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New Craig Kennedy Detective Adventure

Radio Digest

October 1

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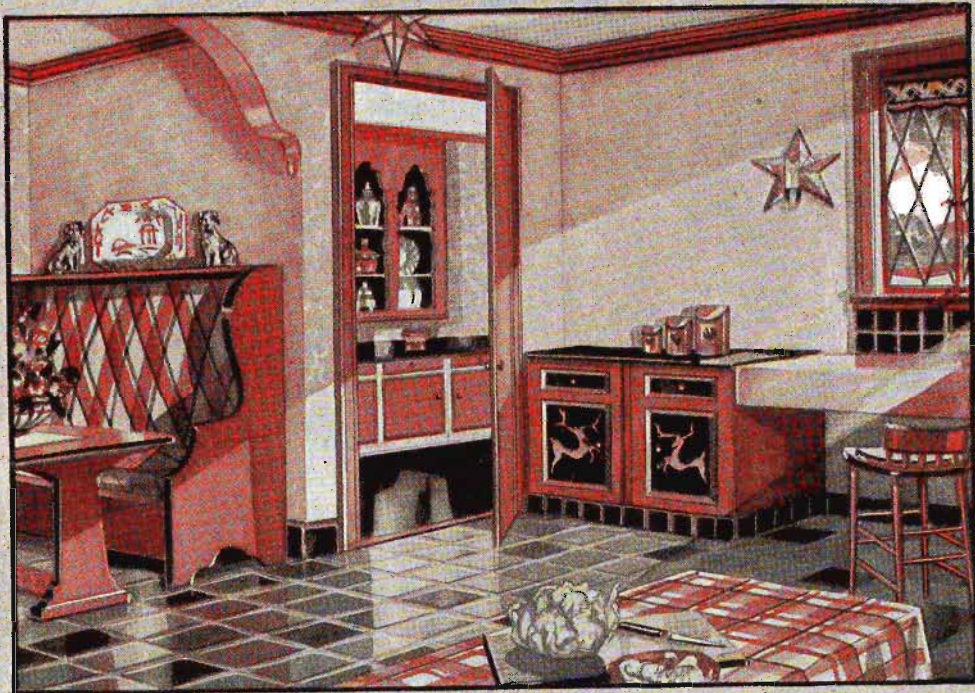
Norman Brokenshire

The Balloon Jumpers

—A Short Story by—

Hugh Fullerton

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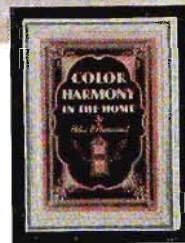
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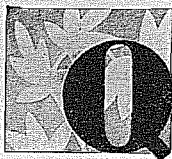
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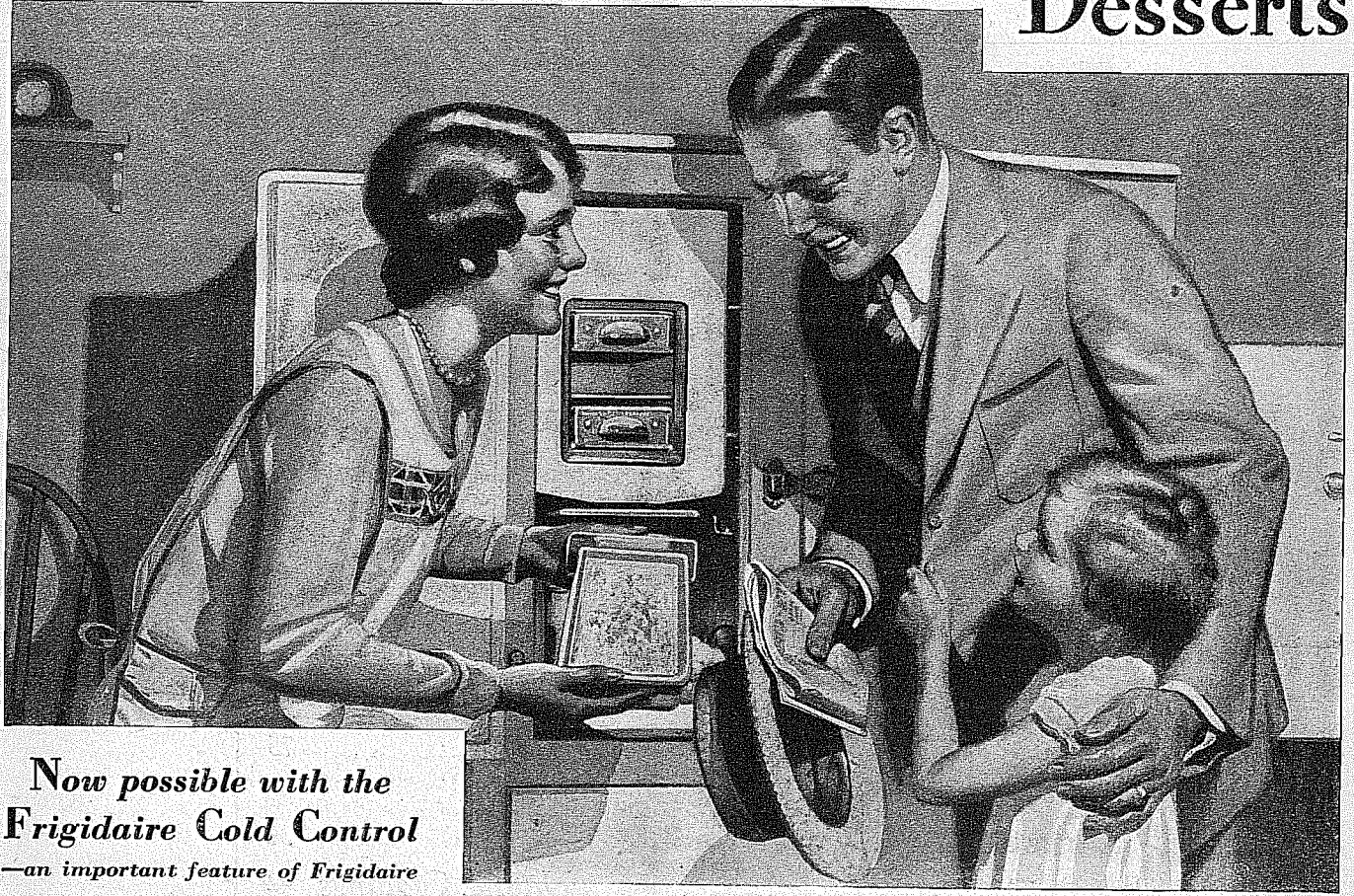
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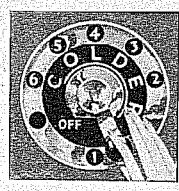
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Radio Digest

Illustrated

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Harold P. Brown,
Editor

October, 1929

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ALFRIEDA HAGEN, voted most beautiful maiden with talent at University of Minnesota, has joined the KSTP staff, where she is featured in Radio plays and musical specialties.



CELIA BRANZ, Russian beauty and Columbia Broadcast artist for the Fada Salon, was formerly a star in the Gilbert and Sullivan revival's with Roxy and the Philadelphia Opera company.



FLORENCE MOORE was among those famous Broadway stars described so entertainingly by Doty Hobart in his article "Giving Broadway the Air."



MADELEINE MARSHALL, guest pianist at the NBC Baldwin, has had a distinguished career and is a never-failing favorite.

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Gold Cup Award



WORLD'S Most Popular Broadcast Station Will be Selected by Poll of American and Canadian Listeners for Radio Digest Trophy.

WHICH is the World's Most Popular Broadcasting Station? In a mammoth voting contest, starting this issue, the readers of RADIO DIGEST are given the opportunity of deciding this question. By means of their ballot, the listeners will determine just what broadcasting station is the **WORLD'S MOST POPULAR**. To the station chosen by popular vote will be given the **RADIO DIGEST GOLD CUP**. The cup will be in the form of a microphone emblazoned with the name of the winning station, an enviable station adornment.

A Silver Cup of the same design will be presented to each of the runners up in the various sections of the country in recognition of being voted the Far West's Most Popular Broadcasting Station; the West's Most Popular Station; the Middle West's Most Popular Station; the East's Most Popular Station; the South's Most Popular Station, and finally Canada's Most Popular Station. The broadcasting station receiving the highest number of votes in each district, after the Gold Cup grand prize winner, will each be given a Silver Cup and the title of most popular station for its section of the country.

The RADIO DIGEST in fathering this great undertaking to select the World's Most Popular Broadcasting Station is continuing its custom of awarding each year a Gold Cup, formerly to the most popular announcer, now to the most popular station—thus rewarding with recognition the outstanding broadcasting stations that have rendered the most striking programs and are the most popular with the public.

The contest will give every listener an opportunity to show his appreciation by clipping ballots in

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RADIO DIGEST and by votes given on paid-in advance subscription to this magazine.

All that is necessary for you to do to place your favorite broadcasting station in nomination in World's Gold Cup Station Popularity Contest, is to clip the nomination ballot in this issue and mail it to the RADIO DIGEST. This places the broadcasting station of your choice in nomination and assures immediately the active support of thousands of other listening admirers of the station.

A VOTING ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST, starting with this October number, and continuing until the March issue inclusive. They will be numbered consecutively from one to six. The ballots clipped from the DIGEST will count for more in votes if they are saved and turned in at the end of the contest. If they are turned in singly they will count for only one vote. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered, and fifty bonus votes will be given if the entire series of six consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for RADIO DIGEST sent in direct in accordance with the rules.

Now if you want to reward your favorite broadcasting station for the many pleasant hours it has given you, just fill in both coupon blanks below and mail them to the Popular Station Editor. (See Contest Rules page 118.)

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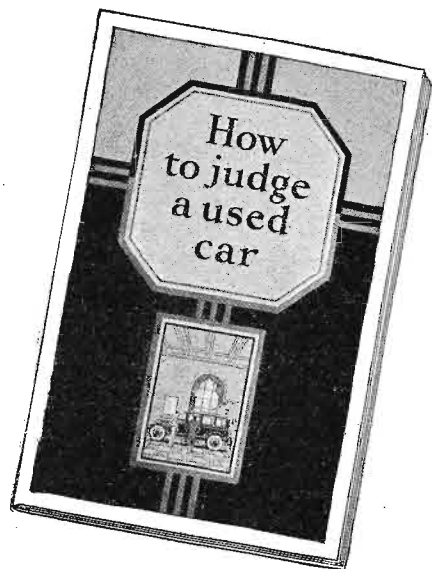
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FLORENCE MOORE was among those famous Broadway stars described so entertainingly by Doty Hobart in his article "Giving Broadway the Air."

\$50 for Letters CASH AWARDS WILL BE GIVEN BY RADIO DIGEST FOR IDEAS

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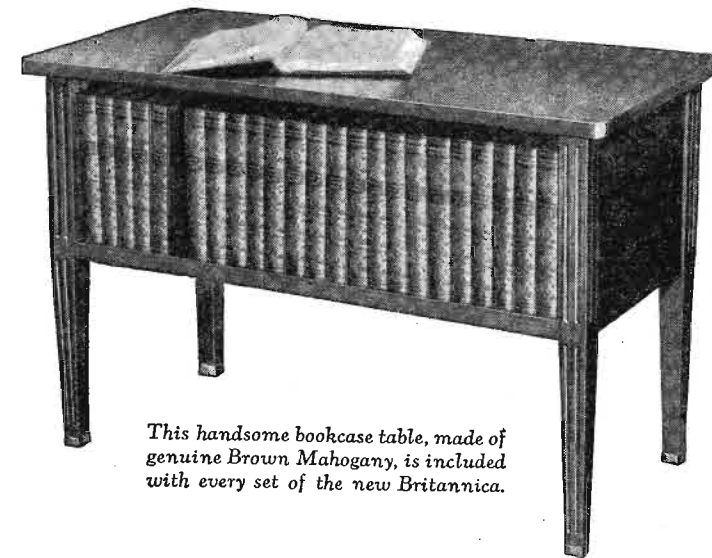
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Advance Tips

RADIO must have been invented to give Norman Brokenshire his chance in the world. When you read Mr. Irwin's fascinating story in this issue, telling of the many starts, stops and turns that led up to the discovery of the niche to which he naturally belonged, you will understand why Brokenshire believes Radio was intended for him. It's an adventure story—a tale of restless youth on the eternal quest for the thing fate intended him to do. You'll get a chuckle out of Norman as an infant when you see his baby picture in the back of the magazine.

* * *

Paul Whiteman has just about been biographed to death, but Jean Campbell, who flits about a great deal between Broadway, Tin Pan alley and the sequestered spheres of the Higher Art, declared she had a slant on Paul Whiteman from the viewpoints of various notables which had not yet come to the attention of the general public. Go ahead and let's see, she was challenged. She proved her point, and you will read in her story what Paul Whiteman is doing besides blue rhapsodies and jazz. This story, as it continues, will particularly interest those who are watching the trend of our folk lore and national characteristics in music. And the pictures Jean sent of Paul in humorous poses give us a corking page of funnies.

* * *

ARTHUR B. REEVE stands among the very first of American authors as the creator of detective mystery tales. His story of The Gigolo Mystery was written especially for Radio Digest readers. You who have enjoyed the scientific deductions of Craig Kennedy in books, magazines, and on the screen, will like this story of crime and intrigue that centers over the bays and byways of Long Island (where Mr. Reeve has a magnificent summer home) and the bright lights of New York. In the next installment in our November Radio Digest, you will hear more about the causes of the Green Death.

* * *

Doty Hobart, who writes about mike fright and how it affects the stars of Broadway, knows what he is talking about from his long experience as director in the CBS studios. Read what he has to say about various personages you have seen on the stage, and how they reacted before the microphone.

* * *

Xavier Cugat, famous Spanish artist, illustrates Mr. Hobart's story with some of his remarkable caricatures.

* * *

HUGH FULLERTON has never written a better story than The Balloon Jumpers in this issue of Radio Digest. It's one of that kind that gets funnier and funnier as you become better acquainted with characters, until at the conclusion it's a grand scream.

* * *

In the November issue you will have some other fine stories by well-known authors as well as some excellent station features and special articles by celebrated writers. And pictures! Pictures! PICTURES!

Across the Desk

BEGINNING with this issue Radio Digest will hereafter be published monthly. Readers may obtain it at any of the magazine newsstands on the first of the month or by mail a few days preceding its appearance on the stands. The newsstand price will be thirty-five cents. The mail subscription price will be four dollars yearly in the United States, possessions and Canada. Foreign postage will be one dollar additional. All present subscriptions will be filled issue for issue for the number subscribed.

Radio Digest is planned and produced first, last and all the time to satisfy the wants of the Radio listener. This statement bears no equivocation. In this new form you will find no technical articles, sketches or pictures of apparatus. No manufacturer is able to buy space in these editorial columns with a paid advertisement in the back of the book. But you will find a profusion of pictures of the Radio artists you have heard on the air. And you will learn something about others through articles by capable writers. You also will find all that necessary data pertaining to station locations, personnel, special programs and the day and hour when the most interesting features are to be heard.

IN ADDITION Radio Digest will furnish you each month fiction from the pens of the best magazine writers in America. Only stories of quality such as are found in the best magazines will be published. We know this new policy will be welcomed by our readers.

What do you like best about your new Radio Digest? What are your objections? We have had some very excellent criticisms—some that we have already acted upon in the production of this October number. One station publicity director very elaborately explained to us that most large broadcasting stations nowadays have "more than one director." One announcer on a chain station wrote suggesting that we create a department listing chain features and on what day of the week they could be heard, etc.

Radio Digest welcomes constructive advice from its readers. Majority opinion rules. But first there must be some general expression to find out what the majority opinion is. Do you like pictures? What kind of pictures? Every letter from a reader is considered with the keenest appreciation. Write what you think.

JUST as these lines are written we are advised of the sudden death of John B. Daniel. And as you read these lines he will have been in his grave for at least thirty days. The world sweeps on. The Chicago Civic Opera begins the season. It was John's habit, you may know, to hop on a train in New York and go to Chicago once a week just to afford you that golden eclat so characteristic of his announcing voice, and so necessary in the presentation of an opera to a listening but unseeing audience. His voice was the exquisite service of the opera—you remember, it was just a little while ago when he was with us here. He loved music. He would have enjoyed seeing and listening with the rest. But his duty was to serve you and we have seen him crowd himself into a crude little air tight booth in the basement under the stage and there glowingly tell you all that was happening and what was to come. He would come out, his face streaming with perspiration, but his lips smiling. The world spins on and on. For some a man thirty days dead is but a shadow far gone into the oblivion of infinity. But for you and for many there will come moments in the evening when you will give the dial a bit of a twist and down through the mysterious spaces of the Beyond you will hear again the golden voice of John B. Daniel, and the echo of a song—"you'll remember, you'll remember me."



To Virginia Flohri
Harrison Fisher
1937

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left	Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.	10-29
WHEN YOU WANT Radio Digest YOU WANT IT!	Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.	
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LOVELY Virginia Flohri was personally presented with this charming sketch of herself by the artist, Harrison Fisher. Miss Flohri is one of the bright stars of the KFI firmament.

He Has Variety of Experience

*NORMAN BROKESHIRE Tries Everything From
School Janitor to Welfare Worker Until He Finds Himself
and His Future Before the Mike*

By Godfrey Irwin

“WHAT are the chances of becoming a Radio announcer?”

“About one in a thousand.”

This query, prompted by curiosity, answered brusquely by a preoccupied telephone operator and information clerk at “Broadcast Central,” now well nigh forgotten by all save a few of the industry’s pioneers, may be credited for starting one of Radio’s original “Four Horsemen” on his career as an announcer. His present ranking in that same profession, and to hosts of listeners Norman Brokenshire is literally one in a thousand. This is due entirely to the native ability and personality of the man, plus a background as varied and interesting as are the roles “Broke” has filled before the microphone.

At thirty-one Brokenshire is still a boy at heart, an incurable romanticist, and, like the majority of boys, dislikes detail. His Radio pictures of news events are painted in bold, sweeping strokes, which, while they include every essential detail, suggest the minor points of the event and pass over entirely the unimportant distractions for which so many Radio reporters turn aside, and, in turning, smear their picture.

Philosophical and even tempered, his coolness and calm under annoying circumstances and in emergencies are lessons in self-control. Telephone lines may break down, scheduled hook-ups fail to materialize, power may be cut off, but no one would ever know it from this reporter’s demeanor. Calmly testing his wires and microphone, doing his best to locate and remedy the fault of some other individual or of circumstance, he keeps his head, never raising his voice or complaining, and when the air is ready for him proceeds with the job in hand, usually with an added bit of information picked up by a roving eye while forced to watch the appointed time of broadcasting pass idly by.

Identified with Station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System since early in 1929, this Radio personality’s experience included work as lumberjack, fire warden, inspector in a shoe factory, truck driver, chauffeur, printer’s devil, printer, draughtsman, soda-jerker, Y. M. C. A. secretary, welfare worker, lecturer and vaudeville artist, this last as an offshoot of Radio.

Norman Ernest Brokenshire was born in Murcheson, Ontario, on June 10, 1898, and was brought up in the small Canadian towns and villages to which his father, a Scotch Presbyterian missionary and school teacher, was assigned. “My first job,” he recalls, “was as janitor of the little schoolhouse (red), at Port Britton, where father was teacher. It was a three-mile walk from home to school, and my job entailed all the duties generally falling to a janitor, keeping the one room, eighteen-pupil capacity schoolhouse clean and warm, and cutting wood for the old pot-bellied base burner stove, which needed more wood than any other stove I have ever seen. For this work I received all of \$25 a year, which I thought helped the family immensely.”

But the thoughts of youth are indeed “long, long thoughts,” and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the boy who had the spunk to do something to help make his own way had already begun to think of life in a somewhat broader sense than his small and irresponsible companions.

THE future announcer’s schooling (which did not include a course in janitoring) was continued in the United States, his father having taken the pastorate of the Wood Memorial Congregational church at Cambridge, Mass. Following his graduation from Harvard Grammar school, the boy entered Rindge

Manual Training school. “My bent was always for things mechanical,” he explains; although who would associate this artist in moods and expressions with anything as rigid as a try-square or as cold and matter of fact as a draw shave?

“Father moved to Maine,” the young carpenter’s story continues, “and we lived at Hallowell, the smallest city in the United States. There were 3,000 inhabitants in Hallowell, but it was administered by a full city government. Here, while attending high school, my love of the technical and a gradually

growing bent for the artistic joined forces, and I opened a print shop in the woods behind the parsonage.”

Norman’s father furnished a small 7 by 11 press and forty fonts of type. Norman motorized the press and proceeded to teach himself the mysteries of printing. Starting in on work for his friends and for the school cards and stationery for various business houses, the boy gradually reached out for new business, put his earnings back into the shop, and at the end of two years found he had put two other small shops in Hallowell out of business. He had a complete job printing plant, and had taught himself so well he was turning out commercially acceptable three-color work, with enough business to keep him constantly on the go.

During his sophomore year in high school the war broke out, and the printer’s oldest brother, Laurence, went to Canada and over seas with the first contingent. The home broke up soon after that, for Laurence was one of the first men to be gassed when

the Germans met the British at Ypres, and Mrs. Brokenshire went to England to be near her son, whose sight was despaired of for several months. The senior Brokenshire went to France as an instructor in language and Y. M. C. A. worker, and Norman was alone.

FOR a while he continued with his school work and the shop, but at the close of his junior year in high school “decided to go to work,” as he says. The change from printing to wood cutting proved a bit too much, and after a two-week try out in a lumber camp, the boy collapsed and had to be carried to his bunk, later returning to Hallowell to rest up.

Much of the restless energy which still characterizes him was making itself felt, and young Brokenshire found himself a job as inspector in a nearby shoe factory, which didn’t seem exactly the job he wanted.

“Inspectors run their fingers inside the finished shoes to make sure there are no nails sticking up,” he explains, “and as there most decidedly were nails sticking up, two fingers proved equal to only two weeks, which slight example in division left me minus a job again, and on my way to Boston.”

“Still on the hunt for my life work, in Arlington I found a job with Wyman Brothers, market gardeners, but the truck I was hired to drive proved a little too strong for me, and just about the time it seemed gardening was to lose a promising recruit I was promoted to be chauffeur for one of the firm.”

On finding his newly employed chauffeur lacked only one year of a full high school education, Mr. Wyman offered to help him and the chauffeur took up his residence with the employer, going to school with his children, studying while he worked.

“A truly Horatio Alger situation,” says Norman, “and although Arlington High School set me back a year, their class standings being unusually high, I managed to complete two years in one and was very proud of my diploma when I graduated.”

Restless as ever, Brokenshire went up to the White Mountains when school closed, and took charge of the garage at-

(Continued on page 78)



NORMAN BROKESHIRE, shown here in one of his more formal moments, is revealed by Mr. Irwin, on the opposite page, as a very human sort of person with the average individual’s ups and downs before he arrived at his present prominence. A line or two of more recent history reminds you that he was chosen to report by Radio from an airplane the arrival and departure of the Graf Zeppelin. His narrative was sent to all newspapers by the United Press. And, would you believe it, he once was boy soprano soloist at Trinity church, Boston.

Professor Paul Whiteman,

Analytical Study of Man to a New Fount of Music

By Jean

MOTHER: "Whose orchestra is on the Radio tonight?"
DAD: "Why, that fellow Paul Whiteman, the 'Jazz King.'"

DAUGHTER: "What a desecration! And I thought my good parents modern enough to know Paul Whiteman as the founder of America's new folk music and the maestro who has taught musical appreciation to the masses."

AND peculiarly once again youth wins, for the sophisticated dancing daughter was right. In all truth, every time you tune in on Paul Whiteman you unwittingly take a really worth while music lesson.

Before cries of horror resound may we not give the Jazz King and his work the benefit of a bit of honest analysis. He has been accorded this consideration already by some of our most serious minded educators and singularly complimentary reports have come forth.

The opinions of an authority such as Sigmund Spaeth, Ph. D., the well known music critic and author, are worthy of attention:

"When Paul Whiteman leads his orchestra through a piece of so-called 'Jazz music' he is really taking part in a phenomenon which has no parallel in history.

"Whatever may be said for and against 'jazz' it is unquestionably the true folk-music of America. It is a folk-music, moreover, which has been developed spontaneously in the midst of as elaborate and complex a civilization as this world has ever known."

AS THE founder of this now recognized phenomenon let us see what Paul Whiteman has done for the future of American music.

With Dr. Spaeth let us realize at the outset that:

"The United States of America have never had a real folk-music of their own up to the present time. Such a thing was impossible by the very nature of things, for we sprang full fledged into life, without ever passing through that stage of peasantry which is so necessary for folk art of any kind, and particularly music.

"We have never had a true peasant class in this country, a type of society to take pleasure in communal singing and dancing, or the extemporaneous entertainment which has always been so popular abroad.

"Our rural population has lived on the whole a life of solitude with a consistent trend toward the quick building of cities, and peasantry, as such, has been practically unknown. We were supplied with a complete civilization from the start and merely had to use available material instead of our own.



PAUL WHITEMAN leads his orchestra in jazz that is true folk-music.

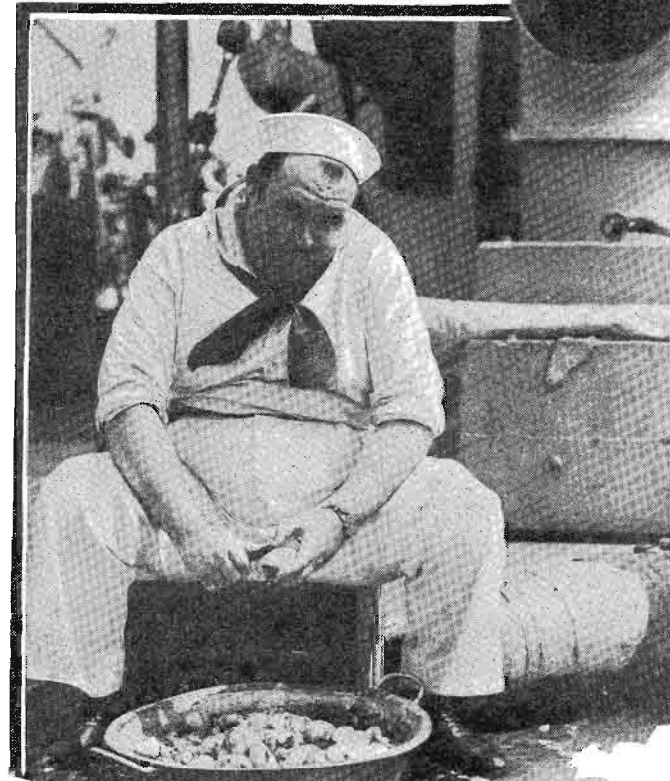


"Under the circumstances it is not surprising that no folk music arose out of the United States of America until modern times. Nor is it surprising that such music lore should finally come to us through the personality of a so-called Jazz King.

"Music Master to Masses"

Credited with Leading Way that is Typically American

Campbell



ON THE ranch jazz built, above, Paul Whiteman plans to spend his declining years. While the music master had much to do with organizing bands during the war he also did his bit in the kitchen, the picture at the left showing him as a bear at peeling spuds.

WHITEMAN takes a workout with "Babe" Ruth, John Philip Sousa and Benny Leonard acting as seconds.



"There will be immediate objections of course on the ground that we have had Indian music, Negro spiritual music and various other kinds of classic variety. But none of these can rightly be called a folk-music of our own, for all of them have been borrowed, and have nothing whatever in common with American civilization.

"The Indian music belongs to the race that happened to possess this country before our settlers took it away from them. Its traditions are absolutely foreign to the white man. It is as far removed from us today as is the music of the Russian peasants or the Javanese.

(Continued on page 108)

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

Craig Kennedy's Ingenuity Taxed Anew by Curious Circumstances that Ended Career of Lovely Lola Langhorne

CHAPTER I.

"CAN you make out what that is below us, Craig?" I shouted through the speaker to make myself heard above the staccato of the air motor. "Over toward Old Field Light!"

