his survey of Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkans, of the war in Poland.

Nineteen twenty-seven he devotes to writing "The Red Napoleon." Whatever your opinion of the book may be, whether you are pacifist or militarist, you must admit the author knows whereof he writes.

In 1928 he takes a four thousand mile air cruise over the Carribean.

This year he is taking his first rest in fourteen years, and while "resting" he gives Radio talks, prepared lectures, plans his expedition to South America.

I have come to the end of the clippings. In my hands I hold the very stuff of Floyd Gibbons' life—his day by day diary, the stories he often risked

his life to get, the inexhaustible material which furnishes the background for his books, from which he draws for his lectures and Radio talks.

Not that he has reached the arm chair stage or that henceforth he will be content merely to turn over the closely written, thrill-packed pages of his memory. That adventure-seeking, adventure-making mind of his which so long ago saw the news value of ordinary events happening to ordinary human beings, is already reaching out to the one continent he has never visited—South America.

In 1930 he plans an expedition which will blaze an automobile road up and down the length of the two Americas, from Tierra del Fuego to the sandy beach at Nome, Alaska. It is Gibbons' hope that this Western Hemisphere Trail will not only open up a practicable motor route between the two continents but will foster inter-American friendship.

So it goes. To him that hath shall be given. To him who can make a good story of an insignificant event affecting an insignificant life, will be given not only to report but to participate in events which affect many lives.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

fired point-blank at that man Kennedy. He must have sensed it, dropped to the floor the instant Trix shot the lights out, then crawled along the floor and got Trix. He's got her now between me and him! What d'yer say, boys? Big Boy's out. I'll take yer up on that, McNaught, if Kennedy promises. I trust him."

"I'll promise!" repeated Kennedy. "Not a shot—and we'll leave just as we are if you'll put us next to Ryder Smith."

Donato came from behind a door in a cellar arch. He stuck forth a grimy paw toward Kennedy, who grasped it and they shook hands.

"Now where is he?" reiterated Kennedy.

"I don't know."

There was a tense moment. Was the gangster playing fair or was he making unscrupulous sport of us? The two men stood for an instant in the middle of the cellar floor under the light looking into each other's eyes, sizing each other up.

Whatever it was he saw it must have satisfied Craig. "All right. I'll take your word. Find out."

"I will. I'll find out and let you know the minute I get it."

"You won't tip him off?"

"Say!" There was a trace of injured dignity in Donato's tone. "What d'yer think I am—a gentleman?"

A smile played around Kennedy's mouth. "You love like one." He cast a sidewise look at Trix that suggested he was thinking of Maisie. "But you act according to the code. No; I don't think you're a gentleman. I trust you. When will you let me know?"

"As soon as I can locate him," Don was quiet. He appreciated the compliment Kennedy was paying him. "I will locate you wherever you are and let you know. You know I can do that." There was bravado in it, but there was also that new sincerity bred of the racketeer code modernizing the old legend of "honor among thieves."

"**I** AM satisfied." Craig relaxed his hold on Trixie's wrists and turned to us. "Come, McNaught; come on, Walter. We'll make our exit through that cellar window McNaught broke to get in. Of course, we don't know a thing

about the Castle. It wouldn't do much good—tomorrow, say, anyway. Everything would be changed, even the real headquarters. We'll give you a break. You give us a break. The next move is yours—locate Ryder Smith. Then the next move is mine. Whatever happens it'll be a square deal. You know that."

"If it's you—not these revenuers, we do."

"It will be I," assured Kennedy. "You heard him, McNaught? This is my case from now on."

"O. K."

"Let's go! So long, men!" Kennedy stood and waited for us, first McNaught, then myself to scramble up through the narrow slit of a window. "Say—you got some grip—Craig!" This was Trixie. The familiarity was that of the feminism of the gun girl, fifty-fifty in crime, pay and punishment. There was frank admiration for Craig, the man, in it.

"Lay off, Trix!" Donato growled, jealously.

To that extent Trixie enjoyed it. It was evidence of her unbroken hold still of Don in spite of the untoward events of the night before. But there was a wistfulness, too. She knew she never could have the hold on Kennedy that would put these two in conflict over her. She strove with herself and was a good sport.

"Well, so long—Mister Kennedy!" She said it with a mock obeisance toward Don. "But it's some way you have of holding hands, let me say!"

Kennedy smiled and bowed. "They're some hands, Trix. If they were mine, I'd know they were mine—no one else's. So long, Trix—everybody." He swung himself up and followed Judy Hancock whom he had already lifted so that McNaught and I could pull her through the window with a minimum of cobwebs and grime.

McNaught turned to call off the small army he had posted about the Castle, while Judy, Kennedy and I trudged around the gravel path to the car Craig had parked in front.

He started the engine, released the brakes and we could almost coast down the long winding road to the flat level along which we sped a few miles to the dock where the "All Alone" was tied up.

Judy was silent; she had been revolving something in her mind.

"I don't think I'll ever forget, if I live a hundred years, the sinking sensation, Mr. Kennedy, when I was there in the dark surrounded by them and I thought you were dead on the floor. But—" She paused.

"But what, Judy?" I prompted.

She looked at Kennedy reproachfully. "But why did you come away defeated, when McNaught had them covered at every angle? In the cellar I didn't believe it. I thought it was a bluff. But I saw them outside."

"Defeated?" repeated Craig.

"Yes. You could have cleaned up the whole bunch and then by one of your scientific third degrees you could have found what you wanted from them. But now—we don't know a thing more about Ryder Smith or anything else than we did when we were last on this dock."

"**S**UPPOSE I had rounded up the lot of them," remarked Craig looking at her like an elder brother. "I would have been playing the Government's game—perhaps. But I would have lost my case. I am not in this to fight the battles of prohibition enforcement. I am here to bring to justice the slayer of that little girl, Lola Langhorne, whom we found dead in the cabin of your friend, Ev Barr's boat, the 'Gigolo.'

And I am here to set you straight, too, my dear, for the sake of your father for whom I have a genuine regard. Do you think I would have accomplished either of my purposes if I had played McNaught's game?"

"Well, no; perhaps not."

"No 'perhaps' about it. I don't even know whether those above McNaught want the Rum-runner gang to slip between his fingers. But I do know that just now if McNaught tried a round-up he would get a lot of small fry. The leaders would slip through the net. There wouldn't be an indictment; or, if there was, not a trial. Then at the same time shipments of the stuff would be diverted to other ports in safety. There might be a couple of small fines, but the cases of most of the small fry, even, would be dismissed because of lack of evidence. McNaught's whole case would collapse. The net result would be that Deitz and others like him would lose a few thousand dollars. They would figure that in as if it were a customs duty or a liquor license, and on the total of their transactions by a process like insurance the public would foot the bill by paying the cost that is passed along to the ultimate consumer. Who then would pay?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it that way. Who?"

"You would be one."

"I? I don't buy the stuff."

"I don't mean that. What I mean is that the gang would shut up like clams. There wouldn't be a word from them that would involve any one of them. They would talk a lot, give a lot of dumb answers to wise questions—and in the end we'd find Judy Hancock and Ev Barr and all of you that are honest so involved that it would take a lot of money and a lot of influence to set you straight, while the gang cases would be thrown out of court for lack of evidence. Then I would have one failure tacked to my name. I would have one unsolved case, the 'Gigolo' murder of Lola Langhorne. I can't afford it. I have to show results. I have to put my hands on the murderer of Lola. I have to get you out of this mess and set your feet straight. No one is going to make a speech in Congress and no people are going to march grimly to the polls to vote their confidence that black is white for me."

"Then you—trust Don the Dude? You think he'll squeal on Captain Ryder Smith?"

"I don't think it—I know it. Within less than twenty-four hours I will have Ryder Smith or know where he is."

Chapter XIV.

ANOTHER GREEN DEATH CLUE

I SAW that Kennedy was looking at Judy from the corner of his eye. "There's just one thing more you can do."

"I? What can I do?" She was not seeking to avoid anything.

"It has to do with Ev Barr."

She met Craig's eye frankly. "If it's something to help Ev, I'll do it. Ev would do it for me."

"That's the proper gang spirit," he smiled. "At least society isn't any worse than the rumrunners and racketeers—at heart. Thanks, lots, Judy. I want to leave a message here for McNaught. I'll put it in a note. Then we'll get back in the car and shoot across to Staten Island and the Brooklyn ferry."

"What—back to the North Shore?" She was a bit startled.

Kennedy nodded as he hastily penned his message and left it with the revenue man in charge of the "All Alone."

There was nothing eventful or worth noting in the long ride from the Highlands to Harbor County. Comparatively little was said by either Kennedy or Judy. But I felt sure, long before the journey was half over, of just what was in Kennedy's mind. It was a safe conclusion that Judy might know where Ev Barr had disappeared. The only question was: Would she tell?

I was as much in the dark as to Kennedy's next move as was Judy and I know I was quite as surprised when we swung along the north shore road at last into the little harbor town and Craig turned along the Beach Road until he pulled up before a basin on the west side where we could see several yachts—among them the 'Gigolo' which had been floated and towed in to the basin where it was being held by the Government.

"Like a criminal," remarked Craig, "I often return to the scene of the crime!"

Judy was inclined to hang back as we entered the enclosure of the yacht basin, parked the car and started forward down the dock where the 'Gigolo' was being held.

"I thought it was time I came to see what had happened to your friend Ev Barr's boat," commented Kennedy, building, I knew, to some effect on little Judy. "To say nothing," he added casually, "as to just what they might have on him."

Judy winced at the very thought contained in the last remark. Craig knew she would but paid no attention to it.

As we came aboard and started down the steps that led into the cabin of the 'Gigolo' Judy stopped and with a little cry clutched my arm.

"I can't help it, Mr. Jameson," she cried, "but I'm thinking of poor Lola all the time!"

I took her arm. "Just bear up, Judy," I encouraged. "It's necessary."

"I suppose so. But it's awful. Those last hours of Lola—last minutes, I mean, maybe seconds, must have been terrible. When you know a person as I knew Lola and something dreadful like this—this murder happens to her, with all her experience, there must be something, some Power, that protects me, with all the things I don't know! Oh, I wish I could have been there to help her!"

"You can thank your stars you weren't," rejoined Kennedy grimly. "What do you suppose you could have done?"

"I don't know," she replied helplessly. "I don't know, even, what happened. Do you?" she appealed.

"I AM not going to tell—yet." Kennedy was evidently building up his chain of evidence, link by link. Some links were not yet welded into the chain. "Now, that's the chair in which she was slumped forward over the table at this point—and a plate of grapes, half eaten, before her." He paused.

Judy steeled herself to look. I knew her type. She was one whose active, vivacious mind saw pictures; not mere abstract words. She saw Lola in the chair, dead, and the grapes.

"D-do you think that had anything to do with the Green Death, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked. "I mean the grapes?" She wrinkled her brow in perplexity.

"Grapes before her, half-eaten, seeds and all," continued Craig. "Then, to cap it all, the doctor out here best qualified to perform an autopsy finds in her stomach not a trace of poison—yet she has been poisoned!"

Judy was silent. That was a mystery. It had baffled me. I had thought of it a great many times. Poisoned—and yet

no trace of a poison by what seemed to be the simple and most direct means of administering it!

We looked about the boat, in the hold, on the decks, in the cabins, the still wet lockers, the ruined kitchenette, at the cases that had not yet been removed, the contraband that had motivated this mad escapade. It seemed that we had looked everywhere. But we could find nothing that suggested to me at least even a clue to the crime. As far as one could discover there was nothing that seemed to have happened, nothing that had been left behind or that had been touched or removed that had the least relation to the crime.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, thinking aloud for our benefit, "it's bad that we could not have given Captain Ryder Smith the third degree right here in this cabin that night. There isn't much here to clear up a mystery, is there?"

"No." I was forced to agree with him. My own spirits which had risen with my faith in him at the handling of the ticklish raid on the Castle had cooled considerably now when I saw the paucity of the evidence against anyone for the murder of Lola and what a prima facie case there was against little Judy Hancock as far as it went.

Judy was very quiet, answering, very docilely, all Kennedy's questions, some personal ones at that. She was harried. Without a word she took his admonishment, his criticism, and I thought sometimes when I saw her lips tremble that he was rubbing it in. But he meant it to be a good lesson to her. And something else. Finally he played his trump.

"Judy, can you stand another ordeal?" he asked.

"I'll try!" Her eyes were raised beseechingly.

"Then, follow me."

We climbed back into the car and motored up to the business part of the town. Judy paled again as he set his brakes before an undertaking establishment.

She got out slowly and thoughtfully. With heavy feet she followed us across the sidewalk and into the reception foyer. Only once she looked at me and gasped, "Must I?"

I shrugged. I was following Kennedy. I knew he must have a purpose back of it all. Always Craig was kindness and chivalry personified to women. I fancied I saw in this his higher kindness to her.

After a quiet word to the undertaker, he took Judy by the arm gently and led her into a darkened rear room that was the private morgue.

AGONY was written on her face. There, by an open window, was all that was mortal that had once been poor, beautiful Lola Langhorne. Judy uttered a little cry, then buried her face in her hands, sobbing. I think Kennedy never felt more sorry for anyone than for that little girl that moment. But he had promised her father to do something. And he had his own purpose.

Craig put his arm around Judy. "There," he said in a hushed tone, "is a girl who defied the law, defied the rules of society, defied all the things that have come down to us as good breeding for women through the world's experience. There she lies, little July . . . Such defiance, such disrespect isn't very happy or successful, is it? Your father asked me to do this. It is the best sermon he can think of."

Holding tightly to his arm, the girl shook with sobs. Craig patted her shoulder and led her back into the fresh air, to the car.

We sat there a moment, apart from the curious. "Judy," he almost whis-

pered, "do you know where Ev Barr would go after he left the 'All Alone'?"

She looked up at him through her tears, breaking down.

"I—I think so."

"I want you to take my car and find him. See, I trust you. If he comes clean now, and helps me, it will help you both. Later—is too late. It must be now. Remember, I am the only friend either of you has among all these men." He waved his hand at some of the government officers who were now teeming in the town. "When you find him," he added, "take him to the bungalow, your bungalow. I shall go there and I will expect to meet you there—both of you."

"All right!" Her fine young face was set. "I'll do it!"

We watched her drive away. I looked longest, marveling at Kennedy's influence over the young folks. When I turned I was surprised to see that Kennedy was looking in the other direction.

There was McNaught and with him were Warner Davis and Jean Bartow. Kennedy crooked his finger at McNaught.

"Glad you got my note and did as I asked. It was as I told you, wasn't it, Mac?"

McNaught nodded. "This time," he said under his breath, "it isn't just plain rumrunning. The Admiralty is interested in piracy and crime committed on the high seas. Besides, I have our position protected because the English consul-general joins in asking to have the criminals apprehended."

"But—?" I whispered and covertly jerked my thumb toward Davis and Jean.

McNaught smiled. "I didn't know it myself. They are underground agents, with a commission from Washington. Down there they have a lot of them—to make examples of rumrunners and bootleggers!"

CHAPTER XV. BROADCASTING

McNAUGHT was leading the way with Kennedy down to the steamboat dock at the foot of Main street and I was on the other side of him. Back of us only a few feet, but out of earshot, followed Warner Davis and Jean Bartow.

I was thinking of Jake Merck and Maisie Mellish as well as of Captain Ryder Smith, the three we had not yet located, when by what seemed at first to be just some queer quirk of coincidence one of McNaught's cutters docked. Three men came up with Jake Merck and Maisie, sullen and silent captives from a "huckster" boat, who had been taken and brought 'way around here. Only it was really no coincidence. It was the logic of the situation which had of course occurred to McNaught already, who had simply ordered the combing of the harbor waters for them the moment Kennedy suggested it.

Apart Kennedy and McNaught questioned the sullen couple, who now and then glared sidewise at their former partners, Davis and Jean, as if they could cheerfully have shot them. Finally Craig looked at his watch.

"We'd better go in your car, McNaught," he determined.

Judy, of course, had Craig's car. Therefore it was necessary that we should ride in McNaught's with Warner Davis and Jean Bartow down to the Hancock bungalow, followed by a couple of operatives in another car with Jake Merck and Maisie. For it seemed to be Craig's idea, as he covered it with them, to go down along the shore to see the wireless and the shore end of the rumrunning plot, which we had had no chance to

visit in the rapid-fire events of yesterday.

As we drove up the private road leading to the bungalow, I was impressed by the size and probable comfort of it. Except for its style of architecture no one would ever have called it a bungalow. I would have called it a one-story mansion. A huge porch was all around and the main entrance led into a spacious hall that extended through to a garden in the rear. Big rooms opened off the hall and a narrow hall divided the rooms front and back and opened into a wing built on either side.

My first idea was the incongruity of such a case taking such a house as a background. It was essentially homelike, built for love and quiet and children—not for lust and rumrunners. Now people were gathered there who should never have polluted its hospitality.

As we searched the empty bungalow on the bluff above the beach, I watched Warner Davis and Jean Bartow narrowly. I had not much respect for prohibition agents, anyhow. But the agent provocateur is just a little bit worse. I hate stool-pigeons.

I think they sensed their position in my mind. Red spots on Warner's cheeks showed it as he faced the others. He had declined to ride with Jake and Maisie, in spite of the officers. Jean Bartow dropped her gaze, even when she was speaking with McNaught.

I imagine they wished they had been taken off this and immediately assigned to some other case. In court it might have been different. But here they were forced to stand the gaff, accusing former pals.

McNaught, however, was inexorable. There had been so much criticism of his office lately that he was going to do anything in his power to bring this case out successfully, no matter how distasteful it might be to any mere secret agents. Besides, I don't think he had any too much respect for secret agents.

We were searching about and had found that no trace of the cases of hootch had been left, save where trucks had run up the cinder drive to load it in the night.

Suddenly the sound of a car up the drive. Craig's car—and Judy and Ev Barr—had driven in.

Barr's look of happiness at being with Judy vanished as he caught sight of McNaught and the others. Coming up the steps he had had his arm through Judy's and they had been smiling at each other. Now he suddenly turned to the girl with a hurt look.

"What have you let me in for, Judy?" he said, dropping her arm. "I trusted you when you came over to Barney Emmet's and I let you coax me to take a ride over here. Barney was always a good old sleuth in college; he said to be careful. Why—why did you do such a thing?"

Half laughing, half crying, almost hysterical, Judy put her hand on his arm again. "You got me into it, Ev—now I'm getting you out of it!"

He looked incredulously at her.

"It wouldn't have been long before they would have found you, anyway, Ev. By coming clean and saving them the delay and trouble you only make your case better. Mr. Kennedy is my friend. He advised me—and I am advising you."

"Mr. Kennedy?" Barr recognized the name and looked sheepishly at Craig and me as he recognized "Mr. Kendrick" and "Mr. Johnson." He said nothing to us, but, turning to Judy, he asked her how long Craig Kennedy had been helping her.

"Ever since they found Lola—and arrested me for carrying hootch in the car."

"Carrying hootch in your car?" he repeated. "Why, I ordered everybody to keep you out of danger that way. Who got you to carry it? I'll break him!"

"Nobody, Ev. It was a plant. But it worked. I was pinched. It really looked as if the dry agents were waiting for me!"

Barr looked over menacingly at Merck, sullen and silent. He was about to say something when there was a noise outside as of another car that came to a stop.

"I told you, Kennedy, I'd find you when I had the info!" Don the Dude had a studied, bored, theatrical look as he and Trixie Dare entered the living room of the bungalow. "Now I leave it to you to play fair—as you gave your word, this morning!"

"It's a promise," reiterated Craig.

Donato had not been prepared, however, to see Merck and Maisie, who had turned the tables on them the night before. Still he had no difficulty in brazening that out.

Trixie's face, in the night now, showed the marks of Maisie's fingers. But she wore a veil that concealed the powder and paint that hid the scratches pretty well as just make-up. Her animation increased and even Don's spirits took a jump when he caught side of those who had caused them all the humiliation.

As she passed Maisie, Trix turned a moment, just long enough to shoot out sarcastically, "Why don't you beat it? . . . Why don't you make me walk the plank?"

Maizie maintained her silence. Jake's hands clenched, but he said nothing. They had made it up, I figured, out of their low cunning. It was their protection. Jake Merck now and then looked at Kennedy and me sullenly. We had seen the fight and he knew it. He knew we could swear to their boarding the "All Alone," even if we hadn't actually seen him take any of the stuff off.

Gradually we got their story. It seemed that Maisie and Jake had been put ashore just as daylight was breaking. The devils on that other rum-row boat to which Jake had gone out first had chosen to throw them over, hoping they might be caught—and not without reason. As for those on the "All Alone," after it had been pirated they had put in to shore anyhow. Warner Davis and Jean, it seemed, had got up to their headquarters in the city by train as fast as possible to square themselves by reporting at the enforcement office. Barr had hired a car and had speeded across to the Island to the home of his former roommate to hide. Don and Trixie did not say so, but we knew that they had gone up to the Castle to get Trixie's face fixed up. It was there that we had run across them. The very thing that otherwise would have involved them was what was now protecting them, until Craig made the next move, as had been agreed.

"Say!" This was Ev Barr. "Who put that case of hootch in Judy's car under the rumble sea?" Barr demanded it generally, but particularly of Merck.

Jake refused to be drawn into answering. But a smile flickered over his face.

Judy had been looking at Maisie. "It doesn't seem right," she murmured aside to me, "to have that awful girl sitting with her legs up in mother's favorite chair!"

With a smart smirk at the rest Don the Dude whispered aside to Kennedy. Kennedy motioned to him to stay where he was. He was now tinkering with Judy's wireless outfit, a mighty good amateur station set, too, in an alcove near the French doors that opened out on a secluded angle of the porch.

As in subdued tones, by two and two,

we were whispering I fancy as we looked each other over, practically all of us were by a process of elimination discussing the one missing member of the memorable society rumrunning plot, Captain Ryder Smith.

Kennedy turned to McNaught. "What one of your Coast Guard patrols is out nearest Rum Row now, Mac?"

"The 'Geronimo,'" was the prompt answer.

Donato nodded. "That's right. That's on the level, Kennedy!"

We were all too tensely serious to appreciate the humor of a rum racketeer vouching for the honor and accuracy of a prohibition officer. But it was a commentary on the topsy-turviness of today when reformers have us all literally standing on our heads.

"Only Captain Ryder Smith can clear this thing up now—quick," snapped out Craig, still adjusting. "You certainly had an excellent land station here, with Judy, for your whisky wireless, Barr," he added. "What's the wave length of the 'Geronimo,' McNaught?"

Before McNaught could answer, Donato had glibly recited the wave length, the frequency and the code call. Kennedy ignored the ethics, whether it was legal or extra-legal that he was asking.

He twisted and adjusted some more.

"They're on!"

A moment, now, and Craig would have the last link in the chain of evidence he had been quietly forging.

*Who killed Lola Langhorne?
What is the secret of the Green
Death? Next month Craig
Kennedy unfolds the secret of
this ghastly mystery. Don't
miss the startling revelations in
this last installment of the
Gigolo Mystery in the March
Radio Digest.*

Radiographs

(Continued from page 55)

was from a makeshift studio in the New York World Tower on Fortieth street, only a few blocks from her present unique home. That broadcasting studio wasn't big enough for a piano so she had to squeeze Mario Perry in to play her accompaniments, since Perry squeezes a mean accordion, the only instrument that could be squeezed into those ten-years-ago studio quarters.

Since then she has moved in broadcasting from the old WJZ to the new NBC, where studios will accommodate a symphony orchestra and a grand opera company at the same time if need be. Vaughn is now quite satisfied and doesn't believe better accommodations could be found outside of the Yankee Stadium, where she hopes it will not be necessary to move with the growth of Radio.

Modest, mild-mannered, soft-voiced, is Vaughn—an altogether appealing personality. She has curly brown hair and deep brown eyes—the sort of woman one feels should be caressed, and doubtless is caressed, petted, even babied a bit, by adoring family and friends.

Being as feminine as she is, she delights in the loads of fan mail that comes regularly. She enjoys, but being honest, also, regrets that one male admirer, apparently unaware of her marriage, continues to send flowers every time she sings. His initials only are on the card which he doubtless hopes will one day lead to her learning who he is; but of course it won't—Vaughn de Leath being madly in love with her adoring artist husband.

Commander Byrd Speaks

(Continued from page 46)

vincing way his belief that there is romance in Radio and that it is one of the most powerful and influential factors in the lives of the people of today.

"The motto of every successful Radio station must be 'service' and the successful station is the one which strives constantly to serve its listeners," says this director of the pioneer stations of the country. He believes that Radio has not yet reached its maximum usefulness and that its field of service can and will be extended as those in charge of program activities realize the opportunities before them for greater service to the Radio public.

Always full of enthusiasm and radiating good will as he travels from city to city and visits station after station gathering information and imparting advice to those who ask for it, this blond, blue eyed Nebraskan stands high among the leaders in the Radio industry today. As a Pittsburgh newspaper recently said, "He has endeared himself in the hearts of all his associates by his sunny countenance, winning ways and absolute fairness in all his dealings. . . . He has a big job, indeed, but Lloyd is a big man and well fitted for it. . . . His ability as an executive and organizer has been proven in the fact that the Westinghouse stations continue to hold their places as leaders in the broadcasting field."

Milton Cross

(Continued from page 9)

"supervisor of music for public schools." He saw the lifting eyebrow.

"No, I never used it. Got into Radio soon after. Soon I spent so much time at the mike that I even had to give up the Paulist Choir—"

"I thought you were Presbyterian."

"Sure. Oh, the Paulist Choir—that's nothing. I also sang in those days at the Progressive Synagogue, Brooklyn, and at another Catholic church, Our Lady of Lourdes, in Washington Heights. Had to give them all up for WJZ." He drifted into reverie. I began to notice the number of cabinets and cases about the room, and the bindings visible on the bookshelves above the Winthrop desk.

"Are these all full of books?"

"Pardon me? Oh . . . no. Music, mostly. Most of it belongs to Mrs. Cross." But there were many famous names on the open shelves and behind glass. Dumas and Victor Hugo, Pasteur, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Keats, Shelley and Kipling. Swinburne and Sherlock Holmes tried to avoid touching each other on the table at Milton's elbow.

"By the way, Milton, did I tell you Earle and Douglas are coming over tomorrow night for bridge?" queried Mrs. Cross.

"Good. Glad I'm to be at the studio, though." He detests the game, but is genuinely fond of Mrs. Cross' two brothers, Earle and Douglas. When there's to be a table of bridge, Mrs. Clarke from upstairs has to make a fourth.

"But seriously now, let's get down to business. Radio Digest has got to have a description of you folks "at home"! They were both really bewildered.

"Gosh!" was the prize-winning announcer's first suggestion. "I can't imagine how you're going to do it. Oh, I know! Describe that clock there on the mantle. See it? It's carved out of solid anthracite coal and polished, in the form of a microphone. There's an inscription on it with the name of the Bible class in Pennsylvania that gave it to us. No-o-

I guess that's not so good. Maybe I should mispronounce a word, or use bad grammar. No, that wouldn't do either. Mrs. Cross or Lily would be sure to correct me." Oh, I have it!

"Tell the editor of Radio Digest we weren't home."

AFTER all is Milton J. Cross a bigger and better Radio announcer since being adjudged the best by the American Academy of Arts and Letters?

Obviously, Cross should know.

But the medal-winner isn't sure, so conscientious has he become under the weighty responsibility of his title.

"Now I don't dare make a mistake," Cross declares, "so to that extent I suppose I have improved."

"But the constant care of double-checking myself on every word I utter sometimes makes me fear that Radio listeners will think me cold and inhuman. No prize could ever compensate for that."

Two great things come to the Radio announcer distinguished among his fellows, Milton volunteers from his own experience.

One is a deluge of letters from men and women in all walks of life in every section of the civilized world. Most of them who write ask how to become Radio announcers.

The other is a deep sense of responsibility to the public, and consequent increase in caution exercised in the discharge of his duties.

Any improvement, Cross sincerely believes, is due in no measure to increased announcerial ability, but is brought about solely because he dares make no mistakes. If he should slur a single syllable, no matter how difficult the word may be, there will be at least a hundred listeners eager to tell him of his mistake.

"I know this is true," NBC's prize announcer insists, because it has happened to me. Most of these critics do not mean to be unkind, and some of them—these are usually friends, far from being enemies—are simply joking to start an argument with me.

"If the truth must be told, though, every one who wrote was doing me a favor. They impressed me above all things that I was a 'marked man,'—and one in whom the public would not forgive even the slightest mistakes they would readily overlook from any other announcer."

"This is the only evidence I can give which might indicate that winning the prize has improved my work."

THE traditional modesty of Milton Cross is shown in his reply. Radio experts, and even diction connoisseurs, however, are more certain in their statements that Cross has continued to improve since winning the medal, and is rapidly becoming a definite factor in the cultural influence of Radio.

Such improvement in his work and even the deluge of letters are only two incidentals in the changes he found after the award. He would have to have thirty-six hours in every day, or develop a "dual personality" in order to satisfy all the demands for his time.

Cross fills as many requests as he can. Whenever his broadcasting schedules permit, he makes flying overnight trips to important cities and towns which request his dignified presence at meetings or Radio events.

But a system is now being worked out which will permit him to grant more attention to personal appearances without sacrifice of broadcasting time. This may be accomplished by more scientific rearrangement of all Cross schedules, involving less waste time between periods of feverish activity.

(Continued on page 116)



Gene Arnold, famous showman and head of WENR production department. He is inter-locutor of Weener Minstrels and writes the script.

Dean of Minstrels

(Continued from page 21)

Gene: Well, Ray, you don't look very happy. What's the trouble with you?
Ray: Not much, except I got some new teeth inserted yesterday.

Gene: Who did the inserting?

Ray: A bulldog.

Gene: How did the accident happen?

Ray: It wasn't no accident. He done it on purpose.

Gene: What kind of games were you playing over at your house last night?

Ray: Well, we had a rolling pin throwing contest, and a hundred yard dash. My wife won the first and I won the second.

By the time Mr. Arnold deigns to notice the fourth end man of the Weener Minstrels everyone in the crowd is a bosom friend of his neighbor and the spontaneous laughter is constant.

Gene: Where is your brother these days, Al?

Al: Why, Gene, they sent him to the crazy house.

Gene: That's too bad. What does he do there?

Al: Sits around and watches the others work.

Gene: Why doesn't he work, too?

Al: He's not that crazy.

Gene: I understand your partner, Pete, got rich at a single stroke.

Al: Yes, a wealthy uncle of his had the stroke.

Gene: Who is the best after-dinner speaker you ever heard?

Al: The fellow what was in our party the other night.

Gene: What did he talk about?

Al: About two seconds. He said, "Waiter, give me the check."

Al: They tell me, Gene, that you understand the language of wild animals.

Gene: That's right.

Al: Well, the next time you see a skunk, will you ask him what's the big idea?

Gene: Say, Bill, I've got a little matter to take up with you. I understand you are telling my friends that I stole a dollar from you.

Bill: I never said anything like that, Gene.

Gene: Well, what was it you did say?

Bill: Why, I said I lost a dollar last night and if you hadn't been with me I might have found it.

Gene: Didn't I see you take your wife to the doctor today?

Pete: Yes, I took her to see the doctor and he found her all right except that her tongue was coated.

Gene: Her tongue was coated?

Pete: Yes, and that kind of surprised me, because you don't often see moss growing on a race track.

Gene: Ray, haven't you been going to the dentist a lot lately?

Ray: Yessir, I've got me a good dentist, too.

Gene: How's that?

Ray: Well, every time he pulled a tooth, he would give me a big drink of whiskey.

Gene: Well, are you still going to him?

Ray: No, I quit.

Gene: Why, did he run out of whiskey?

Ray: No, I ran out of teeth.

Gene: I presume there were some amusing incidents in the dentist's office?

Ray: Yeah. A cab driver came in and the dentist said, "Will you have gas?" and the driver answered, "Yes, and I think I'll take three quarts of oil, too."

Gene: I understand you are having financial difficulties at home.

Bill: Yes, when we were married, I was getting \$21.00 and I gave my wife \$20.00 and kept \$1.00 for myself.

Gene: That was mighty generous of you.

Bill: Yes, but I decided to change it a little bit, so a couple of paydays ago I gave my wife \$1.00 and kept \$20.00 for myself. She said to me, "How do you expect me to manage for a whole week on a dollar?"

Gene: What did you tell her?

Bill: I said "Darned if I know. I had a rotten time of it myself."

Here Gene crosses over to see what one of the blackface boys is writing, and audience and actors crane their necks.

Gene: What are you figuring there, Pete?

Pete: I was figuring the number of people killed by gas last year.

Gene: How many were there?

Pete: Four thousand four hundred fifty nine.

Gene: How do you figure that?

Songs of Yesterday

By GENE ARNOLD

THE old songs of yesterday. Ah, those were the happy days, say the song writers—when a "hit" song slowly percolated through the country and brought thousands of dollars in royalties to the composer. Now, the music publishers put out professional copies of a new "theme" song, and before the picture arrives in town, the song is old. Two or three weeks of intensive "plugging" over the air, and a "hit" song begins to wobble.

The listeners are coming more and more to prefer the old ballads, too. They say there is more character to them. Here's an example—a few weeks ago, in the Weener Minstrel from WENR, I sang a ballad of twenty-five years ago, "Won't You Come Over to My House," with the composer, Egbert Van Alstyne, at the piano. That touching little tune brought more written response from the Radio audience than any song I had sung for a long time. It tells the simple story of a lonely child whose sobs and tears touched the heart of a kindly woman who, with the promise of "dollies and sweet things" coaxes the unhappy child to "Come over to my house, and play that you're my little girl." Mr. Van Alstyne was an eye witness to the incident which inspired this great hit of other days, just as his "Memories," "Old Pal," "Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and others were inspired by incidents in real life. Paul Dresser with his "My Gal Sal," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell 'Em That You Saw Me," and Charles K. Harris, with "After the Ball" and other tunes, wrote their songs in the same way.

Pete: Well, ten inhaled it, forty-five lighted it, and four thousand two hundred ninety-eight stepped on it.

Chuck: Gene, can you tell me what a pessimist is?

Gene: Well, I think I can; but what is your idea of a pessimist?

Chuck: A pessimist is a fellow who has had limburger cheese rubbed on his upper lip and then goes around and tells everybody that the whole world stinks.

And so, after another song or two, to say nothing of a lot of music that has come in between the gaps, another Weener Minstrel show comes to an end. The audience draws a big, deep breath and goes home happy, eager for another Wednesday to come around with another minstrel show from WENR.

Ten and Out

(Continued from page 13)

We're going along pretty good and Lefty eating his heart out when one day somebody walks into our training stable only it really was a garage. I looked at that bird and smelled trouble, but even if I had a hunch—Lefty didn't.

This feller, who I will at present call a stranger, was a whole lot over six feet tall and darn near that broad and he had a chest which I know good and well was covered with he-man hair and one of the first things I noticed about him was a bulge in the right hip pocket. Well, that bulge interested me a heap on account of my suspicions and I walked up to him and says—

"Mister, how about slipping me a little drink?"

He grins real gentle-like: I never can feel comfortable with these big fellows which



smiles gentle. "Sorry, old man, but I never drink."

"But surely," I counters, "you carry around a little something on the hip for them that does."

"**N**O-O" Then a dimple shows at the corner of his mouth and he lets me peek at the butt of the ugliest automatic I ever did see. "You thought this was a flask, eh?"

"Phew! A gun?"