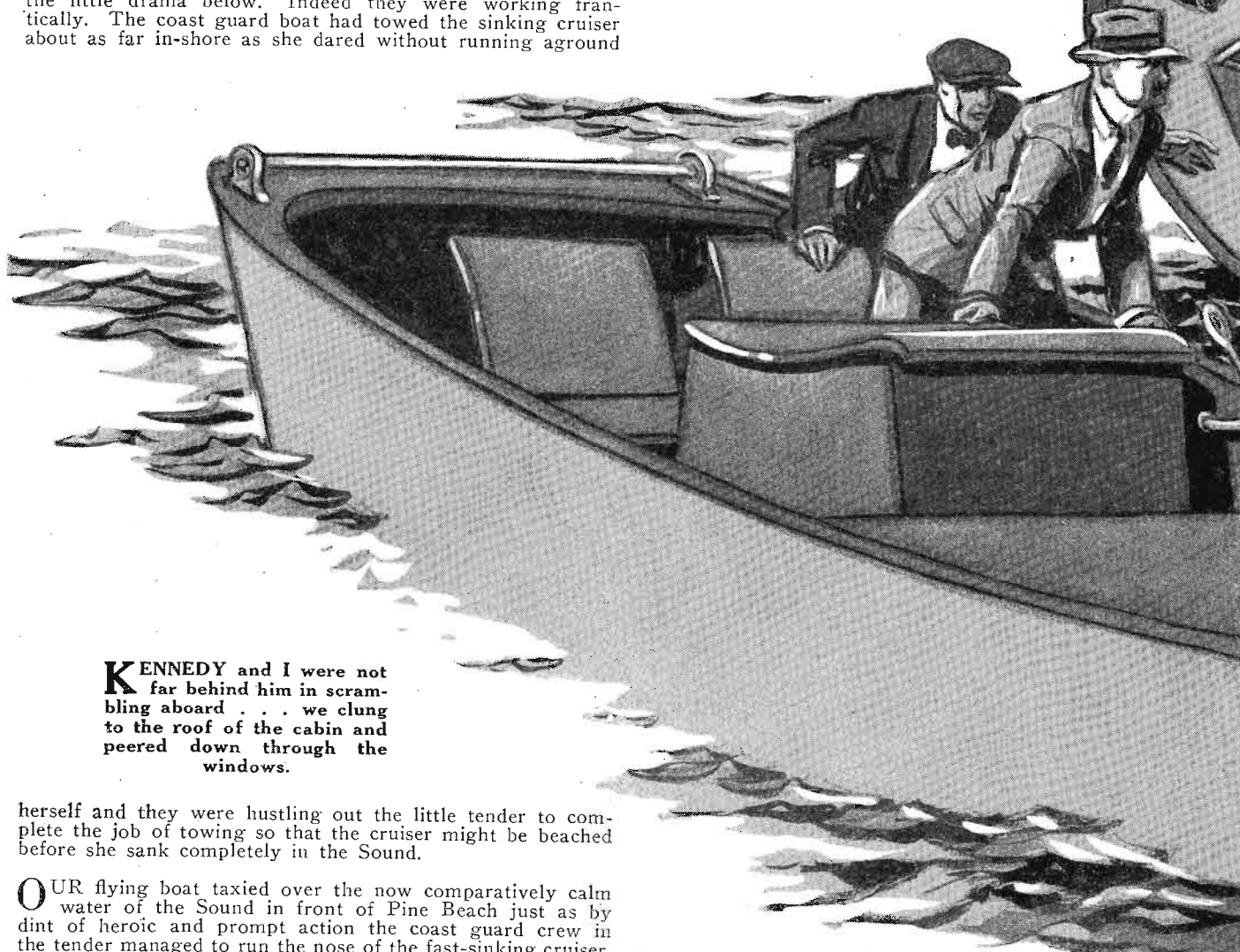
"Looks like a coast guard boat," he shouted back, seizing the scouting glasses, "trying to save a fifty-foot cruiser from sinking!"

Kennedy and I were flying down the North Shore of Long Island on a little jaunt in an air-boat, surveying the course for his projected Long Island Airways by which he planned to bring all Long Island, even as far as Montauk, within half an hour or less of New York by way of Kip's Bay.

"It's perfect weather for sailing on the water; there seems to be no good reason why the cruiser should be in such distress," he added, handing the glasses over to me. "There's something very wrong down there, Walter. We're so near our landing stage at Poquott anyhow that I think I'll drop down and see if we can lend a hand in any way."

I took the glasses, as Kennedy planed down, and studied the little drama below. Indeed they were working frantically. The coast guard boat had towed the sinking cruiser about as far in-shore as she dared without running aground

WHO sealed the lips of the adventurous society girl of St. James, whose lifeless body was found on the sinking Gigolo off the North Shore of Long Island? Arthur B. Reeve, author of the famous Craig Kennedy detective mystery stories, brings together a most remarkable group of characters in this amazing tale of intrigue, of love and crime in subtle conflict. You will be thrilled and fascinated as the tale unfolds. It begins here.



KENNEDY and I were not far behind him in scrambling aboard . . . we clung to the roof of the cabin and peered down through the windows.

herself and they were hustling out the little tender to complete the job of towing so that the cruiser might be beached before she sank completely in the Sound.

OUR flying boat taxied over the now comparatively calm water of the Sound in front of Pine Beach just as by dint of heroic and prompt action the coast guard crew in the tender managed to run the nose of the fast-sinking cruiser, now practically a-wash, up as far as possible on the sand. I cast off the anchor from between the pontoons and our

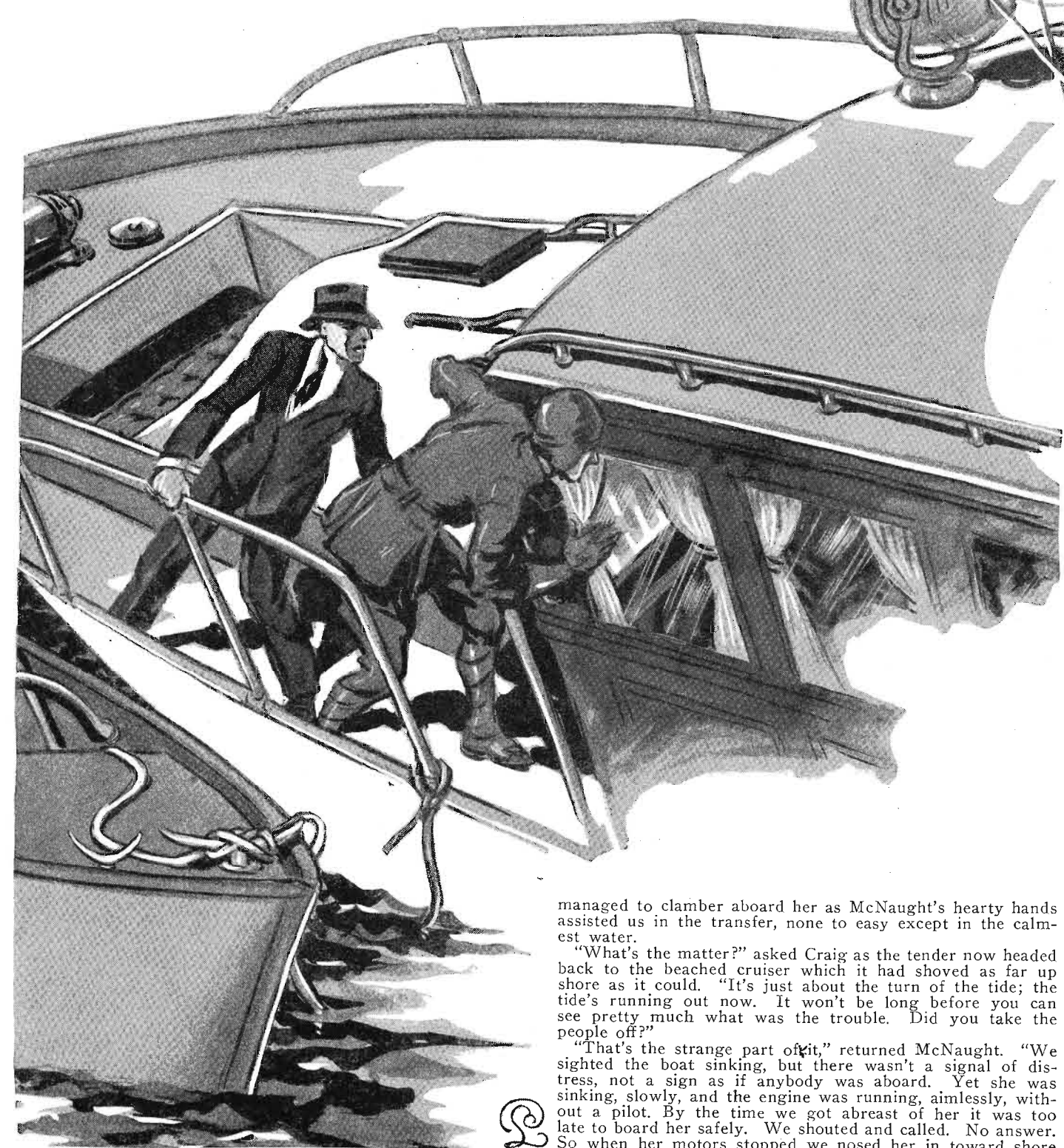
By **ARTHUR B. REEVE**, Whose Craig Kennedy Detective Stories Thrill Readers and Movie Fans

craft rode the light swells, heading into the southwest offshore breeze as we faced the mysterious fair-weather tragedy. "Hullo-a-a! Ahoy—Kennedy!"

To my surprise Craig's name floated out from the tender as a figure in the stern waved his arms semaphore-fashion.

"Ahoy yourself! Hello—McNaught!" Craig's keen eye had recognized the figure and the voice instantly and he grabbed the megaphone to answer, then turned to me. "Walter, can you make them out? It's McNaught of the Prohibition Administrator's Office."

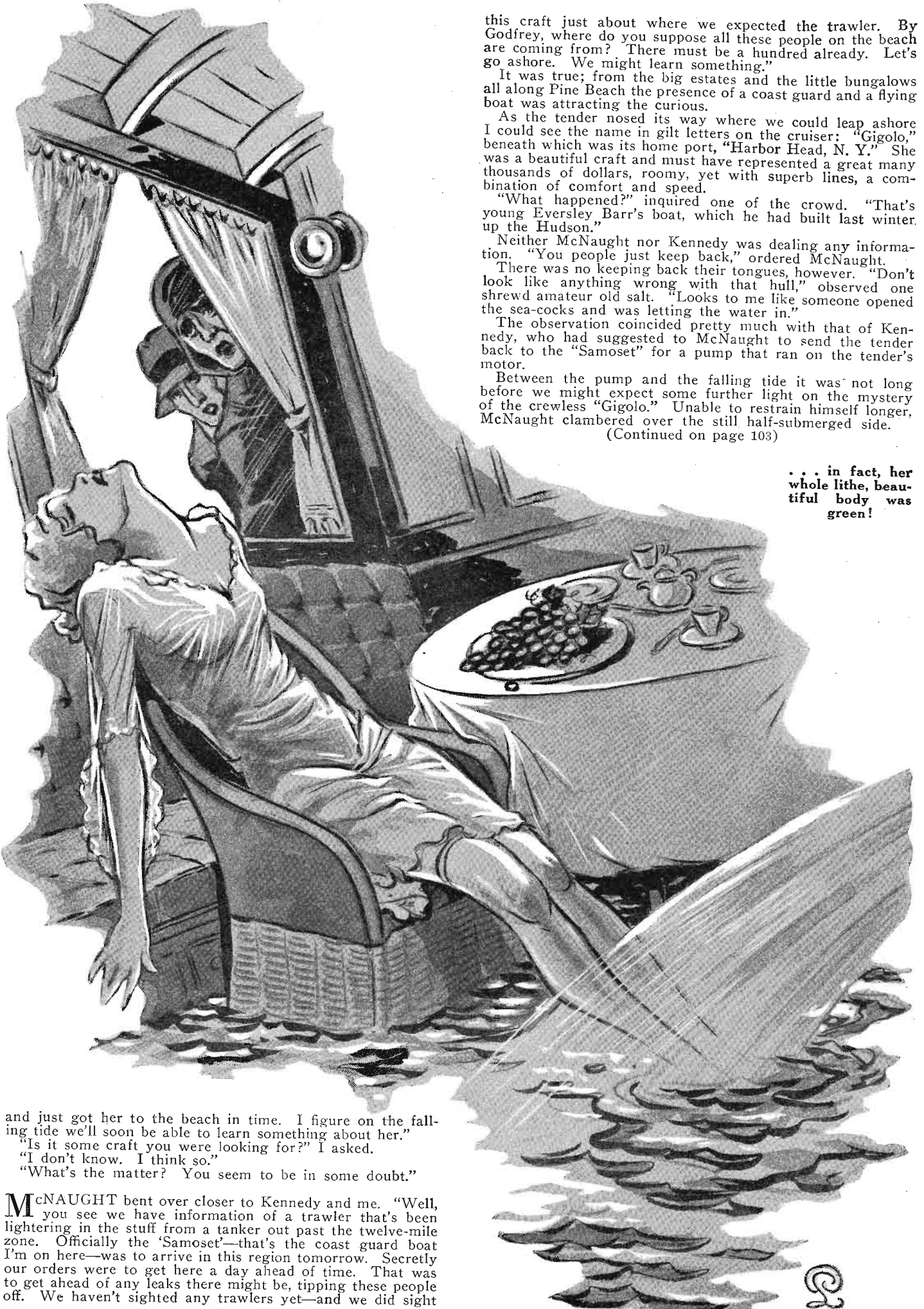
Conversation was difficult under the handicaps and we waited until the tender pulled up to the leeward of us, then



managed to clamber aboard her as McNaught's hearty hands assisted us in the transfer, none too easy except in the calmest water.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig as the tender now headed back to the beached cruiser which it had shoved as far up shore as it could. "It's just about the turn of the tide; the tide's running out now. It won't be long before you can see pretty much what was the trouble. Did you take the people off?"

"That's the strange part of it," returned McNaught. "We sighted the boat sinking, but there wasn't a signal of distress, not a sign as if anybody was aboard. Yet she was sinking, slowly, and the engine was running, aimlessly, without a pilot. By the time we got abreast of her it was too late to board her safely. We shouted and called. No answer. So when her motors stopped we nosed her in toward shore



this craft just about where we expected the trawler. By Godfrey, where do you suppose all these people on the beach are coming from? There must be a hundred already. Let's go ashore. We might learn something."

It was true; from the big estates and the little bungalows all along Pine Beach the presence of a coast guard and a flying boat was attracting the curious.

As the tender nosed its way where we could leap ashore I could see the name in gilt letters on the cruiser: "Gigolo," beneath which was its home port, "Harbor Head, N. Y." She was a beautiful craft and must have represented a great many thousands of dollars, roomy, yet with superb lines, a combination of comfort and speed.

"What happened?" inquired one of the crowd. "That's young Eversley Barr's boat, which he had built last winter up the Hudson."

Neither McNaught nor Kennedy was dealing any information. "You people just keep back," ordered McNaught.

There was no keeping back their tongues, however. "Don't look like anything wrong with that hull," observed one shrewd amateur old salt. "Looks to me like someone opened the sea-cocks and was letting the water in."

The observation coincided pretty much with that of Kennedy, who had suggested to McNaught to send the tender back to the "Samoset" for a pump that ran on the tender's motor.

Between the pump and the falling tide it was not long before we might expect some further light on the mystery of the crewless "Gigolo." Unable to restrain himself longer, McNaught clambered over the still half-submerged side.

(Continued on page 103)

... in fact, her whole lithe, beautiful body was green!

and just got her to the beach in time. I figure on the falling tide we'll soon be able to learn something about her."

"Is it some craft you were looking for?" I asked.

"I don't know. I think so."

"What's the matter? You seem to be in some doubt."

McNAUGHT bent over closer to Kennedy and me. "Well, you see we have information of a trawler that's been lightering in the stuff from a tanker out past the twelve-mile zone. Officially the 'Samoset'—that's the coast guard boat I'm on here—was to arrive in this region tomorrow. Secretly our orders were to get here a day ahead of time. That was to get ahead of any leaks there might be, tipping these people off. We haven't sighted any trawlers yet—and we did sight

Find NEW WORDS

AMOS 'n' Andy Bring New Dictionary of Negrology to fore.

By A. M. Lawrence

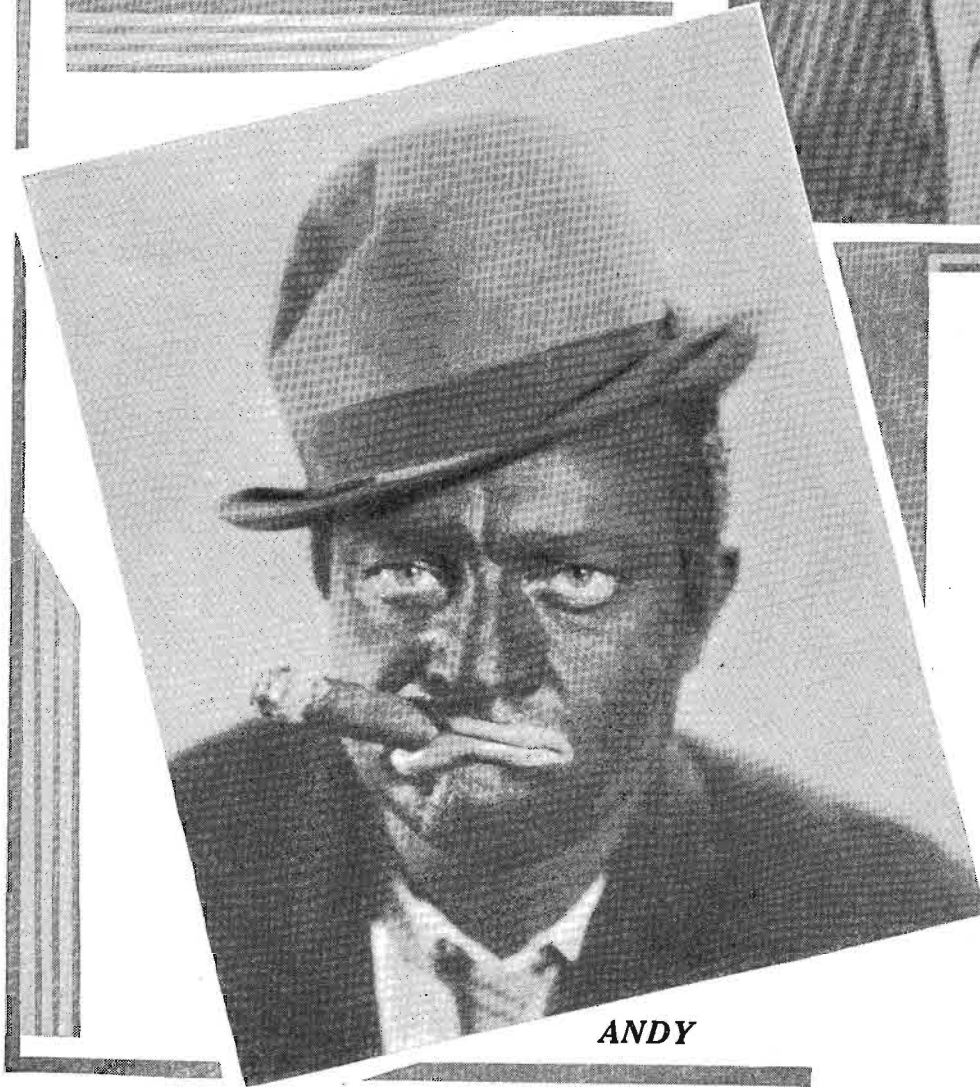
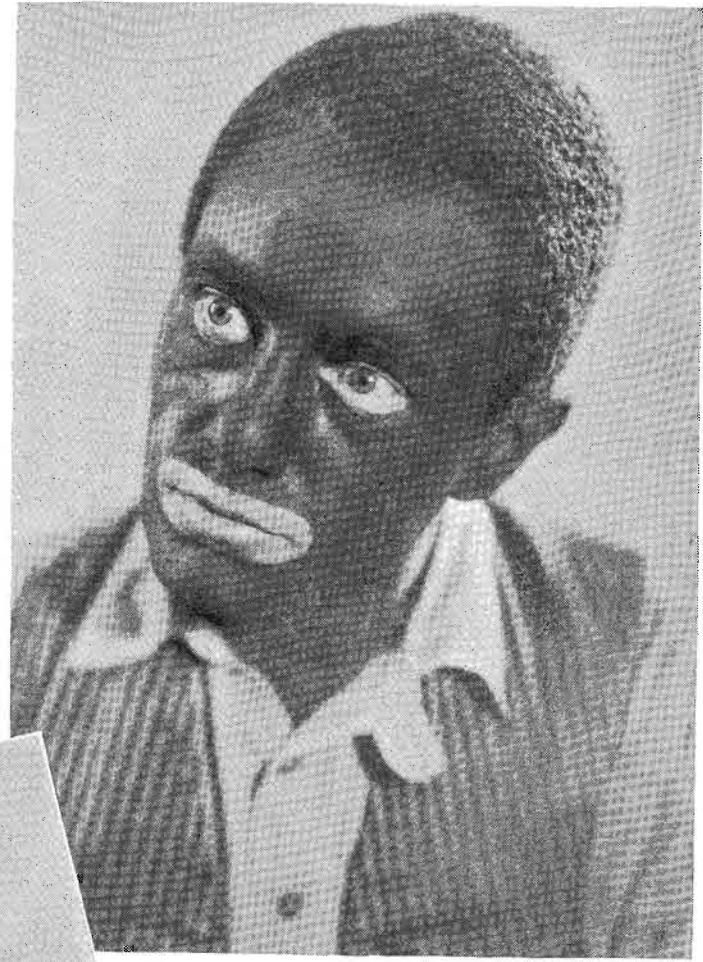
RADIO has brought the American public an acquaintanceship with many new words. Naturally, you are thinking of the technical terms such as oscillators, microphones, antenna and television. The scientific words, however, may be found in any technical dictionary.

The new words which are not in Mr. Webster's collection, and probably never will be, but are familiar to millions of people who twirl their dials every night in search of entertainment, are those coined by two of the most famous characters on the air—Amos 'n' Andy.

What home today with a Radio receiver does not enjoy discussing the ups and downs of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated? And after all, isn't "regusted" just as expressive, if not more so, than the orthodox dictionary word with another prefix? And isn't Andy explaining his feelings more aptly when he is "rebarressed" than if he were saying "embarrassed?"

Now that Amos 'n' Andy have moved their Fresh Air Taxicab stand to the more metropolitan sidewalks and streets of Harlem, in keeping with their program of expansion into a national broadcast feature, Radio listeners may well expect to find that the Correll and Gosden lexicon of typical American negrology will include many new words, equally expressive of negro psychology, against the New York background.

IF EVER there was romance in Radio broadcasting, Charles J. Correll and Freeman F. Gosden have helped to make it. They came into Radio back in 1925, just when Radio came into its own. I doubt if they ever hoped to have Radio become the means of their livelihood. Perhaps it was then that they coined their most famous expression



AMOS

ANDY

"I've regusted." But they have had time to change their minds about that.

Amos 'n' Andy have signed a long term contract to appear over the network of the National Broadcasting Company and on August 19th the pair began their first program, scheduled for fifty-two weeks, and sponsored by The Pepsodent Company of Chicago, manufacturers of a well-known and established dentrifice. The Pepsodent Company in sponsoring the Amos 'n' Andy programs over a network of seventeen stations nightly for a period of fifty-two weeks is reported to have provided a salary for Correll and Gosden that exceeds all records for Radio comedians. That is why it is such a far cry for them from the days of Radio hoofing to the rank of eminence which Amos 'n' Andy occupy today.

"It was just another way of having fun, doing the thing they liked best to do," says Bill Hay, the announcer for WMAQ, who has introduced Amos 'n' Andy for almost three years to the Radio audience, in reviewing the early hardships of the now famous comedians.

"Incidentally, it gave them an outlet for the harmony numbers they were developing in their spare time at home.

(Continued on page 102)

Cugat Sketches Views of

You Can Sometimes Star Up to the Micro-Hobart, But You Him Broadcast the Famous Caricaturist Looked as They

(See Page 40)



CHARLES HACKETT, above, was given preliminary rehearsal with an applause machine.



AL HERMAN, the black-face wise cracker, played a "dirty trick" on the director, but his broadcast was a success.

Broadcasting Broadwayans

Lead a Famous Stage phone, Says Mr. Can't Always Make Way He Should. Thinks They Do Here —

GEORGE ARLISS, right, responded perfectly.



DOTY HOBART, author of Giving Broadway the Air, introduced scores of stage celebrities to Radio audiences.



MISCHA ELMAN seems utterly unaware of the microphone and lives only in his violin during a broadcast.

True Story of Mary and Bob

POPULAR Columbia Pair Who Weave Thrilling Tales
From Lives of Others Have Their Own Romance



length in Central Park, he sat down upon a vacant bench, and, for diversion, picked up a copy of True Story Magazine that someone had left on the seat beside him. Looking it over, he suddenly hit upon a great idea, and hurried home to tell his wife of his plans.

The next day the two went to see Bernarr McFadden. They told him of their great interest in all sorts of people high and low, and suggested that they travel around the country in search of experiences, that had happened to the people they might meet. Their proposition was favorably received, and in a week their first tour was started. In a year Mary and Bob covered almost every State, hearing many interesting tales that were later produced over the Radio. In many instances it was rather difficult to persuade their new-found acquaintances to tell them their experiences.

Parties have been arranged in their honor, and they have been entertained by musicians, gypsies, circus folk and many other different types of persons. Former murderers, thieves, home-breakers and other law breakers have told Mary and Bob the dramas that have played such important parts in their lives, and the families of some of these unfortunate people have written to them for sympathy and help.

MANY letters are received from interested listeners who find in Mary and Bob a reflection of their own lives. Some have even suspected that the young couple actually pried into the specific affairs of the writers and told the world stories that were imagined to be closely guarded secrets.

As a matter of fact, Mary and Bob present only such stories of life incidents as are told by the authors of the stories that appear in the True Story magazine. Always there seems to be an insidious curiosity as to the true story that brought Mary and Bob together. Here is the letter that brought forth his answer to that question:

"I wonder, Mary and Bob, who you really are yourselves? There seems to be a perpetual mystery even in your simple unadorned names of 'Mary and Bob'. Are you really the adventuring couple you seem to be as I sit before my Radio and hear your voices coming to me from some distant place? What is your own true story? Well, it doesn't matter, perhaps. I know that whatever you say and whatever you may be doing to entertain me you are yourselves the hero and heroine of a true story that would make me glad or make me sad as any story you ever have brought to me over the air.

"That is why I like you. We are all walking archives of true romances, true tragedies, true comedies that have shaped our lives. And we perpetually long for some responsive chord that will answer and harmonize with the emotions that toss and sway within our own secret selves. Locked in the breast of every human being is a true story. You have the key that unlocks the door and makes us see ourselves through the experience of others. More power to you, Mary and Bob."

THERE is an old man on the North Shore of Chicago, past seventy years of age, who tunes in on Mary and Bob every time they are on the air. Once exceedingly active and a man who has lived a very full life, advancing years have taken their toll of his activity and he no longer can see to read. The Radio is his principal source of entertainment, and of all the programs he hears the true stories broadcast by this couple are the ones he looks forward to most. Every word they say is a true story to him, and their telling often brings tears to his eyes.

This coming Thanksgiving will mark their second year's tour. They plan to return to New York for a few days, combining an anniversary and holiday celebration. Then the couple propose to start again on another year of travel, first taking in the sunny South where they can escape the cold blasts of winter. They will visit Virginia, North and South Carolina and several Florida resorts, afterwards wending their way toward Texas and thence up to Chicago and the Middle West always in search of truth that is stranger than fiction.

The true stories that they find as a result of their efforts will be introduced each week in dramatized form by means of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and their large Radio audience will be given an opportunity to profit by the real and dramatic experiences of other people.

"Oh Bob, they like us."—
Mary.

MARY and Bob, the interesting young couple of the True Story Hour, who broadcast every Friday night over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, have developed the True Story Hour program by dint of utilizing their own experiences. Their true story is as absorbing and engaging as any one of those that they have found in their travels.

It was three years ago last July, at a dance at the Hotel Astor in New York, that Mary and Bob first met. Bob, a recent college graduate, had contemplated but a short visit to the city, but he suddenly decided that circumstances, in the shape of Mary, necessitated prolonging his stay indefinitely. He obtained an excellent position in a travel bureau on Fifth Avenue, and from that time on made New York his permanent home.

The following winter found Mary and Bob constantly together and when they were married in the spring, their many friends were not surprised. Happiness seemed at last to have come their way, when the bomb fell. The very satisfactory travel bureau went out of business and Bob, consequently, was out of a job.

THE afternoon that Bob was informed of this bad news he wandered up and down the streets, hating to return home and inform Mary of what had happened. Finding himself at

MUSICIANS and All Hold their Sides and their Lips when this Comedy Pair Broadcasts on Fifth Avenue.

Know Their Stuff—THE TWO TROUPERS

Are Real Show Girls

MARCELLA SHIELDS and Helene Handin are bringing something new to the listener with their backstage chatter. Show folks especially enjoy them for they are genuine and they speak the language. They take their place as one of the Radio headline novelties of 1929.



HELENE (left) and Marcella review script they have written for Radio Digest.

By **MARCELLA and HELENE**

MARCELLA—Say, Helene, here's a letter from the Radio Digest. The editor wants a picture of us as the Two Troupers to run with an article in the paper and he wants to know something about us, what shall we say? I don't know what to tell him.
HELENE—Don't tell me that you're at a loss for words, how come?
(Continued on page 101)



LEATRICE JOY brought real joy to her millions of admirers when she revealed the fact that she had a sweet and personable voice for the microphone after everybody had supposed she was only a beautiful screen star.



EMILY WOOLLEY doesn't impress one here as the glad rag doll type, but one of the best things she does on the air from the New York net is to sing Broadway Lights. She has one of those sweet soprano voices we all love.



***N**ANCY CUSHMAN, two years old, and right here in the album with the rest of the stars—well, why not? Isn't her dad the boss of WGR, Buffalo? And when it comes to singing—just look at her! Angels are listening!*



***B**ERNICE—that's all—if she has any other name, it's her secret. Everybody who has heard her over WJR, Detroit, knows her as Bernice. And Bernice she remains. Bachelors, attention! Who'll offer the little lady another name?*



MISS PATRICOLA—and this is another one-name lady. But with a name like Patricola, why ask for more? She is one of the bright lights of Broadway and you see her billed as the "Scintillating Melodist"—an NBC star.



NINA GORDANI, twinkling prima donna, whose lyric soprano voice starts rippling from 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, and never stops until it gets way out over the Pacific. She dotes on Spanish airs for the air.



FLORENCE MALONE is one of those Broadway aristocrats who discovered Radio and you may remember her in some of those heart stirring dramas over the net from the East—especially the character of Barbara Fritchie.



EVELYN HOEY, musical comedy star. Hoey is her last name—not her middle name. You hear her with the Orchestradians, and you will be pleased to know by this picture how nice she looks before the microphone.

McNamee's Dad Tells about When Graham Was Star Southpaw City Championship Because

By E. D. JENCKS

ATALL, wiry southpaw baseball pitcher of about 15 years of age was leading his team to victory on a vacant sand-lot in St. Paul, Minnesota. The game would decide the city championship and already his team had a comfortable lead. It was a great day for the "Laurels Club."

But, alas, there were no paeans of victory for "Lefty." Duty in the costume of Art called and he answered as the shouts subsided and there came the voice of his mother. He had forgotten. It was the day for his music lesson. Surely the music teacher would postpone the lesson until tomorrow. But the pleadings of his team-mates and of the scant crowd of spectators were of no avail. So the game ended, and the southpaw, head down, walked toward home. He hated music more than ever now.

The Laurels' pitcher was none other than Graham McNamee, internationally famous NBC announcer, during his boyhood days at his home in St. Paul. The incident was recalled by his father, J. B. McNamee, when father and son held a family reunion at KSTP, the National Battery station, recently.

Early incidents in his life were related for Northwest Radio listeners by McNamee, Senior, while Graham sat beside him in the KSTP studios at St. Paul.

"It was like that frequently when Graham was a boy," the father told members of the KSTP staff.

"His early love of sports at first battled against the love of music, which he received from his mother, who had a beautiful lyric soprano voice. But a happy medium was reached," McNamee, Senior, continued, "and young Graham was able to participate in all his sports and at the same time continue with his study of voice and piano. In school he favored geography and mathematics.

HE loved sports, baseball, football, hockey and boxing, and played all of them. Sports were in his blood. The Laurels baseball team lead by Graham, defeated all the amateur teams in that district. When Winter came, the same group of boys put on skates and played hockey. A boxing ring also was set up, and the boys took turns meeting one another in three-minute rounds, with a one-minute rest. They used the bell, a referee, timers and observed all the regulations they knew.

"Three members of that original Laurels team still live in St. Paul. Stan Donnelly, prominent St. Paul attorney, Eddie Fitzgerald, now managing hockey in the Twin Cities and Pat Sexton, real estate agent.

"Graham carried a paper route in the morning and the proceeds went for such wants as baseball bats, football, skates, and boxing gloves.

"Taking the other side of his life," his father continued, "he started to study music when he was 10 years old, after his mother noticed an unusual quality in his singing voice. Local teachers and occasional lessons by his mother gave him his first start in the musical field.

"It was the untiring care and intelligence of his mother that was responsible for the successful musical training of Graham."

Mr. McNamee told of the ease with which Graham picked up and originated new words and expressions when still a mere child.

"He seemed to be a natural adept in the use of language. He came home one day and said that 'all the boys say that I speak so many different words than they do.' He liked poetry and perhaps that taste had something to do with building up word power. His boy friends never held this against him."

Graham's father always knows when his son is going to broadcast. He has a special chair in the visitor's gallery at KSTP where he can always be found, when his Radio-famous son is on the air.

"When that boy announces baseball you can hear the crack of the bat and when he gives his descriptions of a big prize-fight, he is taken back to his old days in St. Paul when the Laurels staged their own boxing entertainment."

There is a gleam in the eyes of the father when he speaks of his son and members of the KSTP staff can easily see that the sporting blood in Graham McNamee is inherited from his father.

Mr. McNamee made a special trip to the KSTP studios at nine o'clock one morning to hear the voice of his son. Graham gave his father a fine receiving set, but the atmosphere of a broadcasting studio is the attraction which brings him to KSTP whenever it is convenient.

And there he sits leaning comfortably back in the mellow light before the vibrant articulating throat of the loudspeaker. A quiet man, gray, a bit reserved but with a merry twinkle in the gentle eyes. You feel a touch of distinction in his manner and yet he is entirely friendly. Then you note that he is listening most intently to the voice—a voice that you instantly recognize as that of Graham McNamee. Strangers, of course do not understand. They only see that he follows every tonal gesture of the man at the microphone so far, far away and yet so very, very near. It is the voice of his boy, the little fellow who played on the hills and the river banks of St. Paul just a little while ago.

The famous NBC announcer was pleased to see the opening of KSTP in his home-town in March of 1928 and has watched with great interest its steady development as one of the leading stations on the continent since that time. On his last visit to St. Paul, Graham took the occasion to greet all his old team mates of the Laurels Club over the air from the National Battery station and also to speak to his Northwest friends over the KSTP microphone.

"When I am sitting in the KSTP studios and hear Graham speaking, I seem to visualize more clearly the scene in the New York studios where he works.

His father took occasion to remark about an early criticism of his son which appeared in a New York paper, to the effect that Graham should not be allowed to report games because he knew nothing about sports.

"The critic thought of him, no doubt, as an artist and a singer, and was not aware that he was saturated in sports, from his early boyhood," explained Mr. McNamee.

A visit to the residence of Senior McNamee reveals the esteem in which he holds his son. He has stacks of magazines containing stories about Graham and has many of his pictures on the walls.

"We have always been great pals," his father said. "When I was in New York last Fall, Graham and I were always together. He showed me just about everything there is to see in that great city."

Mr. McNamee, Senior, was land attorney for the Northern Pacific Railway for sixteen years. Previously he was attorney in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., writing his legal opinions on Public Land questions.

Graham sang in St. Paul choirs before he left to continue his musical training in New York. There he sang in a number of Fifth Avenue choirs before he entered Radio. It was in 1923 that he drifted into the studios of WEAJ and asked them for a tryout. He was immediately employed.

IT ALWAYS is a Big Moment, and a solemn one, when the young fellow takes his father's hand and turns his face toward Life—and fares forth on his own to make it or break it alone. Sometimes the good winds blow, and sometimes the bad. One never can tell just what is to happen. Thus it was when Graham McNamee, equipped with a remarkable voice, well trained, waved farewell to his father in St. Paul and headed toward the East. It seemed for a while that only the bad winds blew. Then he was accepted as an announcer at WEAJ. Straightway the fair winds wafted him to the pinnacles of fame.

Famous Son's School Days for St. Paul Laurels He Lost the Music Teacher Needed Him

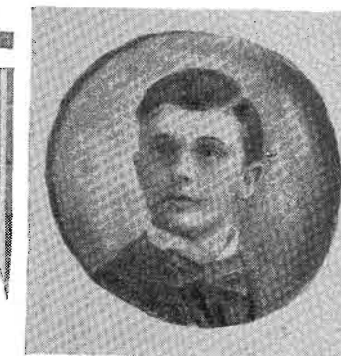
Great as he has become as an announcer Graham McNamee has not forgotten his early training and the ambitions instilled by his devoted mother. His exceptionally Radio qualified voice is being heard more often and regular as one of the singers in the more classical programs of this national network.



"The bird, ladies and gentlemen, is sitting right here on my finger—Oh, ho, ho! He's scratching his head—and I think he's going to sing for you."—Graham McNamee speaking.



"Where's that bird?" Three-year-old Graham McNamee seems to have started out with some mysterious distrust. At right he is seven and has acquired some art appreciation. Observe his pose.



Graham's a big boy 11 years old (in circle) and just finding out about the voice Nature has given him. At left you see him with his dad at KSTP. And that's dad in oval when he went to New York.



The BALLOON JUMPERS

Natalie Wanted a "Go-Getter" for a lover, but she didn't count on being roped into love.

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By Hugh Fullerton

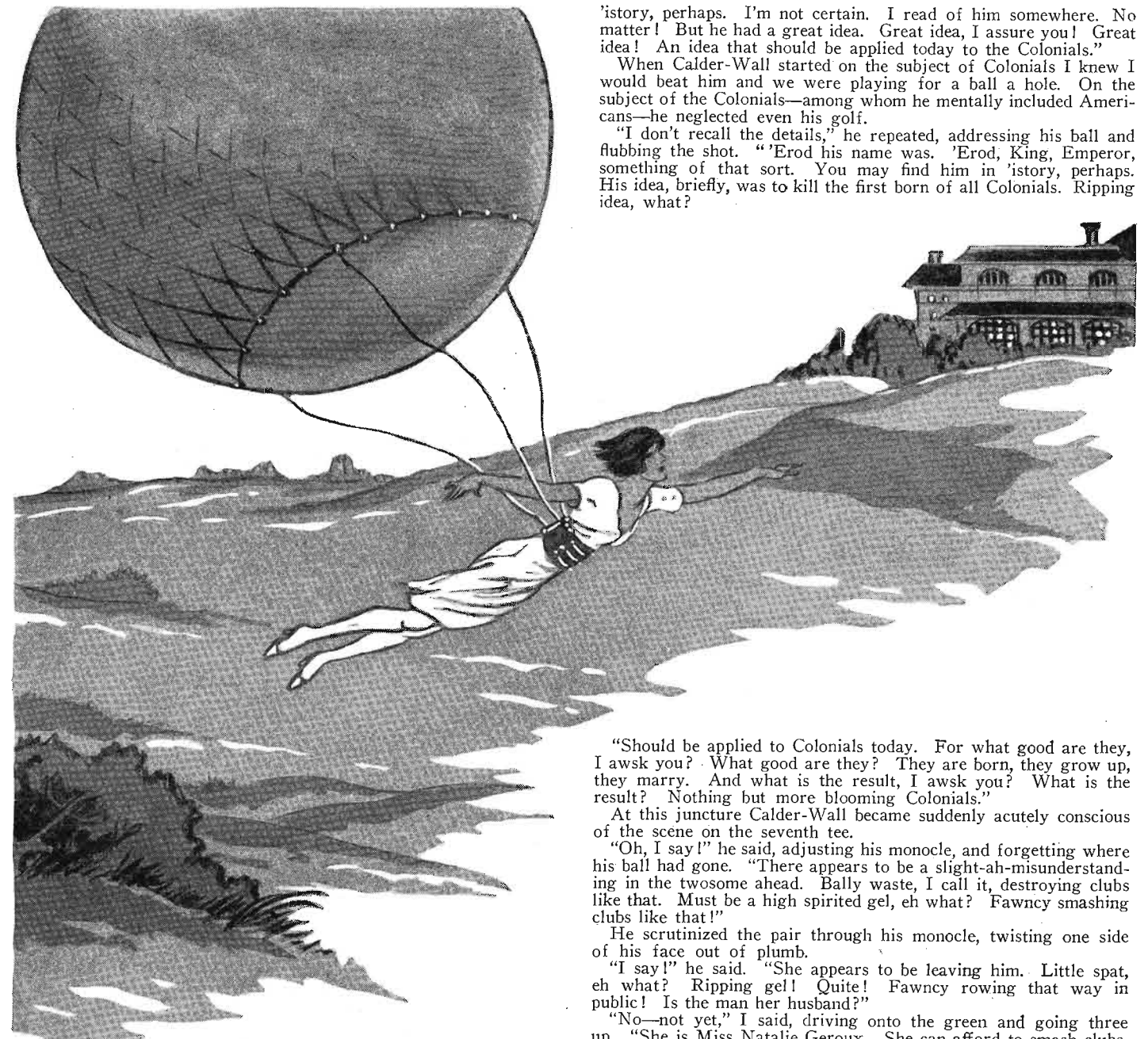
and slashed downward quickly and viciously. The ball, as if resentful, bounded high for twenty yards, twisted off at a tangent, rolled into the tangled rough fifty yards from the tee and strove to hide from its tormentor.

NATALIE GEROUX stood on the seventh tee of the Skilliqueechee Country Club. Her face was flushed with anger and the bow of her lips had changed to a red line of repression. She refused to look toward Dick Kirkton, who was scraping a handful of damp sand from the tee box. Natalie addressed her ball three times with the club head, made a quick backswing, jiggled the club a trifle at the top of the swing



"I SAY, Miss Natalie, hold still a mo', cawn't you? I'll have you right down." And Calder-Wall fired both barrels of the shotgun. There was a squeal from the air and I charged upon the arrant marksman as he was dropping fresh cartridges into the gun and directing Natalie to hold still.

"Damn!" said Natalie Geroux distinctly with proper emphasis. With a determined tread she stalked past Dick Kirkton and, with firm grip and perfect control, broke her driver over the tee box. "You ought to be spanked," said Dick sharply. "That's rotten sportsmanship, and a bum sport who cannot control her temper never will learn to play good golf." "I don't care," stormed Natalie, striving to hold back tears. "It's all your fault. You tried deliberately to make me mad and made me miss the shot. I never shall play golf with you again." "You're darned right you won't unless you can learn to control yourself," said Dick shortly. "You're a spoiled brat anyhow, and it is time someone told you the truth about yourself."



NATALIE'S face registered amazement, doubt, bewilderment and indignation, fading into one flush of anger. Her lips compressed more tightly, her blue eyes flashed and, although her lip trembled, she tried to glare. With set purpose and determination she jerked a mashie from her bag, broke it over the tee box, and with deliberation broke putter, midiron, niblick, mashie niblick, spade and spoon across the box, hurled the fragments in all directions, threw the bag off the tee and, without a word jerked a diamond solitaire from the third finger of her left hand, hurled it violently against the ground near Dick Kirkton's feet and, with head erect and eyes flashing, marched off across greens and fairways. "Whew!" said Dick Kirkton as he patted the damp sand, perched a ball upon it and, after staring an instant at the diamond before placing it carefully in the pocket of his windbreaker, "Natalie excels herself. I have seen her in pets before, but nothing like that. It will require diplomacy—and waiting." So saying he timed his backswing perfectly, swished the driver downward with precision and accuracy, followed through and sent a screaming drive two hundred and seventy yards down the fairway, clearing the bunker and landing in a perfect lie for the approach shot. Natalie, tramping determinedly onward, saw the ball out of the corner of her eye. "Damn! Damn!" she said. For him to make a perfect shot after the scene was the final straw. CALDER-WALL and I were waiting to approach the sixth green when this happened, and Calder-Wall was talking. "There was an old fella," he was saying, "King, Emperor. Something of that sort; I don't quite recall what. You'll find him in

'istory, perhaps. I'm not certain. I read of him somewhere. No matter! But he had a great idea. Great idea, I assure you! Great idea! An idea that should be applied today to the Colonials." When Calder-Wall started on the subject of Colonials I knew I would beat him and we were playing for a ball a hole. On the subject of the Colonials—among whom he mentally included Americans—he neglected even his golf. "I don't recall the details," he repeated, addressing his ball and flubbing the shot. "Erod his name was. 'Erod, King, Emperor, something of that sort. You may find him in 'istory, perhaps. His idea, briefly, was to kill the first born of all Colonials. Ripping idea, what?"

"Should be applied to Colonials today. For what good are they, I awsk you? What good are they? They are born, they grow up, they marry. And what is the result, I awsk you? What is the result? Nothing but more blooming Colonials." At this juncture Calder-Wall became suddenly acutely conscious of the scene on the seventh tee. "Oh, I say!" he said, adjusting his monocle, and forgetting where his ball had gone. "There appears to be a slight-ah-misunderstanding in the twosome ahead. Bally waste, I call it, destroying clubs like that. Must be a high spirited gel, eh what? Fawncy smashing clubs like that!" He scrutinized the pair through his monocle, twisting one side of his face out of plumb. "I say!" he said. "She appears to be leaving him. Little spat, eh what? Ripping gel! Quite! Fawncy rowing that way in public! Is the man her husband?" "No—not yet," I said, driving onto the green and going three up. "She is Miss Natalie Geroux. She can afford to smash clubs, as her father is rich. The man with her is Dick Kirkton, the best golfer we have. He is her fiancé—or was until just now, anyhow." "Fawncy! Rowing with one's fiancé in public! Bally taste I call it, rowing before one is married. I fawncy the dear gel will need someone to console her? I rawther fawncy the task, eh what? Introduce me, will you?"

"CALDER-WALL," I said earnestly. "When we reach the clubhouse we will go to the locker room and drink. The drink will be bad; perhaps poisonous, but it is safer for you than Natalie Geroux. As a friend and well wisher I warn you to shun her; to avoid her presence as you would avoid a pestilence. In her present mood no man, especially no young, handsome and strange man, will be safe within a mile of her. I thought Dick could tame her, but evidently he has failed and there is no chance of anyone else succeeding." "High spirited, eh, what? I fawncy it would be a bit of a lark to know her! Exciting, and all that, eh what?" "Calder-Wall," I said imploringly. "Do not take the risk. I know you have climbed Alps, hunted lions and tigers in Africa and India, speared wild boars, shot elephants, ridden to hounds, volunteered for reconnaissance in No Man's land during the war, driven airplanes, raced motor cars—but do not be rash. That young woman specializes in masculine scalps. If you insist upon meeting her she will have your scalp dangling at her belt in a week." "I say, is she of aboriginal blood, or is that merely one of your quaint Americanisms?" "Not exactly, Calder-Wall. But she has the instincts of a Sioux, the conscience of an Apache, the cunning of a Cherokee, and males are her prey. She is off the reservation now, and no man is safe." "I think I shall meet her. Is she a looker?" "She is a queen," I admitted.



"YOU SEE I have been posting up a bit," explained Calder-Wall. "I find that you are a queen, princess, pippin, something of that sort, among your people. Sioux, I believe? But I fawncy they are spoofing a bit about you scalping folks, eh what?"

"A queen? Fawncy! I suppose she rules one of those quaint aboriginal tribes of which you spoke?"

"Well, not exactly. Her subjects are of all kinds and conditions. When I said Queen I meant peach, pippin—a beautiful, imperious and imperial female."

"Ah, I see. Another of your quaint American customs! You elect a queen if she is beautiful. Not a bad idea. You know, I rawther fawncy I am learning American. I—how is it you say it? Oh, yes: I acquire you. No? I get you? It is the same thing—acquire, get. No matter! I get you. That is, I follow your mental processes. When a lady looks and behaves like a queen she is a queen whether she is of royal blood or not. I suppose, also, that if a woman behaves like a lady she is a lady, whether she is or not? And if a man behaves like a bally ass he's a Lord? Rawther neat, that, eh what? I fawncy I shall enjoy meeting this lady you refer to as "Her Majesty."

"The pleasure will be all yours, Calder-Wall, and the pain," I said. "Meantime, having holed out a long putt, I am four up and it is my honor."

I HAD rather "fawncied," as Calder-Wall would have expressed it, that Natalie, having quarreled with Dick, would avenge herself upon the next male who crossed her path. Most of us members of Skilliqueeche had become wise and avoided her, after sad experiences. Practically every male member, single and unattached, and some not so single, had fallen into and jumped or been tossed out of love with Natalie since her return from school.

She was considered as attractive and dangerous as the Nineteenth hole and the most beautiful of our natural hazards, excepting perhaps, the seventh, which is our pride. The seventh is a double dog leg, only 286 yards, but with a pitch over trees to a sloping green guarded by traps and sugar loafs and, if you overplay it, you drop the ball into a wooded gully. When one says Natalie is as beautiful as the seventh hole Skilliqueeche can offer no greater flattery.

Natalie is the daughter of Papa Bill Geroux, the richest member of the club, holder of the Nineteenth hole trophy and regarded as nonfillable. Since she was seventeen Natalie has devastated us and caused more heartaches than worm casts or brown rust ever have created. Everyone has taken turns being in love with her, but for most of us she has been too strenuous. Trying to make love to a girl as beautiful as the movie stars are in pictures, who can swim like an Ederle, golf like a Glenna, play tennis like another Helen and dance all night without mussing her bobbed brown hair is a full time job. No one had made any perceptible progress toward winning Natalie until Dick Kirkton appeared and proceeded to appropriate her.

Dick came from out West somewhere, worked his way through college, made good and was picked by Papa Bill Geroux to manage his business. Papa Bill introduced him at Skilliqueeche, where he proceeded to become our scratch man, our representative in the

Amateur, and the winner of all the Saturday afternoon cups, although he played only on the week ends.

"I've turned the business over to him," said Papa Bill. "He runs it better than I ever could. Having discovered him I can now devote myself intensively to golf, attend to my regular drinking without worrying, and watch him work himself thin."

Natalie, however, held aloof and refused to share her father's opinion.

"He is a pill," she announced after one round of golf with him. "A dead one. His distributor is slow and his spark is missing."

DICK fell in love with her right away, but he did it differently. He refused to be her slave, to obey her slightest whim, or to crawl and play dead when she signalled. He beat her at swimming, gave her sound trouncings at golf, and grinned when she stormed. When she was speeding in her runabout, he calmly shut off the spark, stopped her car, lifted her out of the driver's seat and drove the car himself, bringing her, raging and furious, back to the clubhouse in safety.

"He thinks because he is a male he does everything better. He looks down upon and despises us women."

"She's too precious to let her risk herself," said Dick calmly.

Natalie had been dumfounded, shocked, perhaps a little thrilled. Then, after six months of constant quarreling their engagement was announced and it seemed as if the strong, masterful method was the secret of success. Several of us mourned because we had not thought of choking Natalie or punching her on the jaw to make her love us. She appeared to have surrendered entirely and to rejoice in it, until, five down at the seventh hole on that eventful afternoon Dick tried to tell her to keep her hands in front of the club head and the left arm stiff, and she had topped her tee shot, smashed her clubs and hurled his ring back at him.

Dick was in the shower, whistling but a little anxious, when Calder-Wall and I entered the locker room.

"I say, he seems cheerful," said Calder-Wall. "Well, it's an unpleasant gale that fails to benefit someone. Introduce me."

"Calder-Wall," I said. "Reconsider before it is too late. You are a good scout even if you are an Englishman. I like you and would protect you. You are rich, handsome, well born, only one removed from a title, athletic, traveled. You have everything for which to live, and you insist upon rushing to your doom."

"Oh, I say! You're spoofing! Gels aren't so terrible. I'm a bit of being popular with gels—when I like them."

"Then, on your own head be it, Calder-Wall."

"Quite all right, old chap. Lead me to my fate."

It was under those circumstances that I introduced Calder-Wall to Natalie Geroux, not comprehending fully the possible results.

"Charmed, Your Majesty," he said, bending over her hand.

"Majesty? I do not quite understand."

"You see, I have been posting up a bit. I find that you are a queen, princess, pippin, something of that sort, among your people. Sioux, I believe?"

"Sioux?" asked Natalie with lifted eyebrows.

"P'raps not. Some aboriginal people. I don't mind. Thank heaven you're not a Colonial. Prefer Hottentots. I fawncy they are spoofing a bit about you scalping folks."

"Oh!" said Natalie, grasping the situation. "No, I don't scalp them. Usually I boil them in oil."

"My word! Boil them in oil! How unusual! Are you spoofing or is that another of your quaint Americanisms? I adore Americanisms."

I fled and left them, reflecting that boiling in oil or burning at the stake would be merciful compared with the tortures Calder-Wall would have to endure. Natalie had that look in her eyes.

CALDER-WALL'S progress was more rapid than would have been expected. Under Natalie's expert direction he developed unexpected traits. Dick Kirkton, after two days of solitaire on the course, commenced to lose some of his cheerfulness. His game went off, and his whistle in the locker room produced some lugubrious notes. It was not, however, until two weeks had elapsed that he commenced to show signs of real worry. He had calculated that in ten days Natalie would soften to the extent of permitting him to apologize and that, within a fortnight, the solitaire would be back on the finger upon which it belonged. At the end of two weeks he went from the locker room to the lounge and dined at the club. Two days later, under pretense of studying the entry lists, he posted himself so that Natalie would be forced to pass him on her way from the lunch room to the women's locker room. She passed that way and so far as was visible to the naked eye, did not even see him.

Dick was inclined to blame Calder-Wall for the delay in establishing an armistice. During that fortnight I lost Calder-Wall entirely as an opponent, and had to buy my own golf balls. He played a round a day with Natalie, lunched with her, dined with her, motored with her. He came into the locker room hurriedly one evening just after Dick Kirkton, refusing a cocktail, hurled his shoes into his locker and banged the locker room door as he went out.

"How is the scalp?" I asked. "I have managed, thus far, to preserve what remains of my hirsute adornment intact," said Calder-Wall. "Her Highness is not so dangerous as represented."

"IF YOU don't promise to behave yourself and marry me I'll let go the rope," threatened Dick as Natalie floated about in the air at the end of his clothes line. "I hate you, I'll never speak to you again. Oh! Dicky! PLEASE!" This with a little squeal as Dick suddenly let out about ten feet of slack rope.

"When are you sailing, Calder-Wall?" I persisted. "The last time I saw you, a fortnight ago, you were planning to return to England in ten days."

"Ah yes. I had forgotten! Not a thing transpiring, as you say in your quaint American way. Never mind! I consider nothing transpiring quite as good English as nothing doing. You obtain me—I mean grasp my meaning? Fact is I am considering remaining permanently."

"Become a Colonial? Ridiculous idea—insulting, I might say. I could not think of renouncing dear old George. Fawncy; if the old one should die I would be Lord Squiffelhart. Not that it matters! Custom and all that sort of thing, you understand?"