"Yeh. I got in the habit of carrying it when a few guys was once trying to get me and I feel pretty safe with it now."

"Mister," I says, "I am interested in you. Have you got any objections to telling me what your name might be?"

"Certainly not. My name is Mortimer Rollins."

That was where somebody stuck a pin in my balloon.

Well, Mortimer goes on to say that he has bet a lot of money on Jimmy Rafferty (that's George Rogers on the East Coast) and did I mind letting him watch Lefty McCann work out. Well, I says I did not mind him watching Lefty McCann work out but I was not prepared for what that man done which was to walk over and introduce himself to Lefty.

Lefty like to of busted when he learned who it was he was talking to.

"No," he gasps, "your name really ain't Mortimer, is it?"

"Yes. I was christened such."

"Gosh!" I seen right away that Lefty had kind of discarded his original plan

of hanging one on Florrie's friend's jaw which I would say was considerable discretion. They chatted with each other for a little while and then Lefty come over to me and he was grinning.

"Well," he says, "I'm fixing to get even with that bird."

"You had better not try no tricks, Lefty; because he is bad medicine."

"Huh! I ain't fixing to slam him or nothing but Oh Mama! how I am going to trim him."

WELL, I tell Lefty that he has most likely shot off his mouth too much and I explain to him about the gun which I thought was a pocket flask and Lefty kind of turns pail.

"He cannot prove that this is a lay-down, Ernest. So I should worry—but he should."

"Just the same Lefty—it is not usually healthy to flirt with no professional gamblers named Mortimer which has got dimples and carries automatics."

I was scared, but then Steve Brodie got away

"Oh, Lefty!" she half laughs and half cries, "I am so glad that you was brave enough to knock my brother out and so save his life."

with a dive himself and it was a shame not to trim a guy like Mortimer, specially when I learned that he was laying real money on Jimmy to win: all bets off in case the battle is a draw, and so I cover about two thousand dollars worth which is all the surplus cash I can get my hands on while my friends is not looking. Between then and the fight we did not see no more of Mortimer except once or twice we passed him when he was strolling along with Florrie and Lefty had to pretend like he did not know her and she sure got away elegant with not knowing him.

After awhile come the night of the fight and when we got to the arena Florrie meets us. She does not talk very much but is to the point.

"Listen Lefty," she says, "I know just how you feel about me being friendly with Mortimer and of course Brother George is going to pull a dive in about the seventh round, but Lefty," she says, "I do not want you to let your enthusiasm run away with you and wallop my brother George too hard because if you was to do that, Lefty," she says, "I would never forgive you—being very fond of George."

"I ain't gonna hurt your brother," growls Lefty.

"Well, that's all right then; because I have always been afraid that you would some time wallop him too strong and I would never forgive no man for that."

You see, I guess it was being so fond of George which kept Florrie from ever marrying Lefty even though one of them was her brother and the other was not: Lefty being the was not.

All I have got to say about the fight

"Whatcha mean: trim him?"

"Well, he ast me real confidential did I really think I was going to lick Jimmy Rafferty and I says sure, and then he says, 'I don't know whether you are or not because this Rafferty boy is going awful good and has got a keen manager' and I says, 'Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Rollins, I think I am better than he, but this climate does not agree with me after Pennsylvania and I am not so sure of myself and I wish the bout was postponed two weeks but the promoters will not do such.' Well, he says it's a toss up anyway, but I convince him that I am not in the pink and he wishes me luck but says he will shoot his wad on Jimmy and I tell him that I hope he has got a bad bet but do not think so. And now, Ernest, you had better collect all the shekels which you can find and cover that lad's money."

that night is that it looked almost too good. After the third round Lefty come into our corner looking worried and while I was wiping the blood from his pet cut he wonders whether George has double crossed us and is trying to win because Florrie is standing so strong with Mortimer or vice versy. I'm also a little worried myself and I tell Lefty that he should put a little more snap in his punches to sort of warn George that this is supposed to be a friendly bout.

"Yeh, but if I flop him what will Florrie say?"

"Sure she will. But if he drops you what will all of us say when we have to walk back to Scranton or somewhere?"

The end come in the seventh round and I am willing to admit that Lefty did hit George pretty hard. It was hard enough anyway to suggest to him that he should drop because he done so and when Lefty done the gallant thing and carried George to his corner Florrie hist into his ear—

"You hit him too hard. I hate you."

"I did not hit him too hard," answers Lefty. "I was just reminding him it was his turn to take a snooze."

Well, he come back to our side of the ring worried on account of Florrie's being mad because her pet brother had to be reminded it was bedtime and on the way out we run right into Mortimer. I was not afraid of him but just for safety sake I put Lefty between him and I.

I will hand Mortimer one thing which is that he was a good loser.

"Well," he says to me, since Lefty pretended like he did not see him. "I lost two thousand smackers on that bout but it was worth it. It was a great fight and I think that your lad here could beat Benny Leonard."

"Mister Rollins," I says, "I hand it to you. If I had ever lost two thousand dollars I would at least be yellin' fake or something like that."

"Oh!" he says, "I do not cry over spilt milk and so long as I know everything was on the level I take it cheerful or something like that."

IN OUR dressing room I told Lefty that I was very glad Mortimer knew the fight was on the level but we had better get out of Miami before he ever begin to suspect that maybe he was mistaken.

"An' leave Florrie down here with him?"

"You poor fish—Florrie ain't goin' to hang around here. Besides, she's sore at you anyway."

"Ain't you a cheerful bozo? Well, where do we go from here?"

"Tampa," I says.

"Not right away. Can't we meet Florrie and George some place and talk things over?"

"No. The season is almost ended and we have to get planted in Tampa for our last big killing. So come along—and kindly do not forget that Tampa is on the West Coast and when you are in Tampa your name is Tommy Perkins."

"I will remember," he answers. "Because I have been Tommy Perkins four times already this year and I think that is a hell of a name for a fighter."

A few days later I and Tommy Perkins drifted into Tampa and things sure did break nice for us there because there was a lightweight from there and we get a bout with him and draw a good crowd and win the fight and then we lick a guy from Charlotte and before three weeks has past everybody in Tampa says who is this Tommy Perkins

because he sure is the cat's puppies.

All this while Lefty is corresponding with Florrie and also George and of course George is not so very sore because Lefty hit him hard which he says he knows was an accident but Florrie pretends like she will not forgive Lefty which makes him miserable much to Florrie's delight which proves that she loves him, but Lefty does not believe such. So when finely Florrie comes to Tampa with her brother—and in Tampa George uses his real name—they meet one night by appointment and have a good quarrel. Lefty is miserable but I console him.

"It is a good thing to get all the fighting out of your system now," I says, "and then after Florrie has married you, you can live in peace and contentment if any."

Well, things break awful good in Tampa. We have a bankroll and Tommy Perkins (which is us) pretends to bet it heavy that we can lick this poor bum George Rogers.

It's about the last big fight of the season and of course we want to wind up in a blaze of glory so we collect every nickel we can grab and really lay it on George, and I tell Lefty not to take no chances—

"If you hit him hard enough to break an egg," I says, "I will bust you one with an axe. We have got too much kale up on this bout to take any risks because if anything goes wrong we will all be broke and then where are we and the answer is in Tampa."

"I will not take no chances, Ernest. I would not hit Florrie's brother hard again if I had to retire from the boxing profession and go to work."

"Also," I says, "take your flop about the third round and make it look good because there is no telling."

"All right," he answers, "I will do so."

WELL, on account of all the betting there is a heap of interest in the forthcoming battle and the night of the bout the arena is packed and jammed and the house is divided solid into two fractions. The prelims are pretty good and the semi-final brings a heap of blood and action and then we take a ten minute intermission before the main bout.

And it was during that intermission that something happened which proved to me that woman's place is in the home. Because if one woman I know who her name is Florrie had never left the home she would never have met that guy named Mortimer which carries a dimple and an automatic.

Well, it happened this way. Tommy Perkins, which is Lefty, being the challenger, gets into the ring with me right behind him toting the water bottle and while I and he are bowing and smiling to the jeers of the fans I lamp Florrie back by the dressing rooms and she is wigwagging me something terrible. At the same time I see that George has left her and is starting up the aisle with his helpers. I slip out to where she is and she clutches my arm—

"Guess who is here!" she gasps.

"Somebody with a pass." I retorts humorous; me feeling fine because of all the money we was due to make.

"No," she snaps, "it is not somebody with a pass but somebody with a gun."

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes I do. Mortimer Rollins."

"Great Jumping Beer Bottles! Where?"

"Over yonder—Oh my Gosh! Duck! He sees me and he's coming over."

I hid behind the partition and I heard what transpired between them twain. Mortimer allowed he was glad to see her.

"Say," he asks, nodding toward the ring, "Ain't that your brother?"

Well, I got to hand it to Florrie for using her head for something besides having a bob hung on. "Sure," she answers.

"But how does it happen that he is fighting here under the name George Rogers and down in Miami he was Jimmy Rafferty?"

"**W**ELL," she says desperately, "Rafferty is his real name, also mine, like I told you. But he got knocked loose a couple times and figured to start all over so he took a real fighting name like George Rogers; see?"

"Sure, I see. And I'm awful glad to meet up with you again, sugarfoot. How about a little lunch tomorrow?"

"Of course," she says, "Mighty little."

Well, she gets rid of him real clever and then comes back to me, and of course like a woman it is my fault.

"Now you see what we are up against," she says. "Mortimer is a wise baby and one of the lads working here told me that he is known on the West Coast as well as the East Coast and being a professional gambler he is going to get hep to what our graft is and we will have to come across with what we won from him down in Miami, or else get shot up, either or both. Now you go tell George—"

"I cannot tell George nothing," I says. "My boy Tommy Perkins is fighting him and if I talk to him the fans will yell that there is something wrong."

"Let 'em yell. There is something wrong. Awful wrong. And if you don't tell George—"

"I cannot do it," I says, and walk towards the ring where I see Lefty looking for me. Five minutes later I am back with Florrie in the rear again and now she is almost in tears.

"The fat is all in the fire," she says. "What do you think I seen Mortimer doing?"

"What?"

"I seen him bet five hundred dollars that Tommy Perkins would win."

"Good Lord!"

"Exactly. And I spoke to him and asked him why he done that and he says—'Well, I seen your brother in Miami, remember!' And I told him I remembered all right and now if George knocks Lefty out where will we be and the answer is dead or in jail."

Well, they are yelling for me to come to the ring and I done so although my brain was working very fast giving me a kind of a headache. I did not know what to do and I was doing it real successful. Of course I knew that the jig was up because Mortimer was a wise gazabo and thought he was pulling the same act here that we done in Miami and it was too late now to wise him up because he had already bet five hundred berries on Tommy Perkins and besides he would demand his Miami money back which I didn't have to give him.

The boys got instructions from the referee and I give Lefty his final ones—

"Now listen at me, Tommy Perkins: don't you get excited and take no flop in this round."

"Of course not," he says. "That would not be fair."

THEY start fighting and I guess the round was all okay because the fans was yelling delirious. Meanwhile I had the old bean working overtime and finely decided that anything was better than sudden death so between rounds one and two I tells Lefty that he must whisper to George that he is to take a flop.

"You are as crazy as you look," snaps

Lefty. "Ain't we got all our money bet on George?"

"Yes, but what can a dead man do with money if any?"

"Whatcha mean: dead man?"

"That is what we will be if you get knocked out."

"What are you talking about, Ernest?" he asks, calling me by name.

"Take a slant over your shoulder in about the middle of the tenth row, C section."

Well, he done so and his face got purple.

"Great Gosh! Dimples Mortimer!"

"Himself—in person—with his gun."

"What is he doing here?"

"Just dropped in—and I got a suspicion, Lefty, that it ain't all accidental either; because he asked Florrie wasn't George her brother and then he bet five hundred dollars on Tommy Perkins, which is you, and told her he done so because he remembered seeing her brother fight down in Miami."

Lefty begins trembling. "He really wouldn't kill us, would he?"

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't; but I ain't the kind of a guy that is strong for playing the maybes. I say being broke is a whole lot better than riding in a coffin. Now will you tell George?"

"Believe me, I will."

At the end of the second round he comes to me kind of worried.

"I did not tell George," he says.

"Why, you fathead: why?"

"Because I could not. I tried to tell him and the referee says that if he heard me talking to George again he would disqualify me and give the fight to George and I guess you know what would happen then."

"Yes, I do. Mister Mortimer Rollins would puncture you with a bullet or two."

"Sure. And now, Ernest, what am I to do?"

"Lefty," I says sadly, "there ain't but one thing. You have got to knock George out."

"What!"

"Uh-huh. You have got to knock him cuckoo."

"Ernest, you have not got no brains. Do you remember the icy mitt Florrie give me when I bumped George a trifle hard down to Miami? Well, what would she do to me if I was to double-cross him and really bust him loose?"

"She would thank you for saving her life."

"Yes she would—not. I ain't taking no chances."

"Well," I sums up: "If you talk to George the referee will give him the fight and all our winnings can go to buy caskets and flowers. And if you knock him out Florrie will give you the G. B. Now, I ask you, Lefty—what good is it to you if Florrie loves you when you are dead?"

"Hmm! But what good is it to me being alive if she does not love me?"

THE gong sounds again, and Lefty meets George in the center of the ring. They mix it fine like they have been practising all winter but I can see that Lefty is awful worried about this terrible problem which he faces but he ain't half as worried as I am because I am wondering what he is going to do and the answer is I am sure it will be the wrong thing. I wonder why Florrie is not in George's corner and I drift back during the fourth round and she tells me that the police have forbid her doing such because it is not ladylike and they have ordered her positive that she shall not go near the ring.

Just then the gong sounds and I have

to beat it to the ring to tend to my man, Tommy Perkins, and I see that Tommy has made up his mind.

"I've got to knock him out!" he says. "I know Florrie will hate me for it, but then maybe some day she will understand and forgive."

"Right-O, Lefty—you sure do figure things out accurate."

"It will be hard, Ernest—to bust dear old George on the button—but I guess it would be harder having a bullet put through my stummick."

"It sure would, Lefty—especially as Mortimer would then most probably try to marry Florrie or worse."

Well, that decided him: the idea of him being dead and Mortimer living.

I hate always to think of that fifth round. And all my sympathies was not entirely with poor George who took that first wallop on the button and was down for eight seconds trying to convince himself that the referee done it. What I was thinking of was them thousands of dollars which I had bet that George would win this fight and there I was sending my own lad out to take my money away. Almost I decided to tell Lefty to take his flop as per schedule and then I could duck out and hope that Mortimer would not murder him.

Wham! Down goes George. At the count of seven he gets up and looks at Lefty kind of puzzled as much as to say—"You are mistaken, Lefty, the wrong feller is getting walloped."

Zowie! Down he goes again. The fans is on their feet screeching the name of Tommy Perkins. I slip a glance toward Mortimer and he is smiling gentle-like and showing his dimple.

Bang! George turns end over end and grins kind of silly. Poor kid; I could see that his feeling was hurt something awful, and believe me, he is a bear for punishment. He staggers to his feet and lurches around and then—

Whang!

THAT spells curtains for George and when the referee says Ten it gyms me and George and Lefty and Florrie out of four thousand dollars but by Gosh! it saves our lives and I guess they is worth a thousand dollars apiece or even more.

Well, for awhile there is an awful racket around that ring and everybody is telling Tommy what a wonder he is and why don't he fight Benny Leonard and finely they bring George to and carry him to his dressing room and Lefty and I go in to see him. We shut the door and lock it and Lefty kind of braces himself for the wallop which he knows Florrie is going to fling him.

It's like I said: You never can tell about women. Does Florrie hand him one? She certainly does—not.

Instead she gets a strangle hold on him and kisses him right on the lips.

"Oh! Lefty," she half laughs and half cries—"I am so glad that you was brave enough to knock my brother out and so save his life."

"Huh?" inquires Lefty. "Did you really say them words, Florrie, or have I went goofy?"

"I mean it, sweetness. George understands, too, and he also is glad he is alive even though he feels kind of rotten. I was terrible sorry for George, Lefty—but I was even more sorry for you—knowing how you was suffering."

At that Lefty seems to wake up. He grabs Florrie in his arms and when he takes an intermission from the kissing he looks over at me—

"Bein' broke," he says, "sure is grand!"

Well, them kids was so dog-goned happy that I was inclined to agree with Lefty that it wasn't so worse to be

without a jit . . . and I guess it would have been a very happy wedding party if it had not happened that when the boys got dressed and we was going down the street, we run into Mortimer Rollins.

Mortimer looked big and handsome—and happy, too, because his dimple was showing real sweet. And he stops us.

"Well," he says to Florrie, "I am sorry your brother got knocked out again but I won five hundred dollars on Tommy Perkins here."

Florrie says that is fine, and then Mortimer turns to Lefty and says something which makes me understand for the first time how it is that folks get miserable enough to commit suicide.

"Perkins," says Mortimer, "you are a bird of a scrapper. In fact, you are one of the best I have ever seen. But there is a lad fighting over on the East Coast which would give you an awful battle."

"A lightweight?" asks Lefty.

"Uh-huh! And he's a humdinger right."

Lefty looks at me and I looks at Lefty. We begin to see which way the wind is blowing and both of us is feeling kind of sick.

"What is his name?" asks Lefty.

"Lefty McCann!" answers Mortimer.

That was where the bottom dropped out. It didn't hardly seem possible that Mortimer was not trying to kid us. In fact, I didn't want to believe it, because that being the case it meant that what we had done was to blow four thousand dollars unnecessary.

"Mister Rollins," I says kind of pleading, "what does this here Lefty McCann look like?"

"Well, lemme see," says Mortimer, smiling and dimpling. "He's short and stocky—in fact he sort of looks like Tommy Perkins here. To tell you the truth, when I first seen Perkins I thought he looked a heap like this Lefty McCann, but I see now that I was mistaken."

The awful part of it was that Mortimer was on the level and we all knew it.

"Believe me, Mister Mortimer," I groans—"You are not the only one which was mistaken."

Gertrude

(Continued from page 43)

ours? For it was a wildcat—a good mile beyond the forest of derricks comprising the Ventura field; a lonely wildcat, high on a hill. But how that animal could eat! Money, money, money, and always yowling for more.

Well, I looked down the hundred thousand dollar hole, glanced at cables, counted casing, examined drills, read the log—and was no wiser than I was before; only sadder. How could I help being sad with Tom looking at me hopefully with those Irish eyes of his, and me torn between wanting to hang on to my bank roll, and wishing I could give the old cat one more whirl.

"What do you say?" asked Tom.

"I think we might talk to those big oil men of yours," I replied.

"We'll have them for dinner," said Tom—"and four canvasback ducks. I know the head waiter."

HOW I got through that dinner without committing myself, Heaven only knows. I liked Tom's friends; they'd had no end of experience in oil. And they believed in our well. I'm sure of it. For you can't counterfeit belief; it's something shining. Any Salvation Army meeting on any street corner will teach you that.

Besides, after calculating what it should cost to sink our well to where

they thought oil was, they agreed to put up half the money. And if that isn't belief, what is? But even then I didn't come through.

"I'll talk it over with Tom, and let you know in the morning," I said.

So I had a hopeful talk with Tom, then went to bed, little realizing what influences would be brought to bear before sunrise.

Sound asleep, suddenly I became conscious of a note of alarm. My first thought was that there must be a fire. Bells were ringing. Well, let them ring. No, they were too near for safety—they were in the same room with me—they were right by my bed. Awake at last, I glanced at my watch; it was a quarter to four. Then, grabbing the telephone, I said, in tones an angry rattlesnake might have envied:

"Who and what the Sam Hill do you want?"

For nobody would possibly want me at that hour. Just another of those wrong number wrongs. The night clerk, however, assured me I was mistaken.

"Long Distance calling. Just a minute," he said.

It's the habit of telephone companies, when people are wanted miles away, first to disturb the person who's wanted, then to completely lose the person who wants him. So I waited—and worried.

Gert was ill—little Harry was ill—there'd been an earthquake in Hollywood—

Such foolish thoughts as these passed through my mind. For of course we don't have earthquakes in California. If we think of them occasionally, it's because we have so many Japanese. Look at what happened to Yokohama—or was it Tokio?

Have you ever heard a bloodhound baying at four o'clock in the morning? It isn't pleasant. Jumping into my clothes I woke up Tom, told him I'd do my share for his oil well if he'd lend me his runabout, and five minutes later, with headlights boring into the darkness, I was speeding south.

For it was that dog Smith who had called me. And what he'd said was:

"You know the guy in the all night restaurant across the street—the one who's in our pay? Well, he's just woke me up. And you better come quick because, believe me, this time we got the goods on that no-account brother-in-law of yours."

CHAPTER XIV

WITH the road deserted, except for an occasional truck and a probable bootlegger, I fairly flew towards my destination—the all-night restaurant of which Smith had spoken. The Parthenon! Sounds grand, but it was nothing but a hole in the wall run by George Papudulos, a Greek.

I knew George. Once, in a moment of generosity, Victor had taken me to the Parthenon for lunch. I knew, also that his usefulness to Smith lay in the fact that his restaurant was directly across the street from Victor's flat. So there you have it. George had discovered something—or thought he had. And here I was hurtling through the night. But the nearer I got to the Parthenon, the more I hated the whole business. Never again! I'd finish what I started, but next time Gert would have to pull her own chestnuts out of life's joke book.

Descending the steep hill into Calabasas, I was now on the floor of the celebrated San Fernando valley. Perhaps you've never seen dawn break over the San Fernando valley? Well you haven't missed much.

Sharply at half past five I drew up before George's restaurant. Smith was there waiting for me; so was George.

"Tell me," I said.

"You sure made good time," said Smith. "Tell him, George."

She was, according to George, one swell dame. She'd passed the Parthenon with Victor about midnight; she'd crossed the street with him; she'd entered the building that contained his flat. AND SHE HADN'T COME OUT! Of this George was positive. He would have staked his reputation on it—if he'd had one.

Angelo, his assistant, had watched the doorway as a cat watches a mouse. He, himself, had kept an eye on Victor's windows where lights had burned brightly.

"And then," he finished with a sweeping gesture, "and then those lights is darkness."

"Then George gives me a ring," said Smith, "I give you a ring, and here we are. Of course if you hadn't given orders not to act without you, I could have handled this myself. Besides, you got the key."

The key. Yes, I had the key. Victor had given it to me, not as a brother-in-law, but as a friend. And now I must use it to betray him.

"Suppose," I suggested weakly, "suppose the young lady is only a neighbor? Suppose she has a flat in the same building?"

"First thing I thought of," said Smith. "But George says not."

"Bet your life!" said George. "Me, I got the eye for womens. I know what dames lives there and what don't!"

WELL, I'd put my hand to the plow and couldn't turn back, though I hated to plow Victor. He'd been working hard and was entitled to a little recreation. Besides, Gert hadn't treated him right. A man was supposed to be boss in his own family. If he couldn't make the grade he'd better move on.

Victor had moved; it was my move now. And how I dreaded it. Maybe he'd thank me for it some day. But he wouldn't thank me this morning—not if I invaded his flat. Cold chills ran down my spine at the very thought. Why must I appear in the matter at all? Smith was used to such things; catching cupids in corner cupboards was part of his daily routine.

"If I give you my key," I began—

"O. K.," said Smith. "It's just like I told you. George and I can clean up the whole business."

"George?"

"We better have two witnesses. You'll go, won't you, George?"

"Sure, I will," said George. "I'd like to, fine. Maybe I see something."

I scowled at George.

"Nothing doing," I said. "The early worm catches the bird, but I'm the worm. You stay right here. You, too, Smith. This is strictly a family affair."

Later, of course, I'd call Smith in so he could appear as a witness at the trial. In the meantime, having borrowed his flashlight—

Once, when a kid, I climbed a mountain behind San Bernardino. It was over a mile high, but it was nothing compared to those stairs up to Victor's flat. Though I've never been drowned, I'll bet if I had I couldn't have thought of more things—and all of them unpleasant.

What would I find? How would Victor take it? How would his co-companion act? Gert was my own sister; blood was thicker than water; she had to divorce Victor to get him back. Maybe she wouldn't want him back now. Damaged goods!

Reaching the third floor at last, I stole down the hall. Here was the door. Should I, or shouldn't I? Could I, or couldn't I? I couldn't. But I must! Strength came to me; perhaps from above?—probably from below. So, like a thief in the night, I entered Victor's flat. It was as black as pitch; all the curtains were drawn.

Turning on the flashlight, I looked about me. There was the piano where he worked; there was the kitchenette where he mixed drinks; there was the bedroom where he slept. And the door was open! I started towards it on tip-toe, pausing after every step to listen. Not a sound.

Then, suddenly, out of the darkness, shot a devil—a snorting, snarling devil. How was I to know Victor had gone and bought himself a dog? Letting out a yell you could have heard in the next block, I made a dash for the center table. It was strong enough; it wasn't high enough. I ended on top of the piano.

And then, all of a sudden, the room was ablaze with light, and there stood Victor in his pajamas. And there was the dog, leaping higher and higher like a dog in a circus.

If any one ever registered surprise, it was Victor. His eyes stood out like saucers.

"Why, it's Harry!" he said.

CHAPTER XV

HAVE you ever tried explaining why you were on top of your brother-in-law's piano at six o'clock in the morning? Well, it isn't easy—especially when you've just had the daylight's scared out of you.

"Why, it's Harry!" said Victor. "What in the world are you doing here this time of night?"

"It isn't night, it's morning. Whose dog is that?"

"Mine. He's a Dobermann Pinscher."

"And biter," I said.

"He thought you were a burglar. Come on down."

"I like it up here."

"Nonsense!" said Victor. "He won't bite you. He does just what I tell him."

"All right," I said. "Just tell him to shut himself up somewhere."

"Certainly," said Victor. "Come on, Caesar."

Taking him by the collar, Victor dragged the obedient beast to the bedroom, opened the door and shoved him in. Clever work on Victor's part. Very! He knew I'd never venture inside that bedroom now. So, descending from my perch, I said:

"Maybe you think this is only a friendly call?"

"Oh, no!" said Victor. "I'm not as big a fool as I look."

"I'm not so sure," I replied. "You're a bigger fool than you look if you think you can get away with murder like this."

"Just what do you mean," demanded Victor.

"I mean turning this flat into a love nest the way you have."

"Who says I have?"

"I do."

"Prove it."

"I have proved it. You can't fool me, Victor—you've got a girl here."

"I haven't," said Victor.

"You have."

"Well, what if I have? You're no tin saint yourself."

"I'm not married."

"I won't be either—if Gert has her way."

"I'm making it my business to see that she gets her way."

(Continued on page 116)

Who's Who In Broadcasting

- LANDT TRIO AND WHITE**, NBC, New York.
Larson, Mildred, Pianist, KFLV. Accompanist for Mellotone quartet.
- Larson, Nell**, Organist and Pianist on the staff of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Born in Vancouver, Canada, 1902. First radio work at KHJ, 1924. Made the rounds and returned to KHJ in 1926. Appears on most of KHJ programs of lighter type, but has done considerable church, theatre and concert work. Would be recognized in Portland and Calgary. School days in Santa Ana, California. Hobby, eating. Thinks Anna Karenina is a great book and likes Mr. Chopin's big numbers.
- Laurie's Orchestra**: Laurie and His Serenaders bring many tuneful programs to the KFLV audience each week, playing symphonic arrangements of the popular melodies of the day. Lawrence Nordstrom is the pianist-conductor of the ensemble.
- Logsdon, Pauline**, KHJ soprano with soft, persuasive Southern voice. Came to KHJ as stenographer and learned to sing. Voice of great promise. Kaufman County, Texas, girl making good. Can play harmonies on typewriter. Hobby is swimming.
- Lopez, Vincent and His Orchestra**, NBC, New York.
- Love, Mabel**, Women's Program Director, WCAU.
- Love, Mark**, Basso, Director of vocal group. A popular favorite with thousands of listeners, and a well known concert singer outside Radio. Even his deepest bass notes have a singing quality that make them superb on the Radio. He is to sing this year with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, WGN.
- Loveless, Wendell P.**, Director, WMBI.
- Lovell, J. J.**, Banjoist, WLAC.
- Loving, Refuge Ray**, Soprano, KFDM.
- Lowe, Alfred**, Violinist, WAFI.
- Lowe, Helen**, Soprano, KPO.
- Lowell, Philip**, Operator, WCSH.
- Lowenheim, Mary Jane**, Pianist, WLAC.
- Lowenstein, Louis**, Violinist, WLAC.
- Lowry Male Quartet**, WCCO.
- Loyet, Paul**, Announcer, WOC.
- Luboviski, Calmon**, Violinist, KNX.
- Lucas, Mrs. Lucian L.**, Pianist, WFLA.
- Lucille and Iva**, Popular Numbers and Blues, KFEQ.
- Lucy Jane (Kielman) and Mary Jane (Morrison)**. The two Janes who entertain with Uncle Dave on his Comy Time hour. Lucy Jane plays the ukulele and piano, and Mary Jane plays the ukulele and they both sing. They are quite famous characters over WIBW and thousands of children flock to the studio to see this pair.
- Lucy, C. T.**, the General Manager of WRVA, born in Baltimore, Maryland, graduate of Baltimore City College, 1909, and ever since associated with Larus & Bro. Co. in various capacities, from clerk to Office Manager and Purchasing Agent. He is now Assistant Advertising Manager in the sale of the world famous Edgeworth Tobacco, as well as shouldering the managerial duties of Virginia's Biggest Broadcaster; used to be somewhat of an athlete, but "they were the good old days;" is a fisherman and huntsman, but never was known to bag any game.
- Lucy, Harry S.** The perplexities of the Plant Department of a 5-KW Radio Station very probably turned Harry's hair gray. He is the gray haired veteran of the WRVA staff and when not struggling with technical problems is the most patient fisherman in Virginia. He has been with the owners of WRVA a long time, rising from mechanic to foreman, to Chief Electrician of the company's huge tobacco plant, and now is responsible for the mechanical end of WRVA, besides being somewhat accomplished as a musician.
- Ludlow, Godfrey**, Violinist, National Broadcasting Company.
- Ludwig, Preston**, Percussionist, KGW.
- Lugeska Trio**, WMAK.
- Luliken, Mrs. Albert**, Contralto, KVOO.
- Lundquist, E.**, KSTP, Clarinet and saxophone. National Battery Symphony orchestra.
- Lupton, Mrs. H. M.**, Pianist and Accompanist, WLAC.
- Luther, Aida**, Soprano, and Lupe Luna, pianist, who are appearing on KTAB between 7 and 7:30 on Sundays, have earned a tremendous following through their authentic renditions of Spanish and Latin-American music.
- Luther, Frank**, Tenor, Happy Wonder Bakkers, NBC.
- Luton, Mrs. Horace**, Soprano, WLAC.
- Lyman, Abe**, and His Californians, NBC.
- Lynch, Fred**, Popular Tenor, KOMO.
- Lynch, Montgomery**, Baritone, General Director, KOMO.
- Lynch, Steve**, Songs, WWNC.
- Lynch, William**, Announcer, NBC, New York.
- Lyon, Hartzell J.**, Baritone, KMOX.
- Lyon, Ruth**, Soprano, WMBB-WOK.
- Lions, William**, Harmonicist, WOC.
- MAC**, Children's Hour Entertainer; a Favorite with "Youngsters from 9 to 90"; has probably wrecked the old "97" more times than anyone else, KFRC.
- MacArthur, Peter**, Business Manager, Announcer, entertainer, KFLY. Formerly with WOC. Has traveled with Harry Lauder, and also with many famous light opera companies. Twenty years of professional experience.
- MacDougall, Bertha**, KSTP, Mezzo soprano, Holmes Fireside Hour.
- Mace, Alice**, Pianist, KMOX.
- MacHarrie, Lindsay**, Chief Announcer of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Fargo, North Dakota, 1900. University of Washington Glee Club four years. With Plymouth Players, Bellingham, Washington. Assistant Graduate Manager, U. of W. for two years. First radio work at KHJ, 1928. Also writes continuity and is on KHJ program committee. Thinks Floyd Bell can write novels. Tall, dark, handsome, collegiate, unmarried. Not Spanish osteopath type although gave early indications of becoming physician.
- Mack, Harry**, Studio Director, Manager, Chief Announcer, WJNJ.
- MacKown, Marjorie Truelove**, Pianist, WHAM.
- MacLean, Alice**, Lyric Soprano, KOMO.
- MacMurray, Frederick**, Viola Soloist, NBC San Francisco studios.
- Macon, Uncle Dave**, Banjoist, Singer, WSM.
- Madden, Frank L.**, KSTP, "Officer Dagnacius Mulcahey." Gives talks on safety in traffic and current events for Northwest listeners.
- Madison, Julian**, KSTP. College entertainer, member cast "Adventures of Bill Jones," traveling music salesman.
- Madsen, Harold**, an original member of the Nifty Three Trio; member of the cast of the New York Musical Show "Just a Minute." He was also a member of several prominent dance orchestras in which he played trumpet. At present he is identified with KOIL as a popular vocal artist.
- Mae and Gert**, Harmony Team, WENR-WBCN.
- Maggio, Agio**, Crystal Beach Orchestra, WMAK.
- Magill, Samuel**, Announcer, WOR.
- Mahon, William**, Announcer, KOIN.
- Mahoney, Bill**, Announcer, KOIL.
- Maish, Jack**, Author of WLW Historical Highlights and Great Adventures, is a Harvard graduate with an historical sense and a dramatic gift. He digs out the truth about historical events and characters and presents them as Radio dramas. These are two of the station's most popular programs. Maish aspires to write books and plays for the legitimate stage.
- Major and Minor**, Pianists, WHAM.
- Male Quartet**, WWNC.
- Malin, Don**, Musical Director of WLS, the Sears-Roebuck station, Chicago. Came to WLS in January, 1926, from farm journal field. Became musical director served in this capacity until June, 1928, when he was named director following the appointment of Edgar L. Bill to supervise all Radio for Sears-Roebuck and Company. Graduate of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, 1918. With Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa, for five years, then to Chicago with Prairie Farmer. Music always a hobby, studied voice and piano and was accompanist for glee clubs during college life. A thorough student of music, its history and the lives and personalities of the great men in music. Saw in Radio a great opportunity to encourage appreciation in good music and his series of piano-talk programs on "Personalities in Music," the opera, the symphony, and his many big choral and symphony broadcasts and other programs of a high class character have set a new standard in Radio.
- Mallory, Paul**, Second Tenor of the Aerials male quartet, WMAQ.
- Mallory, Walter**, Tenor, WCCO.
- Malone, Mary Cornelia**, Soprano, WSM.
- Malone, Web**, Piano and Songs, WWNC.
- Man, L. R.**, Operator, WBAP.
- Mandolin Musicians**, KMA.
- Mangano, Don**, Saxophone, Jules Herbeux KYW orchestra. Don, like his little brother Joe, traces his musical growth from the Hull House band sponsored by Jane Addams. Like his brother, he plays all of the wood wind instruments. He is married and that's that. During the war he was overseas as assistant bandmaster with the Rainbow division, 149th Field Artillery band. He was born in Chicago, and has played with a dozen or so of the famous orchestras before coming to KYW.
- Mangano, Joe**, Saxophone, Jules Herbeux' orchestra. Joe is master of all the wood wind instruments in the band, but the saxophone expresses his own, the jazz age. Television will disclose "Jody" as the Adolph Menjou of Radio—if television is not too long in arriving. There is hope, however, for Joe is only 23. His musical education started as a member of Jane Addams Hull House band, at the age of 9, and there is a sparkle of pride in Joe's eyes when he mentions Miss Addams—"for otherwise," Joe says, "I would never have had the chance to learn music." He is unmarried and if he can help it will remain that way. However, modern girls get their man and some day probably Joe will be caught off guard. His hobby is golf and trying to be serious.
- Manley, William Ford**, Radio Playwright and Author of "Biblical Dramas" of NBC System.
- Manning, Edward**, Announcer, KPO.
- Mansfield, Andy**, Pianist, arranger, entertainer, soloist, orchestra director, program arranger and comedian extraordinary at WLW. Entered Pennsylvania State 1920, as a law student. Changed to a music course when he found he couldn't give up the piano long enough to study Blackstone. Member of Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity, Penn State Glee Club, and Musical Club. Transferred to Cornell University and Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Member of the Cornell Musical clubs, Savage Club, Masque, Sharps and Flats. Left college in 1923 to join Whiteman's office. Played the piano for the first Victor records of the Collegians. Left the Whiteman organization to join the "Little Jesse James" orchestra at Miami, Florida, where he broadcast over WGBU, WIOD, WMBF, and WJAX. Keith Vaudeville in 1924. Orchestra director of the Palmetto Follies at Miami in 1925-26. Joined Ray Miller's orchestra as piano soloist and arranger. Was with Blue Steele's Victor Recording Band before coming to WLW in 1926. Phonograph owners have Andy's pianologues on Victor, Brunswick, Vocalion, and other records. He has written many popular songs. On the air at WLW he is particularly noted for his comic sketches in which he accompanies himself at the piano. Josephine, the Terrible Traveling Piano, is his brain child. Mansfield's Radio Gazette, a melange of musical news reports, is now entertaining morning audiences. His pianologues on Saturday nights alone would have made him famous.
- Mansfield, Mrs. S. A.**, Pianist, WLAC.
- Manson, Margaret**, Secretary, Manager Station Routine, KYA.
- Manuel Cigar Girls**, Popular Numbers Singers, WJR.
- Maple City Four**, Male Quartet at WLS. Pat Petterson, Bass; Art Janes, Baritone; Bob Bender, Second Tenor; Fritz Meissner, First Tenor, and Rege Peel, Pianist. Drove into Chicago two years ago in a rickety flivver from LaPorte, Ind., determined to "crash" into Radio. Been with WLS ever since—some crash.
- Marcotte, Don**, and His Vagabonds, NBC.
- Marcotte, Ralph**, Cellist, WDAF.
- Marcoux, Henri**, Baritone, WLWL.
- Marget, Mummy**, Staff Artist at WDAY. Has a tenor voice, a knack for fiddling and telling stories. Formerly with KWK, and master of ceremonies at Coffee Dan's, St. Louis.
- Marian, Edith**, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
- Marian and Jim**, Airscout Hour, WENR-WBCN.
- Marks, Regina**, Violinist and Musical Director of WAPI. Regina can't remember far back enough to disassociate violin with living. Coming from a musical family, her early training was received from Josef Heine, whose home was a veritable bower of music, later studying with Colman and Klenk, the latter a pupil of the great Joachim. She has long been recognized as one of the outstanding Directors of the South, having directed picture, concert, and restaurant ensembles. Regina considers Radio orchestra work as the ideal means of self expression, bringing a satisfaction, almost a reward in its enabling influence, and appreciates the opportunity of being an important cog in the great wheel of WAPI.
- Marlowe, William C.**, KSTP, Assistant conductor, National Battery Symphony orchestra. In charge KSTP music library of more than 5,000 selections. Conductor, concert master, and violinist with various organizations in Northwest past 15 years.
- Marsh, Francis B.**, Manager Vocal Personnel, Columbia Broadcasting System.
- Marsh, Isabel**, Soprano, WFLA.
- Marshall, Charles**, Singer and Producer at the NBC San Francisco studios.
- Marshall, Gilbert**, Baritone, WLAC.
- Marshall, Rhena**, Mezzo-Soprano, KOMO.