I saw it was hopeless. Poor old Calder-Wall was doomed. In three weeks after he met Natalie Geroux he was seriously considering leaving dear old George flat and buying a ranch somewhere on Park Avenue. Even the prospect of becoming Lord Squiffelhart meant little. It was at that period that he appealed to me for assistance.

"I say, old fel'—one mo'" he said, tackling me in the lounge. "I'm in a bit of a quandary. P'raps you may be able to assist me."

"Something about Her Majesty?"

"Righto! But I fawncy you were spoofing about her being Queen of the Sioux. Fact is she hasn't a drop of aboriginal blood in her veins. I had to reassure the old one on that point. Fawncy, he wrote warning me not to marry a squaw!"

"Look here, Calder-Wall," I said seriously. "You don't think Natalie Geroux is going to marry you?"

"Why not? She's perfectly eligible. Even the old one cawn't think of any reasonable objection. She's not a Colonial you know,



CALDER-WALL and I looked at each other, and with a mutual understanding withdrew from the intimate little scene, making our way back to the club house across the scarred fairways.

and, after all, her ancestors were English."

"Did it ever enter your mind that she may have her own ideas in regard to eligibility? Have you asked her?"

"Oh I say; not so hastily, old chap! I have given the question much thought. I find that the young person is entirely acceptable, and lovely, and in due time . . ."

"In due time," I interrupted rudely, "she will break you over a tee box, throw the remains into the rough and make up with Dick Kirkton."

"Fawncy! Break me over a tee box! Throw me into the rough! Quaint Americanisms! I shall make a note of them."

"As to the young lady I am not worried. I have discussed informally, of course, the subject of matrimony. She has some of your quaint American ideas about such things. Fact is I wanted your advice along those lines. She says the man she marries must be an advance procurer."

"A what?"

"Advance procurer, I believe she said. Something of that sort. Perhaps she said proceed acquirer, I'm not certain."

"Oh! You mean a go-getter."

"Ah yes! That is the term. Same thing, advance procurer—go-getter. Will you enlighten me as to the precise meaning of the term? I have decided to become one."

"Go-getter means just what it says; a man who goes after what he wants and gets it; a hustler, a producer, one who makes good at anything he sets out to do."

"I see! Quaint American expression! I gather she admires men who, as she says, inaugurate events?"

"You mean start something?"

"Yes. That is it. Start something. I shall adopt the idea. I used to be rawther good at that at Coll. I don't mean to be what you call inflated, but the fellas said I was."

(Continued on page 116)

Air minded

ALL America is air minded. Some are in the air on wings, others are on the air over the ether waves.

THE smiling lady at the right is Louise Thaden, San Francisco's air minded aviatrix, who has captured the woman's altitude and endurance records. When Miss Thaden is not "up in the air," she is "on the air." Auditors of NBC stations on the Pacific coast heard the flyer tell her reactions during more than twenty-two hours at the controls recently when she broke the world's endurance record by more than five hours.

A genuine canary orchestra—that's the latest wrinkle to go on the air from Station WNRC, Greensboro, N. C. Pete, the leader, who posed for the picture down in the left hand corner of this page, is a mighty popular member of the staff, according to Wayne Nelson, director of the station. A good part of Pete's appeal comes from the fact that the little songster has a special audience of canary birds; and when he goes on the air reports come in of other birds near loud-speakers in North Carolina bursting into spontaneous singing enthusiasm. Now bird owners in that part of the country have formed the habit of moving their feathered pets near the receiving set.

When Herbert Hoover was inaugurated President of the United States last March, the Radio audience of the nation was treated to something new. William S. Lynch, flying announcer of the National Broadcasting Company, went up in a giant tri-motored army plane to look things over from several thousand feet above the city. Talking to announcers at six different points in the Capitol he proved that descriptive broadcasting from airplanes was practical.

"Come on, Al," urges Clarence Pearce to his brother as the "original" Radio artist cloud-hopping commuters of KFRC start on one of their fast cross-country jumps. The boys have to be at two places at once to serve their "public" and



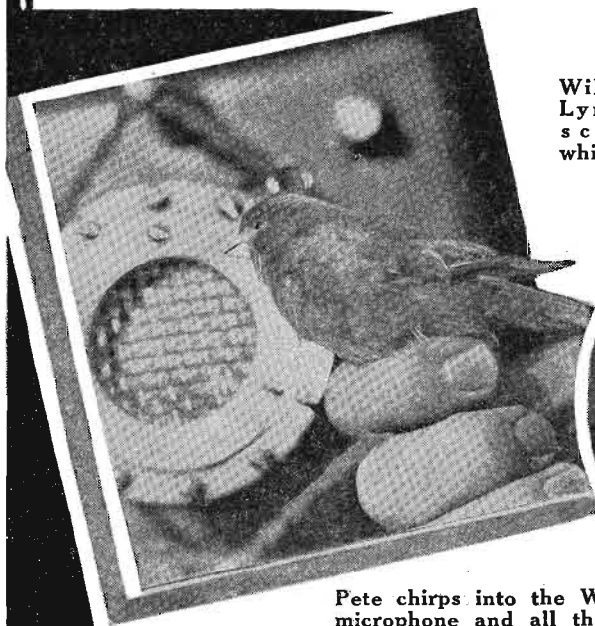
When Louise Thaden proved she was sufficiently air minded to make the woman's endurance record, the NBC nabbed her.

use Western Air Express planes every week.

Even the U. S. Army is becoming air minded, having established a flying classroom to teach officers navigation. At the lower left of the next page is an interior view of the Fokker army plane C-2A, attached to the Air Corps Navigation School. Two student officers are seen working the Radio while on flight.

The smallest transmitter in the world marked its first day of real activity on July 4th when Charles J. DeBever, parachute instructor of Roosevelt Field, New York, broadcast through the NBC chain as he floated through the air suspended from his 'chute.

William S. Lynch describes while flying.

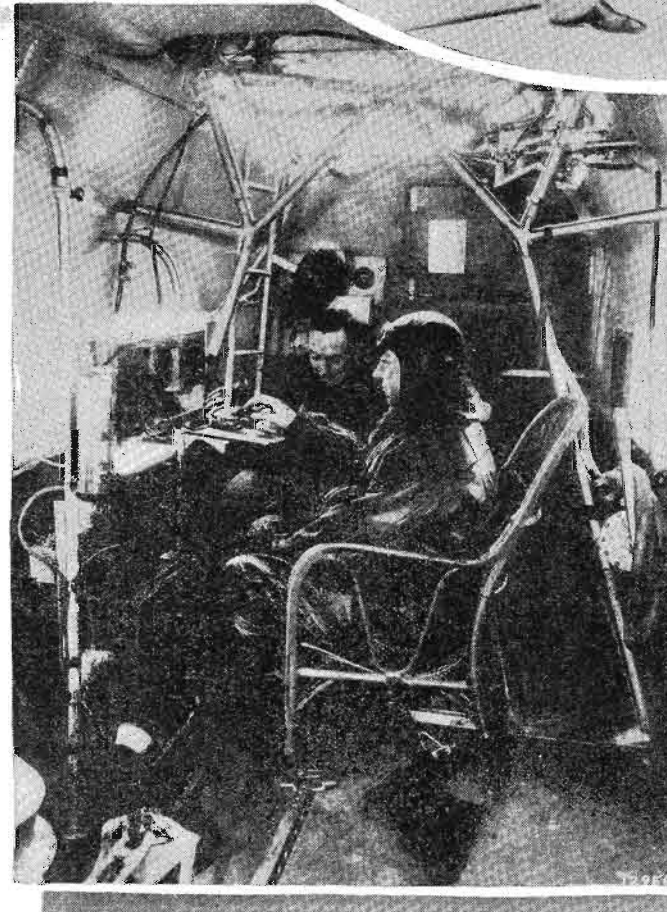
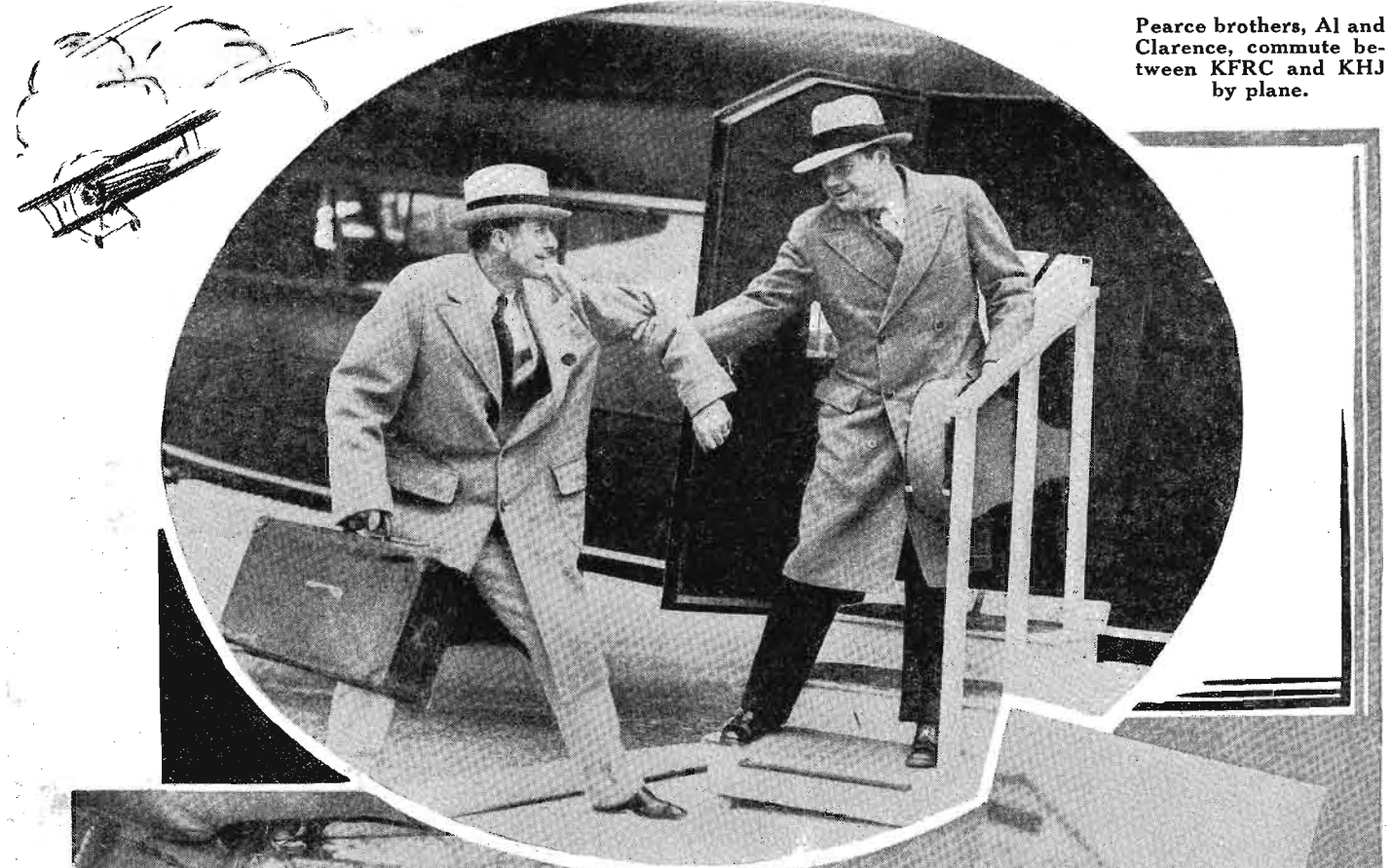


Pete chirps into the WNRC microphone and all the canaries within range join his song.

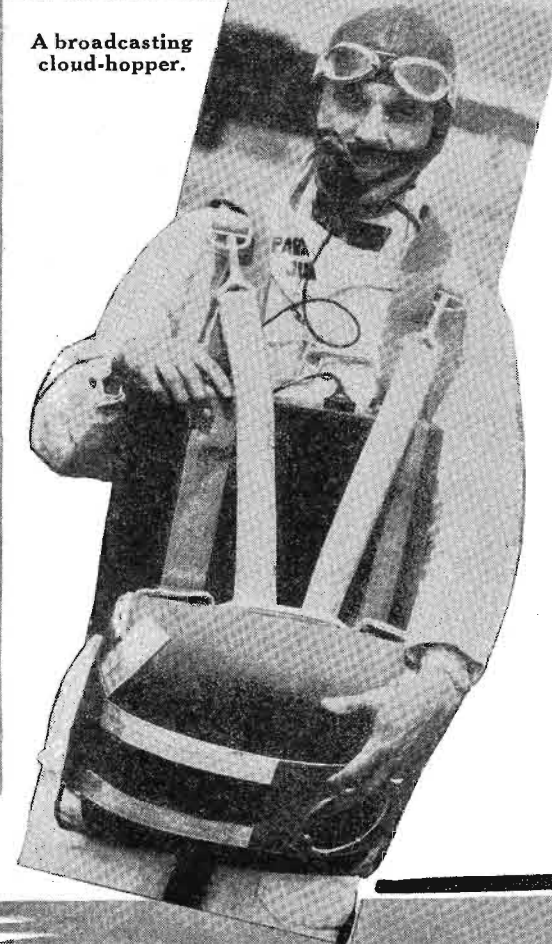


Radio—On the Air Up in the Air

Pearce brothers, Al and Clarence, commute between KFRC and KHJ by plane.



Flying soldiers in aerial classroom.



A broadcasting cloud-hopper.



HUGO MARIANI, director of the White House dinner music orchestra, which will be resumed shortly through the national chain.



THIS smiling trio breathes the joyous spirit of the Rockies through the microphone at KDYL, Salt Lake. Left to right: Margaret Thornberg, Norma Druke and Helen Druke.



ONLY 14 but a Radio expert—that's Keith Harris of Sydney, Australia, shown above with Howard Milholand, KGO.



MARJORIE McCLURE and James Melton recently visited the minister.



CHIEF Shunatuna, full-blooded Pawnee, directs the United States Indian band heard frequently from various Radio stations including KSTP, St. Paul, Minn.



THORNTON FISHER (right) who brings you the news of Sportland thrice weekly over the NBC.



MARINE atmosphere, that's the strong point of the WPG male quartet known as the "Atlantic City Singing Captains." Evan Prosser, Howard Clemons, Powell Evans and Smith Elmore make up the roster.



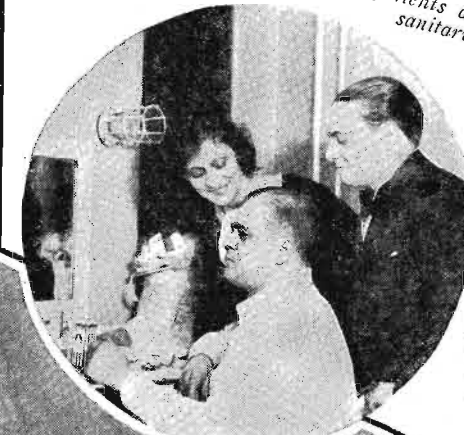
SEN KANEY, one of the pioneer American announcers, is now heard through NBC, Chicago, studios.



NURSE MARGARET FALZ hands Nick Lucas, at KSTP, a flock of requests from patients at Glen Lake sanitarium.



FRANCIS FLOOD, of KSTP, entertained by a real sheik.



PHILLIPS CARLIN, NBC assistant program director, gets his first taste of grease paint at the hands of Gladys Rice and Vincent Lopez.



JUNE PURSELL, original "KNX Girl" sings to her admirers through nearly every media. Now she's in the talkies.

Meet the Folks at KOIN, the

Feature Station of Northwest

THE broadcasting service of the Portland News, KOIN serves two nations on the North Coast.



TOM CLARKE, above, staff artist baritone.



GENE BAKER, above, senior announcer, baritone, pianist.



IRA D. MORGAN, above, former NBC star, now staff tenor and featured on morning programs.



STANLEY GRAY, left, whispering baritone and "uke" artist.



KOIN string ensemble, above, heard on classical programs.

POPULAR Rose City Beavers, right, directed by Paul Lamereaux.



MARIE LEVIN, left, staff dramatic soprano.



C. ROY HUNT, above, vice president and general manager of KOIN.



MISCHA PELZ, left, musical director and pianist.



A. R. KIRKHAM, above, program director and chief announcer, and one of the most popular announcers on the coast.



RUTH BJORK, left, accompanist, organist, secretary.



BRUCE FICHTL, left, is the sales manager.



VELVA WELLER, above, director of women's programs.



KOIN Symphony orchestra, directed by Mischa Pelz.



JOSEPHINE HUNT, right, charming hostess of the station.

The Man Behind GIVING BROADWAY THE AIR



MIKE FRIGHT is a terrible thing. Some say it is worse than stage fright. The following article by Doty Hobart tells of his many experiences as program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System in bringing Broadway stars before the unresponsive microphone.

By DOTY HOBART

OH, YES, when I say, "Giving Broadway the Air," that is exactly and literally what I mean. Wise, debonair old Broadway, fighting proud and jealous of its glamorous traditions, has come to the point where glitter, tinsel and bright lights count for nothing, and it must make its bow to the mightiest audience in the world through the medium of sound only. As the program director for one of the great trans-continental broadcast systems, it has been my privilege to have had an active part on the stage of this drama of the *dramatis personae*.

I could name a hundred Broadway stars and featured entertainers who have come to me, sometimes haughtily, sometimes a bit defiant, and again idly curious, and now and then actually eager and interested in cultivating this new world for

Isa Kramer (left) stood nervously waiting her cue to take the air; then she smiled and performed beautifully.



Few of the millions of listeners who have heard the winsome sisters, Sara and Nellie Kouns, are aware of the fine points of Radio technique they mastered in order to present their voices over the air in such carefully blended harmony. Since their first bow they never have regretted their acquaintance with the mysterious microphone. Mr. Hobart was proud of their acquisition from Broadwayland.

the entertainer—the Radio audience. For some this new acquaintance of Old Man Microphone meant a neat bridge in the gap between the speaking stage and the talking pictures. But you will perhaps be more interested in the spectacle suggested here of the first move in "Giving Broadway the Air," and a word or two of introduction to the studio director.

"What is a studio director?" you ask. Let Raymond Hitchcock answer that for you. Word had come to me that "Hitchy" had been signed up by an important advertising sponsor. It was my job to complete the arrangements for his part on the program so I went around to his hotel. Our last meeting had been in a motion picture studio. He was surprised to meet me this time as a Radio program director. He asked, just as you might have done:

"Whatever in the world is a program director? Is it as terrifying as it sounds?" My explanation was that I was writing the scripts for air performances, directing the rehearsals and putting the program on the air.

"What's this going to be, a show?" he asked. It was his first broadcast from a studio, although he had spoken over the microphone several times at banquets and dinners. "Do I have to learn a part?"

"No, 'Hitchy,' you don't have to memorize anything—just read some lines I'll write for you in the script."

"They'd better be good," was his only comment, and after telling him that I wanted about seven minutes of stories from him for the same performance I left him with instructions as to where the studio was located.

"Hitchy" was keenly interested in both the rehearsal and the air performance. After it was over and I was thanking him for his splendid work, he turned on me and said, "You know, Doty, this job of yours—this program director—intrigues me. I've got it all figured out now. Here's what a Radio program director is—stage doorman (I saw you lock the door to the studio to keep the visitors out), stage manager, playwright, scene shifter, call boy (you told me when it was my turn to go to the mike), property man (you blew the police whistle for that riot effect), impresario, prompter (you found my place for me in the script once—but only once!) and the man who raises and lowers the curtain to open and close the show. And now, just to make this a perfect evening for yourself, would you mind calling a cab for me!" And then he added, "If the theatrical unions ever invade Radio, the program director will lose his job and fifteen or twenty men take his place!"

(Continued on page 110)

WLW As "Nation's Station"

Programs Heard Regularly in

By Natalie

Virginia Lee, left, blues singer, with George Sutherland, below, announcer at WLW.



Ida Blackson, staff soprano.



Andy Mansfield, above, arranger of music. Eva Gillick, left, is an organist.



FROM red plush studios and cross talk to the austere simplicity of celotex walls and soundproof construction.

From 50 watts in 1921 to 50,000 watts in 1929.

From a now-and-then attempt to reach the next city block with one-two-three-four-can-you-hear-me programs, to almost twenty hours on the air each day with the most elaborately planned entertainment designed to interest the station's listeners in every part of North America, South America, the islands of the Pacific, passengers on ships on all the seas, and long-wave receiving sets in Europe.

That is the story of the Crosley Radio Corporation's broadcasting station, WLW, in Cincinnati, now known to the entire listening world as "The Nation's Station."

Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, had great faith in the future of Radio when he began the manufacture eight years ago of Radio receiving sets that would be available to anyone who wished to listen to what then seemed a marvelous new toy. It is doubtful, however, that even he in his most optimistic moments visualized the gargantuan child that his Radio infant would grow to be in eight years.

In 1921, Mr. Crosley began the operation of a Radio broadcasting transmitter in his home in College Hill, Cincinnati. He had begun the manufacture of Radio receiving sets to pick up sounds from the few stations that were pioneering with sound transmission. He felt that he, too, should provide sound for those who bought his Radio receiving sets.

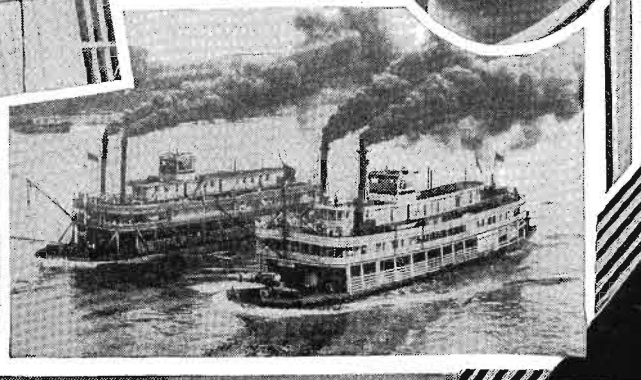
That was still within the time when the marvel of any sound, be it noise or music, was breath-taking when heard through a set of head-phones. To hear a station in the next town marked an epoch. To hear from the next state was to attain the pinnacle of heart's desire for the first Radio set owner. Mrs. Crosley delights to tell how "We thought Powel was fooling us" when he broadcast his voice to her and some of their friends assembled in the next room behind a closed door.



Captain Tom Greene, right. Above, Ted DeTurk sings comic songs. Mabel Jackson, soprano, at the top.



The Tom Greene wins river race from the Betsy Ann. WLW carried the story direct, left and above.



Is Heard Around the World

Pacific Islands and Old World

Giddings

NOW Mr. Crosley's Monday morning mail brings him Der Deutch Rundfunk, one of the leading German Radio magazines, its program pages marked to show that the magazine regularly publishes the daily program schedules of WLW. It brings him three of the largest daily papers in Cuba, each one publishing WLW programs, news stories and pictures of WLW entertainers at the insistence of thousands of Cuban listeners who will tune to no other station and for whom WLW every week broadcasts a special program in Spanish. He sees daily papers from the Bahama Islands publishing only Crosley programs because WLW is the favorite station there. His secretary must be a linguist to translate the letters that come from South America attesting to the excellence with which WLW is received even in the Andes mountains. Weekly there come to him hundreds of letters from ship Radio operators, astounded at the volume and clarity with which WLW can be picked up in all waters, from the Pacific off the Chilean coast, to the Red Sea, and on the Atlantic ocean, the Indian ocean, the Caribbean sea, and every other place where dog-watch operators while their lonely hours away with Radio entertainment.

That is Mr. Crosley's reward today for the determination to operate WLW for the greatest audience with the most satisfactory service.

And this service in the matter of entertainment, he sums up in these words, an analysis of what Radio broadcasting means to the public:

"School. Newspaper. Church. Dance. Concert. Cook book. Physical education instructor. Advisor. Entertainer of children. Counsellor. Neighbor. Doctor. Nurse. Companion. Work lightener. Soloist. Circus. Historian. Story teller. Inspirer. Friend."

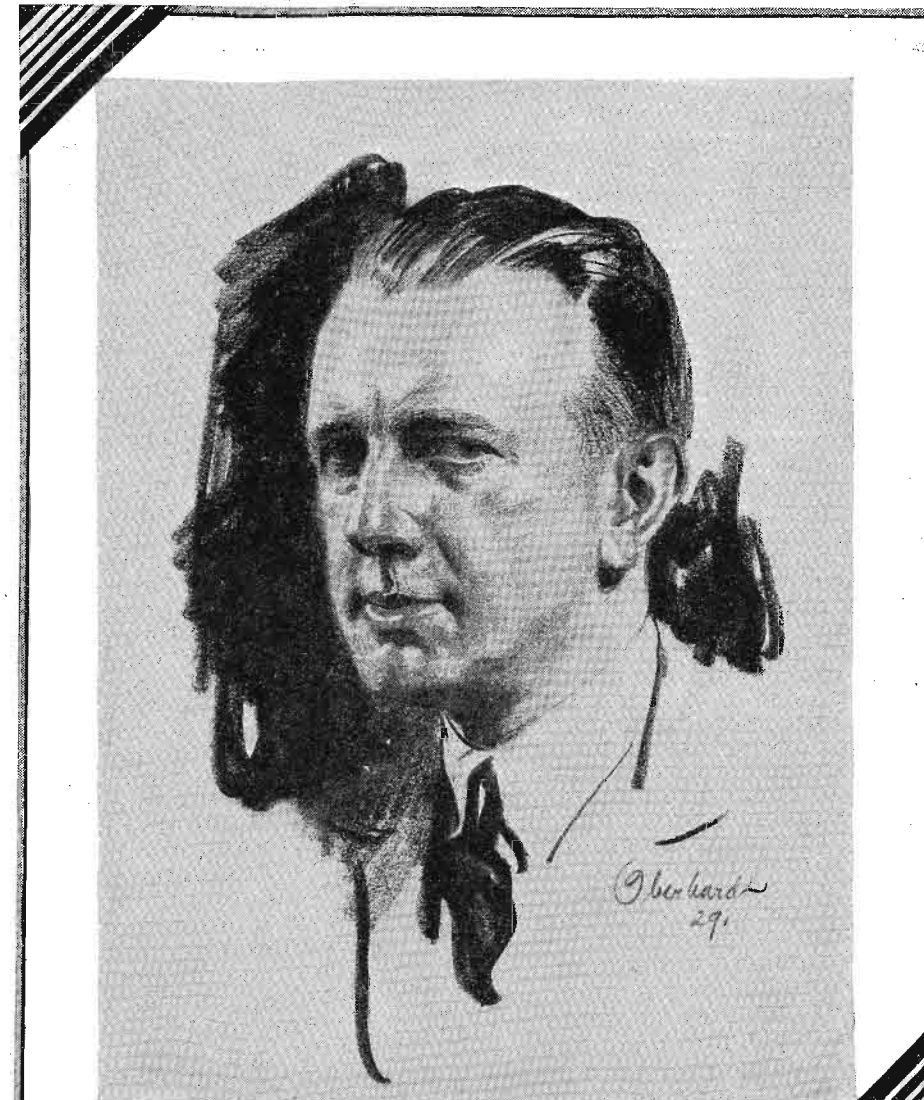
It is a far cry from that work-shop transmitter back in 1921 with Mr. Crosley as operator, announcer, engineer, and staff, to this great 50,000-watt transmitter that must be served by more than a score of engineers, and more than thirty program builders, writers and producers, to say nothing of the hundreds and hundreds of accomplished entertainers, musicians, and speakers who appear on its continuous programs.

Nor has there been more change in

Everybody knows Ford and Glenn, who are adding a partner, Gene.



Charles Nuttick, oboeist, formerly with Sousa.



Powel Crosley, Jr., who has made WLW one of the greatest stations in the world.



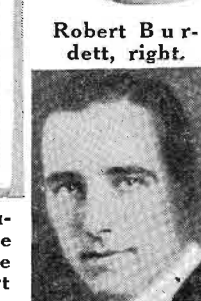
Ruth Armstrong, left, Hinkle and Ross, below, Alice Cheney.



Robert Burdett, right.



Octavio Bermudez, Argentine cowboy, in the corner, and Robert Brown, announcer.