Ames, Iowa, 1918. With Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa, for five years, then to Chicago with Prairie Farmer. Music always a hobby, studied voice and piano and was accompanist for glee clubs during college life. A thorough student of music, its history and the lives and personalities of the great men in music. Saw in Radio a great opportunity to encourage appreciation in good music and his series of piano-talk programs on "Personalities in Music," the opera, the symphony, and his many big choral and symphony broadcasts and other programs of a high class character have set a new standard in Radio.



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Martens, Thora, Versatile member of WENR staff. Contralto, she is heard in solos, duets and sketches. Five feet nine inches tall, has gray blue eyes and light brown hair. Favorite hobby is good cooking and shopping. Prior to taking up music Miss Martens did sales and secretarial work. First heard over KYW in duets with Dorothy Wilkins. Appeared in *The Student Prince*. Has been heard over KYW, WQJ, WHT, WMAQ, WBBM, WLS, WEBH, WIBO, WCCO, KMOX and WOW. Graduate of Senn High school, Chicago.



Martin, Browne, Violinist, WSM.

Martin, Halloween, Alias "Miss Musical Clock" of KYW. Went from college to Home Economics Department of Chicago Herald-Examiner, giving daily Radio talk on Interior Decoration. Lectures at Cooking Schools and Clubs and Winds Musical Clock every day for early listeners.

Martin, Howie, Announcer, KOIL.

Martin, Marion, Accompanist, Hostess, WWJ.

Martin, Virginia, Pianist, WLAC.

Marx, Mrs. Regina, Director of her own concert orchestra, WAPI.

Marilyn Trio, Helen Bennett, Violinist; Marlon Matthews, Cellist; Mildred Carroll, Pianist and Soprano; KNX.

Maslin, Alice, Program Director and Assistant to Manager, KMOX. Also a concert pianist, narrator, booker and continuity writer. Studied under Alma Dawson and Leo C. Muller in St. Louis, Arcadia college, and Colorado college. Was musical director for Community theatre at Colorado Springs, and has been on the stage. Joined KMOX in March, 1926.

Mason, Richard, Announcer, WPTF.

Massengales, Clyde and Florence, WBAP.

Master Six Orchestra, KFAB.

Mather, Donald, Operator, WEEL.

Mathewson, Ralph W., Chief Operator, WEEL.

Matteson, E. E., Director KFKX.

Matthews, Alice, Pianist, WNAC.

Matthews, Blanche Moore, Pianist, WLAC.

Matthews, C. J., Commercial Representative in Chicago Office, National Broadcasting Company.

Matthews Sisters, Harmony and Uke Players, KYW.

Maudie (Mrs. Boyd Shreffler), is the most popular single entertainer heard over WIBW. She plays two piano request programs each week besides accompanying for Boyd's band. She has been in radio work and theater for the past 10 years; has the largest repertoire of piano numbers of any entertainer known to WIBW. She has never failed to play any request named, whether popular or classical and plays by the hour without music. Her memory of music is unequalled by any, and she receives more fan mail than any single entertainer on WIBW.

Maupin, Rex, First Trumpet, Arranger, Jules Herbeuveaux' KYW orchestra. Born, St. Joseph, Mo. Graduate of Kansas State with B.S. and M.S. degrees, member Sigma Nu fraternity. Following graduation taught classes in music department of the University and directed band and orchestra. During summer vacations organized dance band among students and played summer resorts. Leaving school he continued with music instead of Entomology in which he earned his B.S. degree and studied harmony, theory and counterpoint at American Musical College and Chicago Musical College. He plays piano, cello and trumpet and conducts. Besides having been a member of Prior's band, Rex has played with the famous Paul Ash, Mark Fisher, Benny Meroff, Charles Kaley, Verne Buck, Al Kvale and Charley Straight's orchestras. His hobby is going to fires.

Maurer, Hazel, Pianist, WDBO.

Maxwell, Paul, Engineer, KSO.

Maxwell, Richard, Tenor, NBC.

Maxwell, Ted, NBC Production Manager at San Francisco. Besides handling the details of his important office, Ted plays on many dramatic programs and carries the leading role on one of the most important serials written around Western history. He has been on the stage since he was graduated from high school in Oakland, Calif., his native city. At 19, Ted was leading man for a repertory theatre company doing the old-time hits—"Girl of the Golden West," "East Lynn" and "Two Orphans." He organized the Ted Maxwell Players in Oakland after touring the United States in a vaudeville sketch and playing several seasons on Broadway. Ted came to NBC as an announcer and soon was in charge of production.

May, Mrs. Earl, Soloist, KMA.

May, Earl E., Director-Announcer, Gold Cup Announcer, 1926, KMA.

May and June, Harmony Team, WMBB-WOK.

Mayer, Purcell, Violinist, KFI.

Mayer, Robert, KSTP, Oboe, National Battery Symphony orchestra.

Mayflower Trio, Mrs. June Taylor, Jim Taylor, Bob Ross, KMA.

Mays, Esmeralda Berry, Violinist, KMOX.

Maytime Orchestra, KMA.

McAdams, Mrs. Jordan, Soprano and Dramatic Reader, WLAC.

McAllister, Charles, National Player, NBC at San Francisco.

McAloon, Lois, KSTP, Secretary to District Sales Manager, Minneapolis.

McArt, W. J., Tenor, KVOO.

McCabe Jubilee Singers, Negro Spirituals, WSUN.

McC Campbell, Ursula, Violinist, WLAC.

McCann, Mildred, Soprano, WFLA.

McCarville, Barney, Announcer, KYW-KFKX.

Born, raised and educated in Chicago. The pleasant baritone voice heard on morning studio features and afternoons in market reports and baseball scores. Barney desired early to become a newspaper man and, following in the footsteps of his esteemed father, joined the Chicago Herald and Examiner staff. After two years of reportorial endeavor Barney found himself assisting in editing the woman's page, to-wit, interpreting dreams, answering lovelorn letters and those of embarrassing moments for the readers. (Ed. Note—That is where he laid the foundation for the Sheik he has become.) Little wonder then when the Herald and Examiner started its Radio department that he fled to its protection. He straightway became an announcer and meets his listeners under many names, such as the Newspaper Man, Georgia O. George. Barney is indispensable to the Radio station. There is no branch of the program department in which he can not and is often called upon to function effectively. As one of his many side accomplishments for which his early training fits him he edits from the grist of the world's news the famous Chicago Herald and Examiner News Flashes, a nightly uninterrupted feature for more than three years.



McClellan, Carter, Xylophonist, WLAC.

McCleod, Keth, Pianist, NBC.

McCluer, Paul, Sunshine Hour Announcer, WENR. Born in Brimfield, Illinois. Single, five feet nine inches tall, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Hobbies are golf, writings of Ben Johnson and teaching of speech. Attended University of Chicago and Illinois. Has been a teacher, house painter, and was on the Chautauqua circuit. Besides announcing writes continuities for WENR. Favorite dessert is watermelon.



McCluney, Richard, Baritone, WJBY.

McConnell, Elizabeth, Violinist, WLAC.

McConnell, Ed, Radio Team of Ed and Mama, WSUN.

McConnell, John, Musical Director, WCAU.

McConville, Leo, Trumpeter, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.

McCormack, Hamilton, Operator, WBAL.

McCormick, Evelyn—"Mac" to the KYW-KFKX staff, who can tell at a glance from the master panel index, just when any program was, is, or will be. So far she has only made four million mistakes, but she's been right four hundred million times. All the announcers, operators, artists and production men read her schedules daily.

McCormick, Leo, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.

McCormick, Peggy, Contralto, KVOO.

McCosker, Director, WOR.

McCrocklin, Angeline, Contralto, WAPI.

McCullough, James, Basso, WFLA.

McDermott, Tom, Popular Songster, Novelty Pianist, WHB.

McDonald, Avis, Vibroharp and Xylophone Soloist and Drummer in the Studio Orchestra of WJJD.

McDonald, Elmer, Tenor, KMOX.

McDonald, Grace, Contralto, WSAI.

McDonald, Rex, Banjo and Director Silverking Dance Orchestra, WSUN.

McDonough, Dick, Banjo, Guitar Soloist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.

McDowell, M. F., Operator, WEAO.

McElwain, George, Announcer, Drafted from Technical Department for late program, KGO.

McFadden, Frances, Pianist, WSM.

McGann, Hugh, Baritone, KOIL.

McGee, Beulah, Contralto, WOC.

McGee, Sam, Fiddler, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.

McGinty Cowboy Band, WLW.

McGloue, Louise, Organist, KMA.

McGowan, Grace, Coloratura Soprano and Office Director, KMOX. Pioneer Radio artist. Chosen as one of the two St. Louis sopranos for the special choir in *The Miracle*, and has also sung in operatic productions. Appears in station recitals and light and grand opera.

McGrath, Frank, Director Parker House Concert Orchestra, WEEL.

McHugh, H. Bart, Jr., Manager of WCAU. One of the leading authorities on Radio advertising in the East.

McIntire, Katheryne, Studio Director, Violinist, Contralto and Dramatic Reader. She has been called the most talented girl in Radio. But with all her accomplishments, Miss McIntire is first a violinist. She has spent several seasons in Europe studying with Kreitley in Paris, and Rosalind Day in Vienna. Miss McIntire has appeared before the microphone for some years as a concert artist, and has been a staff member of KMOX for two years.

McIntosh, Barr, Cheerful Philosopher, KFVB. Honorary Member of the "Rough Riders." Elected at thirtieth convention held in Hollywood June 24th, 1928. Was with them in Cuba as war correspondent. Honorary of Roosevelt Camp No. 9, Spanish War Veterans in Los Angeles. Membership over 2,500, the largest camp in the country. Recently elected honorary member Veterans of Foreign Wars, Santa Monica Post. All of these because of continued interest in the welfare of ex-service men.

McInturf, Lucille, Organist, WWNC.

McKee, Edna, "The Oklahoma Melody Girl," Pianist and blues singer, KMOX. Miss McKee, who was in Los Angeles for 14 months, was a feature artist over KPLA, the Los Angeles Examiner station, and prior to that time was connected with KVOO, Tulsa. She has also broadcast over stations KNX at Hollywood, KFI and KFVB at Los Angeles. While in Hollywood she became affiliated with the Sound Arts Academy, where many motion picture stars learn how to "talk." She has also appeared on the stage in the largest theatres on the Pacific Coast.

McKenzie, Rev. J. A. Weekly Bible School Lesson, KMA.

McKenzie, Jock, KSTP, Scotch Baritone.

McKiddy, M. M., Operator, WDAF.

McKinney, Tommy, Tenor Soloist, KFJF.

McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Dance Orchestra, WJR.

McLaughlin, Ben Walker, Editor of the NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air," broadcast from the San Francisco studios every week-day excepting Saturday. Known as Ben Walker to the Radio audience of the Magazine, he conducts one of the most unique of all broadcasts. Designed to help and entertain the home-maker, Ben's program includes everything from recipes to an organ recital and jazz music. "Three sponsors a day, keep the blues away," says Bennie as he presents the one hour broadcast divided into three periods. Formerly a vaudeville entertainer, concert singer and one-time actor in Hollywood, Ben came to NBC two years ago and was given charge of the Magazine. He is a native of Slatington, Pa. Ben appeared on the stage when he was 13. He has lived in California since shortly after the World War, when he served in the 4th Field Artillery.

McLaughlin, Frances, Secretary to Big Brother Club, WEEL.

McLaughlin, Manus, and "His Old Time Fiddle," Heard at various stations throughout the country. Specialized for over twenty years in playing old time music.

McMahon, Leah, Program Director, accompanist, blues singer, KFSD.

McMillin, Mrs. Benton, Reader, WSM.

McMinville Exchange Club Male Quartet, WLAC.

McMullen, Blance, Soprano, WFLA.

McMullen, Eldon, Pianist, WFLA.

McMullen Quartet, WFLA.

McNamee, Graham, Announcer. Began work at WEAJ in 1923. Has described the World Series, the Presidential Inauguration, the Democratic National Convention, Football games. He is also remembered for his announcing of the Sharkey-Dempsey and the Tunney-Dempsey Fights. He is known by his "Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience." National Broadcasting Company. McNamee

also is a recognized concert baritone and was heard during 1929 in a series of concerts that took him to all parts of the nation.

McNeill, Don, Announcer, WTMJ. Graduate Marquette university, 1929. Was announcer and writer for the Milwaukee station while an undergraduate. Also draws cartoons for the Milwaukee Journal and is a staff writer. Six feet, two inches tall, black hair, Irish blue eyes. Hails from Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

McNight, Wes, Announcer, CFRB.

McQueen, Alexander, the Scrap Book Man, musician, author, entertainer, specialties, WFBE.

McQuhae, Allen, Tenor, NBC.

Mecker, Louise, Weekly Book Reviews, WDAF.

Mediterraneans, Orchestra, NBC.

Meek, Sandy, Scotch Tenor, WSBC.

Melaney, Howard, the "Singing Fireman" from WLS. Discovered while on a locomotive out in the mountains. Travels 4,000 miles each week singing for Northern Pacific railway on stations from coast to coast. His tenor voice fits ballads.

Melbe, Chester, KSTP, Bass and Tuba, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Melcher, Irving W., Manager, WCSH.

Melgard, Al, Organist, KYW.

Mellouine, Claire, Pianist, KNX.

Mellotone Male Quartet, KFLV. Favorites, old and new, are offered by this singing group composed of Francis Keye, Willard Newburg, Earl Johnson and Carl Johnson.

Melodians, Laurie, Eddie, Bennie, Male Trio, WGES.

Melodians, Quartet, WSM.

Melody Trio, Sid Lippman, Dale Imes, Sally Farnsworth, KNX.

Melody Twins, Dorothy Maddox, Vera Trueblood, WHB.



Melton, Charles F., "Charlie, the French Harp King," WLAC.
 Melton, James, Tenor, NBC.
 Menkes, Sallie, Jack Baus, Sterra Feigen, Trio, WENR.
 Menton, Jean Dawson, Afternoon Program Supervisor, WBAL.
 Menzer, Carl, Announcer, WSUI.
 Mercer, Harry Yeazell, Tenor, WOC.
 Meridian Hustlers Orchestra from Meridian, Miss., WAPI.
 Merrick, Mahlon, Director of Concert Orchestra, KHQ.
 Mertens, Louis, Violinist, WSM.
 Messeas, James, Cello, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
 Metcalf, Peggy, Blues Singer, WWNC.
 Meteyarde, Lawrence, Pianist, WALT.
 Metropolitan Male Quartet, KVOO.
 Meyer, Mrs. Eugene, Accompanist, WLAC.
 Meyer, Vic, Leader of Butler Hotel Orchestra, KJR.
 Meyers, Charlotte, Member of Team with Miss Tudor, WLW.
 Meytrot, Wes', Popular Pianist, WSUN.
 Michael, Milton, Tenor, KFDM.
 Miedlin, Harold, Violinist, Conductor of Orchestra, WFL.
 Mignolet, Jeanne, Soprano, is frequently heard when Roxy and His Gang are on the air over the National Broadcasting Company's Network.
 Mike and Herman, Comedians, Arthur Wellington and James Murray, WENR-WBCN.
 Miles, Mrs. T. E., Contralto, WSM.
 Milholland, Howard I., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, Program Director, Famous for his Radio Vaudeville. He is also a reader, impersonator and singer, KGO.
 Miller, Dick, Tenor, WMAK.
 Miller, George, WSBC.
 Miller, Hugh, Bass, KFDM.
 Miller, Leal, Announcer of Women's Exercise Period of KSTP, is Physical Director of the St. Paul Y. W. C. A.
 Miller, Lou, Uncle Jack, KOIL.
 Miller, Mamie, Domestic Science Lady, KMA.
 Miller, Priestley, Baritone and Member of WLAC Male Quartet, WLAC.
 Miller, Sylvia, Young Lyric Soprano, Major Bowes' Capitol Family, National Broadcasting Company.
 Miller, William, Tenor, went through to the Semi-finals in 1927 Atwater Kent Contest, WDAC. Now staff tenor with WTAM.
 Millrod, George B., Violinist, WJR.
 Mills, Byron, Announcer. Learned to sing touring country towns with his father, who was a circuit rider. It is also rumored he reads all the fan mail, KGO.
 Mills, H. Lawrence, KSTP, Chief Maintenance Engineer.
 Mills, Ruth Tieknor, Contralto KFLV. Heart songs a specialty. Accompanist is Laura Sterling.
 Milton, Billy, "The One Man Band" (Harmonica and Guitar), KSTP.
 Minea, Ethel, KSTP, Secretary to Assistant Manager.
 Minco, Sam, Pianist, WMAK.
 Minicis, Joe De, Tenor, WFLA.
 Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbruggen, Conductor, WCCO.
 Minotti, Cari, Popular Songs, WSUN.
 Mitchell, Bertha, Staff Pianist and Brown Trio, WSUN.
 Mitchell, Everett, Announcer on Popular program. He has been connected with Radio three years. WENR.
 Mobley, Earl, and His Orchestra, NBC.
 Moeller, Katherine, KSTP, Reader, "Children's Hour."
 Moffit, Star's Photoplay Editor, WDAF.
 Mole, Miff, Trombonist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
 Mona Motor Mixed Quartet, Mrs. Will Cutler, Soprano; Mrs. X. Kynett, Contralto; Howard Steberg, Tenor; Philip Helgren, Bass; KOIL.
 Mona Motor Oil Orchestra, KOIL.
 Monjcin, Gregory, Dancer, Russian Arte Troupe of Dancers, Musicians and Vocalists, KSTP.
 Monk, Alfred, Radio Orchestra, WHAM.
 Monroe Jockers' Orchestra, KNX.
 Montagne, Imelda, Contralto Singer, NBC at San Francisco. Imelda dances and is an actress as well, but most of her programs now are with the Pepper Maids, a feminine harmony trio heard with the Musical Musketeers, an NBC dance band.
 Moutanus, Mrs. Agnes, and her Friendly House Dramatic Players, WOC.
 Montgomery, Ruth, Soprano, WDAF.
 Mooney, Ralph Stifford, Tenor, WLAC.
 Mooney, Tom, Baritone, WSM.
 Moore, Grady, Hawaiian Guitar Artist, WLAC.
 Moore, Hecmer, Operatic Baritone, WFLA.
 Moore, Lloyd, Announcer, CKOC.
 Moore, Morrill, Organist, WHB.
 Moore, Pryor, Musical Director, KFI.
 Moosman, Beal, Dramatic Player, Control Operator, KOMO.
 Moran, Estelle, Pianist, KTAR.
 Moran, Nellie Lee, Soprano, WSM.
 Morehouse, Marguerite, Organist, KOIL.
 Morelli, Whitfield, Pianist, and Student in Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, WLAC.
 Morgan, Arthur, Violinist, WBAL.
 Morgan, Madge, Soprano, KVOO.
 Morrey, Grace Hamilton, Pianist, WAIU.
 Morris, Margaret Messer, Soprano, KNX.

Morrison, Clair E., Manager of KYA. Mr. Morrison received his early training as director of KPO, San Francisco. For the past year and a half he has been piloting KYA into national prominence. The reason he is not on the air now as much as formerly is because he is too busy looking after all the details which go toward making a smooth broadcast.



Morrison, Edris, Director, KOIN Players.
 Morrison, William O., Member KVOO Studio Orchestra.
 Morrow, Fred, Reeds, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
 Morse, Clyde, Program Director, WHAM.
 Morton, Dorothy, Pianist, WSM.
 Morton, Harry, Nat Vincent, Happy Chappies, KFRC.
 Morton, Helen, Contralto, KVOO.
 "Mose and Charlie," Harold Hughes, Jose Simonson, KOIL.
 Moses, Eva, Hostess, KFON.
 Moses, Everett Allyn, Band Conductor, WSUN.
 Mosher, Austin, NBC Baritone at San Francisco.
 Moss, Ben, Associate Announcer, WFLA.
 Moss, Frank, Musical Director of KFRC. A concert pianist of distinction; has co-starred throughout America with Alice Gentle, Marjory Maxwell, Tina Lerner, Louis Persinger, Lawrence Strauss and others. He is an Ampico recording artist and former director of music at the University of Hawaii, KFRC.
 Moss, Nora La Mar, Contralto, WHB.
 Mountain, Rose, Contralto Solist, WGY.
 Mullins, Earl, Saxophonist, KVOO.
 Munn, Frank, Tenor, Former, One of Rudd Light Opera Group, National Broadcasting Company.
 Murphy, Ella, Weekly Book Reviews, KMA.
 Murphy, James, KSTP, Piano, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Murphy, Lambert, The American Singers, NBC.
 Murphy, Russell, Tenor, WCCO.
 Murray, Norine, Irish Songs, WOC.
 Murray, Rachel Neil, Guitarist, WSM.
 Music Masters, Twenty-Piece Concert Orchestra, WBAP.
 Musical Chiefs, Don Travline, Max Freedman, WCAU.
 Myatt, Mrs. Herman, Soprano, WSM.
 Myer, Dwight A., Engineer, WEZA.
 Myers, Walter, "Mr." of Universal Radio Features, WEEL.

NADWORNEY, Devore, Contralto, National Broadcasting Company.

Naff, Edward D., Musical Director of Station WRVA, Richmond, Va. Conducts auditions for the station, plans musical programs, and acts in an advisory capacity in the arrangement of programs for local broadcasts. He also has charge of the continuity department. Besides these duties Mr. Naff finds time to do considerable singing and announcing. His recent series of 28 lecture-recitals were listed in the bulletin of the University of Virginia as one of the contributions in the State's extension series of educational features.



Nagy, Charles, Violinist, and Member of Francis Craig and His Recording Orchestra, WLAC.

Nalley, Velva, Blues Singer, WDAF.
 Nappi, William, Director of Columbia Recording Orchestra, WAPI.

Nash, Mrs. Charles A., Musical Director of KFUL, Galveston, Texas, began her musical career at the early age of seven, when she began taking lessons both in voice culture and piano. On completion of studies in Houston, Texas, and later in Chicago, she became well known to Texas audiences as concert soprano and as director of various musical organizations. Much credit for the high quality of musical programs broadcast by KFUL is due to Mrs. Nash. She is the wife of a Presbyterian minister and in addition to her Radio work Mrs. Nash finds time to direct the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Galveston.



Nash, Kenneth, KSTP, Saxophone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Nashville Conservatory of Music. This is Nashville's newest musical institution of which Signor Guatona S. De Luca is Director. The Conservatory will sponsor weekly programs over WLAC throughout the coming fall, winter, and spring seasons.
 Nashville Men's Quartet, WLAC.

National Barn Dance Fiddlers, Tommy Dandurand and Rube Tronson with the fiddles; Sam Mack, banjo, and Ed Goodreau, caller. "Hot" old time barn dance music. Pioneers in this field in Radio. WLS.
 National Battery Girls, Grace Epperson, Olive Stageman, Rachel Salisbury, KOIL.

National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
 H. C. Woempner, First Flute, Minneapolis Symphony, Director; Max Scheliner First Violin, Minneapolis Symphony; William Marlowe, Violin and Librarian; John Lambert, Violin and Saxophone, Minneapolis Symphony; Frank Obermann, Violin, Viola and Piano, Minneapolis Symphony; James Messeas, Cello, Minneapolis Symphony; Alan Warren, Cello and Saxophone; Herman Ruhoff, Piano, Viola and Accompanist, Minneapolis Symphony; Frank Kuchynka, First String Bass, Minneapolis Symphony; John Stamp, Trumpet, Minneapolis Symphony; Con Derus, Trumpet Spence Adkins, Trombone; Earl Handlon, Clarinet and Saxophone, Minneapolis Symphony; Marion Teschion, Clarinet and Saxophone; Gordon Cooke, Drums; Harry Cunnington, First Bassoon, Minneapolis Symphony; Alexandre Duvoir, First Oboe, Minneapolis Symphony; Burton Speakman, Banjo; Alan Hustana, Flute, Minneapolis Symphony.

National Cavaliers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York.

National Male Four, KSTP, Vocal quartet: Earl Stockdale, first tenor; Nels Swenson, bass; Raymond D. Walter, second tenor and Lee Hemminghaus, baritone. Ye Merry Men of Windsor.

Neale, Floyd Judson, Announcer, WOR.
 Neales, C. A., Physical Director, Announcer, KMOX.

Neatrou, Harold, Announcer, WRVA.
 Neely, Uberto, Violinist; Concert Master of several orchestras. Instructor of WSAI Song Writing Class.

Nellums, Mrs. M. E., Soprano, WLAC.
 Nelson, Bertram, Professor of Public Speaking at the University of Chicago. Prof. Nelson broadcasts for the Chicago Daily News station. WMAQ fans hear his lectures on good speech and correct speaking regularly.

Nelson, George, Chief Announcer, Bass, KOMO.

Nelson, Iyar, Chief Engineer, WNAX.

Nelson, Ted, Announcer-General Manager WRNY. One of the pioneers of the Atlantic Coast is Ted Nelson.

Everybody knows him. This summer he has been followed closely by the fight fans because if anyone knows how to describe a fistic battle it is Ted, and WRNY has been carrying the fights of the local stadium. Mr. Nelson comes to WRNY with experience. He has announced from both WMCA and WPCH. As a graduate of Columbia University and a former newspaper man, he brings to his broadcasting a good background. This summer he has been communicating between the beaches, and, it is rumored, trying to fish.

Nelson, William Warvelle, Orchestra Leader WCCO.

Nerat, Andrew, Jugo-Slavacia Grand Opera Soloist, KSTP.

Neumiller, Howard, Musical Director, WENR-WBCN.

Nevins, George, Tenor and Member of Nashville Men's Quartet, WLAC.

Newman, J. W., Chief Operator, WFLA-WSUN.

New Yorkers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York.

Nice, Dr. Clarence, Director Rollins College Conservatory Program, WDBO.

Nicholls, John N., Announcer, Staff Pianist, Baritone, KOIN.

Nichols, Dorothy, Cellist of the KTAB musical ensembles, is a red-head and the sister of the heralded "Red" Nichols, trumpet virtuoso and phonograph artist. She is often heard in solo and trio selections over the Pickwick station.

Nichols, G. B., Spanish Announcer, KFDM.

Nichols, Martin, Tenor, WSM.

Nichols, Red, and His Orchestra, NBC.

Nichols, Robert, Associate Announcer, Baritone, KOMO.

Nicholson, James, Chief Operator, WCSH.

Nicholson, Williams B., Tenor, WSM.

Niekell, Joe, Studio Director, WIBW. Has been with the Capper publications since 1917. Graduate lawyer.

Nickle, Margaret, Pianist, WFLA.

Niesley, Myron, NBC Tenor at San Francisco.

Nightingale, Helen, Soprano, KOIL.

Nitsche, Ed., KSTP, Accordeon player, member team "Ed and Norm."

Noel, Harold, Announcer, Publicity, WGES.

Noel, Mrs. L. G. Pianist and Teacher of Piano, WLAC.

Noel, Tom, Musical Director, KVOO. Known to the Radio audience as Hippo of the A.B.C. Safety Club of KVOO and Prof. Schnitzelbunk. Theatrical and musical work for twenty years. Member of U. S. N. for eight years. Band leader, 11th U. S. Engineers.

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Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

CENTRAL TIME Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Akron	WADC	227.1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206.8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243.8	1230	500	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-1:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	Albuquerque
Amarillo	KGRS	212.6	1410	1000	5:00-6:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
Ames	WOI	468.5	640	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ames
Asbury Park	WCAP	234.2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Asbury Park
Asheville	WWNC	526	570	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	Asheville
Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	500	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	7:00-8:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405.2	740	1000	5:00-9:15	6:00-10:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WFG	272.6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic City
Austin	KUT	267.7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282.8	1060	10000	5:00-7:00	5:00-6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	6:00-11:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483.6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBDM	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	500	7:00-9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422.3	710	500	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	11:00-3:00	Beverly Hills
Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	Birmingham
Birmingham	WBRC	322.4	930	1000	8:00-11:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Birmingham
Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	6:00-9:00	6:00-7:30	6:00-9:00	6:00-7:30	6:00-9:00	6:00-11:00	Bismarck
Boise	KIDO	239.9	1250	1000	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Boise
Boston	WBIS	243.8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302.8	990	500	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:22	Boston
Boston	WEEI	508.2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00-9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545.1	550	1000	Silent	Silent	7:30-9:00	Silent	7:30-9:00	Silent	Silent	Brookings
Brooklyn	WBBC	214.2	1400	500	6:00-9:30	5:00-6:30	5:00-6:30	6:30-9:00	6:30-9:30	9:00-11:00	6:30-8:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214.2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brownville	KWWG	238	1260	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Brownville
Buffalo	WGR	545.1	550	1000	6:00-8:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKEN	288.3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333.1	900	750	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Buffalo
Burbank	KELW	384.4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
Calgary	CFAC	434.5	690	500	8:00	10:00-11:30	11:00-12:30	9:30-10:00	7:00-1:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434.5	690	1800	8:30-10:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	10:15-11:30	8:00-9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00	7:00-8:00	9:30-2:00	7:00-8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJ CJ	434.5	690	500	7:00-8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	12:00-1:00	Silent	8:00-9:30	9:00-1:00	Calgary
Calgary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	11:30-12:30	11:30-12:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Camden	WCAM	234.2	1280	500	Silent	9:30-11:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1080	5000	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	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDDO	234.2	1280	2500	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	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293.9	1020	10000	5:00-1:00	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293.9	1020	10000	Same as KY	W-KFKX	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325.9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	234.2	1280	1500D	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	50000	5:00-6:00	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220.4	1360	500	8:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	9:00-2:00	9:00-2:00	11:00-2:00	11:00-2:00	12:00-2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416.4	720	25000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	535.4	560	1000	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389.4	770	25000	9:30-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265.3	1130	20000	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344.6	870	5000	6:00-8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447.5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00-1:00	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WORD	202.6	1480	5000	5:00-7:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	535.4	560	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1400	500	6:00-8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545.1	550	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	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428.3	700	50000	5:00-11:20	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-3:00	9:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225.4	1330	500	5:30-9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1380	500	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1000	Silent	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	483.6	620	1000	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280.2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215.7	1390	1000	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483.6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	399.8	750	3500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-3:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	Colorado Springs
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	475.9	630	500	5:00-6:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio	WAU	468.5	640	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	Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209.7	1430	500	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-8:00	Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526										

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Edmonton	CNRE	517.2	580	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton
Edmonton	WGBF	475.9	630	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-1:00	Edmonton
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	250	6:30-8:30	6:00-9:00	6:00-8:00	7:00-9:00	7:30-9:30	6:00-8:00	6:00-12:00	Fairmont
Fargo	WDAY	319	946	1000	Silent	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:15	8:30-10:00	9:00-12:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-10:00	Fargo
Fayetteville	KUAO	215.7	1320	1000	Silent	5:00-8:00	5:00-5:55	5:00-9:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-5:55	Silent	Fayetteville
Fleming	CJRW	499.7	600	1000	5:00-7:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:30	5:00-7:30	8:00-9:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-11:00	Fleming
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	258.5	1160	10000	5:00-6:00	9:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	8:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:00-10:30	Ft. Wayne
Ft. Worth	KTAT	241.8	1240	1000	7:30-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	Ft. Worth
Ft. Worth	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	5:00-6:00	9:00-12:00	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Ft. Worth
Ft. Worth	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	9:30-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00-9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00-9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00-9:00	Ft. Worth
Gainesville	WRUF	361.2	830	5000	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	Gainesville
Galveston	KFUL	232.4	1290	1000	1st In Mo. 7:30-9:00	6:00-8:00	6:00-8:00	6:00-8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00-8:00	6:00-8:00	Galveston
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1360	500	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	Gary
Gloucester	WHDH	361.2	830	1000	10:30-12:00	10:30-1:00	10:30-1:00	10:30-1:00	10:30-12:00	10:30-12:00	10:30-1:00	Gloucester
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Grand Rapids
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500	6:45-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	5:00-8:00	11:00-12:00	Grand Rapids
Great Falls	KFBB	220.6	1360	500	Silent	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	Great Falls
Greeley	KFKA	340.7	880	500	Silent	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Greeley
Greensboro	WNRC	208.2	1440	500	7:00	5:30-8:30	5:30-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:30-8:30	5:30-8:30	Silent	Greensboro
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1260	500	5:00-7:00	9:00-11:00	7:00-9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00-9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00-9:00	Harlingen
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1430	500	Silent	6:30-8:00	Silent	6:30-8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Harrisburg
Harrisburg	WHP	209.7	1430	500	5:00-7:59	5:00-8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-1:00	Harrisburg
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1060	50000	6:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	Hartford
Hoboken	WPCH	370.2	810	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	Hoboken
Hollywood	KFWB	315.6	950	1000	8:30-1:00	6:15-2:15	6:15-1:30	6:15-2:00	6:15-1:30	6:15-2:00	5:00-2:15	Hollywood
Hollywood	KMTR	526	570	500	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	Hollywood
Hollywood	KNX	285.5	1050	50000	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	1:00-3:00	Hollywood
Honolulu	KGU	319	940	1000	8:30-12:30	9:00-3:00	9:00-3:00	9:00-3:00	9:00-3:00	9:00-3:00	9:00-4:00	Honolulu
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1000	9:30-2:00	9:30-2:00	9:30-2:00	9:30-2:00	9:30-2:00	9:30-2:00	2 to 5 a.m.	Hopkinsville
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1040	10000	9:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Hot Springs
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	7:00-9:00	9:30-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	7:00-9:00	Houston
Indianapolis	WKBF	214.2	1400	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Indianapolis	WFBM	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:15	8:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	10:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	12:30-2:00	7:00-2:00	12:30-2:00	Inglewood
Iowa City	WSUI	499.7	600	500	6:00-7:00	5:30-9:30	5:30-6:30	5:30-6:30	5:30-6:30	5:30-6:30	6:00-6:30	Iowa City
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1270	500	9:15-11:00	12:00-3:00	8:30-10:00	8:30-9:30	8:30-10:00	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	Ithaca
Jacksonville	WJAX	333.1	900	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Jacksonville
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	500	5:30-10:45	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	Jefferson City
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	1000	Silent	6:45-10:00	6:45-7:00	6:45-11:00	6:45-7:00	6:45-11:00	Silent	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-9:30	5:55-12:00	5:55-9:30	11:00-12:00	5:55-9:30	11:00-12:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	6:00-10:15	5:30-1:00	5:30-1:00	5:30-1:00	5:30-1:00	5:30-1:00	6:00-1:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	5:30-5:55	5:30-5:55	5:00-5:55	5:00-5:55	5:00-5:55	5:00-5:55	5:00-7:30	Kansas City
Kansas City	WOQ	230.6	1300	1000	11:00-12:30	9:30-1:00	5:00-5:55	9:30-1:00	9:30-11:00	9:30-1:00	10:00-11:00	Kansas City
Kingston	CFRC	267.7	1120	500	8:00-9:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Kansas City
Knoxville	WNOX	535.4	560	1000	10:00-1:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Knoxville
La Crosse	WKBH	217.8	1380	1000	Silent	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-9:00	La Crosse
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1220	1000	Silent	7:00-7:00	Silent	Silent	8:30-9:00	Silent	Silent	Lawrence
Lawrence	WREN	245.8	1220	1000	5:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Lawrence
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500	Silent	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Lawrenceburg
Lexington	WLEX	220.4	1360	500	5:00-7:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Lexington
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5000	Silent	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Lincoln
Lincoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500	5:00-5:30	10:00-12:00	8:00-9:00	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	10:00-12:00	Lincoln
Little Rock	KLRA	215.7	1390	1000	5:30-7:00	Silent	8:00-9:00	5:55-10:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Little Rock
London	CJGC	329.7	910	500	6:00-7:30	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-6:55	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-11:00	London
London	KNRL	329.7	910	500	9:00-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:45-10:00	Silent	London
Los Angeles	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5000	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KFSG	276.7	1120	500	7:00-1:00	7:00-1:15	7:00-1:15	7:00-1:15	7:00-1:15	7:00-1:15	7:00-4:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KGEF	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-6:30	Silent	Silent	6:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	10:00-12:30	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	8:30-1:00	Silent	8:00-1:00	8:00-1:00	8:00-1:00	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	5:15-3:00	5:00-3:00	5:00-3:00	5:00-3:00	5:00-3:00	5:00-3:00	5:00-3:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KECA	209.7	1430	1000	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KTBI	230.6	1300	750	8:00-9:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-12:00	Silent	Los Angeles
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10000	10:00-12:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Louisville
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500	5:30-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Macon
Madison	WHA	319	940	750	7:00-8:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Madison
Manhattan, Kan.	KSAC	516.9	580	500	Silent	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Manhattan, Kan.
Memphis	WGBC	209.7	1430	500	7:30-10:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Memphis
Memphis	WMC	384.4	780	500	6:00-11:45	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:15-12:00	6:30-12:00	Memphis
Memphis	WNBR	209.7	1430	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Memphis
Memphis	WREC	499.7	600	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
Meridian	WCOC	340.7	880	1000	Silent	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Meridian
Miami	WQAM	535.4	560	1000	6:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Miami
Miami Beach	WIOD	230.6	1300	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	Miami Beach
Milford	KFKB	285.5	1050	5000	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	5:00-7:30	Milford
Milwaukee	WTMJ	483.6	620	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-1:30	Milwaukee
Minneapolis	WCCO	370.2	810	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-						

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
New York City...	WGBS.....	254.1	1180	500	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	New York City
New York City...	WHAP.....	230.6	1300	1000	8:00-10:00	5:00-7:00	Silent	5:30-8:00	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:30-10:00	New York City
New York City...	WJZ.....	394.5	760	30000	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City
New York City...	WLWL.....	272.6	1100	5000	7:00-8:15	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	New York City
New York City...	WMCA.....	526	570	500	5:00-7:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	New York City
New York City...	WNYC.....	526	570	500	8:15-10:30 Silent	7:00-11:00 5:00-7:30	7:00-11:00 5:00-8:30	7:00-11:00 5:00-9:00	7:00-11:00 5:00-8:30	7:00-11:00 5:00-6:30	7:00-11:00 5:00-7:30	New York City
New York City...	WOV.....	265.3	1130	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	New York City
New York City...	WRNY.....	296.9	1010	250	5:00-9:30	5:00-8:00	5:00-10:00	8:30-12:00	Silent	5:00-8:00	7:00-12:00	New York City
Norfolk, Nebr...	WJAG.....	282.8	1060	1000	Silent	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	Norfolk, Nebr.
Norfolk, Va...	WTAR-WPOR	384.4	780	500	5:00-9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Norfolk, Va.
Norman...	WNAD.....	296.9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	7:15-9:15	7:15-9:15	8:00-9:00	Silent	Silent	Norman
Northfield...	KFMX.....	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	7:00-8:30	Silent	9:00-9:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
Northfield...	WCAL.....	239.9	1250	1000	8:00-9:45	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Northfield
Oakland...	KFWM.....	322.4	930	1000	11:15-12:15	9:00-10:30	9:00-1:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-12:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-1:00	Oakland
Oakland...	KGO.....	379.5	790	7500	5:00-12:00	5:30-2 a.m.	6:30-2 a.m.	5:00-2 a.m.	5:00-2 a.m.	5:30-2:00	7:00-3:00	Oakland
Oakland...	KLX.....	340.7	880	500	6:00-8:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	Oakland
Oakland...	KTAB.....	535.4	560	1000	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	Oakland
Oil City...	WLBW.....	238	1260	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	Oil City
Oklahoma City...	KFJF.....	204	1470	5000	6:30-9:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-1:00	Oklahoma City
Oklahoma City...	WKY.....	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	Oklahoma City
Omaha...	WAAW.....	454.3	660	500	Silent	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	Silent	Omaha
Omaha...	WOW.....	508.2	590	1000	5:00-5:30 7:00-11:00	5:00-11:15	5:00-8:00 9:00-11:15	5:00-9:30 10:30-11:30	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:30 or 12:00	Omaha
Orlando...	WDBO.....	267.7	1120	1000D 500N	6:30-9:00	8:00-9:00 10:00-11:00	5:00-6:00 6:45-8:00 9:00-10:00	5:00-6:00 8:00-9:00 10:00-11:00	5:00-6:00 6:45-8:00 9:00-10:00	5:00-6:00 8:00-9:00 10:00-11:00	5:00-6:00 6:45-8:00 9:00-10:00	Orlando
Ottawa...	CNRO.....	500	600	500	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	7:45-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Ottawa
Pasadena...	KPSN.....	220.4	1360	1000	2nd & 4th Sun. 10:00-11:00	8:00-8:30	8:00-8:30	8:00-8:30	8:00-8:30	8:00-8:30	8:00-8:30	Pasadena
Paterson...	WODA.....	239.9	1250	1000								Paterson
Pensacola...	WCOA.....	223.7	1340	500	Silent	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Pensacola
Peoria...	WMBD.....	208.2	1440	1000D 500N	Silent	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00-7:00 9:00-12:30	Peoria
Philadelphia...	WCAU.....	256.3	1170	10000	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	Philadelphia
Philadelphia...	WFAN.....	491.5	610	500	5:00-8:00 5:00-10:15	5:00-5:30 5:00-6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-11:00	5:00-5:30 5:00-6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	5:00-5:30 5:00-6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia...	WFI.....	535.4	560	500	8:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia...	WIP.....	491.5	610	500	8:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-6:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia...	WLIT.....	535.4	560	500	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-1:00	Silent	6:00-1:00	6:00-1:00	6:00-1:00	Philadelphia
Phoenix...	KFAD.....	483.6	620	1000	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-1:00	Silent	6:00-1:00	6:00-1:00	6:00-1:00	Phoenix
Phoenix...	KOY.....	215.7	1390	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Phoenix
Picher...	KCGF.....	296.9	1010	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Picher
Pittsburgh...	KDKA.....	305.9	980	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:02	5:00-11:02	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:05	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh...	KQV.....	217.3	1380	500	5:00-9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-1:00	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh...	WCAE.....	245.8	1220	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh...	WJAS.....	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Pittsburgh
Portland, Me...	WCSH.....	319	940	500	5:30-9:15	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore...	KEX.....	254.1	1180	5000	5:00-1:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KFJR.....	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00-9:00	9:00-2:00	9:00-2:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KGW.....	483.6	620	1000	5:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KOIN.....	319	940	1000	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	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KTBR.....	230.6	1300	500	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	5:00-7:00 8:00-9:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KWJJ.....	282.8	1060	500	5:00-1:00 11:00-1:00	10:00-2:00 Silent	11:00-2:00	8:00-9:00 Silent	10:00-2:00 11:00-2:00	8:00-9:00 Silent	10:00-3:00 11:00-2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore...	KXL.....	239.9	1250	500	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00-3:00	Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie...	WOKO.....	215.7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	Poughkeepsie
Pullman...	KWSC.....	214.2	1400	1000	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Silent	Silent	Pullman
Quincy...	WTAD.....	208.2	1440	500	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	7:00-9:00	Quincy
Raleigh...	WPTF.....	440.9	680	1000	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	Raleigh
Red Deer...	CHCT.....	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer...	CJCR.....	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Regina...	CHWC.....	312.3	960	500	5:00-10:00	7:00-1:00	6:00-6:30	7:00-1:00	6:00-6:30	6:00-6:30	7:00-1:00	Regina
Regina...	CJBR.....	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Regina
Regina...	CKCK.....	312.3	960	500	10:01-1:00	Silent	6:30-1:00	Silent	6:30-1:00	6:30-1:00	Silent	Regina
Regina...	CNRR.....	312.5	960	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va...	WRVA.....	270.1	1110	5000	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Richmond, Va.
Richmond Hill...	WBOQ.....	348.6	860	5000	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Richmond Hill
Roanoke...	WDBJ.....	322.4	930	500	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Roanoke
Rochester...	WHAM.....	260.7	1150	5000	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:20	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:20	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Rochester
Rochester...	WHEC.....	208.2	1440	500	Silent	5:00-6:30	5:00-8:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-8:30	5:00-9:30	5:00-10:30	Rochester
Rockford...	KFLV.....	212.6	1410	500	7:30-10:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	Rockford
Rossville...	WBBR.....	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-8:00	Silent	5:00-7:00	8:00-11:00	7:00-9:00	5:00-7:00	Silent	Rossville
St. Joseph...	KFEQ.....	440.9	680	2500	Silent	5:00-6:20	5:00-6:20	5:00-6:20	5:00-6:20	5:00-6:20	5:00-6:20	St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis...	KFUO.....	545.1	550	1000	On Air at 9:15	9:30-10:30	6:00-7:00	6:00-6:30 11:00-12:00	6:00-7:00	9:30-10:30	6:00-6:30	St. Louis
St. Louis...	KMOX.....	275.1	1090	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis...	KSD.....	545.1	550	500	5:00-9:15	7:00-9:30	7:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-9:30	6:30-11:00	St. Louis
St. Louis...	KWK.....	222.1	1350	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis...	WEW.....	394.5	760	1000	5:00-5:45	5:00-5:45	5:00-5:45	5:00-5:45	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	Silent	St. Louis
St. Paul...	KSTP.....	205.4	1460	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg...	7SUN-WFLA	333.1	900									

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	5:00-5:00	5:00-2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	990	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	WCSO	206.8	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	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1180	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	333.1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Stevens Point
Superior	WBFC	232.4	1290	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	7:00-11:30	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	760	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	241.8	1240	1000	6:00-6:45	6:00-6:45	8:00-9:00	6:00-8:00	8:00-9:00	6:00-8:00	6:00-6:45	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	5:00-6:30	6:00-8:00	8:00-9:00	6:00-8:00	8:00-9:00	6:00-8:00	6:00-6:45	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	6:00-8:00	Silent	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	8:00-11:00	Toledo
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	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	Operating on Phantom License only	6:00-11:30	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	6:00-7:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	8:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKNC	517.2	580	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	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	9:00-10:30	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	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVAZ	263	1140	5000	5:00-8:00	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	890	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
Vancouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	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	Vancouver
Vermillion	KUSD	335.9	890	500	11:00-12:30	12:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	9:30-2:00	Silent	Vermillion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	229.5	630	500	Silent	8:00-9:00	8:00-9:30	8:00-9:00	Silent	9:30-2:00	Silent	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	9:28-11:00	each Month 10:00-12:00	8:30-9:30	8:00-9:30	8:00-9:30	10:00-11:15	8:00-9:30	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	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WRD	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 to 10000								Westminster
Wichita	KFH	230.6	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
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6	10000	2000	7:00-9:00	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000	Silent	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	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
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000	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	Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	930	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	7:15-8:00	7:15-8:00	7:15-8:00	7:15-10:00	8:30-10:00	7:15-8:00	Yorkton
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1080	5009	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

Lost At Sea

(Continued from page 33)

NORTON: (Laughs) Strange ye didn't follow their wake.

MR. B.: Not so strange, you know. I was rather delicate, as a boy, and, in my country, the eldest sons bear the honors of the family.

NORTON: I had a younger brother—he was lost at sea.

MR. B.: It's a rather mysterious way of—passing on, isn't it? My brother was also—lost at sea.

NORTON: Where are ye bound, sir?

MR. B.: to Guayaquil—possibly back again to Callao—I can't say just yet. Tell me—how long have you worked on this Line, Mr. Norton?

NORTON: First trip, sir.

MR. B.: I understand it has a rather unsavory reputation.

NORTON: Ye've got me, sir—all I know is, business has been fallin' off and they lost two boats in the last fourteen months. Between you and me, this here vessel's none too seaworthy.

MR. B.: (Ruminatively) They seem to have a habit of losing boats.

NORTON: It's a British outfit—isn't it, Mr. Barlett?

MR. B.: (Abstractedly) Pardon? . . . Oh, yes—the Belshires, of Liverpool, are the owners. They have a junk line in Bombay, I believe—and part interest in a shipyard in Philadelphia. How about this Captain Wilson? Does he know how to handle this ship?

NORTON: Seems to, sir—considerin' that he's in his cups most o' the time.

MR. B.: I'd like to see him.

NORTON: Ye can't, sir—keeps to his cabin, and Valdez, the first mate, won't let anyone near him. A lonely sort o' cuss, he is.

MR. B.: Well—the fog seems to be clearing—I think I'll take a turn on deck. Where is your cabin, Norton—in case I should want you in a hurry?

NORTON: Top deck, amidships, sir—just afore the stack.

MR. B.: Thank you. About how far off shore are we?

NORTON: Between ten and fifteen miles, I should judge, sir.

MR. B.: About what I figured—well, goodnight.

NORTON: Goodnight, sir.

FERRY BOAT NOISES—Music—

CAPT. J.: I recollect it struck me as queer at the time—his askin' my cabin location, and so on—but I went on duty shortly after that and I had other things to fill my thoughts. 'Twas along toward mornin' that Valdez came by to relieve me. He seemed jumpy and nervous and I noticed—after he'd taken the wheel—that we changed our course—nor-by-nor' east.

JOE: Where were you then, Capt. J.?

CAPT. J.: I should say, about fifteen miles off the coast o' Peru—headin' for the heel o' the continent that rounds into Ecuador. The change o' course puzzled me, 'cause we should a been bearin' further west, if anything. I took a stroll about deck and was just preparing to turn in when I happened to glance toward the bow. My eyes near popped out o' my head.

JOE: What was the matter?

CAPT. J.: There—less'n a half mile ahead of us—was a thin line o' breakers—dead ahead, too. I ran up to the pilot-house and got there just in time to see Valdez turnin' the wheel over to Cap'n Wilson. The cap'n had his slicker and tarpaulin on and there was a grim-kind o' look on his face. He was sayin' somethin' to Valdez—somethin' 'about there bein' 40,000 pounds in it for the Line—and 5,000 a piece for the two o' them—but it didn't make sense to me at the time. I was so excited I rushed in and tried to grab the wheel myself.

SEA SOUNDS—Wind and Waves

CAPT. W.: Stand back—you young fool. Valdez! Hold 'im off!

NORTON: But—Cap'n Wilson—can't ye see! There's a reef—dead ahead! Ye're goin' on the reef!

CAPT. W.: When I signed you on—I thought ye were seaman enough to obey orders. You must be blind in the bargain!

NORTON: I know a reef when I see it! It's the low coral o' the Trijo Islands!

CAPT. W.: You're going daft!

NORTON: It's not me that's goin' daft—it's you! Goin' daft for the smell o' money! Are ye tryin' to wreck us a purpose?

CAPT. W.: Who says I am?

NORTON: I say it! . . . Foulin' yer own ship! Ye ought to be hung—ye low-bellied beach rat! Port the wheel, I tell ye!

CAPT. W.: Take your hand off!

A DULL WHACK

Perhaps that'll keep ye quiet! I see the reef—and I know what I'm doing!

BELL JINGLES IN PILOT-HOUSE FOR HALF SPEED

Rout all hands on deck, Valdez! Call the engine crew up! Get up out of there you—and swing out the boats—if you're learned how! Put passengers and crew aboard!

NORTON: I hope ye drown for this business, Cap'n Wilson, or a curse strikes ye!

CAPT. W.: (In a roar.) Hold your tongue! You'll all drown if you don't get at your boats in a hurry!

(EXCITED VOICES IN DISTANCE)

(ANOTHER TINGLE OF BELL)

(SUDDEN CRUNCHING SOUND—

AS BOAT HITS REEF)

(ESCAPING STEAM)

(YELLS AND CRIES OF PASSENGERS)

Lost in rising sound of—(WIND AND WAVES) fade out.

FERRYBOAT NOISES

(Continued on page 118)

Official Wave Lengths

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Call Signal	Location	Kilo- Meters	cycles	Call Signal	Location	Kilo- Meters	cycles	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB Santa Barbara, Calif.	218.8	1,370	50	KFBL Everett, Wash.	232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah
		100	KGFI Corpus Christi, Texas			50	KFEC Portland, Ore.			1,000	KFUL Galveston, Texas (day)
		50	KGHX Richmond, Tex.			100	KFJI Astoria, Ore.			500	KFUL Galveston, Texas (night)
		100	KGKB Brownwood, Texas			100	KFJM Grand Forks, N. D.			50	KLCN Blytheville, Ark.
		100	KPJM Prescott, Ariz.			100	KFJZ Fort Worth, Texas			1,000	KTSA San Antonio, Texas
		100	KUJ Long View, Wash.			100	KFLX Galveston, Texas			1,000	WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa.
		15	KVEP Portland, Ore.			50	KFUR Ogden, Utah			50	WNBZ Saranac Lake, N. Y.
		100	KWTC Santa Ana, Calif.			100	KCAR Tucson, Ariz.	234.2	1,280	500	WCAM Camden, N. J.
		100	WCLB Long Beach, N. Y.			100	KCBX St. Joseph, Mo.			500	WCAP Asbury Park, N. J.
		50	WKBZ Ludington, Mich.			100	KCCB Enid, Okla.			1,000	WDAY Fargo, N. D.
		100	WLBX Long Island City, N. Y.			15	KCCI San Antonio, Texas			2,500	WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		100	WLOE Boston, Mass.			100	KCDA Dell Rapids, S. D.			1,000	WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		100	WMBL Newport, R. I.			100	KCFR Long Beach, Calif.			1,000	WEBC Superior, Wis.
		100	WMBJ Wilkesburg, Pa.			50	KGFG Oklahoma City, Okla.			500	WOAX Trenton, N. J.
		100	WMBQ Brooklyn, N. Y.			100	KGFL Raton, N. M.			500	WRR Dallas, Texas
		50	WMES Boston, Mass.			100	KCGM Albuquerque, N. M.	236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUL Colorado Springs, Colo.
		100	WMFC Lapeer, Mich.			100	KGKL San Angelo, Texas			50	KGCA Decorah, Iowa
		50	WNBF Binghamton, N. Y.			100	KGRC San Antonio, Texas			1,000	KOL Seattle, Wash.
		100	WOPI Bristol, Tenn.			50	KIT Yakima, Wash.			1,000	KTW Seattle, Wash.
		100	WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. (day)			100	KLO Ogden, Utah (night)			100	KWLC Decorah, Iowa
		250	WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. (night)			200	KLO Ogden, Utah (day)			500	WASH Grand Rapids, Mich.
		10	WRBJ Hattiesburg, Miss.			100	KOH Reno, Nev.			250	WFBR Baltimore, Md.
		100	WWRL Woodside, N. Y.			50	KOOS Marshfield, Ore.			500	WEAI Ithaca, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WTNT Nashville, Tenn.			100	KRE Berkeley, Calif.			500	WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich.
		5,000	WLAC Nashville, Tenn.			100	KVL Seattle, Wash.	238	1,260	1,000	KOIL Council Bluffs, Iowa
		1,000	WFLC Syracuse, N. Y.			100	KWKC Kansas City, Mo.			500	KRGV Harlingen, Texas.
		10,000	KPWF Westminster, Calif.			100	KZM Hayward, Calif.			500	KRWG Brownsville, Texas
202.1	1,480	5,000	WCKY Covington, Ky.			100	WBBL Richmond, Va.			500	WLBW Oil City, Pa.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ Mt. Prospect, Ill.			100	WCBM Baltimore, Md.			500	WTOC Savannah, Ga.
		5,000	WORD Batavia, Ill.			100	WEHC Emory, Va.	239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO Boise, Idaho
		5,000	WSOA Deerfield, Ill.			100	WELK Philadelphia, Pa.			1,000	KFMX Northfield, Minn.
204	1,470	5,000	KFJF Oklahoma City, Okla.			500	WFBJ Collegeville, Minn.			1,000	KFOX Long Beach, Calif.
		5,000	KGA Spokane, Wash.			100	WGL Ft. Wayne, Ind.			500	KXJ Portland, Ore.
		5,000	WKBW Amherst, N. Y.			100	WHBD Bellefontaine, Ohio			1,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (night)
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP Westcott, Minn.			100	WHBQ Memphis, Tenn.			2,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (day)
		10,000	WJSV Mt. Vernon Hills			100	WHDF Calumet, Mich.			1,000	WCAL Northfield, Minn.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC Akron, Ohio			50	WHBM Jackson, Mich.			1,000	WDSU New Orleans, La.
		1,000	KTBS Shreveport, La.			100	WJBO New Orleans, La.			250	WGCP Newark, N. J.
		250	WBMS Fort Lee, N. J.			100	WMBO Auburn, N. Y.			500	WLB Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WCSD Springfield, Ohio			100	WMBR Tampa, Fla.			1,000	WODA Newark, N. J.
		250	WBS Elizabeth, N. J.			50	WPOE Patchogue, N. Y.			1,000	WRHM Fridley, Minn.
		250	WKBO Jersey City, N. J.			100	WRAC Erie, Pa.				
		250	WNJ Newark, N. J.			100	WRBT Wilmington, N. C.				
		250	WSAR Fall River, Mass.			100	WRJN Racine, Wis.				
		250	WTFI Toccoa, Ga.			500	WSSH Boston, Mass.				
		250				50	WSSV Buffalo, N. Y.				
208.2	1,440	250	KLS Oakland, Calif.	220.4	1,360	500	KFBB Great Falls, Mont.	241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT Fort Worth, Texas
		250	WCBA Allentown, Pa.			250	KGB San Diego, Calif.			750	WGHP Fraser, Mich.
		500	WHEC Rochester, N. Y.			250	KGIR Butte, Mont.			1,000	WJAD Waco, Texas
		1,000	WMBD Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)			500	WGES Chicago	243.8	1,230	100	KFIO Spokane, Wash.
		500	WMBD Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)			500	WJKS Gary, Ind.			100	KFOD Anchorage, Alaska.
		500	WNRC Greensboro, N. C.			500	WLEX Lexington, Mass.			500	KGCM Albuquerque, N. M.
		250	WSAN Allentown, Pa.			500	WMAF South Dartmouth, Mass.			1,000	WBIS Boston, Mass. (day)
		500	WTAD Quincy, Ill.			300	WQBC Utica, Miss.			1,000	WFBI Indianapolis, Ind.
209.7	1,430	500	WABK Harrisburg, Pa.	222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK St. Louis, Mo.			1,000	WBAC Boston, Mass. (day)
		500	WBRL Tilton, N. H.			250	WBNY New York, N. Y.			1,000	WNAC Boston, Mass. (night)
		500	WCAH Columbus, Ohio			250	WCDA New York, N. Y.			500	WPSC State College, Pa.
		500	WCBC Memphis, Tenn.			250	WKBO New York, N. Y.			500	WSBT South Bend, Ind.
		500	WHP Harrisburg, Pa.			250	WMSG New York, N. Y.				
		500	WNBR Memphis, Tenn.	223.7	1,340	50	KFPW Siloam Springs, Ark.	245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU Lawrence, Kan.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF Portland, Ore.			500	KFPY Spokane, Wash.			500	WCAD Canton, N. Y.
		100	KFIZ Fond du Lac, Wis.			500	KMO Tacoma, Wash.			1,000	WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	KFOU Holy City, Calif.			500	WSPD Toledo, Ohio			1,000	WREN Lawrence, Kan.
		100	KFQW Seattle, Wash.	225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa	247.8	1,210	100	KDLR Devils Lake, N. D.
		50	KFXD Jerome, Idaho			500	WCAC Storrs, Conn.			250	KFOR Lincoln, Neb.
		250	KFYO Abilene, Texas (day)			500	WDRG New Haven, Conn.			100	KFVS Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KFYO Abilene, Texas (night)			1,000	WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio			100	KGCR Brookings, S. D.
		100	KFXV Flagstaff, Ariz.			250	WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis.			100	KPCB Seattle, Wash.
		50	KGCN Concordia, Kan.	227.1	1,320	250	KGHF Pueblo, Colo.			100	KPQ Seattle, Wash.
		100	KGFF Alva, Okla.			250	KID Idaho Falls, Idaho			100	KWEA Shreveport, La.
		100	KCFJ Los Angeles, Calif.			250	KGIQ Twin Falls, Idaho			100	WBAX Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		50	KGGC San Francisco, Cal.			1,000	WADC Akron, Ohio			100	WCBS Springfield, Ill.
		50	KCHD Missoula, Mont.			500	WSMB New Orleans, La.			100	WCOH Greenville, N. Y.
		100	KCIW Trinidad, Colo.	228.9	1,310	100	KFBK Sacramento, Calif.			100	WCRW Chicago, Ill.
		100	KCKX Sandpoint, Idaho			100	KFGQ Boone, Iowa			100	WDFW-WLSI Providence, R. I.
		100	KGLX Las Vegas, Nev.			10	KFIU Juneau, Alaska			100	WEBQ Harrisburg, Ill.
		50	KGTT San Francisco, Calif.			100	KFJY Fort Dodge, Iowa	247.8	1,210	100	WEBC Cambridge, Ohio
		100	KICK Red Oak, Iowa			15	KFPL Dublin, Texas			100	WEBQ Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	KORE Eugene, Ore.			100	KFPM Greenville, Texas			100	WEDC Chicago, Ill.
		100	KTAP San Antonio, Texas			50	KFUP Denver, Colo.			100	WGBB Freeport, N. Y.
		5	KTUE Houston, Texas			100	KFXJ Edgewater, Colo.			100	WGCM Gulfport, Miss.
		5	KXRO Aberdeen, Wash.			250	KFXR Okla. City, Okla.			100	WHBF Rock Island, N. Y.
		30	WEDH Erie, Pa.			100	KGCC Wolf Point, Mont. (day)			100	WHBU Anderson, Ind.
		10	WHDL Tupper Lake, N. Y.			100	KGCC Wolf Point, Mont. (night)			100	WHIA Madison, Wis.
		100	WHIS Bluefield, W. Va.			50	KGEZ Kalispell, Mont.			100	WINR Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WHFC Chicago, Ill.			50	KGFV Ravenna, Neb.			100	WJBI Redbank, N. J.
		10	WHPP New York, N. Y.			50	KGHC McGehee, Ark.			100	WJBU Lewisburg, Pa.
		100	WIAS Ottumwa, Iowa			50	KMED Medford, Ore.			50	WJBY Gadsden, Ala.
		50	WIBR Steubenville, Ohio			100	KRMD Shreveport, La.			100	WJW Mansfield, Ohio
		100	WIBI Wilmington, Del.			100	KTSL Shreveport, La.			50	WLCI Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WKBI Chicago, Ill.			75	KWCR Cedar Rapids, Iowa			100	WLSI Cranston, R. I.
		50	WKBK Battle Creek, Mich.			50	KXRO Aberdeen, Wash.			50	WMAN Columbus, Ohio
		100	WLBK Kansas City, Kan.			100	WAGM Royal Oak, Mich.			100	WMBC Richmond, Va.
		50	WLBH Farmingdale, N. Y.			100	WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.			25	WMCJ Jamestown, N. Y.
		100-250	WLEY Lexington, Mass.			100	WBRE Wilkes-Barre, Pa.			100	WOMT Manitowoc, Wis.
		250	WMBC Detroit, Mich. (day)			100	WCLS Joliet, Ill.			100	WPAW Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WMBC Detroit, Mich. (night)			200	WDAH El Paso, Texas			100	WRBQ Greenville, Miss.
		100	WMBH Joplin, Mo.			100	WEBS Buffalo, N. Y.			100	WRBU Gastonia, N. C.
		10	WMRJ Jamaica, N. Y.			100	WEHS Evanston, Ill.			100	WSDC Chicago, Ill.
		60	WQBZ Weirton, W. Va.			100	WFBC Altoona, Pa.			100	WSIX Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTBO Cumberland, Md.			50	WFDL Flint, Mich.			50	WTAX Streator, Ill.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV Rockford, Ill.			15	WFKD Frankford, Pa.	249.9	1,200	100	KFHA Gunnison, Colo.
		1,000	KGRS Amarillo, Texas			100	WGAL Lancaster, Pa.			100	KFJB Marshalltown, Iowa
		250	WDAG Amarillo, Texas			100	WGH Newport News, Va.			15	KFKZ Kirksville, Mo.
		500	WHBL Sheboygan, Wis.			100	WHAT Philadelphia, Pa.			100	KFXM San Bernardino, Calif.
		500	WBCM Bay City, Mich.			100	WHBP Johnstown, Pa.			100	KFWF St. Louis, Mo.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW Chickasha, Okla. (day)			100	WIBU Poyette, Wis.			100	KGCU Mandan, N. D.
		250	KOCW Chickasha, Okla. (night)			50	WJAC Johnstown, Pa.			50	KGDE Fergus Falls, Minn.
		2,000	KWSC Pullman, Wash. (day)			100	WJAK Marion, Ind.			15	KGDY Oldham, S. D.
		1,000	KWSC Pullman, Wash. (night)			100	WKAV Laconia, N. H.			50	KGEK Yuma, Colo.
		500	WBBC Brooklyn, N. Y.			10	WKBB Joliet, Ill.			100	KGEE Fort Morgan, Colo.
		500	WBCU Coney Island, N. Y.			50	WLCB Birmingham, Ala.			50	KGFK Hallock, Minn.
		500	WCMA Culver, Ind.			100	WLBC Muncie, Ind.			100	KGHI Little Rock, Ark.
		500	WKBK Indianapolis, Ind.			100	WMBL Lakeland, Fla.			50	KGJ Lacey, Wash. (day)
		500	WLTH Brooklyn, N. Y.			100	WNBH New Bedford, Mass.			10	KGJ Lacey, Wash. (night)
		500	WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.			50	WNBK Knoxville, Tenn.			100	KMJ Fresno, Calif.