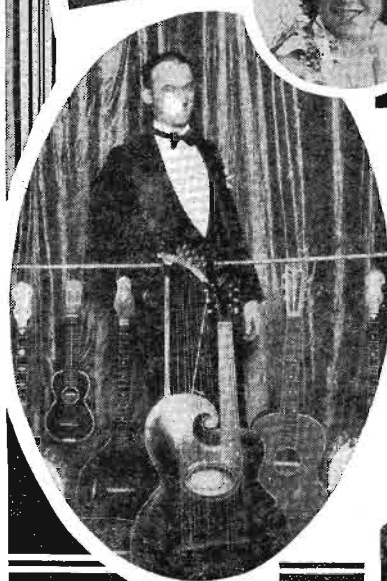
Robert Ringling, Grand Opera star, above, and Robert Emerson, production manager at WLW, at the right.



Jack Maish, left, WLW historian, Helen Fischer, below, Flower Lady.



Don Becker, author of Weekend satires, and Virginia Lee, below.



Hank Karch, Banjo player, and Marsha Wheeler, women's director.



the transmitting apparatus that sends the WLW programs out to millions of Radio receivers than there has been in the method of producing Radio programs. By the time WLW's call letters had been assigned in place of the experimental call under which it first operated, it had progressed to the elegance of a studio that was one small room, heavily curtained in red plush with only two small windows and plenty of heat. The transmitter was just behind the curtains. Generator noises were a part of the entertainment.

THE microphone resembled one of the old phonograph horns, about a yard and a half long with a horn diameter of at least 38 inches. The broadcaster of necessity had to stick his head into the horn to talk or to sing. To add to the excitement of broadcasting, engineers on the B. & O. railroad that ran a block away from the first studio of WLW, took delight in permitting the Radio audience to hear the whistle of the locomotives as they rushed past. Some of them even went so far as to insist that they could notify the division superintendent in this way that they were careful in the approach of street crossings. The racket was often so uproarious that the Radio concert would be inaudible. It sometimes was necessary for the station to "stand by" while the engineer "completed his selection."

Now WLW is about to move into its five new studios especially built on the eighth floor of the new addition to the Crosley Radio corporation's factory building. The red plush drapings long ago gave way to studio construction that more nearly approached perfection, for the WLW studios in the past were decidedly adequate for the productions broadcast by its 5,000-watt transmitter.

But these new studios of WLW are to be the ne plus ultra of perfection. Sound treated material, representing the most exhaustive researches of acoustical engineers, will line the studio walls. Although it means little to the average Radio listener to know that this wall treatment will cut down reverberations equally at all frequencies, they cannot fail to notice, when the new studios begin to be used, that the monotony of tonal quality so often noticeable in Radio programs, will have disappeared and music and voices will have the same vibrant qualities characteristic of sounds heard by the human ear unassisted by the mechanical equipment that is Radio.

Once upon a time, visitors were invited to watch the programs of WLW. When the 5,000-watt transmitter was installed, and that was a "super-power" station four years ago, a large auditorium separated from the two studios



Polly and Anna, the "Glad Girls." At the left, Ford Billings, director of Crosley broadcasting.



J.A. Chambers, right, technical supervisor. B. Y. Williams, Rhyme Reaper.



Richard Pavey, right, announcer. Al Schweling's baby, below.



The Rhythm Rangers of WLW, pictured at the right, make mean harmony.



Eva Powell, above, William Stoess, musical director, B. H. Darrow, below, School of the Air.



Otis Keeton, lower left, and Virginia Lee.



Little Jack Little, "Lone Eagle."

by glass walls, was prepared for the accommodation of Radio listeners who wanted to watch as well as hear. That was before broadcasting became a business, however. That was before 50,000-watt transmitters magnified every defect in studio pick-ups. That was before microphones were so sensitive that they could record sounds that never could be audible to the human ear alone; and before this magnifying of Radio sounds made impractical the reverberations set up by the great panes of glass in the studio walls.

SOME months ago, the amazing growth of WLW's staff made necessary by its continually increasing commercial building and its many hours on the air, created such a demand for floor space that the WLW auditorium was made into offices for announcers and continuity writers. Now admittance is by invitation, and visitors see the Radio program only through the glass doors of the studio.

When the new studios are completed, however, the only way to see a Radio program will be to buy one. Small windows opening onto audition rooms will provide program sponsors with an opportunity to watch the entertainment.

Regretful though he was that anyone should be denied the opportunity of watching the Radio performances they had so often heard, Mr. Crosley decided he would have to consider the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

"Perfect transmission is what every listener has a right to expect just as he must expect perfect reception from his Radio receiver," Mr. Crosley says.

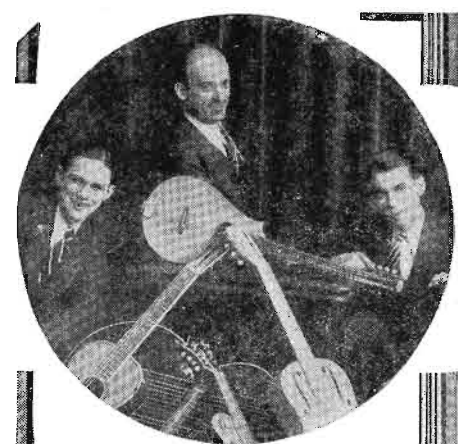
"And perfect transmission with a 50,000-watt transmitter like ours, means that every detail of studio construction must be perfect. That's why the glass windows through which we used to display our programs in the making had to go."

Programs now! Programs now have changed from those early days of Radio as much as power and equipment have grown.

Mr. Crosley's first little transmitter demanded nothing much in programs. Even the next transmitters—100 watts and 500 watts—were operated on the spur of the moment, as it were.

Some musicians were glad to appear before the microphone because of the "newness" of Radio broadcasting. Others, however, would have nothing to do with the new "toy." They thought it beneath their dignity as "artists." The phonograph was the most important staff member and its music was picked up from in front of the microphone in

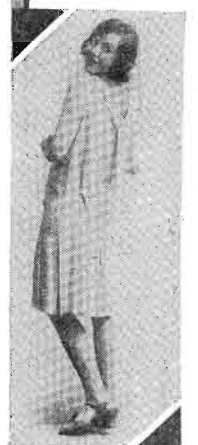
(Continued on page 114)



Five o'clock Hawaiians. W. A. Duff, left, School of the Air, and Dr. W. R. McConnell, below.



Melville Ray, lower right, and Virginia Lee.



Crosley Burnt Corkers are seen above; seven of 'em.



Vladimir Bakeleinkoff, conductor of the Selby Symphony orchestra.

He Shanghaied

A YOGHI BUT You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

By Howard R. Marsh

"HE'S locked in my stateroom now," Sullivane repeated. He leaned forward to drop the dead ashes from his cigar between his heavy flat feet. "He's worth a million dollars to me, I tell you, and I keep him well-locked, I'll say. No chance of his getting away."

Sullivane glanced around the little circle in the smoking room of the *Empress of the Orient*, his small eyes gleaming triumphantly. The other men had been watching him intently, but when his eyes would meet theirs they looked away. Young Van Vleet jerkily uncrossed his long legs and began to rub the palms of his nervous hands up and down his knees; his brown eyes studied the gaudy gilt chandelier overhead which shook with the vibrations of the engines in the pit three decks below. Pelham, the blond Englishman with saturated-blue eyes, teetered back and forth against the floor-fastened center table and yawned. He raised a hand to cover his mouth, and the back of it shone with moisture, for the night was hot and the atmosphere heavy; the heat of Calcutta still clung to the steamship. In the corner two American business men, Hubbard and Cheney, the one tall and broad-shouldered with a large face and projecting teeth, and the other small and pudgy and dandified, stared at the floor, obviously not proud that the man Sullivane claimed to be a compatriot.

Sullivane's fat fingers searched his vest pockets for a match while he challenged the circle with his watery eyes. His fingers were big and strong, but they shook unhealthily. He didn't find a match and ended by chewing his dead cigar, rolling it between his thick lips and flecking imaginary ashes from time to time.

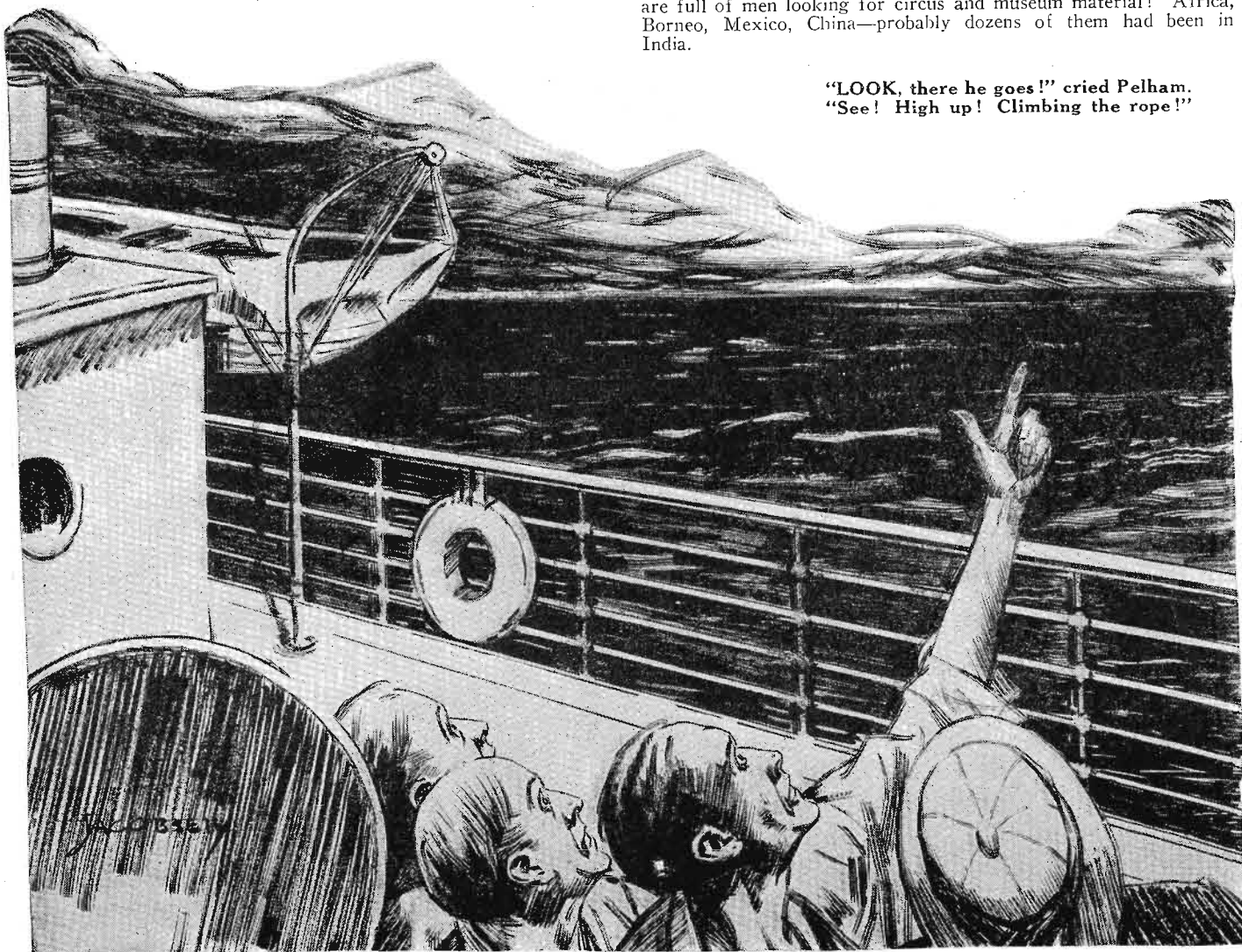
"I managed the one and only Abyssinian Princess. With Barnum you know." He swelled visibly; cushions of fat showed at the base of his skull. "She had three legs, all real. When she died—didn't exercise her legs enough, I guess—I managed to pick up Samsonia, the iron-jawed woman. She was a peasant from Austria, with the back and neck muscles of an elephant. Say, she could tear chains, or packs of cards, or anything she could get her teeth on. Lift two men at once by taking the tags of their belts in her mouth. Samsonia was about the best attraction I ever had. . . . Well, she and I had a difference one day. She was a bruiser, I'll tell you. I had to hit her with a chair or she'd have mashed me. Some of her teeth came out. She was ruined, of course, for my business. Rotten luck, I call it. Right in the middle of the season, too. Still, I had twelve thousand dollars laid by. Not bad in six years, eh?"

"I was looking around for a fat woman, a human skeleton or a midget when Hohensight—or Hohenseit, though I always called him Hohen, plain Hohen—tackled me one day.

"Sullivane," he says, 'I served a hitch in the islands, and I got over to India a couple of times. Sullivane,' he says, 'if you want to make your fortune easy, just get one of those Hindu fakirs. Gosh, the things they do!' Then he told me of the rope stunt and the mango tree stunt and the coconut water stunt. Swore he had seen all three with his own eyes.

"I'M WISE, I am, and for a while the thing didn't appeal to me. Here's the way it looked: If those fakirs were so blamed good, why hadn't old Phineas T. grabbed off a few? Or some other enterprising circus man. Love me, but the woods are full of men looking for circus and museum material! Africa, Borneo, Mexico, China—probably dozens of them had been in India.

"LOOK, there he goes!" cried Pelham.
"See! High up! Climbing the rope!"



BELIEVE it or not these mystics from the Orient know their mango trees, and when Sullivane, the circus showman, saw a Yoghi plant a seed and make a full sized tree grow up instantly before his own eyes he decided to bring the act to Broadway. It would have meant a million dollars if Yoghi hadn't been quite so good with his magic rope.

SUDDENLY came a woman's scream and the loud cry of "Man overboard."

"Why hadn't they grabbed off one of those birds who could make a tree grow fifty feet high in three minutes? That's what I asked Hohensight. 'Easy,' he says, 'No one can get them to leave their native clime, and they won't perform except when they want to.' Seems that they are religious fanatics or something and won't leave off praying and preaching.

"They're beggars, too, according to Hohensight, beg their food. That's what landed me. Show me the man who's begging his bread and I know he'll do anything for real money!"

"Well, I had the money and I had the time. It was rotten picking among the midgets and bearded ladies, too; nothing worth charging two bits to see. So I took Hohensight last year to India. Just the two of us; him to show me the ropes and keep me company, me to grab off the best A-1, hair-raising prestochango fakir in the whole brown country."

Sullivane found a match this time; its flare accentuated the unhealthiness of his raw, fat face, his cunning eyes.

"Hohensight and I crossed a year ago now. The crazy fool was wild to get back to that country. Me, it didn't agree with me from the first, but I stuck it out. I wanted a fakir and I wanted one bad. We hung around Calcutta for a month, and I saw one or two stunts that would lift the hats right off your heads. But Hohensight kept telling me to lay off.

"Wait until we find a Rishi!" he said one day when I wanted to sign up a fakir who made a bucket of water dwindle to the size of a pea and grow big again. "That bird's just an ordinary Pundit!" He went on to tell me that there were three brands of beggars, castes, he called them. But say, those common or garden variety of Pundits were no slouches. No, siree! I saw with my own eyes one of them put a coconut out in the air and leave it there, five feet from the ground. I tried to lift a half-pound stone one of them pointed at and I couldn't budge it until he broke the spell and I almost fell over backward with the thing in my hands.

"Hohen," I says, 'that's the bird I want. Let's get an interpreter and talk turkey to him!' But Hohensight wouldn't listen. 'Wait until you see a real stunt!' he kept saying. I waited.

"WE STUCK around Calcutta for a month, as I said. More of the street fakirs as we got used to their native haunts. Then I go sick. It wasn't the fault of the town. Say, the English"—Sullivane looked at Pelham—"the English sure have made a real town out of that place. Wonderful; safer than Chicago any time." He smiled ingratiatingly at Pelham, but the Englishman averted his face and studied a ring on his finger.

"Well, I was sick, I was telling you." The man's health seemed oddly important to his auditors. The vessel shook and surged, and men's bodies strained to meet the changes just as their minds strained to meet Sullivane's words.

"Sicker'n a dog for three weeks or six weeks. I don't know; every day was alike. You know how it is in the brown and yellow lands, not trusting anyone. But Hohensight was good to me; I'll give him credit. The poor devil is dead now. Not a big brain, you understand; couldn't keep up with me a-tall. But faithful.

"Soon as I was on my feet Hohensight talked me into going



inland. I was all for grabbing off the first fakir we saw, understand, and getting for home, Bruno. Hohensight kept holding me off, promising something better. Believe me, I saw something better. I saw black magic. At Mirzapur I first glimpsed the mango tree stunt. Say! How many of you ever saw that? Huh?"

He glanced around the circle; none of the men met his eye. "This was a Yoghi, this bird that did it. At least that's what Hohensight called him. Brown face, black whiskers, and a look of I-am-close-to-a-thousand-gods in his eye. . . . Say, let's have a drink! Boy!"

"In the public square this old Hindu dug a hole with a stick, say six inches deep. Into it he dropped a mango. About as big as our pear, you know. He pushed the dirt back into the hole and I stood watching it, not twenty yards away. Not a thing showed out of the ground, and I was just starting to kid Hohensight about his fakir when I looked up. Men, honest-to-Buddha, there was a full-sized mango tree above the spot that mango was buried; fifty feet high it was, in full foliage, mangoes and all. It was blurred-like at first, and I rubbed my eyes. Then it got more natural; it was just as lifelike as any tree I ever saw, and say"—Sullivan's voice dropped to a husky whisper—"I can't hardly tell you, but . . . I went over and climbed that tree! Before all the gods of India, I did! Something made me do it. Swung up in the branches and the brown man's eyes smiling right through me and never seeing me. . . . Say, boy, I'll have a drink. Who'll join me?"

No one accepted the invitation. Sullivan made a gully noise over the half-tumbler of whisky; wiped his protruding lips on the hairy blanket of his hand's back. "I climbed that tree!" he said as he sank back into his chair.

"I CLIMBED into the branches and came down and walked away and turned, and the tree was still there. I stood and watched it, feeling like either a fool or an angel. . . . Guess there's not much difference, huh? . . . That Yoghi stopped looking so meet-me-in-paradise-like and then the tree began to dissolve. It went out, that's what it did, like a tree goes out in a mist cloud. I've seen that, too, in the old country, where the fog comes thick—trees going out in the mist—and that's what that big mango tree did. . . . Boy, fill it up! I call that a he-man's drink. Four fingers, and I need it after all I went through on that sun-baked pavement of hell!"

Pelham muttered something to young Van Vleet. Both shook themselves, both looked toward the door as though intending to leave. Neither left.

"After I shook off the creeps I tried to talk to that Yoghi, but he raised his eyes and looked right through me . . . awful; then he spread a coconut mat on the ground and made a sign for the natives to gather near. I was afraid of him; honest, I was. I'm no coward, either, I'll tell you. . . . Well, I backed away and waited until the come-on spiel was over and then I followed that brown magician to sign him up. He ditched me, clean.

"I got sick again. Rotten whisky over there. . . . Then we went to Agra. One devil of a trip, I'll say. But it was worth it. I got my Yoghi. I got him aboard this ship. He's locked in my stateroom now—if he hasn't made himself into a cloud of smoke and seeped out the cracks. Wait till we hit Broadway!"

"They tell me the most beautiful building in the world is at Agra. I never saw that. Anyway, it was just built by some old runder, some *shah*, for his favorite lady. Lot of good it must have done her, too, because it took more than twenty years to build, with twenty thousand of the brown huskies working on it. . . . That's efficiency for you. . . . Well, I didn't see it anyway, I saw the muddy old river there, though, and it gave me the willies. Like a dead man's eyes, you know.

"BUT the best thing I saw in Agra was this world-beater I captured. He was working the public square with two or three hundred people watching him; he was talking a brown streak. At last he took a rope about fifteen feet long and an inch thick in his hand, hung on to one end of it and threw the other up into the air. Men, that rope never came down! It stuck there! Listen! That Yoghi let go with both hands and that rope stuck there as stiff as the center-pole of a tent. Then that Yoghi took hold of the rope with both hands and—Here, boy, let's have another snifter. . . . He climbed that rope, that blamed hanging, stiff rope. Climbed it up and up, and the higher he climbed the shorter the rope was under him and the longer it was over his head. Honest to Gawd, men, that brown devil climbed up out of sight! I watched him until my eyes ached in the glare of that blinding sky; when I looked again he was gone. . . .

"It's the truth, men. I'm not in my liquor. It's the truth. And I've got the man that did it. He's locked in my stateroom. I told you so. And he is. He's locked in my stateroom this minute unless he's made himself into a cloud of smoke and slipped out. . . . Who'll drink with me? . . . Yes, I got him. Say, the next day I found him. He was squatting on a rug in the same square, talking ah's, oo's, ee's to a mob of the brown devils. 'Hohen,' I says—Hohensight was with me then.

you know—"Hohen, there's a thousand in it for him." To myself I added, 'there's five million in it for you, Sullivan, old man.' Understand? Five million. . . . What about a drink around?"

"Well, we talked through a dozen interpreters to that black magic bird; he looked us over and looked us through and looked into our hides and saw all of our ancestors. Then he picked up his little bag and pulled his rags around him and walked away. Walked fast, understand, with us and our bunch of interpreters trailing him.

"Tell him," I says to an Englishman who was willing to bargain with any devil for the price of some whisky and quinine, there's lots of Englishmen like that in India"—Sullivan leered a little at Pelham—"In India and elsewhere as for that—"Tell him," I says to this rat of an Englishman, 'we'll pay him more money than he ever saw; tell him we'll buy him five wives, ten suits of clothes and all the food between here and Bombay. Tell him anything, but get him to come along.' But that brown devil of a Rishi, or was he a Yoghi? I forget now, and Hohensight, he isn't here to tell me, poor devil. He's dead, understand. . . . One more little snifter. Oh, come now. . . . Well, that fellow down in my stateroom, that brown magician, he wouldn't come with us. He walked away and dodged and—Well, as I said, there's Englishmen who would sell out their mothers for a drink—"Again Sullivan leered at Pelham, who was gnawing at his little blond mustache, his face white and hard. He made no move, however; probably thought Sullivan was too far in his liquor.

"THIS Englishman said he'd fix it for us for five hundred dollars. Shall I tell you how he did it? The opium, the wooden box, the bribes of native officers and all? Sure, I'll tell you. . . . No, I won't. Sometime I might want to get me another magician out of that damned country and I'll not tell you how. . . . It cost me better than two thousand dollars, not counting the five hundred I was to pay the Englishman. I got him tight for ten dollars and slipped away. Good business, you see. Well, it cost me two thousand dollars for this chest with the brown man in it delivered aboard boat. Hohensight was killed, too, by some of the brown devils. But, then, I didn't need him any more. Still, I missed him; he kept me bucked up when I got the creeps. . . . Fill her up again, boy."

Sullivan half-closed his eyes—gloated as the liquor poured into his glass. Suddenly he jerked up, wagged his head belligerently. "Well, why don't you say something, you stiff?" His little eyes focused with difficulty on Pelham. "You, you lion's tail-twister, why don't you congratulate me on pulling off a stunt like that? Huh? . . . Say something! I've got better than any gold mine that ever existed down in my stateroom. . . . Ho, that's it, is it? Don't believe me, huh? Think I'm lying to you. Think I'm drunk!"

"Damn your doubting hearts, I'll show you! You just wait a minute and I'll show you! I'll get him up here if I have to kick him all the way. . . . The brown devil, he won't perform for me now, but I'll make him tonight or I'll cave in his head. . . . You wait, I'll get him." Sullivan's eyes beared around the little circle in the smoking room; he slid toward the door, admirably sure-footed in the pounding and surge which shook the vessel and bodies, and breaths, too.

SOMEONE sighed when the door closed behind the man, an ashamed sigh of mixed aversion and release. Van Vleet's hands clutched his knees; he addressed Pelham in a low voice.

"Make of it?" repeated the Englishman. "Well, your countryman is feeling his liquor. . . . Of course, all he says about the fakirs is true, fairly so. They do what he says they do. They've done it for generations—centuries, I fancy. Marco Polo saw the very tricks this—this blighter you know—talks about. Since then many of us have seen them. . . . Yes, I have.

"Explain it? Well, explain mesmerism of suggestion, or whatever you call it, and I'll explain these tricks. Here's the way it seems to me." The four men in the room leaned toward him, and he turned slightly to address them all. "It's like this: We Western peoples have spent hundreds of years on material things; we've studied them, bent all our energies on them—our most intense thoughts. And see what we have as the result! Marvels! Automobile, inventions, comforts, sciences. The wireless, the typhoid vaccine, pneumatic hoists, bath rooms, a million things the Oriental mind never conceived. Grasp the idea?"

"We've made material progress, wonderful material progress. And all the time we've been concentrating on these things the Hindu has been sitting in the sun concentrating on himself, on his mind, on minds everywhere. He was doing that long before our civilization existed, and he's been doing it ever since. Is it any wonder he has made advances in the field of mental influence far beyond us? Think it over.

"All the advance he has made in his field doesn't compare with what we have made in ours. That's the answer as I see it. See what marvels the Greeks did in plastic art for similar reasons! Concentration; each step in advance handed from father to son, and perhaps once in a thousand years another step. That's the way it goes, you know; the fakirs—there really aren't many of them—do exactly the same tricks their fathers. . . ."

THE door opened and a Hindu entered. Sullivan followed close behind—a figure threatening, triumphant, determined. Yet the fakir seemed willing enough for all that, he huddled his rags tightly around his skinniness and blinked owlishly at the light.

He was an old man, surely, but black-bearded; his eyes, too, were black, his skin the color of wet chamois, his arms and shins bony, with gray patches showing against the brown. Involuntarily the circle in the smoking room closed in until each man was touching his neighbor. They knew what Sullivan meant when he described the man as "near to a thousand gods."

Sullivan spat on the floor, then fixed his eyes on Pelham, saying with them as distinctly as in words, "See, you cocky Englishman, I'm pretty good, after all." But he didn't speak, nor did any of the others. A few seconds later Sullivan pulled a rope from behind his back and held it toward the Hindu. The fakir took it passively enough in his claws. Sullivan scowled, then suddenly began a series of antics, all solemn, which were to indicate to the Hindu that he was to throw the rope into the air and climb it; as a final gesture he advanced threateningly with his fists raised.

The Hindu understood clearly enough; he couldn't have helped it; but for a moment he seemed determined not to understand. Then, like a flash from a lighthouse over rocky shores, his eyes gleamed under his shaggy brows a second and dulled again. He motioned to the ceiling; obviously he meant it was too low. He motioned to the door and up toward the deck. He turned and led the way.

VAN VLEET slipped away in the passage to invite his bride to witness the promised magic. Four men, Sullivan and the Hindu clustered under the masthead light on the upper forward deck. No others were there; the passengers, jaded and enervated, had retired. The planks were still sweating, although it was almost midnight. From off shore, across the Bay of Bengal, came the wind of India, insistent, penetrating, as from the open door of a furnace. Except for the sheen of the deck, the blackness was that of smoke, dense, impenetrable; it divided ahead of the boat, on the boat, and closed again behind it.

Close to the rail, with the outer edge of light shining strongly on him, the Hindu squatted. Ten yards away, closely huddled around the mast, stood Pelham and his three companions; Sullivan was midway between his prize and his audience.

The Hindu stood in silence for a moment, his eyes fixed on Sullivan and the group behind him. He began to intone. Pelham, low-voiced, translated the words: "Ago, ago, far ago, when Brahmadata was Benares' king, the Bodhisatta, a white crane, was born, close beside a lake in the Neigherry Mountains whose waters never allow the lotus to fade; where things change not and the air is pure as breath of blossoms." The voice from the rail sank lower and lower; it ceased, then intoned words which Pelham did not repeat, could not. Again there was silence.

A brown hand gleamed in the light. Sullivan took a half step forward. "See!" he cried, "The rope is up, straight up! See! What did I tell you! Like the centerpole of—" He stopped abruptly; the Hindu was gazing at him with eyes which shone like a cat's against the blackness behind him.