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	
cycles	Watts	
249.9	1,200	10 WHBC Canton, Ohio
		100 WHBC West De Pere, Wis.
		100 WIBX Utica, N. Y.
		250 WIL St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100 WIL St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100 WJBC LaSalle, Ill.
		100 WJBL Decatur, Ill.
		30 WJBW New Orleans, La.
		100 WORC Webster, Mass.
		100 WKJC Lancaster, Pa.
		30 WLAF Okalona, Ky.
		250 WLBG Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100 WLBG Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250 WMT Waterloo, Iowa (day)
		100 WMT Waterloo, Iowa (night)
		100 WNBO Washington, Pa.
		5 WNBW Carbondale, Pa.
		10 WNBX Springfield, Vt.
		100 WPRC Harrisburg, Pa.
		100 WRAF La Porte, Ind.
		50 WRBL Columbus, Ga.
		109 WWAE Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500 WICC Easton, Conn.
		5,000 WOIA San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000 KEX Portland, Ore.
		10,000 KOB State College, N. M.
		500 WGBS New York City
		500 WHDI Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000 KTNT Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000 WCAU Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000 WOWO Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000 WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000 WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000 KVOO Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000 WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000 KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000 WJJD Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000 WOV New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500 KFSG Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 KMIC Inglewood, Calif.
		50 KRSC Seattle, Wash.
		500 KUT Austin, Texas
		500 WBAK Harrisburg, Pa.
		500 WCOA Pensacola, Fla.
		350 WDEL Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250 WDEL Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250 WHAD Milwaukee, Wis.
		250 WISN Milwaukee, Wis.
		500 WTAW College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	2,000 KSOO Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000 WRVA Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50 KGDM Stockton, Calif.
		100 KJBS San Francisco, Calif.
		5,000 WLWL New York, N. Y.
		5,000 WPG Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000 KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	10,000 WBT Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000 WCBD Zion, Ill.
		5,000 WMBI Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100 KJBS San Francisco, Calif.
		300 WAAT Jersey City, N. J.
		50 WCAZ Carthage, Ill.
		100 WZT Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000 WEAR Cleveland, Ohio
		3,500 WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500 KWJJ Portland, Ore.
		10,000 WBAL Baltimore, Md.
		1,000 WJAG Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000 WTIC Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000 KFKB Milford, Kan.
		50,000 KNX Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000 KRLD Dallas, Texas
		10,000 KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000 WKAR East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000 WKEN Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	10,000 KFKX Chicago, Ill.
		10,000 KYW Chicago, Ill. (day)
		5,000 KYW Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500 KYWA Chicago
		250 WRAX Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500 KGGF Picher, Okla.
		500 KQW San Jose, Calif.
		250 WHN New York, N. Y.
		500 WNAD Norman, Okla.
		250 WPAP New York, N. Y.
		250 WQAQ New York, N. Y.
		250 WRNY New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	1,000 KECA Los Angeles, Calif.
		5,000 WHO Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000 WOC Davenport, Iowa
302.8	990	15,000 WBZ Springfield, Mass.
		500 WBZA Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000 KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000 KJR Seattle, Wash.
315.6	950	1,000 KFVB Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 KGHL Billings, Mont.
		2,500 KMBC Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000 KMBC Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		1,000 KPSN Pasadena, Calif.
		500 WHB Kansas City (night)
		500 WRC Washington, D. C.
319	940	250 KFEL Denver, Colo.
		250 KFXF Denver, Colo.
		1,000 KGU Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000 KOIN Portland, Ore.
		500 WCSH Portland, Me.
		1,000 WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750 WHA Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500 KFWI San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 KFWM Oakland, Calif.
		1,000 KGBZ York, Neb. (day)
		500 KGBZ York, Neb. (night)
		500 KMA Shenandoah, Iowa
		1,000 WBRG Birmingham, Ala.
		500 WDBJ Roanoke, Va.
		50 WIBG Elkins Park, Pa.

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	
cycles	Watts	
325.9	920	1,000 KOMO Seattle, Wash.
		1,000 KPRC Houston, Texas
		500 WAAF Chicago, Ill.
		1,000 WWJ Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500 KGBU Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000 KHJ Los Angeles, Calif.
		250 KSEI Pocatello, Idaho
		750 WFBL Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000 WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000 WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000 WLBL Stevens Point, Wis.
		750 WMAK Martinsville, N. Y.
336.9	890	1,000 KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500 KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250 KGJF Little Rock, Ark.
		500 KUSD Vermillion, S. D.
		500 WGST Atlanta, Ga.
		400 WJAR Providence, R. I. (day)
		250 WJAR Providence, R. I. (night)
		500 WMAZ Macon, Ga.
		500 WMMN Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250 WMMN Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500 WILL Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250 WILL Urbana, Ill. (night)
340.7	880	500 KFKA Greeley, Colo.
		500 KLX Oakland, Calif.
		500 KPOF Denver, Colo.
		1,000 WCOE Meridian, Miss.
		250 WGBI Scranton, Pa.
		250 WQAN Scranton, Pa.
344.6	870	50,000 WENR Chicago, Ill.
		5,000 WLS Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250 KFQZ Hollywood, Calif.
		50,000 WABC New York, N. Y.
		5,000 WBOQ New York, N. Y.
352.7	850	10,000 KWKH Shreveport, La.
		5,000 WWL New Orleans, La.

A Real Treat for March

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BEGINNING next

month Radio Digest

is planning a new treat for its readers, and it's going to be a surprise. If we told you all about it now it would spoil half the fun.

One of the outstanding writers of fiction in this country has been signed up to write a new serial story that will keep you on edge and coming back for more.

In the March issue—a wonderful new serial story—a worthy successor to The Gigolo Mystery. Don't miss it!

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	
cycles	Watts	
361.2	830	12,500 KOA Denver, Colo.
		1,000 WHDH Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000 WRUF Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000 WHAS Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	10,000 WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
		500 WPCW New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000 WBAP Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000 WFAA Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500 KGO Oakland, Calif.
		50,000 WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500 KELW Burbank, Calif.
		500 KTM Santa Monica, Calif.
		250 WBSO Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		500 WEAN Providence, R. I. (day)
		250 WEAN Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000 WMC Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500 WMC Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500 WPOR Norfolk, Va.
		500 WTR Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000 KFAB Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000 WBBM-WJBI Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000 KVI Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000 WEW St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000 WJZ New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000 WJR Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000 KMMJ Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000 WSB Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000 WGN Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500 KEJK Beverly Hills, Calif.
		250 KEVD Culver City, Calif.
		1,000 WHB Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		5,000 WOR Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000 WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
440.9	680	5,000 KPO San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000 WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500 WAAW Omaha, Neb.
		50,000 WEAJ Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000 WSM Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000 KFI Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 WAIU Columbus, Ohio
		3,500 WOI Ames, Iowa (day unlimited)
475.9	630	500 KFBU Columbia, Mo.
		500 WCBF Evansville, Ind.
		500 WMAL Washington, D. C. (day)
		250 WMAL Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000 WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500 WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000 KGW Portland, Ore.
		500 KREP Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000 WDAE Tampa, Fla.
		1,000 WDBO Orlando, Fla.
		25,000 WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000 WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500 WJAY Cleveland, Ohio
		500 WLBZ Bangor, Me. (day)
		250 WLBZ Bangor, Me. (night)
		2,500 WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000 WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000 KFRC San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
		500 WFAN Philadelphia, Pa.
		500 WIP Philadelphia, Pa.
499.7	600	1,000 KFSD San Diego, Calif.
		250 WCAC Storrs, Conn.
		250 WCAO Baltimore, Md.
		350 WEBW Beloit, Wis.
		500 WMT Waterloo, Iowa
		500 WOAN Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000 WREC Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500 WREC Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500 WSUI Iowa City, Iowa
508.2	590	1,000 KHQ Spokane, Wash.
		500 WCAJ Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000 WEEI Boston, Mass.
		1,000 WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000 WOW Omaha, Neb.
		1,000 KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500 KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		200 KGFX Pierre, S. D.
		1,000 WIBW Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500 WIBW Topeka, Kan. (night)
		500 WKAO San Juan, P. R.
		250 WBOU Charleston, W. Va.
		250 WSAZ Huntington, W. Va.
		250 WTAG Worcester, Mass.
516.9	580	1,000 KGGK Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250 KGGK Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500 KMTR Hollywood, Calif.
		500 KUOM Missoula, Mont.
		500 KXA Seattle, Wash.
		750 WEAQ Columbus, Ohio
		500 WKBV Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000 WNAX Yankton, S. D.
		250 WMAC Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500 WMAA New York, N. Y.
		500 WNYC New York, N. Y.
		250 WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000 WWNC Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	500 KFDM Beaumont, Texas
		2,500 KFEG St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000 KLZ Dupont, Colo.
		1,000 KTAB Oakland, Calif.
		500 WFI Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000 WIBO Chicago, Ill.
		500 WLIT Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500 WPCC Chicago, Ill.
		1,000 WQAM Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000 KFDY Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500 KFDY Brookings, S. D. (night)
		500 KFJM Grand Forks, N. D.
		1,000 KFUP St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500 KFUP St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500 KFJR Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000 KOAC Corvallis, Ore.
		500 KSD St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000 WGR Buffalo, N. Y.
		500 WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio

Complete Call Book and Log of All Stations

- WEMC, Berrien Springs, Mich.** 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Emanuel Missionary College. Announcer, John E. Fetzer, Willard Shadel. Slogan, "The Radio Lighthouse." Central. Founded April 1, 1923.
- WENR, Chicago, Ill.** 344.6m-870kc. 50000 watts. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice of Service." Central.
- WEVD, New York City, N. Y.** 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Debs Memorial Radio Fund. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1927.
- WEW, St. Louis, Mo.** 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. St. Louis University. Announcer, Geo. Rueppel. Founded April 26, 1921. Central.
- WFAA, Dallas, Texas.** 374.8m-800kc. 50,000 watts. Dallas News and Dallas Journal. Adams Colhoun. Slogan, "Working for All Alike." Central. Founded June 26, 1922.
- WFAN, Philadelphia, Pa.** 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Keystone Broadcasting Co. Hotel Lorraine. Max C. Freedman, Chief Announcer. Eastern.
- WFBC, Knoxville, Tenn.** 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. First Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1924.
- WFBG, Altoona, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Wm. F. Gable Co. Announcer, Roy F. Thompson. Slogan, "The Original Gateway to the West." Eastern. Founded Aug. 28, 1924.
- WFBJ, Collegeville, Minn.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. St. John's University. Announcer, Hilary Doerfer. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Landscape Paradise." Central. Founded October, 1924.
- WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y.** 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts. Onondaga Company. Announcer, Charles F. Phillips. Eastern. Opened Nov. 19, 1924.
- WFBM, Indianapolis, Ind.** (tr. at Perry Township). 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Indianapolis Power and Light Company. Announcer, John Tribby. Slogan, "The Crossroads of America." Central.
- WFBR, Baltimore, Md.** 236.2m-1270kc. 250 watts. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc. Announcer, S. R. Kennard. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.
- WFDF, Flint, Mich.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frank D. Fallain. Announcer, Fred L. McKittrick, Mark Garner.
- WFI, Philadelphia, Pa.** 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Strawbridge & Clothier. Announcer, John Vandersloot. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1922.
- WFIW, Hopkinsville, Ky.** 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Acme Mills, Inc. Announcer, D. E. "Plug" Kendrick. Central. Founded Febr. 12, 1927.
- WFJC, Akron, Ohio.** 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. W. F. Jones Broadcasting, Inc. Eastern.
- WFKD, Frankford, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Foulkrod Radio Eng. Co. Eastern.
- WFLA-WSUN, Clearwater, Fla.** 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Walter Tison. Founded Dec. 25, 1925. Eastern.
- WGAL, Lancaster, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Lancaster Elec. Supply & Construction Co. Announcers, J. E. Mathiot, Luther J. Mathiot. Slogan, "World's Gardens at Lancaster." Eastern.
- WGBB, Freeport, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harry H. Carman. Eastern. Founded Dec. 13, 1924.
- WGBC, Memphis, Tenn.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. First Baptist Church. Announcer, A. L. Cowles. Central. Opened 1925.
- WGBF, Evansville, Ind.** 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Evansville on the Air, Inc. Announcer, Martin Hansen. Curtis-Mushlitz, V. P. & Gen. Mgr. Central. Founded October, 1923.
- WGBI, Scranton, Pa.** 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.
- WGBS, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Astoria.) 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. General Broadcasting System. Dailey Paskman, President. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.
- WGCM, Gulfport, Miss.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Frank L. Kroulik, Business Mgr. and Announcer, Great Southern Land Co. Music Co.
- WGCP, Newark, N. J.** 239.9m-1250kc. 250 watts. Paramount Broadcasting & Artists Service, Inc. Announcer, Irving Porter. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
- WGES, Chicago, Ill.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Oak Leaves Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Harlow Wilcox, Geo. Keicher. Founded August, 1920. Central.
- WGH, Newport News, Va.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Virginia Broadcasting Co. and Hampton Roads Broadcasting Corp., Inc. Announcers, E. Ellsworth Bishop, G. Douglas Evans, Malvern Lee Powell. Slogan, "World's Greatest Harbor."
- WGHP, Detroit, Mich.** 241.8m-1240kc. 750 watts. American Broadcasting Corp. of Ohio. Announcers, E. G. Smith, Jack Bundy, Stanley Swales, Betty-Jane Lamborn. Eastern. Founded Oct. 19, 1925.
- WGL, Fort Wayne, Ind.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Allen-Wayne Co. Fred C. Zieg. Slogan, "The Home Sweet Home Station." Founded 1924. Central.
- WGN, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Elgin). 416.4m-720kc. 25000 watts. Chicago Tribune. Announcers, Quin Ryan, Pat Barnes, Russ Russell, John Stamford, Robt. Elson. Central.
- WGR, Buffalo, N. Y.** 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. W. G. R., Inc. Announcers, Bradley T. Yaw, Lowell MacMillan, Roger Baker, E. F. Horning. Eastern. Founded May 21, 1922.
- WGST, Atlanta, Ga.** 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Georgia School of Technology. Announcer, J. O. Turner. Slogan, "The Southern Technical School With a National Reputation." Central. Founded January, 1924.
- WGY, Schenectady, N. Y.** 379.5m-790kc. 50000 watts. General Electric Company. Announcer, A. O. Coggeshall. Slogan, "Good Evening to You All." Founded 1922.
- WHA, Madison, Wis.** 319-940. 750 watts. Univ. of Wis. Central. Founded 1920.
- WHAD, Milwaukee, Wis.** 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Marquette University. Cy Foster, Dick Macaulay. Central. Founded Oct., 1921.
- WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.** 260.7m-1150kc. 5000 watts. Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. Announcers, F. H. Warren, Ben Weaver, W. Fay, L. C. Stark, Frank Kelly, Clyde Morse. Slogan, "This Is Rochester—Where Quality Dominates." Eastern. Founded July 11, 1922.
- WHAP, New York, N. Y.** 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Defenders of Truth Society, Inc. Announcer, Franklin Ford. Eastern. Founded May, 1925.
- WHAS, Louisville, Ky.** 365.6m-820kc. 10000 watts. Courier-Journal and Louisville Times Co. Founded July, 1922. Central.
- WHAZ, Troy, N. Y.** 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Announcer, Rutherford Hayner. Slogan, "Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station Located at the Oldest College of Science and Engineering in America." Club, R. P. I. students. Founded June 22. Eastern.
- WHB, Kansas City, Mo.** 422.3m-710kc day and 315.6m-950kc night. 500 watts. Sweeney Auto & Electrical School. Announcer, John T. Schilling. Slogan, "Heart of America." Central. Founded April 1922.
- WHBC, Canton, Ohio.** 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. St. John's Catholic Church. (Sundays.) Slogan, "Ignorance Is Our Greatest Foe." Central. Founded Feb., 1925.
- WHBD, Mt. Orab, Ohio.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. F. P. Moler. Eastern. Founded February, 1925.
- WHBF, Rock Island, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Beardsley Specialty Co. Announcer, C. L. Beardsley. Slogan, "Where Historic Blackhawk Fought." Central. Founded February, 1925.
- WHBL, Sheboygan, Wis.** 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts, 6 am-6 pm. Press Pub. Co. and C. L. Carrell. Founded 1925.
- WHBQ, Memphis, Tenn.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Broadcasting Station WHBQ, Inc. Founded March, 1925.
- WHBU, Anderson, Ind.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Citizen's Bank. Announcer, A. L. McKee. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Anderson."
- WHBY, Green Bay, Wis.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Norbert's College. Central. Founded Jan., 1925.
- WHDF, Calumet, Mich.** 218.8m-1370kc—100 watts. Upper Michigan Broadcasting Company.
- WHDH, Gloucester, Mass.** 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts. Matheson Radio Co., Inc.
- WHDI, Minneapolis, Minn.** 245.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. Wm. Hood Dunwoody Industrial Institute. Announcers, M. R. Bass, A. P. Upton, G. W. Haverty. Slogan, "Northwest Leading Trade School." Central. Founded May 22, 1922.
- WHDL, Tupper Lake, N. Y.** 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts day only.
- WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Hickson Electric Co., Inc. Slogan, "The All Day Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded January, 1924.
- WHFC, Cicero, Ill.** 211.1m-1420kc. 1000 watts. Triangle Broadcasters. Central.
- WHIS, Bluefield, W. Va.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Daily Telegraph Ptg. Co.
- WHK, Cleveland, Ohio.** 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Radio Air Service Corp. Slogan, "Cleveland's Pioneer Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WHN, New York, N. Y.** 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Marcus Loew Booking Agency. Announcers, Perry Charles, George Nobbs. Slogan, "The Voice of the Great White Way." Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
- WHO, Des Moines, Iowa.** 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. Bankers Life Co. Announcers, Bobbie Griffin, Connie Ahearn, Edward Breen, Jr. Central. Founded 1924.
- WHP, Harrisburg, Pa.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Penna. Broadcasting Co. Announcer, W. S. McCahren. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Central Penna." Eastern. Founded March 1, 1924.
- WIAS, Ottumwa, Iowa.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Poling Electric Co. Announcer, Thomas J. Doonan. Central. Founded June 12, 1922.
- WIBA, Madison, Wis.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Capital Times Station. Announcer, Kenneth F. Schmitt. Slogan, "Four Lakes City." Central. Founded June, 1924.
- WIBC, Elkins Park, Pa.** 322.4m-930kc. 50 watts. St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. Announcer, W. Le Roy Anspach. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WIBM, Jackson, Mich.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. (Portable.)
- WIBO, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Des Plaines). 535.4m-560kc. 1500 watts day, 1000 watts night. Chicago Evening American, Nelson Brothers Bond and Mtg. Co. Announcers, Walter Preston, "Stu" Dawson. Central. Founded May 20, 1925.
- WIBR, Steubenville, Ohio.** 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. George W. Robinson. Founded January, 1924. Eastern.
- WIBS, Jersey City, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. New Jersey Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Capt. H. J. Lepper, J. H. Lepper. Founded June, 1925.
- WIBU, Poyette, Wis.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Wm. C. Forrest. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.
- WIBW, Topeka, Kan.** 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Topeka Broadcasting Assn., Inc. Announcer, Joe Nickell. Central. Founded 1926.
- WIBX, Utica, N. Y.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 300 day. WIBX, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.** 252m-1190kc. 500 watts. The Bridgeport Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Edw. W. Hall, Art Withslandy, Walter Ryan, Leonard Andrews, Joseph Andrews, Judson La Hay. Slogan, "The Voice That Serves." Eastern. Founded Aug. 3, 1925.
- WIL, St. Louis, Mo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. Missouri Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, "Bill" Ellsworth, L. A. Benson, C. W. Benson. Central. Founded September, 1922.
- WILL, Urbana, Ill.** 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. University of Illinois. Announcer, J. C. Bayles. Central. Founded 1922.
- WILM, Wilmington, Del.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Delaware Broadcasting Co.
- WIOD, Miami Beach, Fla.** 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Isle of Dreams Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Jesse H. Jay. Slogan, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams."
- WIP, Philadelphia, Pa.** 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Bros., Inc. Announcer, E. A. Davies. Slogan, "Watch Its Progress." Eastern. Founded November, 1921.
- WISN, Milwaukee, Wis.** 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Evening Wisconsin Co. Managed by Wisconsin News. Central. Founded Sept. 21, 1922.
- WJAC, Johnstown, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Johnstown Automobile Co. Announcer, J. C. Tully. Slogan, "The Voice of the Friendly City." Eastern.
- WJAD, Waco, Texas.** 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Frank P. Jackson. Central. Founded July 22, 1922.
- WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr.** 282.8m1060kc. 1000 watts. Norfolk Daily News. Announcer, Karl Stefan. Slogan, "The World's Greatest Country Daily and Home of Printer's Devil." Central. Founded 1922.
- WJAK, Marion, Ind.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Marion Broadcast Co. Arthur Curran. Central. Founded September, 1921.
- WJAR, Providence, R. I.** 336.9m-890kc. 400 watts day, 250 watts night. The Outlet Co. Announcers, John J. Boyle, David L. Stackhouse, Howard G. Sawyer. Slogan, "The Southern Gateway of New England." Eastern. Founded Sept. 6, 1922.
- WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.** 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Pittsburgh Radio Supply House. Announcers, Howard Clark, Francis Owen, Jim Hughes. Founded Aug. 4, 1922.
- WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla.** 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. City of Jacksonville. Eastern. Founded Nov. 26, 1925.
- WJAY, Cleveland, Ohio.** 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. Cleveland Radio Supply Corp. Announcer, Joe O'Toole. Eastern. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.
- WJAZ, Mt. Prospect, Ill.** 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Zenith Radio Corp. Announcer, George G. Smith. Founded 1922. Central.
- WJBC, La Salle, Ill.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hummer Furniture Co. Announcer, Loyal Popaski. Slogan, "Better Home Station." Founded May 4, 1925. Central.
- WJBI, Red Bank, N. J.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Robert S. Johnson. Founded Sept. 15, 1925.
- WJBK, Ypsilanti, Mich.** 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. J. F. Hopkins. Announcer, Don Cole. Eastern. Founded Oct. 27, 1925.
- WJBL, Decatur, Ill.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Commodore Broadcasting, Inc. Announcer, W. H. Wiley. Martin Hansen, Mgr. Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.
- WJBO, New Orleans, La.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Valdemar Jensen. Central. Founded 1922.
- WJBT-WBBM, Chicago, Ill.** 389.4m-770kc. 2500 watts. Paul Rader and Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Announcer, Don Hastings. Central. Founded 1926.
- WJBU, Lewisburg, Pa.** 247.3m-1210kc. 100 watts. Bucknell University. Announcer, Geo. A. Irland. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Keystone State." Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WJBW, New Orleans, La.** 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. C. Carlson, Jr.
- WJBY, Gadsden, Ala.** 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Gadsden Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank D. Hoggard. Central.
- WJJD, Chicago, Ill.** 265.3m-1130kc. 20000 watts. Loyal Order of Moose and Palmer House Station. Slogan, "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Rose Dickey, Hugh Aspinwall. Central.

- WJKS, Gary, Ind.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Johnson-Kennedy Radio Co. Announcer, Dr. Dave Edelson. Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.
- WJR, Detroit, Mich.** (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. 500 watts. WJR, The Goodwill Sta., Inc. Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tomy, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Owen F. Uridge, Norman White, Carl Schroeder. Eastern. Founded August, 1925.
- WJSV, Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.** 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson.
- WJW, Mansfield, Ohio.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association. John F. Weimer, owner. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.
- WJZ, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Marley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson.
- WKAQ, San Juan, Porto Rico.** 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Agusty. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.
- WKAR, East Lansing, Mich.** 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Himebaugh. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WKAV, Laconia, N. H.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio club. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.
- WKBB, Joliet, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Central.
- WKBC, Birmingham, Ala.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles Furniture Co. Central. Founded June, 1926.
- WKBF, Indianapolis, Ind.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc. Announcers: James Carpenter, Ralph Elvin, Wm. Behrman and Francis Finch. Manager, W. C. Bussing. Central. Founded October, 1925.
- WKBH, La Crosse, Wis.** 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Callaway Music Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Central. Founded 1924.
- WKBI, Chicago, Ill.** 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Schoenwolf. Central. Founded August, 1926.
- WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio.** 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Warren P. Williamson, Jr., and Arthur Brock. Announcers, Arthur Brock, Warren P. Williamson, Jr., Frank Proudfoot, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.
- WKBO, Jersey City, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Eastern. Founded Sept. 11, 1926.
- WKBP, Battle Creek, Mich.** 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Enquirer-News Co.
- WKBQ, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Standard Cahill Co., Inc. Announcer, Allan Cahill. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.
- WKBS, Galesburg, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Permil N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Voice of Galesburg." Central. Founded October, 1926.
- WKBV, Connersville, Ind.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100-150 watts day. Knox Battery & Elec. Co.
- WKBW, Buffalo, N. Y.** 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchill Evangelistic Assn., Inc. Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WKBZ, Ludington, Mich.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." K. L. Ashbacher. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.
- WKEN, Buffalo, N. Y.** 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. WKEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amidon, Leon Fisher. Eastern. Founded Fall, 1925.
- WKJC, Lancaster, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.
- WKRC, Cincinnati, Ohio.** 545.1m-550kc. C. P. to increase power to 1000 watts experimental. J. S. Boyd. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.
- WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla.** 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Central.
- WLAC, Nashville, Tenn.** 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.
- WLAP, Louisville, Ky.** 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Central. Founded 1922.
- WLB, Minneapolis, Minn.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. U. of Minnesota. Announcer, Robt. W. Orth. Central. Opened 1921.
- WLBC, Muncie, Ind.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton.
- WLBK, Kansas City, Kan.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Everett L. Dillard. Slogan, "Where Listeners Become Friends." Central. Founded Nov. 13, 1926.
- WLBG, Petersburg, Va.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. R. A. Gamble.
- WLBL, Stevens Point, Wis.** 333.1m-900kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. State of Wisconsin Dept. of Agriculture and Markets. Slogan, "Wisconsin, Land of Beautiful Lakes." Central.
- WLBW, Oil City, Pa.** 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire Program Corp. of America. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil." Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Ore, Haven Haas. Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WLBX, Long Island, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy.
- WLBZ, Bangor, Me.** 483.6-620kc. 500 watts. Maine Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcers, Jack Atwood, Henry C. Wing. Slogan, "This is the Maine Station."
- WLCL, Ithaca, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Lutheran Assn. of Ithaca. Announcer, A. B. Berresford. Slogan, "The Church at the Gate of the Campus." Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WLEX, Lexington, Mass.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Donald R. Leffin. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.
- WLEY, Lexington, Mass.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100-250 watts. Lexington Air Station.
- WLIT, Philadelphia, Pa.** 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Lit Bros. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1923.
- WLOE, Boston, Mass.** (tr. Chelsea). 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Boston Broadcasting Co. Announcers, H. von Holtzhausen, Paul Welsh. Eastern.
- WLS, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Agricultural Broadcasting Co. Prairie Farmer. Announcers, Don Malin, Steve Cislir, Charles Stookey. Central. Founded April 6, 1924.
- WLSI, Providence, R. I.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.
- WLTH, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.
- WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.** 428.3m-700kc. 50000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WLWL, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 500 watts. Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle. Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan. Eastern.
- WMAC, Cazenovia, N. Y.** (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Founded 1922. Eastern.
- WMAF, Dartmouth, Mass.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Round Hills Radio Corp.
- WMAK, Buffalo, N. Y.** (tr. at Martinsville). 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts (tr. Tonawanda). WMAK Broadcasting Systems, Inc. Announcers, Jeff Baker, Robert Steigl, Mark Hawley. Founded Sept. 22, 1922.
- WMAL, Washington, D. C.** 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. M. A. Leese, Eastern.
- WMAN, Columbus, Ohio.** 247.8m-1201kc. 50 watts. W. E. Heskett. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bidlack. Eastern. Founded September, 1922.
- WMAQ, Chicago, Ill.** 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, John W. Harrison, Harold Van Horne. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.
- WMAY, St. Louis, Mo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. King's Highway Pres. Church.
- WMAZ, Macon, Ga.** 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Jr. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WMBA, Newport, R. I.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.
- WMBC, Detroit, Mich.** 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WMBD, Peoria, Ill.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Lessee and Operator, Chas. C. Adams; Chief Announcer, Bill Abbott; Prog. Dr., Chas. H. Dixon; Studio Dr., Ben Scanlon. Peoria Heights Laboratory.
- WMBG, Richmond, Va.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. H. Wood, L. Stone. Eastern.
- WMBH, Joplin, Mo.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. D. Aber. Central.
- WMBI, Chicago, Ill.** 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Loveless. Central. Founded July 28, 1926.
- WMBO, Auburn, N. Y.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories.
- WMBQ, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Gollhofer.
- WMBR, Tampa, Fla.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Eastern.
- WMC, Memphis, Tenn.** 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Memphis Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Lloyd G. Harris. Slogan, "Station WMC, Memphis." "Down in Dixie." Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.
- WMCA, New York City** (tr. at Hoboken). 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Where the Searchlight Flashes and the White Way Begins." Eastern.
- WMES, Boston, Mass.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.
- WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va.** 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Holt Rowe Novelty Co.
- WMPC, Lapeer, Mich.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.
- WMRJ, Jamaica, N. Y.** 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.
- WMSG, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Eastern.
- WMT, Waterloo, Iowa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.
- WNAC, Boston, Mass.** 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Norwell Co. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edmund Cashman, Jean Sargeant. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.
- WNAD, Norman, Okla.** 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Soonerland." Central. Founded September, 1922.
- WHAT, Philadelphia, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Albert A. Walker. Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WNAX, Yankton, S. D.** 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Central. Founded 1921.
- WNBK, Binghamton, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Eastern.
- WNBH, New Bedford, Mass.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. New Bedford Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Donald Morton. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WNBK, Knoxville, Tenn.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Lonsdale Baptist Church. Central.
- WNBO, Washington, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brownlee Spriggs. Slogan, "The Voice of Southwestern Penna." Eastern.
- WNBK, Memphis, Tenn.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.
- WNBW, Carbondale, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. Home Cut Glass and China Co.
- WNBX, Springfield, Vt.** 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.
- WNBZ, Saranac Lake, N. Y.** 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Smith and Mace. Daily, all day. Eastern.
- WNJ, Newark, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Radio Investment Co., Inc. Mgr. and Chief Announcer, Harry Mack. Eastern.
- WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.** 535.4m-560kc. Licensed to operate on 2000 watts day to local sunset. 1000 watts after. Sterchi Bros. Central. Founded 1921.
- WNRK, Greensboro, N. C.** 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.
- WNYC, New York, N. Y.** 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded Dept. of Plant & Structures. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." John F. Fitzpatrick, Acting Director. Eastern. Founded July 8, 1924.
- WOAI, San Antonio, Texas.** 252m-1190kc. 5000 watts. Southern Equip. Co. (Evening News-Express). Announcer, J. G. Cummings. Slogan, "The Winter Playground of America, Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter." Central. Founded summer 1922.
- WOAN, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.** 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, Y. M. Cornelius. Central.
- WOAX, Trenton, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolff. Slogan, "Trenton Makes; the World Takes." Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.
- WOBT, Union City, Tenn.** 228.9m-1310kc. 150 watts day, 100 watts night. Titsworth Radio Music Shop. Sun, 4-5 pm. Eastern.
- WOBV, Charleston, W. Va.** 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Charleston Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Wally Fredericks. Eastern.
- WOC, Davenport, Iowa.** 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Edgar Twamley, Richard Wells. Slogan, "Where the West Begins and in the State Where the Tall Corn Grows." Founded May, 1922.
- WOCL, Jamestown, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 25 watts. A. E. Newton. Slogan, "We're on Chautauqua Lake." Announcer, Bob Page. Eastern.
- WODA, Paterson, N. J.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. O'Dea Temple of Music. Slogan, "A Voice From the Silk City." Founded April 13, 1925. Eastern.
- WOI, Ames, Iowa.** 468.5m-640kc day unlimited. 5000 watts. State College of Agr. & Mech. Arts. Announcer, A. G. Woolfries. Founded April, 1922. Central.
- WOKO, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Hudson Valley Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice From the Clouds." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.
- WOL, Washington, D. C.** 228m-1310kc. 100 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Founded 1924. Eastern.
- WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, F. M. Kadon. Central. Founded July, 1926.
- WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Walter B. Stiles, Inc. Central.
- WOPI, Bristol, Tenn.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Wilson Radiophone Service Co.
- WOQ, Kansas City, Mo.** Sharing with KFJ on 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Unity School of Christianity. Announcer, Rex G. Bettis. Central. Founded 1921.
- WOR, Newark, N. J.** (tr. at Kearney). 422.3m-710kc. 5000 watts. L. Bamberger & Co. Announcers, John B. Gambling, Walter J. Neff, Arthur O. Bryan, Basil Roysdael, Pastley Sinclair, Floyd Neal, Roger Bower. Founded 1922. Eastern.
- WORC, Worcester, Mass.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. A. F. Kleindienst. Eastern. Founded Feb. 27, 1925.
- WORD, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Deerfield). 206.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Association. Announcer, J. P. Holmes. Slogan, "Watchtower Station WORD." Central. Founded December, 1924.
- WOS, Jefferson City, Mo.** 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Missouri State Marketing Bureau. Announcer, Jack Heiny. Slogan, "Watch Our State." Central. Founded 1922.
- WOV, New York, N. Y.** 265.3m-1130kc. 1000 watts. International Broadcasting Corp.
- WOW, Omaha, Neb.** 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Woodmen of the World. Announcers, Ezra McIntosh, Joe Eaton, Eugene Konecky, Marie Kieny, Program Director. Slogan, "The Omaha Station." Central. Founded April 2, 1923.
- WOWO, Fort Wayne, Ind.** 258.5m-1160kc. 10,000 watts. Main Auto Supply Co. Announcers, Al Becker, Joe Poehling, Howard Ackley, A. H. Kuckein. Central. Founded April, 1925.

WPAP, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Palisade Amusement Park. Announcer, Perry Charles. Eastern.

WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Shartenberg & Robinson Co. Director, R. K. Stone. Slogan, "The Cradle of American Industry." Eastern. Opened January, 1924. Reopened August, 1926.

WPCC, Chicago, Ill. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. North Shore Church. Announcer, Ralph E. Briggs. Central. Founded July, 1924.

WPCH, Hoboken, N. J. 370.2m-810kc. 500 watts. Assoc. Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WPEN, Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts day, 250 watts night. Philadelphia School of Wireless Telegraphy. Slogan, "First Wireless School in America." Eastern. Founded 1908.

WPG, Atlantic City, N. J. 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. Municipality of Atlantic City. Slogan, "World's Playgrounds." Eastern. Founded Jan. 3, 1924.

WPOE, Patchogue, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts unlimited. Nassau Broadcasting Corp.

WPSC, State College, Pa. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Pa. State College. Announcers, E. H. Rohrbeck, K. L. Holderman. Slogan, "The Voice of the Nittany Lion." Eastern. Founded Nov., 1921.

WPTF, Raleigh, N. C. 440.9m-680kc. 1000 watts. Durham Life Ins. Co. Slogan, "We Protect the Family." Eastern. Founded October 1, 1927.

WQAM, Miami, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Miami Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Frederick W. Mizer, Dale James. Slogan, "The Voice of Tropical America." Eastern. Founded Febr. 1, 1922.

WQAN, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Times. E. J. Lynett, Prop. Announcer, T. V. Ncalon. Slogan, "The Voice of the Anthracite." Eastern. Opened Jan. 8, 1923.

WQAO, New York City. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Calvary Baptist Church. Announcer, D. Jones. Slogan, "The First Church Owned and Operated Broadcasting Station in the World." Founded 1922. Eastern.

WQBC, Utica, Miss. 220.4m-1360kc. 300 watts. Utica Chamber of Commerce, Inc. Central.

WQBZ, Weirton, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 60 watts. J. H. Thompson.

WRAF, La Porte, Ind. 249.9m-1200 kc. 100 watts. Radio Club, Inc. Announcer, Charles Middleton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Maple City." Founded April, 1923. Central.

WRAK, Erie, Pa. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. C. R. Cummins. Slogan, "The Voice of Presque Isle." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WRAW, Reading, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Avenue Radio & Elec. Shop. Slogan, "The Schuylkill Valley Echo." Announcer, C. M. Chafey. Eastern. Founded June 5, 1923.

WRAX, Philadelphia, Pa. 239.9m-1020kc. 250 watts daylight. Berachah Church, Inc. Announcers, Walter S. Smalley, Herbert Hogg. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WRBI, Tifton, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 20 watts. Kent's Furniture and Music Store. 1/2 time.

WRBJ, Hattiesburg, Miss. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Woodruff Furn. Co. Central.

WRBL, Columbus, Ga. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. David Farmer.

WRBQ, Greenville, Miss. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. J. Pat Scully.

WRBT, Wilmington, N. C. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilmington Radio Assn.

WRBU, Gastonia, N. C. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. A. J. Kirby Music Co.

WRC, Washington, D. C. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. R. C. A., National Broadcasting Co. Announcer, George F. Hicks. Slogan, "The Voice of the Capitol." Eastern.

WREC, Memphis, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts night, 1,000 watts day. WREC, Inc. Announcers, Hoyt B. Wooten, S. D. Wooten, Jr., Doc Sunshine, Bob Alberty, Bob Brooks. Central. Founded Sept., 1923.

WREN, Lawrence, Kan. 245.8m-1220kc. 1000 watts. Jenny Wren. Announcers, Vernon H. Smith, Ernest Pontius. Central. Founded February, 1927.

WRHM, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Minnesota Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Troy S. Miller. Central.

WRJN, Racine, Wis. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Racine Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, H. J. Newcomb, Dick Mann. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1926.

WRK, Hamilton, Ohio. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Hamilton Radio Service. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WRNY, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Coytesville, N. J.) 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Aviation Radio Station, Inc. Eastern. Founded June 12, 1925.

WRR, Dallas, Texas. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Dallas. Announcer, John Thorwald. Slogan, "City of Achievements." Central.

WRUF, Gainesville, Fla. 361.2m-830kc limited. 5000 watts. University of Florida. Announcer, Chas. Lee.

WRVA, Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, J. Robert Beadles. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI, Cincinnati, Ohio (tr. at Mason). 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

WSAJ, Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon, activities. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Eastern.

WSAR, Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ, Huntington, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. WSAZ, Inc. Announcer, F. B. Smith. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB, Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. C. P. issued to move and increase power to 5000 watts. Atlanta Journal Co. Announcer, Lambdin Kay. Slogan, "The Voice of the South." Central.

WSBC, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Central.

WSBT, South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcers, Leslie C. Morehouse and Reginald B. Martin. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WSGH—WSDA, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Amateur Radio Specialty Co. Announcer, E. C. Rhodes. Eastern. Opened Nov. 3, 1926.

WSIX, Springfield, Tenn. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. 638 Tire and Vulc. Co. Announcer, George H. Lawrence. Central. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSM, Nashville, Tenn. 461.3m-650kc. 5000 watts. National Life and Accident Insurance Co. Announcers, George Hay, Jack Keefe, Harry Stone. Founded Oct. 5, 1925.

WSMB, New Orleans, La. 227.1m-1320kc. 500 watts. Saenger Theaters, Inc., and The Maison Blanche Co. Announcer, C. R. Randall. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMK, Dayton, Ohio. 217.3m-1380kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Central.

WSOA, Chicago, Ill. (tr. Deerfield, Ill.) 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Radiophone Broadcasting Corp.

WSPD, Toledo, Ohio. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. (Columbia Broadcasting System Chain.) Announcers, Willard Rippon, Dick Phett, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." Eastern.

WSSH, Boston, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. C. P. to increase power to 500 watts on 1360kc. Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Announcer, Raymond B. Meader. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI, Iowa City, Iowa. Sharing with WMT on 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. State Univ. of Iowa.

Announcer, Carl Menzer. Founded Feb. 12, 1924. Central.

WSUN-WFLA, St. Petersburg, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. City of St. Petersburg. Announcer, Eddie Squires. Slogan, "The Sunshine City." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1927.

WSVS, Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc * 50 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Eastern. Founded 1922.

WTAD, Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois Stock Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Central. Founded Dec. 29, 1926.

WTAG, Worcester, Mass. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram Pub. Co. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM—WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts. WEAR, 1000 watts. WTAM—WEAR, Inc. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Founded Sept. 26, 1923. Eastern.

WTAQ, Eau Claire, Wis. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Gillette Rubber Co. Announcer, C. S. Van Gorden. Slogan, "Where Tires Are Quality."

WTAR—WPOR, Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. 1/2 time. Chief Announcer and Program Director, Blayne R. Butcher. Announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Klucz, D. C. Carr, Tom Hanes. Eastern. Founded Sept. 21, 1923.

WTAW, College Station, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Founded 1922. Central.

WTAX, Streator, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Central.

WTBO, Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Associated Broadcasting Corp.

WTFI, Toccoa, Ga. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Toccoa Falls Institute. Announcer, Kelly Barnes. Eastern. Founded Oct. 4, 1927.

WTIC, Hartford, Conn. 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. Permanent location. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Eastern.

WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis. (tr. at Brookfield). 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Milwaukee Journal. Chief Announcer, Russell Winnie. Announcers, Merrill Trapp, Donald T. McNeill, Merl Blackburn. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin, Land of Lakes." Central. Founded July 25, 1927.

WTNT, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. WTNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

WTOC, Savannah, Ga. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Savannah Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Welcome to Our City." Announcer, Harold Danforth. Eastern.

WWAE, Hammond, Ind. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Dr. Geo. F. Courier.

WWJ, Detroit, Mich. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. The Detroit News. Announcers, E. L. Tyson, F. P. Wallace, Lynn Gearhart. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL, New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcer, Jean Pasquet. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC, Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Gen. Mgr., G. O. Shephard. Program Dir., Stanley Cross. Com'l Mgr., Clyde Smith. Promotion Mgr., Earnest Tappe. Eastern. Founded Febr. 21, 1927.

WWRL, Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Founded Aug. 15, 1926.

WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5-1160kc. 5000 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

Stations on Cleared Waves

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Fqcy. in Kiloc.
WAIU	Columbus, Ohio	468.5	640
KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.	468.5	640
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	461.3	650
WEAF	New York, N. Y.	454.3	660
WAAW	Omaha, Neb.	454.3	660
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	447.5	670
WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.	440.9	680
KFO	San Francisco, Calif.	440.9	680
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	428.3	700
KFVD	Culver City, Calif.	428.3	710
WOR	Newark, N. J.	422.3	710
WGN	Chicago, Ill.	416.4	720
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	405.2	740
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	405.2	740
WJR	Detroit, Mich.	399.8	750
KVI	Tacoma, Wash.	394.5	760
WJZ	New York, N. Y.	394.5	760
WEW	St. Louis, Mo.	394.5	760
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	389.4	770
WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.	389.4	770
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	379.5	790
KGO	Oakland, Calif.	379.5	790
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio	374.8	800
P	Ft. Worth, Texas	374.8	800
A	Dallas, Tex.	374.8	800
H	New York, N. Y.	370.2	810
O	Minneapolis, Minn.	370.2	810
S	Louisville, Ky.	365.6	820
	Denver, Colo.	361.2	830
H	Gloucester, Mass.	361.2	830

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Fqcy. in Kiloc.
KWKH	Shreveport, La.	352.7	850
WWL	New Orleans, La.	352.7	850
KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.	352.7	860
WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.	348.6	860
WLS	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WENR-WBCN	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.	309.1	970
KJR	Seattle, Wash.	309.1	970
KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.	305.9	980
WBZ-WBZA	Boston, Mass.	302.8	990
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa	299.8	1,000
WOC	Davenport, Iowa	299.8	1,000
KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.	299.8	1,000
KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.	293.9	1,020
KYWA	Chicago, Ill.	293.9	1,020
WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.	293.9	1,020
WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.	288.3	1,040
WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.	288.3	1,040
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.	288.3	1,040
KRLD	Dallas, Tex.	288.3	1,040
KFKB	Millford, Kans.	285.5	1,050
KHLS	Hollywood, Calif.	285.5	1,050
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.	282.8	1,060
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	282.8	1,060
WJAG	Portland, Ore.	282.8	1,060
KWJJ	Norfolk, Neb.	282.8	1,060
WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.	280.2	1,070
WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio	280.2	1,070
WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio	280.2	1,070
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	280.2	1,070

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Fqcy. in Kiloc.
WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.	280.2	1,070
KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.	280.2	1,070
WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	277.6	1,080
WCBD	Zion, Ill.	277.6	1,080
WMBI	Chicago, Ill.	277.6	1,080
KMOX	KFQA—St. Louis, Mo.	275.1	1,090
WPC	Atlantic City, N. J.	272.6	1,100
WLWL	New York, N. Y.	272.6	1,100
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	270.1	1,110
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	270.1	1,110
WGV	New York, N. Y.	265.3	1,130
WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.	275.3	1,130
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah	275.3	1,130
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.	263	1,140
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	263	1,140
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.	260.7	1,150
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.	258.5	1,160
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	258.5	1,160
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.	256.3	1,170
KTNT	Muscotine, Iowa	256.3	1,170
KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.	256.3	1,170
WGBS	Astoria, L. I.	254.1	1,180
WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.	254.1	1,180
WHDL	Minneapolis, Minn.	254.1	1,180
KEX	Portland, Oregon	254.1	1,180
KOB	State College, N. M.	254.1	1,180
WICC	Easton, Conn.	252	1,190
WOAI	San Antonio, Texas	252	1,190
WJSP	Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.	205.4	1,460
KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.	205.4	1,460

You Must Have Sugar

Sugar is one of the much needed elements in a balanced diet.

WRIGLEY'S supplies sugar in a convenient way. The flavor is an extra delight.

Then too—you know you aren't adding weight. Sugar is a fuel that burns up needless fat.

WRIGLEY'S

When tired or hungry, pep yourself with WRIGLEY'S



K100

Gold Cup Contest

(Continued from page 3)

a poor program over that station, and I have been listening for three years," enthuses Mrs. W. V. Copeland, of Topeka, Kansas.

"KFNF wins all honors for real service and entertainment. Their programs are splendid," from Mrs. John Ferguson. White from Mrs. Paul Specht of Fort Worth comes word that WENR is undoubtedly the best broadcasting station in existence.

"We always look for WLS of Chicago when we want good entertainment, especially on Saturday night. We enjoy Bradley Kincaid, and think WLS is a station for America to be proud of," write Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Matthews, of Lexington, Virginia.

"Have been listening to Radio stations for four years, and think I know what a good station is. WHO takes all honors," asserts Miss Olive Couch, of Valley Junction, Iowa.

"I have yet to find a station in the East, West or South that can hold a candle to WTAM of Cleveland, and here are my votes," enthuses Mrs. Reinhold of Mantuca, Ohio.

And so on. Every broadcaster has his friends. You are numbered among the listening audience, and you have a favorite. Act now—fill in the coupon ballot and mail it.

* * *

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	1,790
WBZA	Boston	1,019
WPG	Atlantic City	1,684
WABC	New York City	1,697
WBZA	Boston	804
WCAU	Philadelphia	896
WEAF	New York City	1,709
WGR	Buffalo	1,514
WHAM	Rochester	1,298
WOR	Newark	1,216
WRC	Washington, D. C.	924
WTIC	Hartford	1,104
WISV	Washington, D. C.	819
WBAL	Baltimore	926
WEET	Boston	187

East	City	Votes
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	586
WGY	Schenectady	1,614
WJAS	Pittsburgh	1,046
WJZ	New York City	1,604
WFBL	Syracuse	934
WMAK	Buffalo	781
WNAK	Boston	911

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	781
WFLA	Clearwater	1,087
WHAS	Louisville	994
WSMB	New Orleans	1,235
WWNC	Asheville	1,596
WSM	Nashville	1,481
KWKH	Shreveport	1,514
WSB	Atlanta	1,112
WJBO	New Orleans	911
WDOD	Chattanooga	798
WMC	Memphis	1,127
WREC	Memphis	1,071
WROC	Columbus	892
WRVA	Richmond	1,008
WDBI	Roanoke	711
WLAC	Nashville	847
WLAP	Louisville	653
WBT	Charlotte	546
WTAR	Norfolk	741
WAPI	Birmingham	1,387
WPTF	Raleigh	531
WIAX	Jacksonville	1,147
WBRC	Birmingham	913

Middle West	City	Votes
WTAM	Cleveland	1,247
KMA	Shenandoah	748
WCCO	Minneapolis	819
WCBD	Zion	617
WAIU	Columbus	736
WCAH	Columbus	822
WIAY	Cleveland	734
KFH	Wichita	781
KMOX	St. Louis	1,679
KSTP	St. Paul	1,410
KYW	Chicago	1,826
WBBM	Chicago	1,363
WFBM	Indianapolis	1,039
WGN	Chicago	1,434
WJID	Chicago	1,187
WIR	Detroit	968
WHK	Cleveland	1,080
WLS	Chicago	2,500
WMAQ	Chicago	1,643
WTMJ	Milwaukee	946
WOWO	Fort Wayne	869
WHO	Des Moines	814
KOIL	Council Bluffs	1,384
KFKB	Milford	719
WOS	Jefferson City	802
KFEQ	St. Joseph	830
WENR	Chicago	3,170
WWJ	Detroit	1,564
KFNF	Shenandoah	2,240
KTSM		538
WOC	Davenport	970

Middle West	City	Votes
KWK	St. Louis	790
KSO	Clarinda, Iowa	604
WCAW		622
WDAF	Kansas City	1,336
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	540
WLW	Cincinnati	2,077

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	1,114
WBAP	Fort Worth	1,286
KVOO	Tulsa	1,184
KSOO	Sioux Falls	806
KGCU	Mandan, S. D.	918
WOAI	San Antonio	709
WFAA	Dallas	1,012
KFAB	Lincoln	830
WOW	Omaha	1,140
KOB	State College, N. M.	740
WNAK	Yankton, S. D.	568
WIBW	Topeka	934
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	583
KPRC	Houston	911
KFYR	Bismarck	507
KFKB	Milford	896
KGR	Butte, Montana	714
WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.	840
KRLD	Dallas	671
KTHS	Hot Springs	531

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	947
KSL	Salt Lake City	918
KFI	Los Angeles	1,510
KJR	Seattle	1,180
KOMO	Seattle	1,386
KGA	Spokane	1,009
KIDO	Boise	804
KGW	Portland	1,114
KOIN	Portland	1,217
KFWB	Hollywood	1,086
KGO	Oakland	1,240
KPO	San Francisco	1,400
KFOX	Long Beach	780
KFRC	San Francisco	638
KFJJ	Astoria	701
KHJ	Los Angeles	1,264
KFWM	Oakland	609

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	618
CFCA	Toronto	720
CFQC	Saskatoon	670
CHCS	Hamilton	410
CHWC	Regina	538
CJCA	Edmonton	554
CJCI	Calgary	494
CJRM	Moose Jaw	514
CKAC	Montreal	704
CKUA	Edmonton	470
CNRM	Montreal	640
CNRV	Vancouver	649
CKCK	Regina	501
CKCL	Toronto	802
CJGC	London	534
CFRB	Lawrence	380
WREN	Toronto	569

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through

subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

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

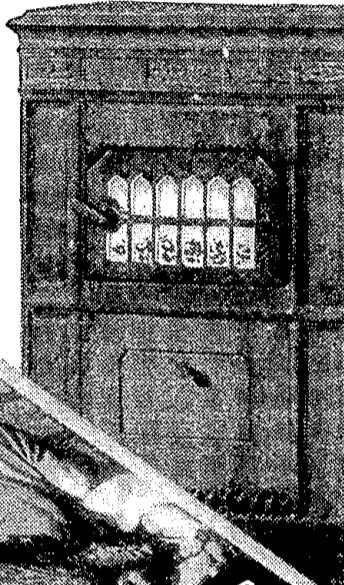
SALE Prices of New Cabinet Heaters—\$34.75 up! Best Bargains Kalamazoo ever built. Beautifully finished in Black and Walnut Porcelain Enamel, hand grained. All made of extra heavy cast iron. Heat several rooms. Just like a furnace. Hold heat over night. Many exclusive Kalamazoo features. Mail the coupon 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

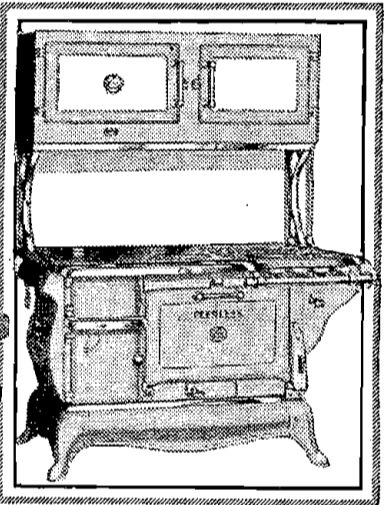
You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a \$100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

30 Days' FREE Trial

Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. Satisfy yourself on Kalamazoo quality before deciding. 360 days' approval test on everything.

at Factory SALE PRICES

- Cabinet Heaters \$34.75 up
- Ranges \$41.50 up
- Furnaces . . . \$61.95 up
- Gas Stoves . . . \$25.80 up
- Oil Stoves . . . \$18.90 up



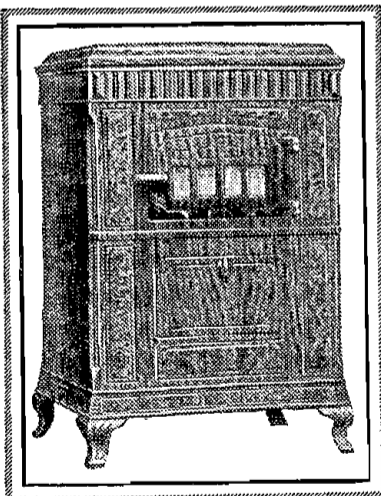
Above All Else—Quality

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.

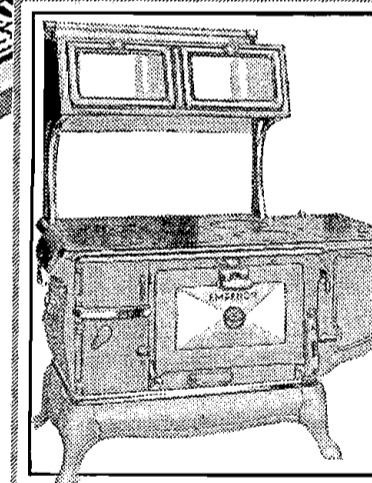
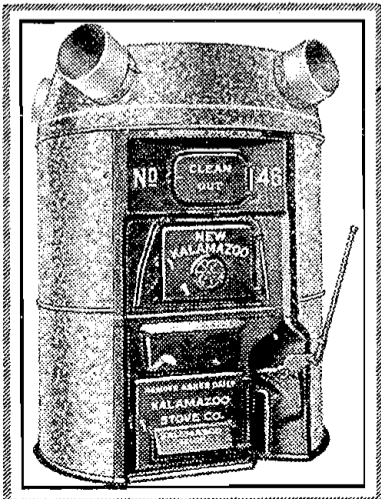
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mrs. 2403 Rochester Avenue Kalamazoo, Mich.



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 \$61.95 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!



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

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.

Coal and Wood Ranges
 Gas & Combination Ranges
 Gasoline Ranges
 Cabinet Heaters
 Pipe Furnaces
 Direct Heat Furnaces
 Oil Stoves
 Household Goods

Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
 Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mrs. 2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

Name.....
 (Please print name plainly)

Address.....

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

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 15)

"Why don't you get your information direct? I would suggest that you talk to the boys themselves."

"Man, if you will tell me how that can be accomplished without habeas corpus proceedings I will be your friend for life."

"Call up the Chatelaine Tower Apartments and ask Mr. Gosden for an appointment."

"What's Mr. Gosden got to do with it?"

"Nothing. He's only the chap you know as Amos. His full name is Freeman F. Gosden. And you might be interested to know that a gentleman by the name of Charles J. Correll is none other than the well known president of the Freshair Taxicab company, Mr. Andrew Brown. Both are free, white and solvent."

"Oh!"

AT LEAST I was getting somewhere now. But after all, if they were through broadcasting I wanted to know whether I could see them, then and there. Two birds in a studio were worth more than one in the Chatelaine Tower. "You're too late," said Gilchrist. "They are all through, washed up and gone for the day, but I can show you where they broadcast."

He took me into a small room, about 14 feet square underneath the visitors' gallery. There was a table near a window that looks into the main studio.

"Andy sits over there on the right hand side," said Gilchrist. "Amos sits opposite. Andy always talks right up close to the microphone to get the deep tone effect in his voice. Amos talks quite a little way back from the mike. When Amos speaks for Kingfish and the other characters he varies the distance from the mike. But this is a place absolutely barred to all visitors while they are broadcasting.

"They require this exclusion in order to invest themselves more perfectly into their characters. Sometimes when the comedy turns to pathos they feel their parts so sincerely that tears run down their cheeks. Mr. Gosden will often

show effects of it for hours afterward. I would suggest you call him up tomorrow forenoon sometime."

So I found that although Amos'n'Andy were really white they are able to imagine themselves the characters they represent so acutely they actually convince hundreds of thousands of their listeners that they are real Negroes actually involved in some of the troubles and adventures they dramatize on the air over two networks every evening of the week except Tuesday.

At about 11 the next morning I called the Chatelaine apartments.

"Whoall shall I say is callin' Mr. Gosden?" same a voice that had shades all over it. I told her. She said to call a little later or she would leave word for Mr. Gosden to call me. That was satisfactory.

Later Mr. Gosden did call.

"Oh so you are Mr. Quest?" he asked. "Lillian, our colored maid, said I was to call Mr. Mark. She's that way. Come on over to the office in the Palmolive building, 2411, at 12 and Mr. Correll and I both will be glad to see you."

THE Palmolive building is one of the newest and most beautiful office buildings in Chicago. It is one of the towering intrusions in the district formerly known as the Gold Coast. The Chatelaine Tower and other magnificent apartments in the vicinity afford convenient homes for the high salaried executives who have offices there. It was five minutes to 12 when I stepped out of a taxi at the entrance. In less than two minutes I stood in front of Door 2411 on which was the sign "Amos'n'Andy." The door was locked. A young man was there with a big box bearing "Amos'n'Andy" signs all over it. He was undecided whether to take it away again but I assured him Mr. Gosden would be there presently.

Exactly on the stroke of 12 a smartly attired young man, brisk and energetic, appeared on the scene.

"You are Mr. Quest?" he asked. We went in. The boy brought in the box.

The office was small but richly furnished. I noted a handsomely carved Radio receiver in the center of the east wall, a table-desk of exquisite design

with onyx top stood opposite the door and between two windows looking north on Michigan Avenue. From these windows could be seen the towering skyscrapers stalking into the loop and across the river. A smaller desk was against the west wall. It supported a practical looking typewriter. And there was a cabinet for books and papers. The boy deposited his conspicuous looking box with its humorous embellishments on the floor. Mr. Gosden asked me to help him open it. I had a screw driver blade in my knife and soon we had the cover loose.

The box had been shipped from Syracuse and contained an ancient model of a Smith-Premier typewriter, one of those relics with the double keyboard—one for capitals and one for lower case.

Gosden, rather quiet and dignified, sat down in a chair and chuckled.

"That's the answer," he said, "to our difficulty when we said something must be wrong with our old typewriter because it didn't have any capital letters. Well, we'll use that typewriter. You'll hear the keys click when we put it on the air."

Young Mr. Gosden is habitually smiling. Far from an Ethiopian cast of countenance, he is a typical blonde with sandy hair that curls almost in ringlets and his eyes are blue. He looks straight at you in a confident winning way. He talks and acts in a way to satisfy you that as yet he is quite unspoiled by the enormous success of the great Radio act of Amos 'n' Andy.

ISAT watching him as he hung up his neatly tailored overcoat and hat, stopped for a minute in front of a glass to straighten his tie and then sat down in a chair across the room at the gorgeous onyx desk.

"I understand you are going to give us a write-up," he said, leaning back and swinging a bit in the swivel chair.

"Yes, Mr. Gosden, quite right," without being able to think of anything else to say.

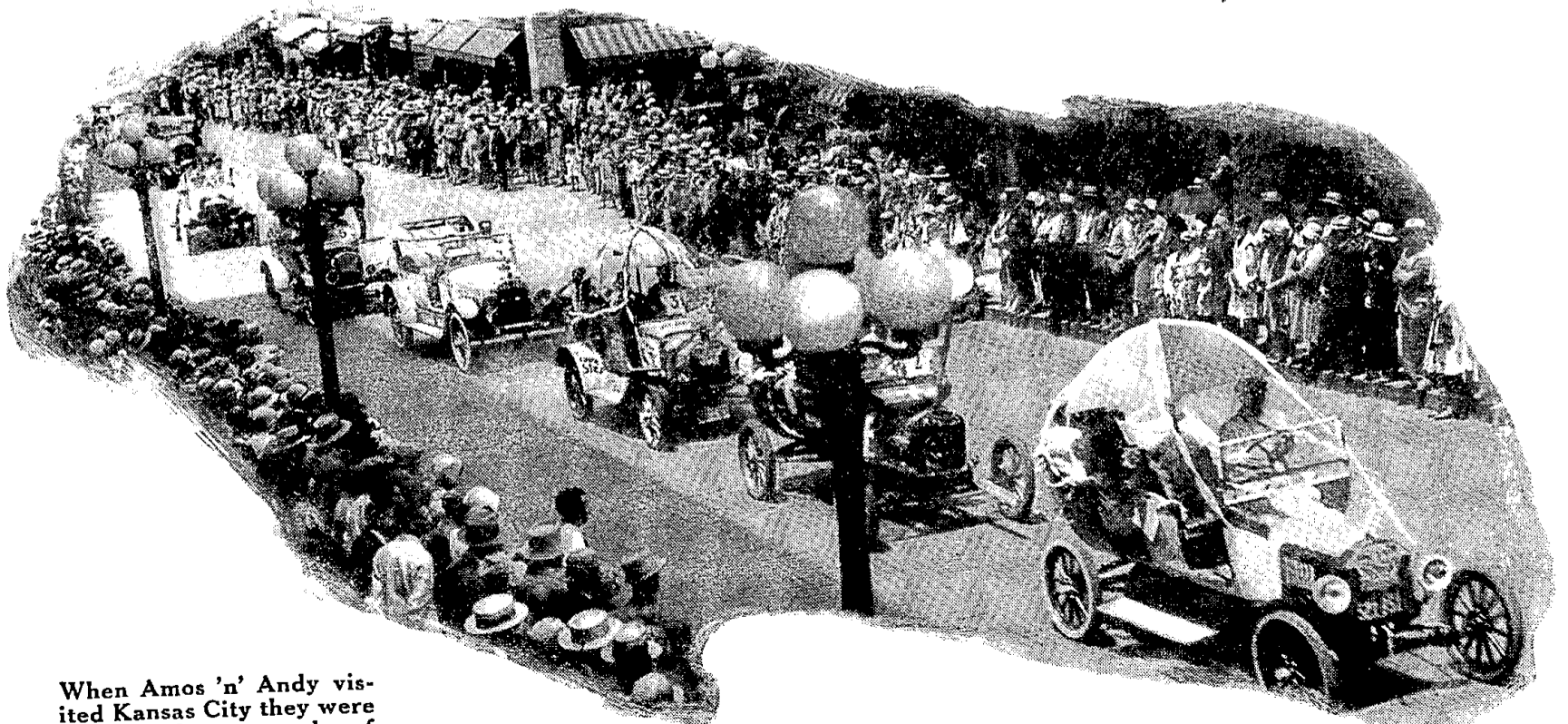
"Where do we begin?"

"I guess here as well as any."

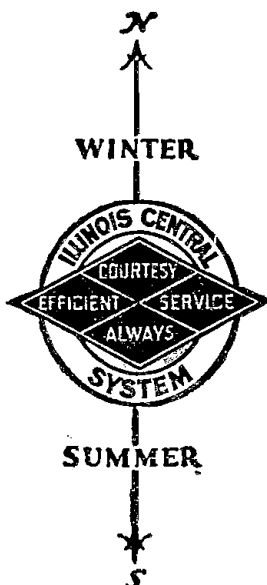
He didn't know what to make of that any more than I did.

"We got a swell telegram from Kansas City," he said.

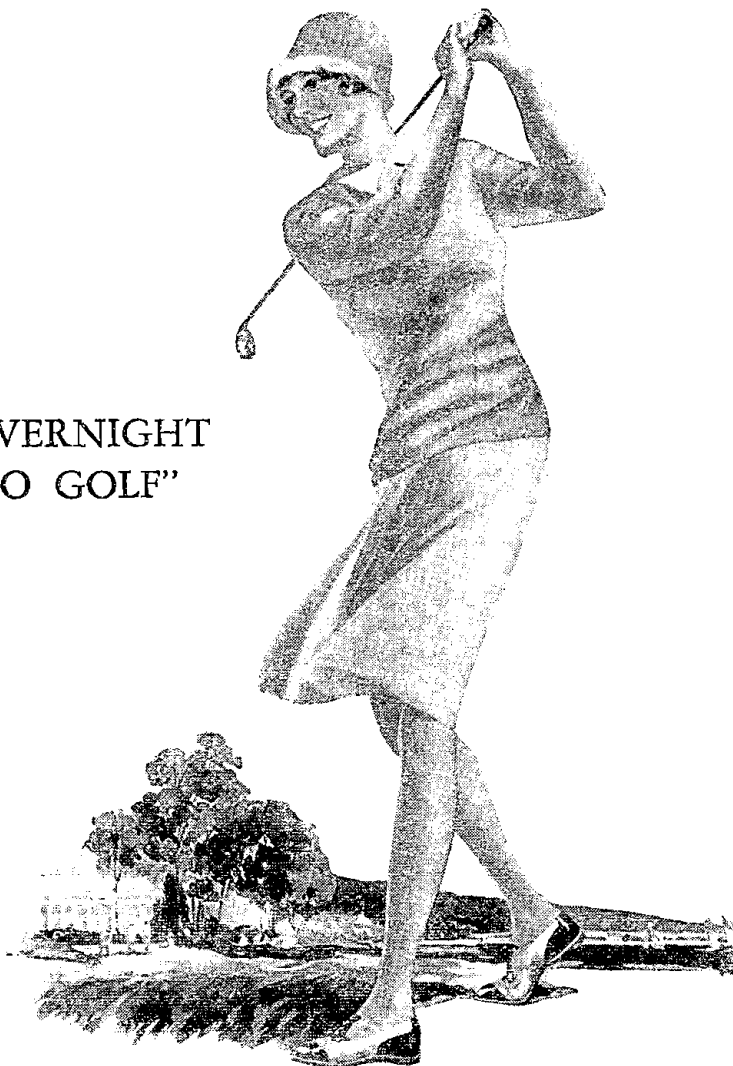
(Continued on page 114)



When Amos 'n' Andy visited Kansas City they were received by a parade of "Fresh Air" Taxis in their honor.



"OVERNIGHT TO GOLF"



Quaint
New Orleans
 BEAUTIFUL MISSISSIPPI
Gulf Coast

BILOXI • GULFPORT • PASS CHRISTIAN

Golf, motoring, sailing, almost every sport of land and sea are now at their best in this outdoor summerland of far-famed hospitality and unequalled charm. Plan to spend your perfect Winter Vacation here

Only 21 Hours from Chicago
Panama Limited
 The Last Word in Elegance and Luxury

Lv. Chicago	12:30 p. m.
Ar. New Orleans	9:30 a. m.
Ar. on the Gulf Coast	9:50 a. m.

Two other all-steel trains daily to New Orleans.
Leave Chicago 8:50 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans and Biloxi March 4, 1930. Reduced Fares. Midwinter vacation party—6 days for only \$95.00 up all-expense from Chicago.

Sixth Annual Spring Golf Training Tour to the Beautiful Mississippi Gulf Coast, New Orleans and Natchez, Miss., March 4-16, 1930. All expense from Chicago \$142.50 up.

Reduced fares to all principal Southern Resorts in effect every day during winter season.

Extremely low fares to New Orleans, Mississippi Gulf Coast and other Southern Points including Havana, Cuba, will be in effect March 14 and April 19, 1930.

Ask about two weeks of Sunshine for only \$166.59 up all-expense from Chicago.

J. V. LANIGAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Illinois Central System
501 Central Station, Chicago, Ill.

12P

Illinois Central

THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 112)

sas City last night," he said, pulling a message from his pocket. "You know we won on a popularity contest at WDAF of the Kansas City Star last year and here are the figures on the latest contest."

"He motioned for me to come over and sit at the desk opposite to him. I read the telegram. It stated that Amos and Andy were first; Damrosch, second; Cathedral Hour, third; Chicago Symphony, fourth, and Lucky Strike orchestra, fifth. There were 96 features on the ballot.

When Amos and Andy visited Kansas City last summer the city declared a holiday and held a Fresh Air Taxicab parade through the principal business streets of the town.

"I suppose you are pretty busy interviewing all the Radio folks," he intimated after a lull by way of carrying on the conversation.

"Nobody knows, Mr. Gosden—you can't imagine—"

Just then the telephone rang. A bright twinkle came in his eye as he pulled the instrument close and smiled happily. How could I help hearing—just pleasant little nothings of a proud father quite enraptured with his wife?

"Baby awake yet? God blessums—what'd he do then? Ha-ha, Ha! I don't blame him for not liking spinach! How's the tummy? . . . Good! Sure—all-right, Sweetheart. Bye-bye."

"Is Mrs Gosden ill?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. We were invited to a pheasant dinner last night; Mr. and Mrs. Correll, Mrs. Gosden and I. It was a marvelous dinner. You know the season lasts four days only, and you have to make the most of it. I think we both had a little too much pheasant—but she says she is feeling fine now.

"My partner will be in here almost any minute. We have great times together—the four of us, going around to places together and seeing things."

"He's not so mean toward you as he sounds, then—over the Radio?"

"Heavens, no! Not a mean thing about Charlie Correll. What's the use of anybody being mean in real life? There are so many things to be glad about if you only stop to think what's what. One really cannot afford to take time to be mean and miserable—that sounds kind of preachy, but it's good philosophy just the same and I believe in it, so does my partner."

And then Mr. Correll came in. He is shorter than Mr. Gosden, a little heavier and perhaps just a bit more ponderous in his manner like the amiable Andy, familiar to all Radio listeners. We were introduced. The bond of affection between the two men was at once obvious. He immediately inspected the typewriter that had just been unboxed. A broad grin spread over his face, but he did not chuckle audibly as did Gosden. He had a big package of mail which he dumped on the double desk. I offered to surrender his place to him but he would not permit it. He did, however, pick up a few of the envelopes and began slitting them open.

THIS incident happened on one of those days when the fans were at white heat because they had been taken off the late schedule. Twenty thousand letters of protest were received in three days. Petitions had been circulated. Among the letters was a long roll on which had been signed hundreds of names.

"How about the colored folks," I asked. "What do they think of Amos 'n' Andy?"

"They are our best friends," said Gos-

den. "You know before The Chicago Daily News engaged us for the WMAQ feature they investigated that angle. They did not want to seem to condone anything that might be regarded as offensive to the colored people of Chicago. They made inquiries of members of the Urban club where the intellectual leaders of the race belong. The Urban club endorsed our feature because they declared we had never said anything that reflected in the least on the moralities of the colored people—and that we had always been considered as presenting a creditable side to the characters we represented."

"Did you ever go out there where they really are?"

"Tell him about the time we went to the Regal," laughed Correll.

"We put on our Amos 'n' Andy vaudeville act out there at the Regal, which is really a palatial theatre patronized almost exclusively by colored people. When we appeared on the stage we received such an ovation from the packed house that we didn't know what to do. They not only enjoyed our skit but seemed to get a great kick out of our trick lights where are transformed from black face to white at the turn of a switch."

"Is it true, Mr. Correll," I asked, "that you were really born in Peoria?"

"Absolutely," he answered with an appreciative smile toward Gosden. "I is de president of the de Fresh Air Taxicab company now, though," he added.

"And you were born in Richmond, Va.," I inquired of Gosden.

"Das whah I was bawn," smiled Gosden.

The hall door, which had been open an inch or two was now pushed boldly wide open. Three somewhat startled girls stood on the threshold. They were without wraps, and apparently were employed in the building. Gosden gave me a wink and moved over to the door to receive them. One of them, a little more bold than the others, stepped in and said:

"We've been coming here every day for a week and nobody was ever in. We just wondered if you really are the Amos 'n' Andy we hear on the Radio."

"Why, sure we are," laughed Gosden, "and over yon sits de Kingfish." He pointed to me. I felt a bit flustered with such prominence suddenly thrust upon me before these wondering young buds.