TOMMY CREIGHTON, "Doughboy of the Air"

The War Will Never End for this Veteran While Disabled Buddies Need His Help

By E. E. MATTSON

WHEN April, 1917, rolled around and the echoes of war rumbled into the American home, Tommy Creighton was one of the several millions who heeded the call to arms. Of course, that was long before Radio was known. "Wireless" was the word then, but "Radio" was coined after the war had ended. However, that has nothing to do with this particular story.

Tommy, who later in years became known as the "Doughboy of the Air," marched away with his several million buddies, all a-smiling and singing the then popular airs "Over There," "The Yanks Are Coming," and others, and after two years of pounding at the enemy found himself, or what was left of him, quite happy that armistice had been declared.

November 11, 1918, was more than simply another day to Tommy. It was Armistice Day and a new sun was shining then. Tommy was a hospital case, pretty badly damaged, but it did not stop him from looking ahead. A few years trickled by. Radio stepped into action, and with it Tommy



Tommy Creighton

"There he goes," muttered Pelham. "Sullivan himself! See! High up!"

A BROAD back, the sporty checkered suit of Sullivan, above the deck—this the little group huddled near the mast saw; five feet above the deck, ten feet; the unhealthy rolls of fat at the base of the man's skull, the big head thrown back, looking up; fifteen feet above the deck, now up to the last fringe of rays from the masthead light, and still up, up into the blackness. He was gone. The wind from India blew out of the blackness, heavily laden with heat and salt-flavored perfume. The blackness parted ahead of the vessel, closed over it from above, closed in behind it. The Hindu, huddled against the rails, peered into the darkness, intoning soft words.

"Ah!"

A tenth second of silence on the forward deck, then a woman's scream and running steps. Van Vleet rushed into the group. "Hi! Hi!" His cry was challenging, breath-taking. "Man overboard! Sullivan! He threw himself over the side just as we came up the stairs!" He rushed to the rail; Pelham, smiling grimly, still a little dazed, followed him and watched the white doughnut of a life preserver, sail out into the blackness over the port side. Bells rang; the boat shook itself as its engines reversed. The wail, "Man overboard!" was cried and echoed and repeated and echoed again.

Van Vleet turned on Pelham. "What was the matter?" He bit off his words. "Couldn't you see what he was going to do? I could tell the minute I saw him! What was the matter with you?"

PELHAM shook his head. "I saw the rope straight up in the air. I saw Sullivan climb it; I saw the rope there, still stiff. Then you cried out, and when I turned back I saw nothing of Sullivan. . . . So he threw himself overboard, did he? . . . You understand, don't you, now? Thought he was climbing, I fancy, too. . . . That man—" Pelham pointed to the Hindu, whose eyes still gleamed strangely, then stood for a moment silently listening. "Ho, he's telling of Buddha and how he chose to be reincarnated in the flesh of man to undergo earthly suffering. . . . Odd, isn't it? Now, do you suppose anyone could call him a murderer for what he did to Sullivan? Rum question to decide. . . ."

The *Empress of the Orient* was turning now almost as though on an axis, her screws racing in reverse. Davits were creaking, small boats being lowered into the water. There was confusion, yet the forward deck remained deserted except for the group of men from the smoking room and the bride, whose face was strained and white, and who clutched at Van Vleet's arm.

"Agh!" It was a gasp from the woman; all turned. Again they saw straight up in the air the rope; they saw the Hindu climbing it, smiling down on them with eyes far above them in height and understanding. He climbed up and up; up above the light from the masthead, up into the blackness.

The second officer came running down the deck. His questions were checked by Pelham. "Did you, by chance, happen to see a Hindu throw himself into the water?" Pelham asked quietly, "You know, we all saw him climb up toward the stars."

found a new occupation. "Why, I'm not done yet," thought he. The "Doughboy of the Air" was born. His became the duty to tell Radio fans about the war and how it had brought ill-fortune to many of his buddies. Thousands of them are still in hospitals and will never come out in good health. Tommy has probably done more than any one individual to bring cheer and aid to the needy soldiers of the World War.

When KYW became the first station in Chicago, he visited the offices of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company and induced the managers of KYW to let him do his stuff on the air. The "Doughboy of the Air" became a fact. The late Charles E. Erbstein assisted Tommy materially in putting over this good work. Large sums of money were gathered, hales of clothing, quantities of cigarettes and tobaccos were sent into the station for distribution by the "Doughboy of the Air." Tommy's work has won for him the admiration of thousands of crippled soldiers as well as others who had better luck, and all because of the wonderful cause he is championing.

Tommy Creighton left Chicago not long ago to feature in a movietone by Paramount, depicting the world war and its ravages. We know Radio fans everywhere will enjoy seeing Tommy in action. Countless numbers of listeners would like to see Tommy in war paint.

Listeners Like Henry Field

Pioneer Broadcaster of Shenandoah Wins Caters to Sympathetic Audience

NOT so very long ago a smart young country boy found himself face to face with the problem of a career. He wanted to be a great farmer and he wanted to be a great merchant. He looked over the fertile acres of his piece of land in southwestern Iowa and determined to be both.

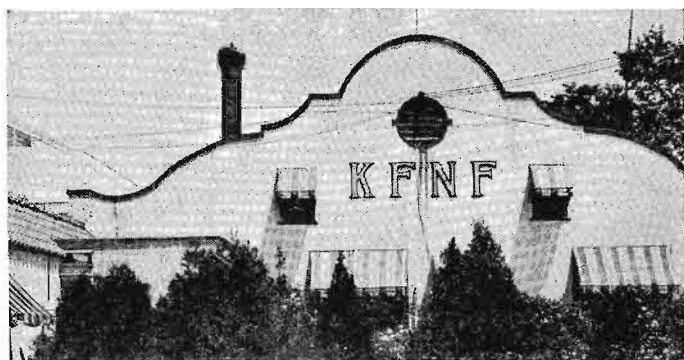
Along with an active mind and a courageous heart he had an easy, confidential manner in the use of his tongue. To hear him talk was to be impressed with his sincerity and earnest good will. With all these assets he set about raising a superior crop of everything—better corn, better wheat, better clover, better beans. He had studied it all out. The neighbors all noticed that his fields were quite above the average.

After the harvest he did not go to the regular markets. He sold his grains to his neighbors at a premium price. That was the beginning of the Henry Field Seed company of Shenandoah, Iowa, thirty-five years ago. A great farmer and a great merchant—he saw his career taking shape before him. Soon he had a crew of salesmen carrying the Henry Field seeds into broader territories.

Prior to February, 1924, when Henry Field depended on the agricultural papers for the promotion of his business, he did a volume of \$600,000 a year. In February he launched KFNF and then he came through with his real merchandising ability. He knew what the farmers wanted and gave it to them with a full measure. The gift of gab that had been a part of his intellect and courageous heart carried him directly to the farmer's hearthstone with a language that was his own. Henry Field himself was and continues to be the soul of KFNF, although there are plenty of competent entertainers as the pictures on this page will testify. Within a short time the Radio developed the Henry Field Seed company from a \$600,000 annual income to \$2,500,000 annual income.

He stirred up a hornet's nest with his direct selling methods and all sorts of pressure was brought to bear to squelch him. But the farmers rushed to his aid. "Besides, what real harm is there in naming the price of a thing that is for sale?" argued Henry. "The selling is the story and the price is the climax. It's the answer to the inevitable question in the mind of the listener, 'Well, how much is it?'"

The boy who started out to be a great farmer and a great merchant has made his goal. In fact he has gone a step farther and kicked the old leather right between the posts by being a variety entertainer. What Henry Field started three years ago the effete East is just beginning.



Quite contrasted to the city studio located in a skyscraper, you see KFNF above as it is in the midst of a verdant garden with four acres of flowers.



Pate Simmons, right, is right hand man to the Boss and equally handy with pitchfork or microphone.

Andrew Martin, above, is so good as an "old time fiddler" they say he even out fiddles some of the real old timers.



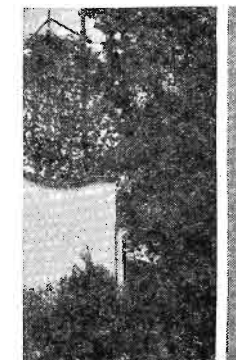
JAMES Pearson, above, gives the KFNF listeners religion in the morning and news in the afternoon.



Kings of the Air at KFNF play with royal zest whether it be for the merry dance or the more difficult classical presentations. Each is an artist capable of solo or ensemble work.

as Farmer's Friend at KFNF

Confidence With "Over the Fence" Talks With Single Style of Programs



"We are neither high-brow nor low-brow, just average folks," says Henry Field, right, who has made KFNF one of the best known "folks" stations.



LuEtta Armstrong, above, was one of the very first to be heard over KFNF. They all call her "Our LuEtta."



Old Time Fiddlers include Mrs. Lester Smith, who "chords"; Lester, who fiddles, and John Belding (right), banjoier.



Edith Swartz, right, the Prairie Flower, who croons Dixie and cowboy melodies.



Inez Molison and Sid McIlvain (above) do a duo that is one of the most popular features at KFNF. Note Sid's well trained guitar.



"Give us hymns," write the listeners. And Henry gives 'em hers—because this Ladies' Chorus specializes in hymns.

Radio's Land of Make Believe

EVERY evening Jolly Bill and Jane thrill millions with their adventures in the shadowy kingdom of make believe that childhood loves and grown-ups adore—over the N. B. C. system.

By William H. Gregory

A COUPLE of years ago the cynics of the Newspaper Club in New York began to realize that a really great personality, an apostle of good cheer and happiness had entered their ranks. The new member possessed a unique faculty for getting the most joy out of life, for he gazed on life's panorama through the eyes of childhood.

The newcomer, who was quickly recognized as a genius in the rendezvous of the writing craft in New York, was none other than William Steinke, cartoonist and humorist, known to the Radio world as "Jolly Bill." Today "Bill" Steinke, everyone calls him "Bill," is one of the most sought after entertainers in the metropolitan area. His fame is country-wide, his friends are legionary, and if he accepted even a small percentage of the invitations that pour in to him, he would never see his family.

When the writer was asked by the editor of Radio Digest to send along a story on "Jolly Bill," it seemed like a most pleasant assignment. Here was a great character with millions of admirers throughout the country, a man who has etched his name high on the role of Radio achievement through his originality and sparkling wit, and beloved by fans of all ages. However, the task of adequately conveying to the reader a true pen picture of this man of so many accomplishments evolved into an undertaking more complicated than the writer anticipated, especially after interviewing Jolly Bill himself on the subject.

IT SEEMS fairly well established that Bill was born at Scranton, Pa. He explains this by saying that as his family was Pennsylvania Dutch he thought it would be a nice gesture when coming into the world if he were born in that state. When five years old he started out on his first expedition against the Indians. Although fully equipped with a broken air rifle and accompanied by two warriors of his own age and a faithful dog, this venture was not successful. An Irish policeman named Flanagan, who seemed friendly with the Indians, escorted the expedition to the Steinke home, where Bill was persuaded to abandon hostilities. However, the part played by Mr. Flanagan in this affair was not forgotten by Bill.

A few years later, while Bill was endeavoring to materially increase nervous prostration among school teachers, it happened that Flanagan was assigned to the post at the school where the Steinke family hoped Bill was acquiring an education. By this time Bill had gained some fame among the kids by his ability to draw funny pictures. He drew caricatures of Flanagan in ridiculous poses with chalk on the sidewalk outside the school and, so there might be no mistake, he labeled the pictures with the officer's name. Flanagan, when he first saw the pictures, was amused. Then when the children came to look on him as something of a joke, and began to toss raspberry sprigs at him when he was patrolling his beat, his sense of humor turned sour. He could never get near enough to Bill to take up the subject of curbing his art, so he took the matter up with Mrs. Steinke, who promised action. Flanagan predicted that if the "young scamp" kept on he would be "one of those good for nothin' artists some day." Mrs. Steinke had a secret fear this might happen, herself, but never mentioned it.

BILL now says he just naturally became a cartoonist. After doing some work for the local papers, he decided he would look around the country a bit. So, with a stub of a pencil behind his right ear and his coat pocket bulging with samples of his work, he arrived in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He looked the town over, made a quick study of its newspapers and decided he would go to work on the Standard-American. Bill acted quickly. He walked right into the office of the editor and with characteristic directness explained his mission. "Sir," he said, "I am a cartoonist, and a corking good one, at that. I like your paper, I like Bridgeport, I can help improve and brighten your paper and I think you ought to hire me immediately."

A young man with such confidence in himself that he thus addresses an editor generally gets a chance to prove his statements. Bill landed the job and started out to prove



"OOH—just listen to that clatter of hoof-beats. It must be those wonderful horses, Harry, Dobbin and Prince coming to take us for a trip to the Land of the Pixies," and little Jane thrills with Jolly Bill in anticipation of the adventure as millions listen over the NBC broadcast.

how good he was. His popularity in the Connecticut city was quickly established. His sincere, hearty greeting gained him the familiar cognomen of Jolly Bill. This name has followed him ever since.

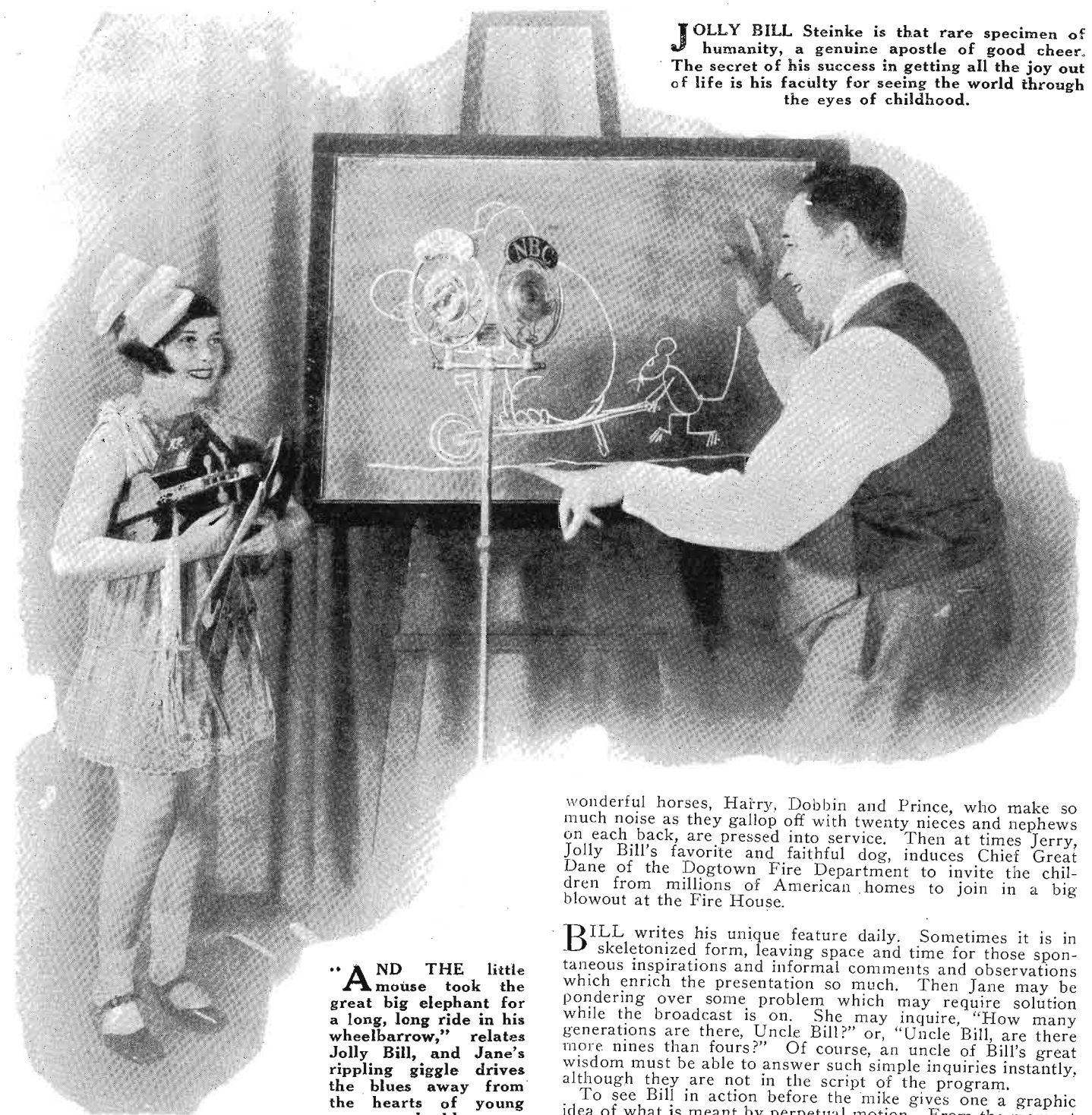
After making good on the Standard-American, Bill was induced to join the staff of the Bridgeport Post and became one of the daily features of that paper. At children's parties and banquets he completed series of lightning sketches that appeared in the following day's issue of his paper. It was at the kiddies' parties that Jolly Bill was at his best. If the affair was dull or dragging when Bill appeared with his infectious laugh and inexhaustible fund of funny stories, he turned the party into a riot. Then he originated a column called "15 Minutes at Main and Fairfield," the intersection of the two main streets of Bridgeport. Here with his pad and pencil he would make sketches of passersby. Then he would rush up to them and start his interrogation regarding their identity, residence and occupation. Almost before the startled pedestrian realized what it was all about he had given the smiling cartoonist the required information, and Bill was off at work on his next subject.

BILL was attracted to Newark by an offer to join the staff of the Newark Ledger, where he specialized in sketching the town's folk. While engaged in this capacity, Bill made his Radio debut from WOR. He gave a kiddie talk in which he explained how to draw funny pictures. During these broadcasts his famous, infectious, hearty laugh, now known to millions, was introduced to the Radio audience.

The novelty of broadcasting soon wore off and restless Jolly Bill signed up with a syndicate to make political cartoons and sketches of the celebrities at Washington. While in Washington, Bill first met President Coolidge. He sketched the President in his characteristic style and showed the chief executive the picture. Then for the first time the otherwise tight smile of the President turned into an outburst of hilarious laughter. This gained for Bill the reputation of being the only newspaper man who ever made Coolidge laugh.

Bill enjoyed himself in Washington, as he does everywhere, but New York was his goal. While the papers throughout the country were still featuring his unique sketches, he walked into the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company and told the program director that he had a kiddie feature in mind that he was certain would prove a sure fire hit. As Bill outlined his idea he pranced about the office, barked like a dog, imitated other domestic and wild animals, and laughed. While impressed by the extraordinary features of Bill's proposed diversion, it was that hearty, rollicking, infectious laugh that prompted the director to give the feature a trial.

The tryout was held over WEAJ. The response was instantaneous. A mighty flood of enthusiastic letters of approval arrived attesting to the popularity of "Jolly Bill and Jane," which is now one of the sustaining features of WEAJ. Although it was originally conceived as a kiddie feature, thousands of grown-ups are lured nightly to dial WEAJ so that they may hear Jolly Bill's laugh and enjoy the smart comments and questions of little Jane.



JOLLY BILL Steinke is that rare specimen of humanity, a genuine apostle of good cheer. The secret of his success in getting all the joy out of life is his faculty for seeing the world through the eyes of childhood.

"AND THE little mouse took the great big elephant for a long, long ride in his wheelbarrow," relates Jolly Bill, and Jane's rippling giggle drives the blues away from the hearts of young and old.

Bill's original idea was built around the theory that every little tot should have an Uncle Bill or Uncle Jack, the kind of uncle who would play and romp with them, who possessed great wisdom to answer all their questions and who could tell them the kind of fantastic tales childhood loves. He knew that many little boys and girls out in the far-spread Radio audience were being robbed of an opportunity to be swung upon the broad shoulder of such an uncle for magic trips through fairyland. He decided to "uncle" every mother's child in his audience.

The difficulty of being an uncle without at least one niece or nephew quickly became apparent so Jolly Bill decided to adopt a "Jane." All the children in the Children's Hour program competed for the distinction. The winner was an attractive little girl of nine, who became Jane. Since then she has become so Jan-ish, that if you ask her, she couldn't possibly remember being called by any other name.

Every day since, except Sunday, at 5:30 o'clock the clear mellow notes of the chimes from WEAJ herald the start of the daily adventures of Jolly Bill and Jane and many of their little friends in Make-Believe-Land. They are brought to this land of sunshine and joy on the Magic Aeroplane or the Flying Beetle or the Band Wagon. Sometimes those

wonderful horses, Harry, Dobbin and Prince, who make so much noise as they gallop off with twenty nieces and nephews on each back, are pressed into service. Then at times Jerry, Jolly Bill's favorite and faithful dog, induces Chief Great Dane of the Dogtown Fire Department to invite the children from millions of American homes to join in a big blowout at the Fire House.

BILL writes his unique feature daily. Sometimes it is in skeletonized form, leaving space and time for those spontaneous inspirations and informal comments and observations which enrich the presentation so much. Then Jane may be pondering over some problem which may require solution while the broadcast is on. She may inquire, "How many generations are there, Uncle Bill?" or, "Uncle Bill, are there more nines than fours?" Of course, an uncle of Bill's great wisdom must be able to answer such simple inquiries instantly, although they are not in the script of the program.

To see Bill in action before the mike gives one a graphic idea of what is meant by perpetual motion. From the moment he goes on the air he is in action. He lives his part. No child listening in gets a greater thrill out of the hour than Bill. He goes through the motions of helping his little nieces and nephews aboard the Magic Aeroplane, he arranges them in imaginary seats as he keeps up a constant chatter. Then when he yells "contact" and the motor speeds up as he gives the magic ship the gun, this super-Lindbergh grasps the joy stick of his ship of fancy in joyful anticipation of the adventures ahead.

And as the flight toward Make-Believe-Land progresses, Jolly Bill's animated conversation and humorous description so peculiarly characteristic bring out Jane's rippling giggle, and that giggle has enshrined her in the hearts of countless thousands as the ideal American niece. Her famous giggle is real. It has a sincere, joyous, natural ring to it that can only be produced by a happy child genuinely concerned. Jane thoroughly enjoys Uncle Bill's antics and yarns and has the childish imagination to live and see the scenes he pictures to the Radio listeners.

At times, when Jane's home-work is worrying her, you know how hard the lessons are in the 5B, she does not feel precisely like sending her famous giggle over the air. This worried Uncle Bill until he discovered she was very ticklish. There were no more "blue" days for Jane after that.

(Continued on page 101)

WJR Four Years Old

DETROIT station, operating on only clear wave in Michigan, has arrived, both financially and artistically.

WJR, DETROIT, celebrated its fourth birthday last August.

"Pass" would be a better word than "celebrate," however, for the day was not marked by speechmaking or other hub-bub, just a quiet determination on the part of the staff to make folks like WJR better during the next twelve months.

Opening with a blare of trumpets and many promises under the banner of the now defunct Jewett Radio company, WJR has passed through a number of vicissitudes to emerge under the leadership of Leo Fitzpatrick as one of the outstanding stations of the country and one of the few which have heaved the red ink bottle out of the window. Artistically and financially WJR has arrived.

Not long after the opening, Fitzpatrick was called from Kansas City to be chief announcer at WJR. The Night-
Continued on page 56)



THE Fisher Building, proclaimed as "the world's finest building," now houses the main studios of WJR, Detroit. The entire top floor of the tower is occupied.



AN ORCHESTRAL group in the main studio of WJR, Detroit.



JOHN F. PATT, assistant manager of WJR, came to Detroit from Kansas City full of ideas and enthusiasm.



WJR and "Uncle Neal" Tomy entertaining "Our Gang."



Clarence C. Moore, left, starbasshitter.



Left to right: J. Allen Grubb, Mary Wood Beatty, Lucile Fowler and Clarence Moore. Mr. Talbot and Faye Roswell (seated).



J. Allen Grubb, right, tenor of KOA Arcadians.



UNDER the masterly leadership of Freeman Talbot, KOA, the General Electric station at Denver, has been a national pioneer with new and successful ideas to entertain and thrill the great American Radio audience. Here is a bit about the KOA Arcadians, one of the most successful current features.



Mary Wood Beatty, soprano, above, and Faye Roswell, left.

Talbot Animates KOA ARCADIANS

It always has been Talbot's conviction that Radio quartets should produce better music than those on the stage. A director cannot appear on a stage without detracting interest from the quartet, but in all propriety he can be present in front of the microphone and lead his singers in uniform interpretations.

Talbot wants it clearly understood, he said when asked about his part in the success of the Arcadians, that the full command he exercises is no reflection on the singers. Each of them is a trained professional soloist of long experience, and in all probability, he says, could create just as good interpretations as he can. But four different interpretations of the same song at the same time would no more win audiences than four different ideas of fighting a war would be successful if tried at the same time.

While the Arcadians as a quartet form a comparatively new group, the individuals have had close professional contact for many years. Most of them have been singing for KOA since the station opened in 1924. They were picked for this new organization because of their excellent musicianship, their willingness to co-operate and, perhaps most important of all, because of the perfect way in which their voices blend.

Talbot brings to the Arcadians a score of years of training and experience not only in singing and playing, but also in directing.

(Continued on page 123)

By Morris Hepler

WHEN Grant took over command of the Union armies during the Civil War, they began to win battles consistently.

When Freeman Talbot took leadership of the Arcadians, the newest mixed quartet at KOA in Denver, they began to win a greater and greater audience until now they are one of the most popular groups on the air.

Which is another way of saying that the Arcadians, unlike most quartets, completely submerged their individualities in that of their director, who decided exactly how every attack, every nuance, all phrasing should be done.

John B. Daniel

STRICKEN on the eve of his wedding to Miss Bertha Cable, John Bennetts Daniel died at 2 o'clock Monday morning, August 19, of peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis. Thousands of friends and associates of the noted announcer gathered at the Campbell Funeral church to pay their last respects at the services held Wednesday, August 21. Floral tributes were received from all parts of the country.



Navy officer.

While at work in the NBC New York studio Saturday evening Mr. Daniel was stricken with a high fever and taken home. A few hours later he was rushed to St. Elizabeth's hospital, where an operation for appendicitis was performed. He was to have been married on Tuesday to Miss Cable, of Washington, D. C., the daughter of a retired

Luminaries from the Metropolitan Radio stations served as honorary pallbearers, including Graham McNamee, Edward Thorgersen, William S. Lynch, Curt Peterson, Marley Sherris and John S. Young from NBC, Edward B. Husing and Frank Knight of CBS, Walter Neff and Floyd Neal of WOR, and Thomas A. Cowan of WNYC. The Rev. Dr. Charles Goodell, of the Federal Council of Churches, read the funeral services, and the music was furnished by a quartet of Radio stars made up of Henry Shupe, Harold Branch, Darl Bethman and Emil Cote, under the direction of Keith McCleod, musical supervisor of NBC. Burial was in Rosedale cemetery, Orange, New Jersey. Among the prominent people at the services were: M. H. Aylesworth, George F. McClelland and George Engles.

Recognized as one of the most popular and best known announcers in this country, Daniel's voice was heard in many famous broadcasts. He introduced President Coolidge to the Radio audience over twenty times, and also was at the microphone for President Hoover on a number of occasions. Among the other programs on which Mr. Daniel was prominent are included the Lindbergh reception, the arrival of the Bremen Flyers, introduction of the President of the Irish Free State, both arrivals of the Graf Zeppelin, and the Coolidge and Hoover inaugurations.

Daniel was widely and favorably known for his work in putting Chicago grand opera on the air last winter, traveling back and forth between New York and Chicago every week. He was also prominent in civic and social life, particularly in Washington, numbering among his friends scores of internationally famous personages.

John B. Daniel was born in London, England, the son of Tom Daniel, noted English basso. He first attended school in Scotland, but his education was completed in the United States. Named as music critic of a New Jersey paper before he was eighteen, Daniel was heard in musical comedy and vaudeville roles shortly thereafter, besides being active in concert and church work. During the World War he spent two years in the navy.