"Well—er—which is which?" asked the leader. "I mean which is Amos and which is Andy?"

"Now suppose you guess," said Gosden. "Would you like a souvenir?" He went to the cabinet and brought out some packages of Pepsodent toothpaste. He gave one to each girl. They examined the packages eagerly. The smaller girl looked up wistfully.

"But these are just like you buy in the store—"

"Maybe they'll autograph them," suggested the other.

So the packages were passed back. Amos signed first and handed each one to Correll, who added the name "Andy." And thus they found out which one was Amos and which Andy. The girls backed laughingly out of the room. The door was closed and latched this time.

"**H**OW does it come?" I asked, "that so many people seem to think you are doing this broadcasting in New York?"

"Well, you see," said Correll, "some of the New York crowd seemed to think that the sketches would go better in the East if the Eastern folks thought it originated there."

"It really originates in Chicago, though, doesn't it?" I persisted.

"I don't think we ought to discuss

that," said Gosden. "As a matter of fact, when we are on the road it originates in the town where we are playing. It is rather an expensive proposition, too. We have to have a wire into Chicago by the week and engineers to take care of it constantly. The broadcast is put on from the dressing room of the stage where we happen to be playing—in St. Louis, Toledo or Detroit, wherever we happen to be."

"It must be rather a strenuous life, doing both stage and Radio."

"But we get a lot of fun out of it just the same," said Gosden.

"How far ahead do you get up your skits?"

"Only about two or three days ahead."

"Who writes them?"

"We both do. We start talking the situation from one episode to the next just as though it actually existed and say the things that come the most natural under the circumstances. One of us sits at the typewriter and puts down the lines that seem to fit in the best as we go along talking back and forth to each other."

"How long does it take?"

"Sometimes half an hour, sometimes half a day—depends on how we feel toward it and the mood we are in."

"You always write your own skits then?"

"Always. There never has been a variation from this rule."

"When do you write?"

"No particular time. We generally make an appointment for a certain time the night before—'See you tomorrow at 1 o'clock,' as Mr. Correll said last night. 'That suits me,' I said. So here we are."

"That reminds me," I said after a sudden look at my watch and noting that it was 1:10. "I got a date at 1 o'clock myself." Far be it from me to impede the progress of such a popular pair in the course of their duty toward their listening constituents.

"You might get some suggestions from our book," Correll suggested.

"That's an idea," Gosden agreed. "I'll call up Mrs. Gosden and have her send a book down to the desk for you and you can stop in for it as you pass. It's just around the corner from here."

He telephoned and the arrangement was made.

IT WAS about a week later when I sat with a friend at a table in the gallery of the Medinah Athletic Club grill.

"You want to come in here some day when Amos and Andy are getting dressed up in the locker room," said my friend.

"Why, what about it?"

"They do their Amos 'n' Andy stuff in everything they say. It's screaming! All spontaneous, you know. Whatever happens or whatever the other does, they come back and crack wise at each other better than the real show. It's funnier because the situations are real—as real as stone and water and not made up just to be funny."

"You know this Kingfish and all the water names they use? Well, they get that from the Dolphins. The Dolphins are sort of inner Shrine swimming bunch. They are in and out of the water like seals. They have tables beside the pool. If they are hungry when they climb out of the water they throw a towel around themselves and sit down to eat a la naturel."

"And Correll and Gosden are in that crowd?" I asked eagerly.

"Sure. That's where they get all those funny names like Kingfish and—"

"What a picture that would make! Have 'em sitting by the pool all dressed up in a towel. I guess that would show the real color of their skins."

"Go ahead. You make arrangements

for the boys to be here and I will get permission to have the picture taken."

I didn't have the telephone number at the office so I called up at the Chatelaine Tower. Mrs. Gosden answered the phone.

"Why, they're gone now, you know," she said.

"Gone where?" I gasped in dismay.

"On tour. They are in Toledo this week. From there they go to Detroit."

That certainly was a tough break.

"Well, I wonder if you know anything about their private lives?"

"Why, I rather hope I do; I'm Mrs. Gosden, you know."

"Oh, to be sure. Mrs. Gosden, do you feel in a life-saving mood? There's a desperate interrogator around here who MUST find out all about the private lives of Amos 'n' Andy. Will you help him out?"

She promised to do the best she could. Accordingly the elevator boy took me to the door and Lillian, the maid who had called me Mr. Mark, let me in. Mrs. Gosden was attending to Freeman F. Gosden, Jr. The interior of the apartment was finished in Spanish mission style, rough walls, arched doorways. A mammoth pastoral was hung over the mantle and a small escritoire stood in a corner. A Coxwell chair and end table heaped with books showed where the head of the house makes himself comfortable. There were ash trays about—one receptacle was supported by a magnificent statuette of a Nubian maid. At one end of the room was a Radio receiver of handsome workmanship. At the other was a phonograph similar in design—and there was a concert grand piano.

PRESENTLY a tall slender woman with the vigor of youth in her dark eyes entered the room where I had been seated. She was followed by a curly headed little boy on a kiddie car—a noble pair—mother and son. No wonder such a happy light had come into Freeman Gosden's eyes when he talked to her at the time I had seen him in his office.

The little fellow glanced up at me curiously. He was not too inclined to be friendly. He would find out about this stranger.

"He is a very precious little mite," said Mrs. Gosden, sitting down in her husband's chair. "He is the last of the family except for his father. Mr. Gosden lost his only brother recently. An automobile accident during the war, and while he was in the service, removed two other members of his family. Mr. Gosden loves to play and romp with the baby and take him out for a walk. He is just one year and a half old now. He doesn't talk much. Sometimes folks wonder if he will speak with a dialect."

"Did you come from Virginia, too, Mrs. Gosden?"

"No, I was born in Missouri and brought up in Minnesota."

"How did you and Mr. Gosden happen to meet?"

"At the time the boys came to WGN I was secretary for Mr. Thomasson, who was business manager of the Chicago Tribune at that time. Knowing the same people, we met at a party and soon became good friends. My maiden name was Leta Schreiber. We were married in June, 1927. Mr. and Mrs. Correll were married in January of the same year. Mrs. Correll is an Iowa girl and her maiden name was Marie Janes. She went along with the boys, but I thought it would be better for baby for me to stay here where he could have good care. The Correll's live just across the street and our two families are together the most of the time."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Right now the boys are interested in skating. Mr. Gosden never had had on a pair of ice skates before in his life until last winter. He is crazy about it. But they belong to the Tam O'Shanter Golf club and they also play on other courses in the right kind of weather. The Correll's drive a Cadillac. We have a Buick, but I think we are going to have a Cadillac soon—and then we will both have the same kind of cars."

A canary bird rippled into carol in another room.

"I suppose you are fond of pets?" I asked.

"The little bird is one we bought on a train. A man came through the car with a lot of birds and Mr. Gosden took a fancy to this songster and bought it. A singing bird seems to typify the happy spirit in a home. We are very fond of this one."

"And when daddy is on tour I suppose the little canary helps to cheer baby and mother?" I turned hopefully to the little fellow to make friends.

"Mr. Gosden always calls us up wherever he is and that is what always cheers us most. And, of course, we can always hear him on the Radio when Amos 'n' Andy are on."

"But nobody is permitted to see them broadcast."

"No, I have seen the tears streaming from Mr. Gosden's eyes when he, as Amos, was having so much imaginary trouble. He feels embarrassed naturally. Last night when he called me from Toledo I could tell by his voice he still felt shaky from his emotions aroused by the broadcast episode."

The boys have been partners for a long time, you know. They began long before Amos 'n' Andy and Sam 'n' Henry. It was very hard for them to give up Sam 'n' Henry at first. It was almost like a death in the family, but soon they got used to the new names and now I believe they are better satisfied than ever. They like to live their parts together wherever they may happen to be. You are just about as likely to find them in a West Madison street auction shop watching the crowds as at the Medinah Athletic club. They go around to benefits and help in other charitable enterprises. Some times they see a couple of picture shows together beside attending to their regular duties."

Mrs. Gosden showed me their photograph album, there were scenes taken from one end of the country to the other. One showed them beside a huge airplane.

"They are both keen about flying," she said. "About a year ago we all four flew to New York together in that ship. It was a marvelous trip and we enjoyed it immensely."

A scene on the Pacific coast showed the two comedians playing high jinks aboard a boat. Amos in this case seemed to have the best of Andy in keeping him from climbing over the rail from the outside to the safety of the deck.

* * *

Joseph Bell of the NBC production department and director of the Westington Salute, is on the faculty of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

* * *

Dana S. Merriman, of the NBC program department, once conducted a Radio course in music appreciation in conjunction with the Connecticut State Board of Education through WTIC, Hartford.

* * *

Harold McGee, who directs and plays in NBC dramatic productions, is a director of the Provincetown Playhouse, one of the best known experimental theaters in America.

Singing Chief Tecumseh

(Continued from page 47.)

the reeds and fibers in gay color designs learned from her mother and her mother's mother.

"Rest your hands, my mother," says the young Tecumseh (named from a great ancestral chief). "I am going on a journey. I have looked out from the rock and it is time to go. I will sing and tell the palefaces of our Skookum apples. Then they will buy the apples and we will have money to provide us meat and bread for another year. I will go tomorrow."

And the iron horse takes Tecumseh away from the little village of Cashmere in the Washington valley. He wears the beaded vest given to him by his mother. But otherwise he follows the white man's ways. He is known in a hundred broadcasting stations. And when Tecumseh comes there always is some place on a schedule for him to sing. He is very popular and receives many letters. Last year he received so many letters that he covered his tepee with them and still had many left.

"**W**HERE are you singing in Chicago?" asked the Radio Digest man, after some of the pictures had been selected.

"At WLS."

"Why don't you sit down and write us your own story?"

"I will have my secretary do it."

His secretary! This Indian was getting on!

But when the days passed and no story came from Tecumseh or his secretary the Radio Digest man called up Don Malin at WLS.

"Oh, Tecumseh, the Indian?" answered Mr. Malin. "Yes, he sang here several times. But he seems to have folded his tent and disappeared—a queer chap."

Tecumseh had gone to a new camping ground. Somewhere in the big circle that wends its way around from the big rock on the edge of the Wenatchee over the Great Lakes region to the Atlantic and back by way of the Southland and the Pacific this wondering red minstrel has pitched his lodge and is singing tonight the songs of his people to the white conquerors who throw their voices from ocean to ocean and move with the speed of the spheres.

Merle Johnston

(Continued from page 20.)

"It was too much. I wanted to reduce my hours, and so was constantly on the lookout for something else," Merle recalls, "and finally shifted over to another night club which closed at 3 o'clock in the morning. This also left Sundays open. That was six years ago when Radio was still young. I thought it was the coming thing, and began to nurse along a few Radio accounts of my own.

"For awhile I kept my club engagements and played for Radio on the side, needing the money to support my newly acquired wife and myself. At last, however, I thought the opportunity for change had arrived."

It proved to be a big change and a big chance. For eight weeks nothing transpired in the way of new business, and there wasn't much money coming in. But Johnston held himself open for engagements at any hour, and found his income had jumped to almost \$500 a week by the end of the second month.

And when one remembers the saxophone quartet organized and directed by Mr. Johnston, the Six Brown Brothers and their sextet, and Clyde Doerr's octet,

(Continued on page 126)

Gertrude

(Continued from page 96)

"I believe you. You always have, you big stiff!"

"Just a minute," I said. "I've had a detective on your trail for some time. He's had you boxed, crated and ready to deliver to the divorce court since four o'clock this morning."

"Then why didn't he deliver me?"

"Because I told him not to. I wanted to save you from having a stranger raid your flat."

"He couldn't—not without a warrant."

"He could if I lent him my key."

"Who gave you that key?"

"You did."

"And now you're using it against me."

"I had to, Victor. I hated to, but I had to. It's all over now, anyway—except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"I've got to see this girl of yours."

"Why?"

"So I can make an affidavit that I saw her. That's not much to ask, is it?"

"Hell, no!" said Victor. "You break into my flat, you butt into my private affairs. That's nothing."

"Well, I'm sorry, but either Smith or I have got to see her, and if you're wise you'll choose me."

"I am wise," said Victor. "I'm just wise enough to believe you can't get away with this. Where's your authority? Do you belong to the Vice Squad, or what? And there's the girl. How do you suppose SHE feels? Fine girl, good family—you'd be surprised. You don't want to drag her into a rotten mess like that, Harry, you know you don't."

"You're right," I said. "I hate the whole business. But I've started and I'm going to finish. Tell that girl to slip on some clothes and come out."

"I won't do it," said Victor. "You can give orders till you're black in the face, but you're not going to see that girl."

"Is that your last word?"

"It is."

"Very well," I said. "You've got a Dobermann Pinscher; I've got a hound dog myself. Here's where he mixes in."

Dashing to the window, I flung it open and leaned out.

"Oh, Smith! Smith!" I called.

He'd heard me. He was crossing the street on the run—

"STOP!"

It came from behind me like a bullet. I turned. And then I thought I would die. For there, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono—

If it had been just a blonde or a brunette; a manicure, a movie queen; an outcast—even a half-caste—I could have stood it. But it was so much more. It was the last person in the world I could have expected; the one woman in the world I'd ever really trusted.

It was Gert.

CHAPTER XVI

GERT! There, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono! I'd shot at a hawk and brought down a bluebird—if I'd been as small as I felt I'd have crawled down a crack in the floor.

You'd have thought Gert would have felt the same way. Not at all. She was as mad as a snake.

"It's all your fault, Harry," she said. "You told me you'd fired that detective, and not to expect you back from Ventura before this afternoon."

"Yes," said Victor. "You deceived your own sister; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Can you beat it? If anyone ought to have been ashamed it was Gert. I would have told her so, too, only I'd

forgotten all about Smith. And here he was, pounding on the door, demanding to be let in.

"Just a minute," I called.

"Got the goods?" he shouted.

"Shut up! You'll wake up the whole house."

Then, turning to Gert, I said: "That's Smith. He wants to come in. I'll let him in, too, if you don't get busy and cook me some breakfast."

With that, I eased myself into the hall for an interview that was far from satisfactory—to Smith.

"Well," he said, "did you see her?"

"I did."

"Want me to see her?"

"No."

"I ought to see her."

"It isn't necessary. I've made a deal with my brother-in-law."

"Tain't lawful."

"That's my lookout," I said.

"Then I don't see her?"

"No."

Smith sighed. "I'd like to have saw her," he said. "George's been countin' on it, too. Can't I have just one look?"

"NO!"

"That's always the way," said Smith. "I do all the dirty work; the other guy gets all the fun."

Turning on his flat feet, he stalked, muttering, down the hall, leaving me free to join Gert, who by this time had the coffee on, and was busy frying eggs and bacon.

So we all sat down to breakfast. Even Caesar seemed to realize I was a member of the family, and only snapped at me twice. But I was still sore at Victor.

"Look here," I said. "Why didn't you tell me it was Gert?"

"Because you made me mad, breaking in on us like that."

"Besides," said Gert, "it would have looked funny with me getting a divorce."

"What's that? You're crazy. You can't get a divorce now."

"Of course I can," said Gert. "Victor and I have talked it over. He understands things now, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," said Victor. "You can say what you please, Harry, we did have a better time that year we weren't married."

"We certainly did," said Gert. "And when we get our divorce we'll be happy again. Have another egg."

* * * * *

If this were a fairy story, this story of Gert and Victor, I'd end it like this: **SO THEY WERE DIVORCED AND LIVED TOGETHER HAPPILY EVER AFTER.** For they were—and they did. But **EVER AFTER** is a long time.

At that they're the happiest couple I know; Gert, splendid mother, adoring ex-wife—Victor, famous composer, dotting parent—You see, after little Harriet was born, Gert could do anything with Victor.

"It's a funny thing," she said. "Of course I prayed for it. But where in the world do you suppose that child got her red hair?"

Another enthralling serial starts next month. Watch for it!

Bed Time Story

(Continued from page 31)

"I forgot my key," said A. H. "I got home here at eleven-thirty and pounded on the door for fifteen minutes. I decided you were not in so I went and sat in the park for a couple of hours. Then I came back here and pounded on the door again. No luck. So back to the park for another hour. Then I brought

in the cop from the beat and he pounded on the door with his night-stick.

"Well, he finally convinced me you were out and as it was getting pretty cold out in the park I've been here kicking at the door since about three o'clock! You and your insomnia. Quit kidding yourself. If you ever mention insomnia to anyone again I'll kid the life out of you!"

We sat in silence as the author of "An American Tragedy" finished his story. The fire died down. "Shall I throw on another log?" asked Otto Dittmar, who would be the one to ask such a question.

"Ho, hum," said Mr. Dreiser, yawning. "I'm going to turn in. I'm sleepy. And what's more I've not suffered from insomnia since that night. You see, what had happened was this. For the first three months, two years before, I did actually suffer from insomnia. After that the idea that I could not sleep had become fixed in my mind, a notion merely. Yet the hallucination persisted and though I slept like the well-known log I was convinced that I was not sleeping a wink."

We all voted it a very good story indeed. And if any of your friends ever talk about going without sleep for months you will know exactly what to months and months you will know exactly what to do to cure him.

Milton Cross

(Continued from page 91)

There are still requests from clubs and organizations throughout the United States requesting a personal appearance for concert or speech; churches make overtures to him to accept singing positions; theatrical opportunities still pour in, and many Radio sponsors seek to add the prestige of his name to their weekly commercial programs.

Milton Cross is a real veteran in point of service as Radio announcer. Only one announcer in the United States has served longer than he before the microphone. He is the veteran of the NBC staff, having been in broadcasting since 1922. Before that he was a singer, but since becoming a "mike-man" he has consistently refused to be lured away from that post.

The recognition of the Academy in making the presentation on its twenty-fifth anniversary last April, placed the job of Radio announcers in the same responsible class with the legitimate stage and literature, as a good influence upon American standards of speech.

The National Broadcasting announcer is thirty-two years old. He was born in New York and educated at the DeWitt Clinton High School and received his musical training as previously stated, at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. Before his entry into Radio, in 1922, Cross was a singer and attained considerable renown as a tenor soloist. He is known to the Radio audience for his singing of "Slumber On" on the NBC Slumber hour.

Good diction can be acquired through study and hard work, Cross told members of the Academy in accepting the honor conferred upon him. This was his speech:

"PERMIT me to express my deepest appreciation to the American Academy of Arts and Letters for the honor it has conferred upon me and to Mr. Garland for his gracious remarks in presenting the award. Fully realizing that it is a trite practice to express one's surprise when receiving a coveted honor, I cannot refrain from saying that I was not merely surprised—I was amazed and

For HEALTH'S Sake ROLLER SKATE



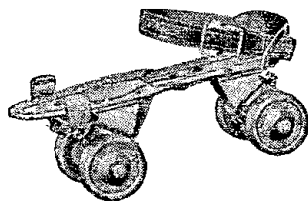
"OUR GANG" wears "CHICAGO'S"

They like "Speed Without Noise"—and maybe they don't travel some!

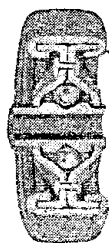
"CHICAGO"
LEADS ALL OTHERS
in
1st SIX Day
INTERNATIONAL
ROLLER RACE
Madison Square Gardens
New York

- "CHICAGO" Skates won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Places.
- 27 Racers wore complete "CHICAGO" units.
- 15 Racers had combination skates but all equipped with "Chicago" Racing Wheels.
- 2 Racers wore another make.
- 1 Racer wore a third make.

The wheel is "the heart of the skate." Champions know the speed and free action of "Chicago" Skates. That is why they use and recommend them. The oldest skater in this contest was the world's famous Harley Davidson—57 years old. The youngest was William Oddson, 17 years old. Both using "Chicago" Units.



If You Prefer Steel Wheel Skates, Get These New
DOUBLE TREAD
"TRIPLE-WARE" SKATES



Shown above. Note the double tread wheel at left. The hardened steel Outer Tread is crimped over the Inner Bushing Tread and will last three times longer than other steel

wheels. Fine ball bearings. Wheels guaranteed not to come apart. Price, \$2.25. From your Dealer or sent direct **POSTPAID** on receipt of price and Dealer's name.

The No. 181 Combination Skate is suitable for Boys, Girls and Grownups.
Price\$4.00

You'll Find a New Source of Enjoyment In—

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Rubber Tire Roller Skates

With the advent of the new swift and silent "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates, roller-skating has become "quite the thing" for all ages and classes—for health, for sport, for endurance tests and training, for pleasure and for business uses. No longer is it just a "kid" sport, nor is this excellent form of recreation confined to Roller Rinks.

ROLL ON Rubber

Put on a pair of "CHICAGOS". See how quickly you can start. Note how you can accelerate speed—and maintain it—silently, easily—see how quickly you can stop with "four-wheel brakes". You'll say these skates are GREAT.

They have wonderful Composition Rubber Tires which outlast steel wheels 2 to 1 (by actual tests) and self-contained ball bearings which make these wheels spin 10 times longer. These skates have high steel backs, wide clamps with wedge grip, extra strong reinforced foot plate and oscillating front truck.

Join the "Roll on Rubber" Club

Get this beautiful gold finish skate pin, Membership Certificate and Book "How to Roller Skate." Just send dealer's name and 10c to cover postage. Write Today!

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.

Established Over 1/4 Century

4429 W. Lake Street

CHICAGO, ILL.



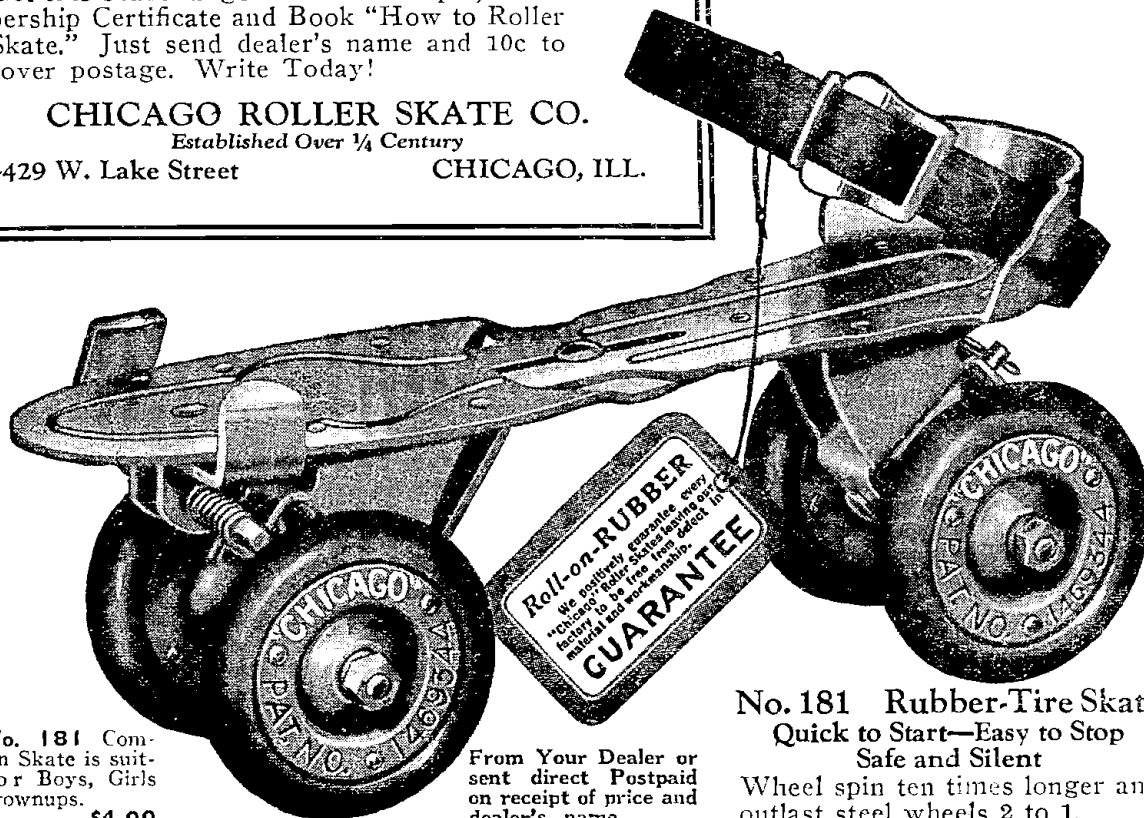
Real dignity and poise are secured with the new Rubber Tire "CHICAGOS." Here you see Leila Hyams and Clyde Cook, movie stars, enjoying their "CHICAGOS."

"How to Roller Skate"

is a little booklet that will prove of greater value than at first you might suppose. Just like swimming and other sports, it is important to get "started right or to correct "lost motion."



Thousands of children and even grownups are wearing this beautiful gold finish Club Pin.



No. 181 Rubber-Tire Skate
Quick to Start—Easy to Stop
Safe and Silent

Wheel spin ten times longer and outlast steel wheels 2 to 1.

From Your Dealer or sent direct Postpaid on receipt of price and dealer's name.

overwhelmed when I heard this award was to come to me. I believe it was Ex-President Taft who said 'Some of us are given honors *Cum Laude*, (with praise); others win awards *summa cum laude* (with highest praise); and still others are honored *mirabile dictu* (marvelous to relate). I was just that much surprised.

"Like all other announcers I was delighted with the interest manifested by the Academy in our profession and with the announcement of the project to recognize unusual merit in our field. Naturally I indulged in some speculation as to who might win the award but little dreamed that I would be the fortunate recipient. To be perfectly frank, the situation is still a bit of a puzzle to me, as it is perhaps to many others who would not agree with the decision of the judges. I realize that one of my many limitations is the slowness of my mental processes. I am justifiably known as what is called a slow thinker and I have often felt that this mental deliberateness has been reflected in my speech, with a consequent undesirable effect upon the listener. And so I'm not yet clear as to whether this is an asset, or a liability offset by other qualifications, or a point entirely overlooked by the judges. Again it may be something which exists only in my imagination—perhaps I'm not as bad as I think I am.

"Radio, thus far, appeals to only one of man's senses—that of hearing—and this fact puts the use of the spoken language in the control of a few, to be heard by the many and these few are the Radio announcers of the country. Our influence particularly in the matter of speech may be felt in millions of homes and while we are exerting every possible means to engage and hold the interest of the hearer, we should keep in mind the importance of beauty of tone, modulations of the voice as to pitch or emphasis, correct pronunciation and enunciation. In my estimation these are some of the qualities which constitute the making of a good Radio announcer or a desirable microphone performer. Along with these qualities, of course, there must be a concentrated interest and an unqualified sincerity in his work.

"Radio work is not only a profession, it is a life, and the serious-minded announcer virtually orders his whole mode of living to conform to the requirements of his work. In my own case, I have been on the air so long, and have so constantly applied myself to making my speech habits conform to microphone technique that my wife tells me I cannot even say 'good morning,' 'good night,' or 'please pass the butter' without it sounding like a station announcement. But seriously speaking, the announcer should keep his voice in the best possible condition and in order to do so he must not only live up to the rules required for general physical fitness but should take a certain amount of vocal exercises—singing every day—for I believe that the correct speaking voice should be developed from the singing tone. He must carefully watch his pronunciation and enunciation not only on the air but in his every day conversation, because the habits of speech cannot be laid aside like an old garment, when addressing the radio audience. He must be constantly on the watch that he does not accept pronunciations of words which are commonly incorrectly pronounced. It is so easy for us to slip into those habits of speech which may not seem at all offensive in every day conversation, but which, indeed, create unfavorable impressions when used on the air.

"Admitting, what Mr. Garland has said, to be true, that our American speech, on the whole, is not what it should be; that many of our voices are

unpleasant, strident, colorless and uninteresting, there is but one thing to do and that is to correct our faults. Good diction, purity and beauty of tone can be acquired through study. And because we announcers are the daily examples of spoken English to millions of people we should be most particular of our speech. Many of us, I am glad to say, are making a special study of the subject in order to raise our own standards with the hope of a consequent effect upon the country.

"I'm sure we are all taking our profession seriously, and it is most encouraging to realize that you of the American Academy of Arts and Letters have given us recognition for that effort. Your action in making this annual award brings us a new realization of the dignity and importance of our profession, as well as a realization of our responsibilities to the public. I think I may say as unofficial representative of the Radio announcers of America, we thank you for your interest in our work and your recognition of the part we play in the life of the nation.

"Again, permit me to express my own appreciation of the honor that you have accorded me. I am afraid I shall now have to attend school seven days a week instead of one, that I may live up to the expectations that will be the inevitable result of your action."

A Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 79)

JINX: That so? What?

HANK: A lot of things. Oh Miss Kinsey—Jeanne! Was that just the way they played that number when you did it before?

JEANNE: No—not quite. They played a coda on the end, while the lights were out—and that gave Buddy a chance to get out on the floor with me before they came on again.

JINX: No—I think you're wrong. Jeanne. Buddy used to come out after the lights came on.

JEANNE: Oh—no.

HANK: Well—we've tried it one way—now we'll see how it goes the other way. Go out and tell the orchestra to start, Jinx. Or—no, better still—you tell 'em as you go by, Jeanne. Where's the electrician, Jinx? I had to pull the lights myself that time.

JINX: Why—he's up in the booth getting the floods ready.

HANK: That's where he has to be at this time, isn't it?

JINX: Yes—sure. He can't do two things at once.

HANK: That's so. Well—who pulled 'em the night of the murder?

JINX: Why—I don't know. I can't remember.

HANK: Funny you didn't think of that before, Jinx. The shot was fired from this direction, you remember.

JINX: Say—that's right.

HANK: Well—you help me out by pulling them for me this time, Jinx. Go over there and get ready. I'll give you the signal. There goes the orchestra.

JINX: O.K., Hank.

PETE: Chief! He'll be there any time you pull the lights.

HANK: O.K., boy. This one'll get somebody. When she finishes this part—Jinx will pull the lights—then let them have a look at him.

PETE: O. K., Chief.

HANK: All right, Jinx—pull your lights.

JINX: Now?

HANK: Yes, now! Hurry up.

JINX: But—I wasn't standing here that night!

HANK: No? Where were you?

JINX: Why—

HANK: Pull the lights!

JINX: I—I don't think they work this way, Hank.

HANK: It's the same way they worked that night!

JINX: No—

HANK: How do you know?

JINX: Why I—don't.

HANK: Pull 'em out!

JINX: There!

HANK: Now look over—there! Look!

JINX: Oh!

TWO REVOLVER SHOTS ARE HEARD.

HANK: Look at him, Jinx Remington! Look at the man you murdered!

JINX: No—No—I can't—I can't look at him! Roy! That face, staring up at me!

HANK: Then you did kill him!

JINX: Yes—yes—I'll tell you! Only take it away—take it away!

HANK: All right—take that spot light off the double, Pete, and bring up your house lights. That's it.

PETE: Gee, chief, it worked! He fell for it!

HANK: Yeah. Well, all the rest of you people can go now. I thought I knew who did this job all along, but I had to check on it.

JEANNE: Buddy! It was Jinx Remington! He's the one that killed Fulton!

BUDDY: Well, do you feel better about me now, dear? Are you convinced now that I didn't do it?

JEANNE: Yes, dear. Come on—let's go home.

And so ends the forty-second in this series of Night Club Romances. These original Radio plays are written and directed by Don Clark and come to you over the CBS on Monday evenings.

Lost at Sea

(Continued from page 103)

CAPT. J.: Well—'twas a perilous time for the next half hour or so. The City o' Callao was fast on the ledge, but she stood on an even keel long enough to get the boats off. Then the wind began risin' and purty soon she crashed over on her port side. The sea was blowin' up and it was cloudin' over for a tropic storm—gettin' black and sullen-lookin' overhead.

JOE: Where were you, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: I was on a buoy-raft—me and the chief engineer—'twas the only thing left, after the passengers and crew had got off. I remember, the storm broke all of a sudden and we was tossed and tumbled around in mountain-high seas. But finally our raft hit breakers and we slip up the sands of a slopin' beach.

JOE: What did you do then?

CAPT. J.: Well—it had begun to rain—and I never seen such rain in all my days—torrents and rivers of it! We pulled our raft back into the underbrush. It kept us fairly protected, but seemed like every crawlin' thing in the jungle' round about wanted to come in and share our safety—crabs, scorpions, snakes—kept us awake all night.

JOE: I suppose you couldn't light a fire.

CAPT. J.: (Laughs) Everything was soaked, lad. I remember the next mornin' it was still rainin', but we went out in it to take our bearin's. I was just from roundin' a hillock and mounted the raft when I come face to face with a weird spectacle.

JOE: What was that, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: There—staggerin' across the sands, toward me—stripped down to his shirt and trousers—was Cap'n Wilson. A sorry-lookin' sight he was—wet and bedraggled—and both arms hangin' in a funny, loose way at his sides.

CAPT. W.: (Approaching) (He is fairly sober now, nervous, worried.)

“Unaccustomed as I am—

“I...er, er...a...don't know just what to say on the subject.”

“I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak.”

“Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can.”

“Er...that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do.”



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

“What's the trouble dear?”
“Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!”

“John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!”

“I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!”

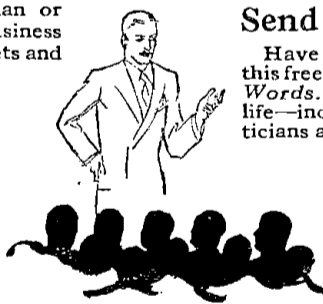
“But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!”

“Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!”

“Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?”

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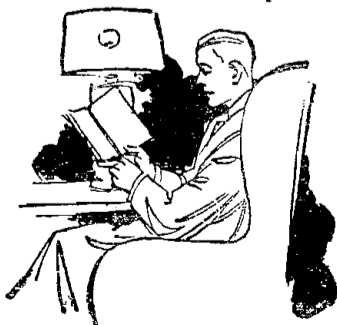
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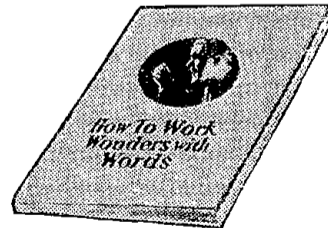


And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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NORTON!

NORTON: (Abruptly) Aye—it's me.
CAPT. W.: Where — where's — the others?

NORTON: Ye can ask yerself that, Cap'n. . . They're not here.

CAPT. W.: Lord help me—I wasn't figgering on the storm—Norton.

NORTON: (Sternly) You was figgerin' on wreckin' yer ship, though!

CAPT. W.: Aye—that. I've been wrecked before on the reef—got all hands safe ashore at Trujiho on the mainland. I knew what I was doing.

NORTON: Then, ye did wreck her deliberate—for insurance?

CAPT. W.: (Dully) I did—but it's been done before by better men than me, Norton.

NORTON: Ye damned traitor!

A DULL WHACK

Pay ye back for the one ye gave me! I've half a mind to throw ye in the sea!

CAPT. W.: (Anger slowly rising) Aye—you're a brave one, Norton. If my arms weren't both broken. . .

NORTON: Broken.

CAPT. W.: Aye—broke when the Callao turned over—(voice wavers) and giving me the torture of hell—and my legs are near gone. Help me—have you a drop of whiskey about?

NORTON: There ought to be enough rum in yer hide—from soakin' in it so long.

CAPT. W.: Aye—a long time, Norton. I only hope ye never have to forget things—for it takes a heap o' soaking.

NORTON: It'll take a heap more to forget this business.