The announcer made his Radio debut in 1925 with WJZ, later became attached to the WRC staff in Washington, transferring back to the NBC headquarters about a year ago. He is survived by his father and mother, and two brothers, Victor and Ralph.

When on the night of his death the routine of broadcasting was halted for a short memorial service by fellow announcers Milton Cross said of him, "a beautiful and cultured voice has been called by a more powerful one."

WJR Four Years Old

(Continued from page 55)

hawks had made him famous, or rather he had made the Nighthawks famous and with 5,000 watts instead of 500 it seemed like "bigger and better" things ahead.

Then financial troubles came and the outlook lost some of its rosy hue. The bankers took over the station and made Fitzpatrick manager. It was up to him to do the seemingly impossible. No Radio station ever had paid its own way and apparently such a thing was a long way off.

But among the few commercial accounts was one sponsored by the Richards-Oakland company, distributors of motor cars. G. A. Richards, young and with modern ideas, visioned a future in Radio, and it did not take a lot of persuasion on the

Now things look different. Fitzpatrick knew the Radio game; Mr. Richards had confidence in him. There was also cash enough to take the dread out of payday.

"Spend money for programs! Put WJR on the map! Never mind expense the first year!" These were some of the terse orders Fitzpatrick got from his new boss and he went to work.

HIS first step was to send to Kansas City for his former assistant at WDAF—John Patt. Patt had just received his degree at the University of Kansas, where he was director of the college broadcasting station. He came to Detroit with all the enthusiasm and assurance of a youth of 23 years. He had ideas and ideas are what make folks listen to a Radio station.

And so the second year under this regime closed with much accomplished. WJR occupies one of the choicest spots on the dial—750 kilocycles: 400 meters. You'll find it about the middle of the dial and WJR has this channel clear and free from interference. It is Michigan's only clear wave.

The original studios of WJR were in the Book-Cadillac hotel, and these are still maintained. The first of the year the main studios were installed in Detroit's newest and finest office building—the Fisher. In addition there are studios, fully equipped, in the Michigan theater, at Pontiac, where the transmitter is located, in Jean Goldkette's Graystone ballroom and in Webb's organ school.

Remote controls pick up the orchestras from the dining rooms at the Book-Cadillac, three cafes, three ballrooms and half a dozen churches.

One after another has been added to the WJR staff until now more than forty persons are regularly engaged in arranging, presenting or putting programs on the air. This number does not, of course, include the entertainers.

Until the first of the year WJR shared time with WCX, The Detroit Free Press station, which was one of the Radio pioneers, its first broadcast dating back to early in 1922. The Free Press decided it had had enough of broadcasting and vanished from the picture as the bells and whistles were announcing the arrival of 1929.

NEAL TOMY, who opened WCX and had been its director for seven years, merely threw that sign in the waste basket and erected WJR over his desk. His "Skeezix Time" had long been a favorite with the kiddies of the territory and it has been continued under the WJR banner. The Red Apple club, of which Tomy was "Chief," went out with WCX, but a variety program at 10 o'clock each Wednesday night has some of the earmarks of the older feature.

The latest addition to the regular staff is Norman White, identified with broadcasting in Detroit from the time they were yelling into a horn. For several years he conducted the Luncheon Song Review. Some folks branded it "terrible" but the mail was the largest received by any feature of the station. On special occasions it amounted to an avalanche. All of which is further proof that the Radio audience is made up of people of varied tastes. Everybody doesn't listen to the Detroit Symphony orchestra.

Another announcer came from WAFD, a small Detroit station, which folded up and disappeared last July. He was Owen Uridge and he brought the list of announcers to seven, the other two being John Eccles and John Harper, both of whom graduated from the control room.

This large announcing staff enables the director to select the right voice for each type of program. It also makes it possible for the men to have a day off regularly and to enjoy some of the joys of living that were denied Radio announcers in an earlier day when they were on duty most of the time.

WJR is on the air five days a week from 8:30 o'clock in the morning until an hour after midnight. On special occasions the time is extended. On Saturday the day's activities start at noon, but it is expected that with the coming of the Fall season the morning hours of Saturday, too, will be utilized.

WJR IS the Detroit outlet for the "blue" network of the National Broadcasting company, but also has a long list of clients who present local programs. The oldest Detroit sponsor is Casper J. Lingeman, a realtor, who has offered a weekly program for almost four years. Each week Mr. Lingeman gives a brief talk in which his own business is never mentioned. He contents himself with a brief credit announcement at the beginning and close of his program, devoting his own time on the air to the discussion of problems of municipal or national interest. In this he has set a fine example for those sponsors who are insisting on more and more commercialism in their programs. He has no intention of quitting, so his system must be getting results.

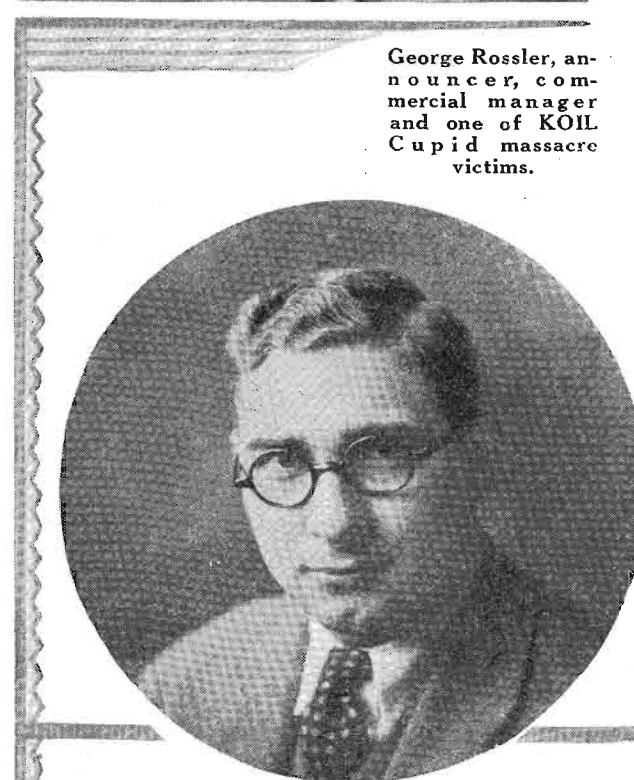
With WJR the time seems at hand when the worry is not to get business but rather to find time for those who seek its audience. The lull during July and August was much less pronounced this year than in former seasons and only gave the members of the staff a chance to get their vacations and prepare for the rush that is here as the air grows cooler and the days shorter.

KOIL Is Cupid's Headquarters

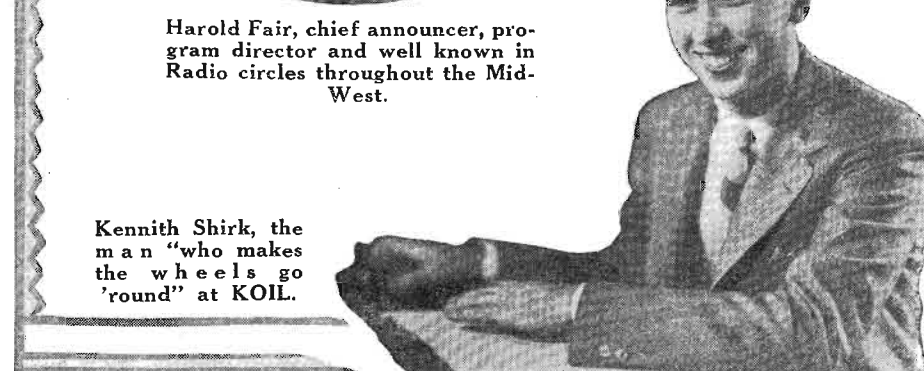
Matrimony Fails to Keep Staff Away from Mike



George Rossler, announcer, commercial manager and one of KOIL Cupid massacre victims.



Harold Fair, chief announcer, program director and well known in Radio circles throughout the Midwest.



Kenneth Shirk, the man "who makes the wheels go 'round'" at KOIL.



Wilson Doty, announcer and "sueeze box pianist."

A MARRIAGE a month is the record boasted by members of the staff of KOIL, six of the eight married artists having visited the preacher after becoming affiliated with the station.

KOIL, one of the pioneer broadcasting stations in the Middle West, is on the air this fall with a complete new transmitting system. The equipment of the \$50,000 Western Electric system includes among other features the newest type of panel board, and a ninety percent crystal controlled modulating system.

One of the original stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, KOIL acted as the western terminus of the chain until the inception of the coast to coast hookup. Operating an average 105 hours a week, including 52 hours of chain programs, the station maintains studios in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and in Omaha, Nebraska, probably the only station to be definitely associated with two states.

KOIL keeps close contact with the musical, educational and artistic groups of both Council Bluffs and Omaha, scheduling programs from the former city on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Omaha on the other evenings of the week.

A unique reputation has fallen to the lot of station KOIL, for over a period of six months a record was established of a marriage a month among the staff and regular artists. The staff consists of eleven people, six of the eight who are married having visited the preacher since joining the station.

KOIL is now planning to provide dance music for the loud speakers on their list until the wee sma' hours of the morning during the fall and winter seasons.

Evelyn Kitts, blues singer and another Cupid victim.



KMOX Broadcasts ENDURANCE

ENDURANCE contests it seems have become quite the thing of late, what with a multitude of endurance refueling flights, rocking chair marathons, locomotive record runs, fortitudinous dancing derbies, long-distance gab-fests, flagpole sitting settees, gum-chewing contentions and long periods of abstinence; but one of the most unusual endurance runs was the one recently established by KMOX, "The Voice of St. Louis," which operated continuously for 186½ hours—nearly eight days—without a moment's interruption.

This remarkable operation was done not for glory, but merely as a public service to keep the world advised of the progress of the record-breaking endurance flight of Dale "Red" Jackson and Forest O'Brine, who, at Lambert-St. Louis flying field, descended from the skies after 420 hours of riding the clouds.

Radio must ever be of public service. The message of Radio is carried on the air, which belongs to the public; so service to the public must always be paramount in Radioland.

On July 13, Jackson and O'Brine ascended in the St. Louis Robin, resolved to establish a new endurance record. They circled the clouds above the flying field like a giant albatross for ten days, public interest in the flight quickening as the boys neared the previous record of 246 hours, 43 minutes, established at Culver City, Calif., July 12, by Loren Mendell and Roland Reinhart; and at 2 minutes past 3 p. m. on July 23 they had passed the Mendell-Reinhart record. The interest of the public shot to fever heat immediately. How long would they remain up? What if an accident should occur and the air heroes would be dashed to death? What are they saying in the notes they drop? How is the motor functioning?

These and hundreds of other questions were asked and con-jured up in the minds of an anxious public. But, thanks to Radio, all the anxious need do was tune in on KMOX and have the message of the flight's progress brought to them in their homes.

For KMOX, the morning of July 23, when it appeared the sky riders would break the previous record, planted its micro- phone at the flying field, and settled down to remain to the last.

Every fifteen minutes or so, listeners on KMOX would be transferred from the studio to the air field, where bulletin announcements would be made, and then the air audience would be transferred back to the studio for a continuation of the entertainment programs.

Throughout the day and night until the evening of July 30, when the flight ended, this continued. A brief announce- ment at the air field and then more entertainment! Letters received at KMOX indicate that many listeners stayed up all night to follow, through "The Voice of St. Louis," the progress of the intrepid flyers.

James H. Higgs, business manager of KMOX, was in charge of activities at the field. Supported by a trio of announcers, who worked in relays, it was up to Higgs to keep the pro- grams, broadcast from the field, up to the minute, and thou- sands of letters attest to the splendid job he did.

Woody Klose and Al Hurt of the KMOX staff of an- nouncers, remained at the field day and night, as did Higgs, sleeping quarters having been provided by executives of the

RECORD flight of St. Louis Robin put on the air as station estab- lishes mark of 186½ hours of continu- ous broadcasting.

air field, and George Junkin, director-announcer of KMOX, could take the mike from midnight until 6 a. m., while the others caught a few hours' sleep.

SPEAKING of sleep, one of the humorous incidents which occurred at the field was on the morning of July 30, when the fliers dropped a message saying they were going to land. Higgs and his co-workers jumped from their cots and, running about the field in their pajamas, told the world that the historic flight was about to end. Imagine their amazement several minutes later when a second note advised the ground crew to read the first note carefully. On a searching reading of the note the word "sometime," written in almost indecipherable script at the bottom of the paper was discovered, making the complete message read, "We are going to land sometime." It was not until 7:38:30 p. m. that evening that the fliers descended.

Higgs, a former newspaperman, intent on making a "scoop," succeeded, with the aid of Joseph Mellon of Buffalo, publicity director of the Curtiss Airplane Manufacturing company, in getting an agreement, signed by Maj. William B. Robertson, president of the Curtiss-Robertson Aircraft Corporation, giving KMOX the exclusive right to have Jackson and O'Brine broadcast first over "The Voice of St. Louis" and the Columbia Broadcasting system.

And of the thousands of letters received, KMOX prizes one signed jointly by Jackson and O'Brine above all others. Date, August 1, it follows:

Station KMOX,
The Voice of St. Louis, Inc.
Hotel Mayfair,
St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to the Voice of St. Louis, Inc., for their efforts in keeping the Radio public of the country in- formed as to every detail of our flight.

We learned that KMOX had been on the air contin- uously, night and day, from the time we broke the World's Record until after we landed and made our first Radio broadcast, which was made from our suite in the Coronado hotel over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

During the hours after we had broken the World's sustained endurance flight record, and while KMOX was establishing an endurance record for itself, we feel sure that the Radio public appreciated your description of our activities while in the air.

We wish to take this opportunity of extending our heartfelt thanks to the thousands of listeners in to KMOX for their telegrams and letters of encourage- ment and congratulations.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Dale "Red" Jackson
Forest O'Brine, "Obie."
(Continued on page 77)

ATTRACTIVE and widely tal- ented are the staff artists of KMOX. One young lady features in seven different roles on the program, while another soloist boasts of having 1,200 memorized songs constantly on tap for the edification of Radio fans. Then there is the group of musically inclined college girls whose outlet is the "Sweethearts of the Air".



THE popular KMOX Junior Orchestra, above, is composed of boys under 16.



KATHARYNE McINTIRE, above, fea- tures in seven roles at KMOX. Ann Walsh, right, "Ace of the Air Sopranos," is also an executive at the same station. "Sweethearts of the Air," below, musical maids of KMOX, are college girls who organized the orchestra for a lark.



RUDY BAIE, above, KMOX soloist, boasts of knowing 1,200 songs by heart.



"LADY BEE," right, real name Bernice Bachelder, of KMOX.



GEORGE JUNKIN, center, manager, and two of his able assistants at KMOX, Woode Klose, left, an- nouncer, and James H. Higgs, commercial manager, who helped put over the endurance broadcast.

KWKH Has Real Personality

W. K. HENDERSON Finds Secret of Getting and Holding an Audience is Verbal Pyrotechnics

HELLO, WORLD—this is KWKH at Shreveport, Lou-ees-i-ana. Shreeve-port on the air, telling the world. Don't go 'way."

There may be some few Radio listeners in these United States who have not heard that famous call of W. K. Henderson, whose southern drawl, "Hello, world," have made him one of the most widely listened to announcers in the country. From the four corners of the nation come letters and telegrams testifying to the popularity of this millionaire broadcaster and his station. The letters run from 1,000 to 2,500 daily, telegrams from 100 to 200 nightly and long distance telephone calls average half a hundred on each program.

And what is the reason for this strong appeal KWKH appears to have for Radio listeners? What is the life-blood of this remarkable station which offers for the most part phonograph records for entertainment? The answer to these questions is in a name—a name and a man—W. K. Henderson. Coupled with the name and the man is a powerful personality—a colorful personality, and the fight he has led on the Federal Radio commission for "recognition of the South, a fair and equitable distribution as to Radio stations, wave lengths and power throughout the United States and not for any certain part of the country."

"But it's not my fight," Mr. Henderson says. "It's your fight, a fight for the listeners. Don't mistake that. I am only doing what I can to assure listeners 'freedom of the air.' I am spending my good money to protest against this condition."

KWKH's owner has spent large sums of money and a great deal of time in carrying on his crusade. His is a personality and a character that is rare not only in the South, but in all the world. Those who heard his verbal pyrotechnics in the presidential campaign last spring, and the countless thousands who have heard him "telling the world" have wondered "what sort of a man is this fellow Henderson? Who is he and what does he do?"



W. K. Henderson

W. K. HENDERSON is a genial host and a southern gentleman. He apparently enjoys having company and knows how to entertain. Mrs. Henderson is a charming woman, and thoroughly enjoyable. She and her husband lend color to the background of southern hospitality embodied in the large roomy southern colonial country home they occupy at Kennonwood, 18 miles from Shreveport, Louisiana.

Kennonwood itself is a spacious country estate of some 3,700 acres upon which James G. Henderson built his cabin and set up his saw mill when he came to Louisiana from Alabama in 1865. He was William K. Henderson's grandfather, who laid the foundations for the present family fortune. The house, built on the spot where the ancestral cabin stood, is a frame structure erected from native timber cut on the place. It is used as a summer lodge rather than a permanent residence, the family residing in town and journeying to the country place for the almost nightly broadcasting. The house is largely given over to accessories of the Radio station, with three studios, telephone switchboard, telegraphic equipment and an intricate system for signal communication between the studios. On every side are seen gifts, which come with almost as much regularity as telegrams and letters. Admirers swamp the Henderson family with books, phonograph records, pictures, cigars, neckties, oranges from Florida and apples from the Pacific Northwest. Henderson's downtown office at the W. K. Henderson Iron Works and Supply company, of which he is president, is also a veritable museum of trophies and souvenirs.

The iron works, specializing in the manufacture of oil field and saw mill supplies, covers about three city blocks and employs several hundred men. The present plant, with foundries and workshops, grew out of a small machine shop founded by William K. Henderson I, father of the present head of the company, in 1896.

STATION KWKH had its beginning in 1923, when Henderson became a Radio fan on the broadcasting end and bought a share in a small 250-watt station then being operated in Shreveport. This station was WGAQ. He soon found, however, that the station was making more enemies than friends, due to its broadness on the dials. It didn't have much to offer itself and, by reason of its location in the center of town, was garbling the programs of other stations for Shreveport listeners. Henderson solved the problem by purchasing the shares of the other three owners. He then moved

it to Kennonwood and increased its power to 500 watts, renaming it KWKH.

From then on the course of KWKH was a turbulent one. For it was the fight of a little station against the big stations. There was a prolonged set-to with the Federal Radio commission before Henderson was finally granted more power and a favorable wave length. But these fights seem to be over now. A few months ago he applied for permission to increase the power from 1,000 watts to 10,000. The result was that the Radio commission granted him permission to use 20,000 watts. He is not yet prepared to avail himself of this privilege, but has just completed a new 10,000-watt station, which will take care of all the immediate needs and which can be enlarged as the situation requires.

Early in the days of the Radio, Mr. Henderson found out how to get and keep an air audience. The way, he found, was to set off plenty of verbal pyrotechnics—bawl out somebody unmercifully—give them a good show. Months have passed since Herbert Hoover was inaugurated as President of the United States, and still more months since the entire nation echoed to the exceedingly bitter campaign that was waged by the followers of Mr. Hoover and of Al Smith, but mention of those days will always recall memories of W. K. Henderson "telling the world" about the iniquities of Mr. Hoover and the sterling traits of the Democratic candidate, in his truly inimitable style.

RADIO fans from Canada to the Gulf have learned to gather around their loud speakers when W. K. Henderson starts telling the world. Whether or not they like what he is telling it, they listen and come back for more. They like to hear him get hot. And when he shows signs of cooling off they send him a batch of scathing, blistering telegrams to make him hotter, and he responds obligingly to this form of prodding. "People don't care about gentle, modest talk," Mr. Henderson said a short time ago. "They want it strong. They want to hear you ride somebody. If not, why do they spend their good money for telegrams? They want to be entertained. They razz me and wait for me to bawl them out over the Radio. I never disappoint them if they sign their names."

And that's why KWKH, even though its facilities for musical programs are limited largely to phonograph records, remains one of the most popular stations in the South and likewise one of the most popular in the country.

INTRODUCING THE KEX FAMILY

PORTLAND Galaxy of Stars Serves Deluxe Programs to Great Northwest Area.

JACK BARNET, manager of KEX of the Western Broadcasting company of Portland, Ore., has plenty of background for his work, having served an exacting apprenticeship in Pittsburgh prior to taking up the responsible position he now holds on the Pacific Coast. Jack has had technical training, which is imperative to one's success in managing a station, and with a lively imagination and a brand of enthusiasm that insure results his work at KEX has endeared this station to the hearts of thousands.

Barnet picked up his early training in Radio at KDKA, often referred to as the daddy of them all, and while in Pittsburgh he mastered the fine points of the technical end of the game. Turning to the west he took up direction of KEX and now he devotes most of his time to arranging programs and handling the infinite details that demand his attention at KEX.

The staff of KEX includes many stars, one being Arthur Johnson, one of the best known tenors on the Pacific Coast. He has a long time contract with KEX, and his pleasing voice and delightful Radio personality have been carried to countless homes in the far northwest.

The KEX Players are a valuable adjunct to the station, and Janet Mansfield, is in charge of this band of actors. She has



Above, Ruth Allen, director of Home Economics. Left, Janet Mansfield, head of KEX players.



had ample experience, being from a family of actors. She has written plays, starred in them and has been actively engaged in stage direction and management.

The better homes department is in charge of Ruth Allen. Mrs. Allen speaks to her Radio followers as a result of her experience in the home and of the countless problems she has solved in her daily routine as a modern housewife.

Knowledge born from handling the issues that confront the housewife from day to day is imperative to the success of any person who attempts to successfully direct the better homes department of any station, and Mrs. Allen speaks with the comfortable assurance of having worked out the many problems which she vividly describes before the mike of KEX.

With Jack Barnet as manager, Arthur Johnson, one of the greatest tenors on the Pacific coast; Janet Mansfield, directing the KEX players, and Ruth Allen in charge of the home features, KEX has able representation before the mike.



Left, Jack Barnet, manager of KEX. Above, Arthur Johnson, tenor.



Barnet knows the various phases of the Radio business, and in addition to the above artists he has gathered about him a competent and highly trained staff of men and women who co-operate to the end that the best form of entertainment is given the public.

The plant equipment of KEX has been modernized and represents the last word in studio perfection. Barnet is keenly alive to the progress that is being made in the field of Radio, and is alert to combine the innovations of the day with his experience and training in the studio.



Members of the "Grand Old Opry," above, assembled in the studio of WSM, Nashville.



Francis Craig and his orchestra broadcasting regularly from WSM

Studio orchestra, below, under direction Orin Gaston of WSM.



CELEBRATING its fourth anniversary on the air October 5th, WSM accepts with heartfelt thanks the friendship of millions of Radio listeners who tune in all the way from Canada on the north to Mexico and Cuba on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. "We Shield Millions" is the slogan adopted by The National Life and Accident Insurance Company with home offices in Nashville, Tennessee, for its super-power Radio station which took the air October 5, 1925.

WSM has made a determined effort to serve all kinds and classes of people in so far as the possibilities of human effort

are concerned. From the very beginning the station has broadcast church services from the First Presbyterian church in Nashville. Dr. James I. Vance, one of the outstanding ministers in the denomination, who was recognized as a leading churchman before the advent of the Radio, has added millions of friends as a result of his broadcast each Sunday. For the past several months Dr. Roger T. Nooe, pastor of the Vine Street Christian church, has alternated with Dr. Vance in broadcasting services each morning and evening on Sunday.

During the four years of its life on the air WSM has given

(Continued on page 77)



George D. Hay, "The Solemn Ol' Judge," director-announcer of WSM at Nashville, Tenn.

WSM's Fourth BIRTHDAY

THE "Grand Old Opry" starts another season as WSM of Nashville celebrates its fourth anniversary. Taking the air for the first time October 5, 1925, this station has striven continuously to serve all kinds and classes of people. One of the most popular features on the air, the "Grand Old Opry," is fast becoming a national institution and has brought much commendation to the station which originated it. During the four years of its life on the air WSM has been prominent in relief work in several cases of disaster, and in state service as well.

By Shield Millions

ESTHER RALSTON BROADCASTS TO MILLIONS

By Herbert Moulton

WHEN lovely Esther Ralston, the fair-haired screen star, spoke into a long-distance telephone at a lodge on Lake Tahoe, California, one night last winter, members of her motion picture troupe down in the lobby heard her voice over a Radio loud-speaker from Hollywood, some 700 miles distant.

The screen star's voice was carried over the regular telephone lines to Hollywood, where it was picked up by powerful amplifiers and broadcast to millions of listeners in western America. While Southern Californians sat in their open-windowed living rooms, amid the fragrance of orange blossoms, Miss Ralston described the heavy snow-storm that had swept the Lake Tahoe region that afternoon and told her listeners of the skiing and ice-skating that was then claiming the attention of winter residents of the lake.

Since that night, western motion picture and Radio fans have made it something of a ritual to tune in every week on the giant broadcasting station in Hollywood which brings the voices of their favorite movie stars into their homes.

Oddly enough, talking pictures, which owe their existence to developments in the Radio science, have been responsible for bringing this wealth of new talent to the Radio microphones.

BEFORE the dawn of the "talkies," few motion picture celebrities could be induced to broadcast. When they did, the listening public was usually aware of the fact that its screen idols were a trifle nervous. Talking pictures, which cause the players to face microphones in every scene, of which there may be thirty or forty a day, have effectually removed the "mike" fright that formerly came over screen folk when they entered broadcast studios.

This changed condition is strikingly demonstrated at the Paramount studios in Hollywood, where the super-power Radio plant of the Paramount Pictures—Los Angeles Evening Express station, KNX, is situated. With its splendid studio building conveniently located on the motion picture "lot," within a stone's throw of the sound stages where talking pictures are filmed, KNX is receiving the benefits of world-renowned talent that a few years ago would not have been obtainable. Talking and singing stars, screen players with a knowledge of music, former stage and vaudeville artists now in the films, all contribute their talents to the Radio audience through the medium of KNX's powerful 5000-watt transmitter.

Every Monday night, from 8 to 9 o'clock, Pacific Standard Time, KNX broadcasts the Paramount Hour, which has become one of the most popular programs on the air. It is during this Radio feature that many of the leading personalities of the film colony make their etheric appearances. Esther Ralston's long-distance broadcast was followed by appearances in the KNX studios of such celebrated stars as Clara Bow, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper, Moran and Mack (the Two Black Crows), Richard Arlen, Baclanova, Mary Brian, Helen Kane, Lillian Roth, William Austin, Clive Brook, James Hall, Neil Hamilton, Jack Oakie and dozens of other luminaries of stage, screen and vaudeville.

PUBLIC response to these broadcasts has been tremendous. Clara Bow's initial appearance at KNX was an event of national proportions, for it came at a time when the "It" girl's admirers were wondering how her voice would sound in talking pictures. KNX provided these fans with a "pre-audition," so to speak, and convinced them that Miss Bow's voice would register on the screen in the same red-hot, vivacious manner that she herself does.

With sound pictures developing the talents of screen players along audible lines, it is only natural to assume that the Radio will become an important part of their lives.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers, for example, through his ability to lead a jazz band and play half a dozen instruments himself, has become one of the most popular star personalities on the air. When he completed his role in Paramount's "Close Harmony," young Rogers came to KNX and broadcast many of the musical novelties he did in the picture, and wound up his "act" by leading the Paramount Symphonic Orchestra in the same jazz number he conducts in the film.

Radio experience is proving helpful to players in their talking picture work, just as their film efforts are making it possible

TALKING Pictures Responsible for Bringing Wealth of New Talent to the Radio Microphones. Actors no Longer Suffer from "Mike Fright" as the Talkies Bring Studio Routine Under the Klieg Lights.

for them to offer real entertainment before the Radio microphones. This was demonstrated in Rogers' case, for it was during his initial broadcast that he became interested in several of the instruments in the orchestra. He practiced on these instruments during his spare moments and became so proficient that he subsequently played them in a new picture. He now plays the piano, trombone, cornet, clarinet, trumpet, bassoon and trap drums.