CAPT. W.: I'm praying not. . . They were good, staunch boats, we had—the latest thing from Liverpool—I made sure of that. They'll get ashore safe—all hands safe. God knows I meant no harm to anyone—no harm to anyone—help me, man—it's a stroke in my legs—I feel it coming on!

FERRYBOAT NOISES

CAPT. J.: As I recollect, I half led and half carried him back to our shelter—chased out the crawlin visitors—and put him on a grass mat. Both his arms was broke, above the elbow, and he was practically helpless. I tore a piece from his shirt and tried to bandage him—but I reckon I hurt him more'n I helped. The chief engineer hadn't come back—and the rain lettin' up a piece—I went out to look for him. After a bit I saw two figgers come 'round the cove—the chief engineer and someone with him. I ran down the beach a ways to meet 'em. The second man was—Bartlett.

(RAIN SOUNDS) modulated, but still an unceasing background.

(SURF POUNDING IN DISTANCE)

BARTLETT: (Approaching) Hello, there—Norton—hardly expected to see you again, this side of purgatory!

NORTON: Reckon we're all overdue there, Mr. Bartlett. Where'd you spring from?

BARTLETT: We landed the other side of the island—all five boats.

NORTON: Thank God for that!

BARTLETT: Only three souls missing—to all accounts—one of the men passengers, the ship's cook—and Captain Wilson.

NORTON: I can assure ye the cap'n's safe—more's the pity.

BARTLETT: (Quickly, interestedly) He is safe?

NORTON: Aye—got him up under our shelter, off the beach—both his arms broke.

BARTLETT: (Command) Please take me to him, at once!

NORTON: I know how ye feel—like to lay hands on the drunken wretch. Wrecked us a purpose, he did—like he's wrecked more'n one vessel, I reckon. . . for insurance!

BARTLETT: Did he admit that to you, Mr. Norton?

NORTON: Aye—he admitted it, sir.

BARTLETT: Then let's be moving. I'll want your deposition, along with his.

NORTON: My—what, sir?

BARTLETT: I'll have to take your testimony of the wreck, Mr. Norton—to supplement Captain Wilson's story—whatever story he chooses to tell me. . . You see, I happen to be a special investigator for Lloyd's of London.

NORTON: Ah—I see it clear now. I was wonderin'.

BARTLETT: This isn't the first time we've had trouble with the Belshires. How they manage to sign masters for their dirty work is more than I can understand. Lead ahead, Mr. Norton!

(FERRYBOAT NOISES) Music—agitato.

CAPT. J.: So—as I recollect it—I led 'em along the beach—back to where I'd left Cap'n Wilson under the buoy-raft. I thought I heard the Cap'n callin'—and something fearful in the call made me run on ahead o' the others. I reached the shelter and ran in. Cap'n Wilson had twisted over on his side. His big, loose-joweled face was chalky white—and his eyes were starin' horrible. I follered his look. There was a shiny, green coral-snake. As we entered, it struck!

JOE: They're poisonous, aren't they?

CAPT. J.: Poisonous? There's nothin' deadlier—unless it's a viper. With his busted arms and his paralyzed feet, the Cap'n couldn't help himself—so I grabbed up a stick and batted the thing off. I remember he tried to sit up and Mr. Bartlett put an arm under his shoulders.

(RAIN SOUNDS) Modulated but still audible.

(Pounding surf) in distance.

CAPT. W.: (Slightly incoherent) I couldn't move—and it got me. . . It sunk its fangs in my arm. I saw it crawling toward me—but I couldn't move—(groans). Who are you—who are you?

BARTLETT: Try to calm yourself, Capt. Wilson.

CAPT. W.: (An hysterical break of a laugh) I'll soon be calm enough.

BARTLETT: I've got to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

CAPT. W.: Question—questions? It's rather late for questions, you know.

BARTLETT: I've got to know, among other things, how long you have been master with the Callao Line.

CAPT. W.: Aye—a long time—a matter of fifteen years or more.

BARTLETT: And who—who ordered you to wreck your ship?

CAPT. W.: Who orders such things. (Excited) Who but the mercenary Lords o' Belshire—sitting at their ease in far-off London—sending men to sail their leaky tubs—aye, the Lords o' Belshire—!

BARTLETT: You were ordered to wreck your ship?

CAPT. W.: (Low) Aye—I was ordered to wreck her?

BARTLETT: Ah—for insurance, I suppose?

CAPT. W.: Though she was a cankered hulk, ready for the graveyard, I'd bring no harm to a staunch ship. The City of Callao was a sailing menace—a floating junk heap—warped pistons and a patched keel. (Surprised) What are ye doing—writing it down?

BARTLETT: Just to keep the record straight, Capt.

CAPT. W.: (Gently) You're from home, I take it—from England?

BARTLETT: Yes.

CAPT. W.: Aye—there was something familiar about ye, you know—your voice—your talk—your way of standing here—looking at me. An Englishman! (A

pleading, pitiable note in his voice.) Tell me something—of home. Is Foster's still on the Strand? And the little creamery at Great George and the Birdcage?—

CAPT. W.: Ah! And Piccadilly with its gay shops—and Big Ben—still chanting off the hours—?

BARTLETT: Yes, Capt.

CAPT. W.: I used to see it all in my dreams—the beautiful, green downs of Surrey—soft and cool and lovely—(a catch in his voice) if I could only have—gone back—just once—just once.

NORTON: (Kindly) Here, Cap'n—here's a cup o' whiskey.

CAPT. W.: Thanks, Norton. (Gulps it down) Ah! There's ice in my limbs and fever in my head. Let me rest back. The poison's all through me. (Laughs bitterly.) A noble way for an Englishman to die, sir. While you're writing—write it all down. Make an epitaph of it! Tell them there was once upon a time, a young English gentleman—commissioned in His Majesty's Navy—who—who killed a brother officer, for the love of a lady who belonged to neither of them.

CAPT. W.: (Groans) But don't make it too lurid, you know—and not too hard on the young man. For it wasn't entirely his fault—love and a woman's honor—and all that sort of thing. Are you listening—?

BARTLETT: We're listening, Capt.

CAPT. W.: Make a picture of the poor wretch, if you can—haunting the tropic seas — searching oblivion in rum, and swamp root—and casava—all the long years. (Bitter laugh fades into a low moan.) And, if perhaps, you are a great artist—write down the agony of the damned—and trim it 'round with regrets and misery and heart-aches. (Another low moan.)

NORTON: Can I make ye easier, Cap'n?

CAPT. W.: No—thank ye, Norton—leave me as I am. Let me die with the tropic stench around me—and the rain—the eternal warm rain—playing my requiem. (Raises his voice slightly.) The Englishman—where's the Englishman?

BARTLETT: Right beside you, Capt.

CAPT. W.: Have you put down all I told you?

BARTLETT: I've put it down, in my memory, Capt.

CAPT. W.: In your memory? Aye—maybe that's the safest place. There are those who might not care to read it. There's a little cottage in the town of Midhurst—deep in the Surrey hills.

BARTLETT: (Startled) Midhurst—?

CAPT. W.: (Wanders on, unmindful of interruptions) off the old Bath road—as I recollect—beech trees in the yard—and a brook that rambled off across the meadows—

BARTLETT: And—an old ship's bell, by the gatepost—?

CAPT. W.: (Absently) Aye—aye—striking the hours—or announcing guests—or calling two brown-faced young bairns to their victuals.

BARTLETT: (Voice filled with emotion) It—can't—be—!

CAPT. W.: At the end of it all, write down—Cap'n Bartley Wilson—(a gasp or, to make it clearer—put down—Leftenant Wilson—Leftenant—Wil—Ah! (Voice fades out—he is dead.)

BARTLETT: Wilson! Wilson! Wil—
(DRAMATIC PAUSE) With only the incessant drive of rain and distant — (POUNDING SURF)

NORTON: He's—gone, Mr. Bartlett.

BARTLETT: (Gently) Yes—he's gone.

NORTON: (After a pause) If there's nothin' more ye want—I reckon we better be gettin' back to the boats. We can rig a shroud and take him along.

BARTLETT: We'll—bury him here—Mr. Norton.

NORTON: We can make the mainland in a short sail—soon as the weather eases up. Might be better to notify the Line.

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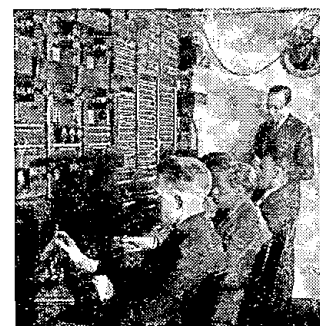
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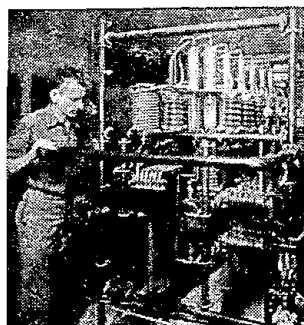


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BARTLETT: I'll take full responsibility. I've changed my mind—about the dispositions, Norton.

NORTON: Aye, sir?

BARTLETT: I shall record the wreck of the City of Callao—as an act of God.

NORTON: (Wonderingly) I don't understand, sir.

BARTLETT: You couldn't be expected to, Norton. This dead man—was my brother.

NORTON: Your brother! Cap'n Bartley Wilson—?

BARTLETT: My brother—Lieutenant Wilson Bartlett—reported lost at sea. I think it is better to leave him here, where he made his final atonement.

NORTON: Aye, sir—'tis a lonely spot—but he was a lonely man. Maybe 'tis more fittin'—all around.

(FERRYBOAT NOISES) Music—*reverie.*

CAPT. J.: So there he be—I've spun ye another yarn, son. That was the time it rained—harder'n it did last week. The only time, in my recollections.

JOE: And you buried him there?

CAPT. J.: Aye—knocked one o' the steel buoys off the raft and set it up over the spot. I reckon it's still there—keepin' his soul dry.

(WHISTLES OF STEAMER)

JOE: You certainly have had your share of adventure, Capt. Jimmy!

CAPT. J.: More'n my share, Joe—more'n my share.

(FERRYBOAT WHISTLE BLOWS THREE TIMES)

Get up forrard with ye—we're landin'. I got to moor this water-crab.

(FERRYBOAT DOCKS) tinkle of bell—slackening of engine—bumps—another bell—rush of water—deck gates—winches—feet and trucks—MUSIC TO FILL.

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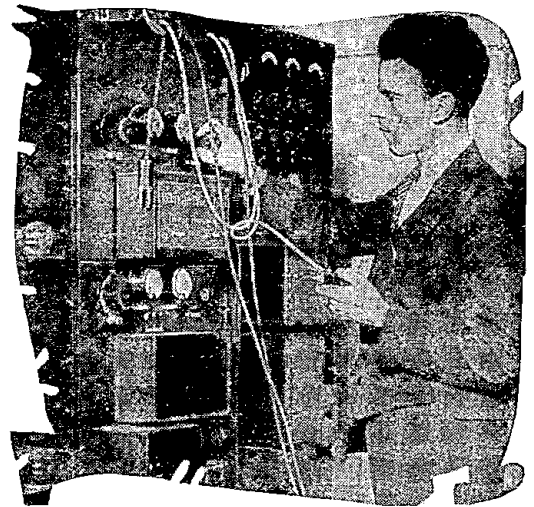
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IF you are earning a penny less than \$50 a week, I send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It's FREE. Clip the coupon NOW. A flood of gold is pouring into this new business, creating hundreds of big pay jobs. Why go along at \$25, \$30 or \$45 a week when the good jobs in Radio pay \$50, \$75, and up to \$250 a week? My book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," gives full information on these big jobs and explains how you can quickly become a Radio Expert through my easy, practical, home-study training.

Salaries of \$50 to \$250 a Week Not Unusual

Get into this live-wire profession of quick success. Radio needs trained men. The amazing growth of the Radio business has astounded the world. In a few short years three hundred thousand jobs have been created. And the biggest growth of Radio is still to come. That's why salaries of \$50 to \$250 a week are not unusual. Radio simply hasn't got nearly the number of thoroughly trained men it needs. Study Radio and after only a short time land yourself a REAL job with a REAL future.

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Hundreds of N. R. I. trained men are today making big money—holding down big jobs—in the Radio field. Men just like you—their only advantage is training. You, too, can become a Radio Expert just as they did by our new practical methods. Our tested, clear training, makes it easy for you to learn. You can stay at home, hold your job, and learn quickly in your spare time. Lack of education or experience is no drawback. You can read and write. That's enough.

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My Radio course is the famous course "that pays for itself." I teach you to begin making money almost the day you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you SIX BIG OUTFITS of Radio parts with my course. You are taught to build practically every type of receiving set known. M. E. Sullivan, 412 73rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I made \$720 while studying." Earle Cummings, 18 Webster Street, Haverhill, Mass.: "I made \$375 in one month." G. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., Nashville, Tenn.: "I picked up \$935 in my spare time while studying."

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"I'll give you just the training you need to get into the Radio business. My course fits you for all lines—manufacturing, selling, servicing sets, in business for yourself, operating on board ship or in a broadcasting station—and many others. I back up my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the course I give you.

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J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. OBQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.



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3 of the 100 you can build

Find out quick about this practical way to big pay

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Dear Mr. Smith: Kindly send me your big book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," giving information on the big-money opportunities in Radio and your practical method of teaching with six big Outfits. I understand this book is free, and that this places me under no obligation whatever.

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Please send for 15 days' free trial 8-volume set of Electrical Engineering just off the press, subject to return if I wish to. (I pay the few cents express charges on receipt of books, you pay express if returned.) If I decide to keep them, I will pay \$2.00 after 15 days trial, then \$3.00 a month until \$34.80, special advertising price, is paid, after which books become my property. Year's Consulting Membership to be included free.

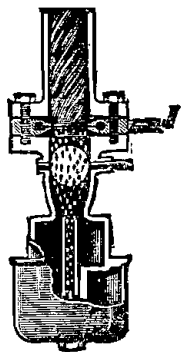
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Watch Radio Digest Grow!
Each issue is ONE BETTER. Keep step with Radio Digest and you will be in step with the progress of Radio.

Deb Deserts Society

(Continued from page 50)

Purses should match shoes, and gloves should always be of a neutral shade.

NOTHING, to Miss Oelrichs' way of thinking, is more deplorable than being inappropriately clothed as regards comfort and fitness. Early in the season, she attended a football game, at which she had occasion to observe a young woman who had recently acquired a new costume. The day was cold and damp. For the most part tweeds and jerseys were in evidence. Sensible sports shoes, simple turbans, and warm coats completed the costumes of most of the spectators.

This particular girl, whom Miss Oelrichs noticed, had entirely disregarded the day and the place, and was arrayed as if for a tea dance. A crepe dress of uneven hemline hung below her thin kasha coat. Patent leather slippers with high heels made her stumble as she walked through the mud outside the stands. Her gloves that must have left her fingers numb with cold were of white kid, no longer spotless, since the stands and the train on which she had arrived were obviously not carefully dusted.

A panvelvet hat contributed to her discomfort, since she must have kept an eye on the threatening clouds rather than on the game. Little did it avail her that she wore her Sunday best. She might as well have arrived in a bathing suit or a ballgown.

It is absolutely impossible to be fashionable, whether your dress bears the stamp of the foremost Paris dress-maker, or is made of fifty dollar a yard brocade, unless it is suitable to the occasion on which it is worn.

Among other generalities Miss Oelrichs deals with the wearing of jewelry, which should be sparingly done even at formal evening parties, and almost completely eliminated for sports or day time wear. Evening slippers and bags should match and should be a shade or two darker than the dress that they accompany.

Despite the fussiness of the first fashions that arrived from Paris last Autumn, a simplicity of line is always good, especially when the wearer has not an enormous choice of costumes. The high waist line is, of course, essential.

Miss Oelrichs does, however, not limit herself to describing clothes for the moderate income. She describes costumes that she sees worn at smart restaurants, theatres, and night clubs in New York. She is bringing all of the pleasures of a gay New York season to the women throughout the country, who have either never before had the opportunity to enjoy them, or who have never enjoyed them so intimately as they are able to today right at home.

Her description of a two hundred and fifty dollar crepe dress, seen on a woman lurching at the Park Lane is sufficiently lucid and detailed for the woman whose entire clothes budget is no more than four times that sum to copy it and remain within her set limits, thus assuring a gown in the latest mode of Paris. at a price within the reach of her purse.

Miss Oelrichs is answering the great quantity of letters that reach her at Columbia's headquarters in relation to particular problems. Women all over the United States are profiting by the advice of a woman, whose taste, whose training, and whose opportunities have all conspired to making her see and recognize the smartest clothes and the best material that the world affords, yet who has kept a real understanding.

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ST. LOUIS
18th and PINE. Opened Mar. 1928. 250 Rooms.

KANSAS CITY
13th & WYANDOTTE. In the heart of America. 200 Rooms.

SAN ANTONIO
A CITY of CHARMS. On the OLD SPANISH TRAIL.

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A MATTER OF **DOWN** ECONOMY

WE QUOTE OUR TOP RATE EVERY ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH AND CEILING FANS

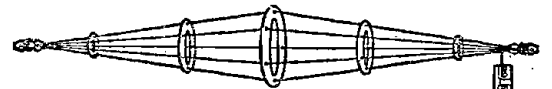
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Guaranteed Double Volume and Sharper Tuning

No. 30—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 30-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 \$10.00

No. 60—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 \$12.50

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Radio now offers ambitious men the greatest Money-Making Opportunity the world has ever seen! Hundreds of trained service men are needed by radio dealers, jobbers, and manufacturers!

GOOD JOBS are open for men in all of the many branches of Radio, where qualified men easily earn \$60 to \$100 per week and even \$10,000 a year jobs are plentiful.

BIG MONEY for Spare-Time Radio Work is easily made in every city and village. You can now qualify for this Big-Money work quickly through R. T. I. Get the Big Money Now and go up and up in this Big Pay field. The Radio industry calls for More Men, and R. T. I. supplies what the industry wants you to know.

No Experience Needed

ALL YOU NEED is ambition and the ability to read and write. The Radio industry needs practical trained men. Remember, R. T. I. makes it easy to earn spare time money while you learn at home.

More to come

THE MEN who get into this Big-Money field now will have an unlimited future. Why? Because this billion dollar Radio industry is only a few years old and is growing by leaps and bounds. Get in and grow with it. \$10 to \$25 per week and more is easily made in spare hours while you are preparing for Big Money. TELEVISION, too, will soon be on the market, so the leaders say. Be ready for this amazing new money-making field. Remember, R. T. I. "3 in 1" home-training gives you all the developments in Television and Talking Picture Equipment, together with the complete Radio Training.

Supervised by Radio Leaders

R. T. I. training is prepared and supervised by prominent men in radio, television and talking picture engineering; distributing; sales; manufacturing; broadcasting, etc. These men know what you must know to make money in Radio. You learn easily in spare time at home with the R. T. I. wonderful combination of Testing Outfits, Parts, Work Sheets, Job Tickets,

It is easy, quick and practical, covers everything in Radio —includes Talking Pictures and the latest in Television. Get started in Big Money Radio work now.

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The thrilling story of Radio, Television and Talking Pictures is told with hundreds of pictures and facts — its hundreds of big money jobs and spare time money-making opportunities everywhere. Send for your copy now. USE THE COUPON.



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THE R. T. I. ADVISORY BOARD. These men are executives with important concerns in the radio industry—manufacturing, sales, service, broadcasting, engineering, etc., etc. They supervise R. T. I. Work Sheets, Job Tickets, and other training methods.

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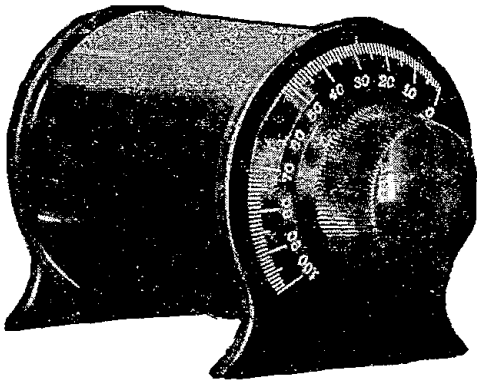
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It will enable you to tune sharper and plays with dance volume, stations which are barely audible or sometimes entirely inaudible without it. Requires tuning only when additional selectivity or power is required. Attractively constructed from hard 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.

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Dept. 107 Fargo, North Dakota

- I enclose check or money order for \$4.75 for which send me a Reesonator postpaid.
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- Send Dealers' Proposition.
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Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

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How Harry McGuire's deformity was corrected at McLain Sanitarium is shown by photos and father's letter:

Our boy was born with a Club Foot. Plaster Paris was used and the foot operated on without satisfactory results. Finally we took him to your Institution. His foot is now straight and he walks, runs and plays as though he never had a crippled foot. We will gladly answer letters.

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McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

867 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.



Merle Johnston

(Continued from page 115)

there is ample reason for the enthusiasm this artist shows, not only in his playing and arrangements, but in his hopes and predictions as well. The saxophone is conceded to be the most popular instrument in Radio today, not only as a moaning, humerous instrument, but as a medium for the playing of more serious music.

"Fine saxophonists are as scarce as hens' teeth," is the way Mr. Johnston phrases it, "and Radio listeners, through hearing so many programs, are daily becoming more critical. I believe that in spite of the strides that have been made in securing new music lovers for classical programs by broadcasting fine concerts, the majority still prefer jazz. But they will no longer listen in on any jazz program—they demand perfect execution. The popular musical ear has become attuned to the best, which may explain why expert saxophone players are able to earn from \$150 to \$200 a week."

Quite a difference from the days when Merle Johnston spent those lonely days on the sidewalks of New York, a saxophonist, merely another, none too well regarded. And the case of Merle Johnston is typical of scores of similar romances in the short history of Radio broadcasting.

Strong for Home Hints

(Continued from page 51.)

I am always particularly happy to get are those that come from the small towns many miles distant from New York, and for that matter, many miles distant from any city.

In my mind, there is the definite proof of the meaning of this kind of a service. Place yourself in the same position. Imagine that as you went about the daily irksome tasks attendant upon the home-maker, not having access to any smart shops or large department stores, you would hear a Radio discussion of a question that had been bothering you for a long time; that, for instance, of matching the walls in Junior's room with the color of the furniture.

Then as the voice goes on, you hear a simple little idea that you can easily adapt to a living room which has grown too familiar and which needs just that inexpensive touch to make it a little different. At no time have I advised impractical and frightfully expensive draperies or furnishings which the professional decorator hopes to sell.

There is satisfaction in letters that have individual thought, and often a conclusion that has entirely escaped one on the air. You hear that chatty gossip for which women long, especially when neighbors and friends are busy elsewhere. There is an element of fun in hearing some other woman's question and its answer, which you feel sure she is waiting for also. There is a little element of drama, too. One is never quite sure whether the letter you sent will have arrived and that it will be answered.

All of these things contribute to the something which you can not get from some weary one standing behind a counter—weary from being asked the same monotonous questions.

Can there be any question concerning the service in these talks by the many earnest women engaged in them? Is it worth while and productive?

Any question that "stumps" me means a special trip to a shop, a home, or a diligent search for the answer. But the expressed gratitude of the listener is pay plus.

Learn at home to fill a BIG PAY JOB in ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICITY needs you, wants you, and will pay you well. Hundreds of "Cooke Trained" Electrical Men are making \$60 to \$100 a week—some even more. Why slave along on small pay when you can learn Electricity the L. L. COOKE Way in your spare time at home!

QUICK AND EASY TO LEARN
 No experience—no higher education necessary. The famous L. L. COOKE "Work Sheets" and "Job Tickets" make this Training simple as A, B, C. You learn under a Money Back Agreement and you get practical experience like shop training with the Big Outfit of Apparatus given you without extra cost.

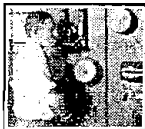
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 Many fellows no smarter than you are making \$10 to \$15 a day and up in Electricity. Why don't you get ready for a Big Pay Job in this great field? Act today. Send for FREE Illustrated Book of Facts. Write today sure.

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Hundreds of **COOKE** Trained Men ARE MAKING \$3000 to \$5000 A YEAR



Leo Woelkers of Scranton, Pa., makes \$110 a wk.



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This hotel represents the most modern construction, and features every convenience including Servidors and circulating ice-water in all rooms. The hotel contains 2,000 outside rooms, and is the largest in the Times Square section. In the immediate vicinity are all leading theatres and cinemas. The New Madison Square Garden is within one block and the famous shopping thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—is within two blocks. Subway and surface lines at door bring Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations within easy access.

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Rooms with running water	for one	\$2.50	for two	\$3.50
Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50	for two	4.00 - 4.50
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	for two	4.00 - 4.50	5.00 - 6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath				10.00 - 12.00

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 Famous Hotel Manger Broadcasting Orchestra

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Interesting Map of New York

On the Air or Off the Air— Hear Them Whenever You Wish!

LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

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<i>Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra</i>	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
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<i>Ben Selvin and His Orchestra</i>	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	} C. B. S.
<i>James Melton</i>	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	
<i>Ipana Troubadours</i>	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.



Columbia

"NEW PROCESS"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Records

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

1818 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Wallflower!

SITTING in a corner, looking on . . . alone, while others dance! Wallflower!

Muddy complexion, lassitude, *unattractiveness*, are often due to constipation. Faulty elimination is the underlying cause of so much misery!

And yet constipation yields so readily to proper treatment.



When Nature won't, Pluto will

Simple water-washing effectively conquers this age-old foe. Everyday drinking water would be excellent, were it not for the fact that it is absorbed and passed

off through the kidneys before it has a chance to reach the intestines. But Pluto Mineral Water, with its mineral content greater than that of the blood, goes directly to the location of the trouble, flushing all the poisonous waste matter before it.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs—America's greatest spa. Thus the benefits of this famous resort—the mecca of thousands each year—are brought to you . . . in your own home.

Pluto Mineral Water acts quickly and easily. Thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time required for relief, even in the stubbornest cases. Physicians everywhere prescribe Pluto Mineral Water.

Use Pluto Mineral Water in two ways—either as an immediate *relief* measure, or as a *preventive* of constipation. A small quantity, diluted in plain hot water, taken upon arising each morning keeps the system up to par, prevents dangerous accumulations of waste poisons; safeguards against colds and influenza.

Pluto Mineral Water is sold throughout the country at drug stores, and at fountains.

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Years before the white man came, the Indians knew the medicinal properties of the springs at French Lick. Here, in the heart of the Cumberland foothills, has sprung up America's foremost spa. An 800-room fireproof hotel . . . accommodations and cuisine of the finest; complete medical staff in attendance.

Golf (two 18-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, all outdoor sports. The health-giving waters, the rejuvenating baths at French Lick Springs attract thousands yearly.

For reservations, etc., address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind. T. D. Taggart, President. Booklet free.

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America's Laxative Mineral Water

A N N O U N C I N G



The HOOVER
DUSTER

Now you can have a separate dusting service that is markedly superior in convenience and in efficiency.

The New Hoover Duster, companion to The Hoover Electric Cleaner, is with Hoover Dusting Tools a complete, self-contained dusting unit. Always ready for immediate use, it does away with the bother of attaching dusting tools to your electric cleaner and offers a dust-removing ability more powerful and more thorough than that obtainable from full-sized vacuum cleaners.

The Hoover Duster has the same sturdy construction, the same lightness, fine balance and ease of handling which have made Hoover Dusting Tools famous. It has a powerful ball-bearing motor which develops more than ample suction for its many duties.

There is no fatiguing, motor-weighted, hand-type machine for you to lift and hold and move to and fro. The Hoover Duster rests on the floor and glides easily along on its runners. All that you lift is the light, well-balanced dusting tool.

You are not limited in dusting range to the articles which you can reach at arm's length nor compelled to mount step-ladders or stoop and bend to get at out-of-the-way places.

The whole room, from the ceiling to the farthest corner is accessible, without reaching or straining. For the cleaning of upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, lamp shades, door and window frames, for the renovating of automobile interiors, and for the

aerating of pillows, the blowing of dirt from otherwise inaccessible places and the operating of sprays, the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools combine to make a unit that cannot be equaled.

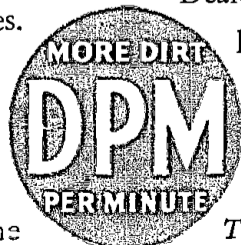
Because of the patented design of the Hoover all-purpose dusting tool brush, the powerful suction is concentrated at the point of contact with the surface being dusted. This brush—designed for all-purpose cleaning so as to make unnecessary frequent changes of tools—dislodges buried dust and aids the extra-powerful suction in effecting complete dirt removal. There are other tools for specialized uses.

This combination of ultra-efficient dusting tools, powerful suction, wide cleaning range and lightness and ease of handling gives the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools a cleaning capacity as far beyond that of other dusting devices as The Hoover Electric Cleaner, with its ability to remove the most dirt per minute, is superior to ordinary vacuum cleaning.

Any Hoover Dusting Tools purchased within the past five years may be used with the new Hoover Duster.

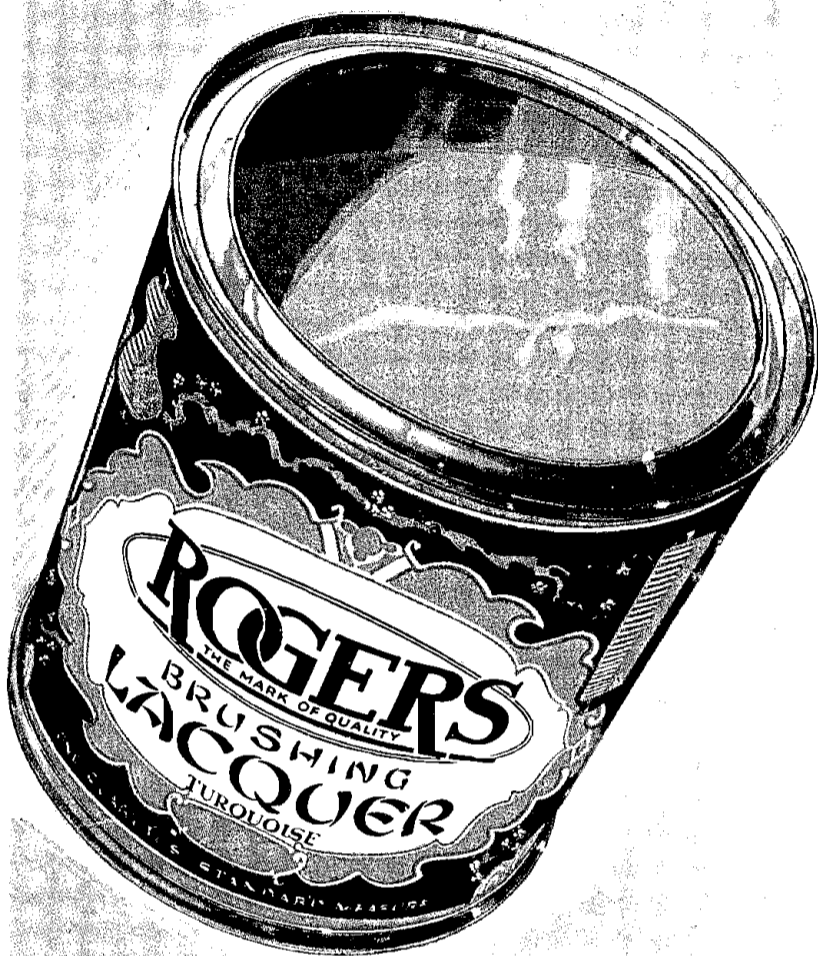
See the new Hoover Duster, Model 200, at any Hoover Dealer's, or request a home demonstration of it. The price without Dusting Tools is \$29.75; with Dusting Tools, \$42.25. Sold on the easy payment plan.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario



Over 20 million cans sold
to date . . .

These improved
"Rogers" lacquer colors are the
popular thing everywhere



MORE than 20 millions of cans of "Rogers" sold since its comparatively recent introduction! What a wonderful testimonial to the distinctive features of "Rogers"—to its *exquisite colors*—to its *ease of application*—to its *perfect fast-drying*—to its *great popularity* everywhere for utility and decorative purposes.

Anyone can use it successfully

No special experience is needed to apply these radiant, fast-drying "Rogers" colors. No tedious or expert preparation of the surface is required. Merely *flow* on the rich, glorious "Rogers" color with a full brush. Spread it out like a thin icing.

"Rogers" quickly levels itself. Forms a beautiful, colorful coating over old or new surfaces. Then it actually—

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT! Dries *perfectly*, because that is the nature of lacquer. Dries smooth, no laps, no brush marks. Dries before flying dust can spoil the lustrous sheen. Dries to a tough, porcelain-like finish that wears and wears and WEARS.

Colors more beautiful than ever

Even in printer's ink the beauty of "Rogers" Turquoise is alluring. But *Turquoise* is only one "Rogers" color. There are 25 others, all equally rich and radiant. There are unlimited tints, easily made by intermixing. There are also six wonderful *deep* colors especially recommended for hard outdoor use as well as indoor, not to forget the famous "Rogers" black, white and clear, and a new, transparent "Rogers" *especially for linoleum*.

At dealers' everywhere

Leading paint, hardware and department stores carry a full line of Rogers Brushing Lacquer.

However, to be certain of getting "Rogers" colors, easy application, perfect fast-drying and long service, *insist upon the genuine*. It comes only in the familiar "oriental" can shown here and has the name "ROGERS" on the label. Every can is sold on our advertised "Money-Back" Guaranty.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

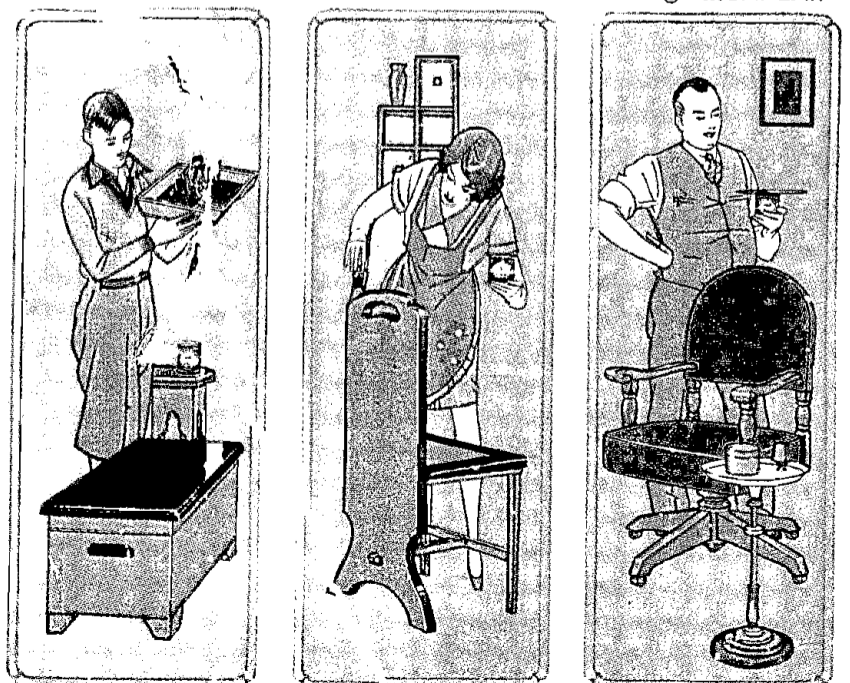
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"MONEY-BACK"
GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not *more* than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT!

Also distributed and guaranteed by: ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska; THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois; PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Canada; LEWIS BERGER AND SONS, LTD., London, England, and Sydney, Australia; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., London, England, and Sydney, Australia.



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