Nancy Carroll is another whose motion picture and Radio performances are closely allied. Miss Carroll has sung over KNX on several occasions, and each time she sang the song hits from her current films. "It's a Precious Little Thing Called Love," which she sang in "The Shopworn Angel," has become one of the best-sellers of the melody world.

Baclanova, the dynamic Russian actress who made her talking screen debut in George Bancroft's "The Wolf of Wall Street," is noted as a famous European dramatic star and singer. She was featured in the productions of the Moscow Art Theatre, and won fame for her performance of the Nun role in "The Miracle." Mme. Baclanova has appeared before the Paramount Hour microphones on three occasions with tremendous success.

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, made their one and only Radio appearance on the Pacific Coast while they were filming their first all-talking picture at the Paramount studios in Hollywood. Many of the "gags" and side-splitting lines which will come to the screen in "Why Bring That Up," were heard over KNX a few months ago by a record audience which not only kept all of the dials in Southern California tuned to the Paramount-Express station, but jammed the broadcast studios itself with interested spectators.

Another star of the eastern ether lanes is Helen Kane, the baby-voiced singer, who recently came to Hollywood to appear in the talkies. Miss Kane had been in the film capital only 48 hours when she made her western Radio debut over KNX. Lillian Roth, former Ziegfeld star, arrived about the same time and brought some of Broadway's peppiest melodies to the western air audience.

Motion picture artists no longer fuss and fidget when they face the Radio "mikes." The reason for this is that all of their film work nowadays is done under conditions almost identical with those existing in the broadcast studios. When a scene for a talking picture is filmed, the players enact their roles and speak their lines underneath a microphone which is suspended only a few feet over their heads, just out of camera range. Sound stages, where the talkies are filmed, operate in the same quietude that exists in broadcasting studios, and woe to the artists, technician, or laborer who coughs or sneezes during a scene.

Put Journalists on the Air

"BILL" SCHUDT'S "Going to Press," which is broadcast every Thursday evening at 6:15 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over WABC and stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is bringing the country's foremost journalists before the big network's microphone.

"Going to Press" went on the air in December, 1928, and has continued without interruption. The first few weeks were devoted to members of the Radio division of the newspapers. Later broadcasts were turned over to columnists. Edward Hope, widely known columnist of the New York Herald-Tribune was the first on the columnist series. Rian James, Sam Kaufman, James Thurber and many others equally prominent took their places in front of the mike and spoke.

"Going to Press" is to be continued indefinitely, according to "Bill" Schudt, its originator and conductor.

"Bill" Schudt is an old newspaper man himself. He worked on the New York Evening Mail. Later joined the New York Telegram as technical editor. Four years after this he left the Telegram to become Managing Editor of a New York Weekly Magazine. Some time after that he left the magazine to enter the broadcasting field. He is now news director for station WABC, key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Invitations have been extended to editors and publishers of the biggest dailies in the world to broadcast.

Woes of "Props" Echo in Studio

WLS Staff Tells of Trials and Fun in Staging Plays

WOES of "prop" men, old stories on the stage, have entered the radio studios. Several members of the production department at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station, Chicago, were commenting on their trials and tribulations in perfecting the details of staging plays in front of the microphone.

Hunting for "sea-going parrots that will not swear" makes for gray hairs among production men, according to Bill Vicklund, play director at WLS. Bill had to scamper through seventeen bird-and-pet stores in the loop district one hot afternoon on such a

(Continued on page 77)



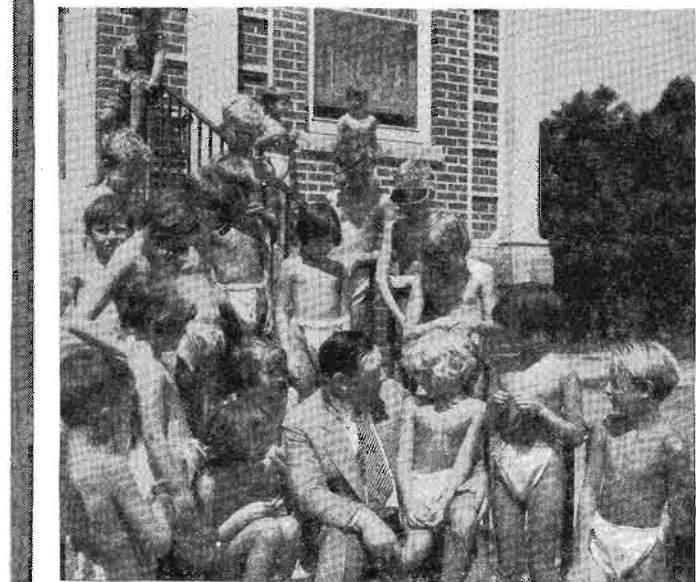
READY for a song or a smile is Adele Brandt, new hostess at the studios of WLS. When additional talent is needed on the program she steps in the studio for a song or two.



A BIG arm chair serves for the smallest studio at WLS during the Book of Life Family Circle each Sunday evening. Three little children, Billy, Mary and Bob, gather around the chair and listen to Bible stories told by their father, Ray Erlandson. The simple tales are written especially for children and have old favorite hymns sung by a mixed quartet for accompanying music.



IRMA and Esther Rehberg, above, feature in old favorite ballads at WLS.



MEETING his young listeners face to face, Howard Melaney, the "Singing Fireman" from WLS, visits the children's preventorium at St. Paul. Melaney's first studio was the cab of a locomotive.

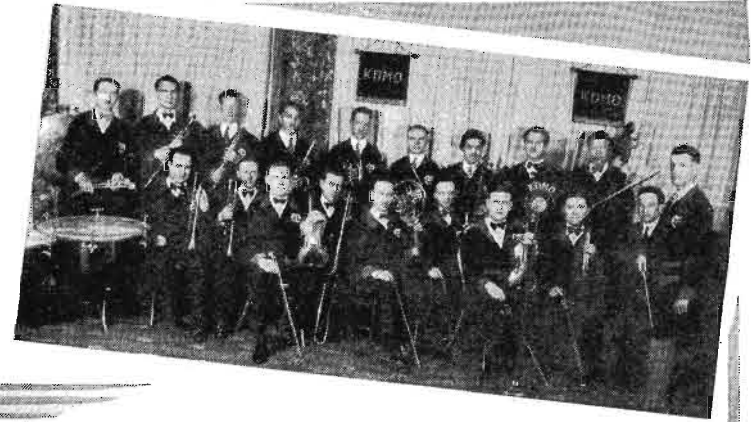


"TEXAS PETE," right, is the storyteller on the WLS Thursday Roundup.

KOMO Presents SERVICE

TERRITORY includes two nations, large cities, the frontier and melting pot of the Pacific Northwest.

PACIFIC coast Radio fans enjoy the symphony type of music, mail responses received by station KOMO indicate. Thousands of letters received at the station show that the classics are far more popular than jazz with a vast host of listeners.



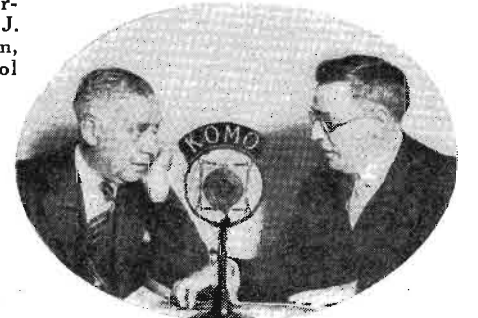
TOTEM little symphony orchestra, above, heard weekly over KOMO. In the picture at the right Dr. Jonathan H. Wagner, superintendent of Alaskan schools and Dr. W. J. Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education, are conducting a program for Alaskan school teachers.



DOROTHEA Wei, above, is a member of the studio staff and sings contralto.



VESTA Muth, left, staff piano soloist and accompanist.



GLADYS Hubner, concert harpist of staff orchestra.

"YOUR broadcasting must be in the interests of public convenience and necessity," is the dictum hurled at the American Broadcasting stations by the Federal Radio commission.

This may be a fairly simple matter if the service area is limited and the listening population fairly homogeneous, but consider the problem of a section of the country that is virtually a melting pot of nationalities and whose geological characteristics include large cities, prosperous farm-

(Continued on page 66)

ONE of KOMO's popular features is the Associated Band, below, which goes out on a Northwest Radio Triangle



Short Waves and Spark Gaps

CHATTER and Small Talk Concerning the Folks

You Hear and Read About in Radio

By Marcella

OH, MY dears, I have the most exciting news. Pat Flannigan held my hand, and I was so scared, simply frightened to death. It was thrilling. You see, I broadcast from WBBM and I couldn't face that microphone all by myself. Pat is such a dear, anyway. He smiled at me just as he is in this picture and gave my hand

the kindest, loveliest squeeze and then I could really go on. I want to tell you that since then I haven't been half so critical and snippy about other people. Why, when you get up there and know that thousands and maybe millions of your friends are listening to you, you get out of breath and your hands shake and well, if you haven't got Pat, you can't go on. If you ever do have to broadcast, just wire Pat Flannigan, care of the Wrigley Building, Chicago, and I am sure he will be glad to come and help you. By the way, Pat isn't married either and he loves blondes.

* * *

There is such a lot of romance that I simply don't know where to begin. In the first place, I wrote to New York for you to find out all about the love life of the big Chain stars, and if my good friend Walter C. Stone didn't write that he was going on a belated honeymoon and wouldn't have time to answer my letter. Then I wrote to Florence Pierce and lo and behold, she was to blame for W. C.'s honeymoon and the two of them were going away together. They are perfect dears and I know that even if you haven't heard them on the air, 'cause they don't broadcast, you will want to wish happiness to two people who help to keep you informed about everybody.

* * *

That was the first romance and then when I wrote to WHK asking about Kenn Car who entertains every day with his piano rambles, my letter arrived right in the middle of his wedding. They couldn't spare him from the Cleveland station long enough to go to Elkhart to get his girl and she had to come up to WHK. They invited everybody in the station and it was the sweetest wedding, 'cause she is very pretty and he is quite handsome. I think this is a lovely romance because it shows that all men don't forget the girls they leave behind them.

* * *

C. B. inquires why we never use a picture of Louis L. Kaufman of KDKA. We have used his picture, but not for some time. Here is a new pose of him just as he sits when he is talking to you. Mr. Boyd writes, "No, Mr. Kaufman is not married and at the present time knows of no proposals. However, he enjoys the company of young ladies and finds much pleasure in taking the girls for a ride in his Studebaker car. He is a full



fledged, prosperous young lawyer and is in the market for a wife. He has black hair, snappy brown eyes, is full of pep and enjoys Radio work. He has just served six years as announcer for KDKA." By the way, Mr. Kaufman announced at KDKA all the time he was going to college and now that he has graduated, he loves it so much he can't forsake it even for the fascination of breach of promise suits and divorces and everything. Isn't it exciting? Goodness gracious, it is three years more before we really dare to ask him girls.

You also asked, C. B., about Polly and Anna and Jack and Gene. I haven't heard from WLW about the two girls, but better luck next time. Our dear Jack, I liked him too, has been having difficulty with his voice or else nothing could keep him off the air. Jack and Gene are both attractive and young. I met them several years ago at a WLS birthday party.

* * *

Bobby, and I suspect you are a girl even if you are trying to mislead me, asks me what happened to Russ and Bill. I wrote Miss Carmean of KMA about it and found she had gone to Europe with Mrs. May and a lot of Radio fans. Isn't that interesting now? She'll come back, mark my word, with a ring on the third finger of her left hand. I have never known it to fail. I lost a perfectly good roommate that way. Anyway, Miss Ambler, who is assistant studio director, tells me that Russ and Bill have been in Chicago all winter. They were known as Tag and Lean. Does that help any? You remember that pretty Peggy Doolen of the Gypsy Trio of KMA? She got married the first of August. Gloomy Gus went down south somewhere to manage a station and I haven't heard a thing from him since. If anybody knows where Gayle Grubb, Gloomy Gus, is, please let us know, and also that slippery person Jack Little. As to your great question about chain program, Bobby, I really can't tell you. Don't know myself.

* * *

Paul of Baltimore, you certainly were nice to tell us all about those Baltimore changes. Thank you very much. In return let me tell you all I can about Marley Sherris. Unfortunately when I was in New York, he was the one man I missed in the NBC studios. If I go again, I shall just demand that he be turned over to me with no questions

asked while I give him an inventory for you. The reason Mr. Sherris has such a lovely voice is because he is a real singer. Haven't you noticed how often a good announcer is a singer? Of course, I know you are not interested, Paul, in his matrimonial state, but some of the girls may be. He is married, lives in New York, is 46 years old. He has the kindest, most attractive brown eyes and plenty of sleek brown hair, and is 5 feet



7 inches tall. Don't you just love the way I demand their entire measurements for you and get a big company like the National Broadcasting company to furnish them, too? We really are a little inquisitive, aren't we?

* * *

Dear Mrs. F. S. H., of Keene, N. H., please do not feel that your correspondence is unbidden. I love to have you write me and as for your not writing your appreciation of Mr. Ruffner's work to the NBC direct, it would be a lovely thing to do. Your little letter of praise is real applause and if no one writes, how can anybody tell what Radio stars are really admired and loved. Now, let me answer your questions about Edmund Ruffner. He is called "Tiny" because he is the tallest man in the Radio world, only standing 6 feet 5 1/2 inches tall. He weighs 195 pounds and this should give you a picture of a tall well built man who walks buoyantly. His hair is a pretty shade of light reddish brown and his eyes are soft gray. I know because I looked into them once. He is married, my dear, so don't lose your heart. You knew, of course, that he is now a guest announcer of the NBC, like Alois Havrilla. I thought you might be interested to know that he was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

* * *

Did you know that my friend Bobby Griffin was back at WHO. Welcome back, Bobby. It seems so nice to hear your voice again. I shall never forget the time that Bobby took me out to the cabaret to hear Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Bobby is such a perfect gentleman that it is a real treat to go anywhere with him. And I was doubly thrilled, Elizabeth Ann, because Guy came and sat at the table with us. There's a handsome man. He has those melting brown eyes and sleekest of sleek black hair. I wonder whether he is bringing his orchestra back to Chicago this winter. I never could find out, dear, whether he was married or not. You see, he may have been afraid to say no because every one of his fair fans might write to him, or he may have been afraid they might not if he said he was. All the Lombardo's come from Canada.

* * *

Fred, you asked me about getting the editor to use a whole page picture and a writeup of Wilfred Glenn. I want you to know that I am doing my best and it is apt to appear any issue. Of course you can't realize what an editor's desk looks like piled high with photographs, stories and news. If I can ever see even his nose over the top, I will communicate your request. In the meantime, I have a lot of information for you and his picture. When I wrote the NBC, Mr. Glenn was in Europe. The Revelers



were over there this summer looking for all new bits of music. Mr. Glenn is a colorful personality with a decided air of ruggedness and sincerity about him. He has sandy hair, bluish gray eyes, weighs about 175 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. Forty will catch the age nicely. He was born in California on a ranch, his father having been a pioneer settler. That is the reason Mr. Glenn is so very interesting. He lived part of the time in Alaska and Mexico. Just think, he never discovered until he was twenty that he had a voice. I hope you will write to me again, Fred.

* * *

Since you wrote me, Office Girl, William S. Lynch has been sent up to New York. Perhaps you know that. He is just twenty-two years old, has been in Radio for five years, is married and has a son a year and a half old and is considered one of the veterans of the studios. In addition to these accomplishments Mr. Lynch has brown eyes, dark hair and is six feet tall. You can see for yourself that he is handsome. His hobbies are golf and swimming and he likes to play baseball with the kids on the sand lots. He also collects turtles and considers turtle racing a major indoor sport and far more exciting than contract bridge. Doesn't he sound perfectly darling? You know, he may be terribly young, but he knows a lot and he is so smart that they have made him Radio production manager. That means that he has to see that everything about a production goes off smoothly. Not so easy as it sounds when you think of thousands of people waiting to hear a program.

* * *

I certainly don't blame you for admiring Irma Glenn, of WENR, F. H., because she certainly is pretty. Did you know that she was being entered by WENR in the Radio beauty contest which is being conducted by the Radio Manufacturers' Show in New York? One reason she is so very charming is her daintiness. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and that is just about the right size for a woman. Her eyes are a soft hazel and her hair is a golden brown. Doesn't she give you the impression of being a girl who would be a wonderful companion? She is. She can dance, play golf, swim and ride horseback and that gives her that fresh out-door look the modern girl should have. She comes to Radio well equipped with vaudeville, concert stage and motion picture experience. You might say that Miss Glenn had lived and grown up with music because she began to study when she was only eight years old. For such a young girl, she has done an awful lot of things. How I envy her. She directed a theater in South America and also toured Europe as the leader of a girls' orchestra.



* * *

About this Rudy Vallee person much might be, Jack,—in fact much has been written. To begin at the beginning, he was born in Westbrook, Me., 27 years ago—does not look his age, incidentally; the son of a druggist—nothing else like him in the family—and got his first musical experience from a mail order clarinet he bought on the installment plan. Evidently, objecting to the din of practice, the then-not-so-proud father, raised an awful howl about the son's frittering his time away with such gadgets. He wanted the boy to be another



druggist. Youthful persistence won, however, and the very near future found young Rudy laboring in the local motion picture theater as "second assistant manager." The duties were manifold, but they did give him access to the musicians' room and an opportunity to practice—at the privilege of the musicians. It was one of these latter who advised the saxophone and another mail order resulted. So fruitful had been the correspondence tactics that the future great wrote Rudy Weidoff, then the leading exponent of the saxophone, for a course of instruction. The master heeded the letter and sent a course of instruction, later giving the pupil personal attention. Young Rudy was next heard from at Yale, paying his tuition through a frequent manipulation of a "hot" saxophone. He deserted college at the end of his freshman year to lead a group of musicians at the Savoy Hotel in London. It was there he made his radio bow and was recognized as "good." Back in America, he returned to finish his education at Yale—still paying the bills with his music. After college he played the smaller towns with his Yale Collegians and eventually a New York night club drew him to the bright lights of Broadway. It was only a short while until the broadcast fans claimed him for their own and his career from that point is well known. Rudy—who, by the way, isn't named Rudy at all, but Hubert Prior Vallee; the Rudy being a tribute to Weidoff—has been described as "tall, but not noticeably so," and weighs about 160 pounds. One of the girls in the NBC describes him as "long, blond head with curious eyes, slanting down toward the corners. A hard-boiled little red mouth—it would be called a 'rosebud' in a girl—with a rather full underlip. Expression poised a bit hard, coldly vivacious." She also discovers that Vallee's hair is "golden-bronze and looks marcelled." The eyes are a moot question—having been variously described as grayish green, bluish gray, gray and hazel. He's been married, but it didn't take, having been annulled or something some time back. Is that enough? Yes, the editor says he will use the picture of the whole orchestra soon. Two contributors asked me about Rudy, Jack, for his sister, and also Sydney.

* * *

Who in the world do you think I had dinner with? I know you never could in the wide world guess, Art Gilham, the whispering pianist. We had such a lot of fun swapping all kinds of tales and stories. Why, in one city, the whole fire department turned out to welcome Art. There isn't a single city in the United States he hasn't been in at some time or other. You know he always broadcasts as if he were very fat, and he really isn't. He is tall, slender and good looking. Everybody comes to the station to see Art when he is in town, and more than once he has nearly had a fight on his hands because no one would believe he was really Art Gilham until after he had broadcast. Oh, yes, now, don't try to make up a romance. Art is married. He has a very pretty blonde wife down in Memphis. She used to travel with him, but now-a-days, she stays home with the two boys and this gives Art a place to come home to, and is he proud of his family? Well, I will say he is.

* * *

Ellen, weren't you sweet to send me such a pretty pansy for my album. I put it in my scrapbook with all the little



souvenirs I have of Radio stars and parties. You ask me about John Reed Tyson. He has gone to WIBO to direct the station. You know that is an important station now that the ABC chain programs are broadcast over it. Write to me again, dear.

* * *

Niagara Nell, I really meant to take the train to Buffalo and get all the information about that new Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation you were telling me about, but somehow I have been so very busy that I haven't done it.

* * *

Please excuse us, Thelma, for spelling your name wrong in the last issue. There isn't a thing new about Bernice. I wrote Mr. Tomy to tell her to be sure to come to see us when she played here in vaudeville last spring, but I expect she was too busy. Detroit is her home town. Outside of that, you simply cannot get any more information about the girl. She is growing up to be a mystery.

* * *

That awfully nice Walter Campbell, who is now at WAPI, Birmingham, got married last winter, Mary. He wrote me that he was a blond preferring blondes, and that, possibly, was the reason we got along so nicely as to correspondence. And you might have added, Walter, over the telephone.

* * *

Here is a letter from the south wanting to know something about a certain young man who announces for WAPI,



Birmingham. I have just received a letter, Margaret, from Mr. Campbell, the manager, stating that Mr. Young is single and very susceptible to the charms of young ladies. He is an attractive brunette, with dark, bright brown eyes, and, best of all, does not possess a moustache. My dear, I am afraid you are not the only one interested in him because the telephones ring constantly with demands for his time and attention. The girls even come in to inspect the studio and incidentally, of course, Mr. Young. "It seems," writes Mr. Campbell, "that an attractive bachelor cannot avoid the ladies, but we are told Mr. Young makes no attempt to do so and is always happy to see and hear from them. He is always on the qui vive and we have yet to see the young lady who can get the best of his sparkling wit."

* * *

I got the funniest letter from Edward A. Davies, Director of WIP. Let me quote from it. "You ask me about romance. Here is all I can claim. Up-to-date I have had eight proposals of marriage, ten sets of pajamas, two turkeys, one case of grapefruit and a case of furniture polish. It may interest you to know that one of the proposals came from a young lady in Chicago, who was prompted to write by an article you had in your column. The most serious of the eight proposals was from a mother of eight daughters, who offered not only her portly self of 210 pounds, but a 90 acre farm, 20 head of cattle, three horses and a 1913 Ford. Realizing there was a catch in it somewhere, I learned that the lady was more anxious to dispose of her eight marriageable daughters by announcements over the Radio, than she was of acquiring her fourth husband." I thought you might enjoy this little tidbit. Mr. Davies went to Europe again this summer.

* * *

Marcella sees all, tells all. Ask her any of the burning questions that bother you.

Subtle Curves the Fall Edict

Modern Woman Dresses Simply
With Attention to the Figure—
Nutbrown Summer Maiden
to Remain in Fashion

By Madame Circe

WHAT the vogue of beauty will be this fall is impatiently awaited by more than one lovely young broadcaster because when all the Radio beauties of the United States are gathered together at the Radio Manufacturers' Show Association beauty contest to await selection as the Radio Queen of America, the present ideal of beauty will naturally influence the judges.

One of the entrants is Louise Fordham, whose picture you see in the center of the page. I chose her to illustrate this page because she seems to typify the modern girl. Notice how feminine she looks and yet how simply her hair is dressed. The modern woman is beautifully simple and yet not severe. She may have the most elaborate hair dress, but it must give the appearance of being smooth and chic. Perfect grooming is one of the important notes for fall.

Modern beauty is so well discussed over the air that there is no excuse for any woman not knowing exactly what is chic and lovely. Our idea of beauty has undergone a change even as late as 1929. We are ever changing and we have our little fads and fancies just as they did back in the gay nineties when the human figure was not at all what it is today.

The Baroness Edythe Diedrich, who broadcasts over Station WBBM, says that modern beauty is subtly feminine, and I think that is a good definition of the modern mode of delicately lovely curves, slightly tapering waist, small ankles, dainty feet and well shaped legs. The arms must be curved, but not heavy enough to look athletic, and the throat must lift proudly and carry aloft a head well coifed.

The figure comes in for a great deal of attention this fall because, although subtle curves are allowed, the boyish figure is passé and the overweight woman is as much on the outside of the mode as ever. She must discover the new methods of reducing which will not take away the flesh from the places it should remain, and yet will give her a symmetrical figure. I should advise tuning in on the various exercises of the day and a little attention to the proper diet.

EVEN though delicate curves are coming back into style, the 1929 beauty is not fragile in appearance. No girl of today is beautiful if she looks as if she were not strong enough to enjoy herself. Her delicacy, her curves, while not actually athletic, are the result of health, for health and beauty are still popular. All during the summer the vogue of suntan gave a golden glow of health to the cheeks of every woman who wanted to appear chic, and this transforming tan will not quickly depart from beauty circles. Of course, a woman must be true to her type and if she does not look well in this new form of cosmetics, she may be pink and white.

Princess Pat, who gives the daily beauty talks over KYW, says that summer tan has transformed so many women that it will not quickly depart from fall fashion and that she expects the nutbrown maiden to remain awhile longer to enchant with the lovely texture of her skin. However, she feels that the girl who took her sunbathing with discretion will be more fortunate this autumn than the girl who actually let her skin weather in the sun and wind. Better to buy a subtly tinted powder that will give her this glow of health than to actually expose the delicate tissues.

For fall, the eyes are still important. We have just begun to learn the value of a little eye shadow and a little darkener on the lashes. Everything should be done to give the eyes tone and added beauty. The rouge on the cheeks gives sparkle to the eyes and the lips can be much improved by the right shade of rouge. There will be no radical change in autumn beauty, but with the lengthening of the skirt and the slight touch of the Empire style, will mean that every woman will have to take closer inventory of lines she has almost forgotten she possessed. Let me see how long is it since the waistline disappeared? It must be at least five or six years and here it emerges again to add allure to the feminine figure.

YOU will hear, as you wander about over the dials looking for your daily morning beauty chats, many discussions on the care of the hair, because the hair is a very important part of beauty. Georgia O. George consistently tells her listeners to



LOUISE FORDHAM, petite blond soprano of KPO, is pretty enough to be one of the entrants in the 1929 beauty contest which will be conducted in New York City this fall for Radio stars. This dainty little beauty sings every Wednesday morning from 8 to 9 o'clock.

take care of this particular crowning of a woman's beauty. Adele Nelson at WBBM also gives her audience a definite idea of what it means to have lovely tresses and what methods of treatment underlie its care.

With all the experts telling you just how to care for your skin, there is no excuse for wrinkles and ugly lines. I wonder if many of us realize how much beauty talks have done to bring the beauty treatment right into the home and bring loveliness to every woman whether she is able to afford expensive treatments or not. When your face, neck or body is really in need of expert treatment, it is well worth the money to invest in a consultation with a specialist along these lines, but for the every day upkeep of the skin, you can gain a great deal of information about the technique of loveliness if you keep an open ear for the daytime programs.

BE SURE to Read the Craig Kennedy Detective Story on Page 12 of This Issue of Radio Digest

ARTHUR B. REEVE, author of "The Gigolo Mystery," has thrilled millions of readers with the adventures of Craig Kennedy, super-scientific detective. The mystery of the "Green Death" that killed Lola Langhorne is another masterpiece of adventure and deduction by the same man.

An even more thrilling installment of this enthralling mystery will appear in the NOVEMBER number of Radio Digest. Be sure to get your copy.

Dixie Cooking School Mistress

Collects Old Time Southern Recipes
To Give Her Radio Audience



THAT everlasting problem of tonight's dinner is solved for WBAW listeners by Atlie Parman.

because Mrs. Parman suggested such interesting and well balanced menus. The Radio cooking school has a definite place for the housewife, filling as it does a daily need to discuss her tonight's dinner with someone. Mrs. Parman has a large and appreciative audience.

The first recipe Mrs. Parman submits is typically southern.

Southern Corn Light Bread
2 pounds white corn meal
1 quart water
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
¼ cup shortening

Use 1 pint of water and 2 cups of the meal to make a mush, add 2 tablespoons of the sugar, 1 tablespoon salt and the other pint of water. Then stir in enough meal to make a stiff batter and set aside over night in a warm place to ferment and rise. Next morning add the remainder of sugar, melted shortening and meal to a thick, very thick batter. Pour into heavy skillet and bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Put this in your Radio cookbooks with the following recipe:

Southern Biscuit
2 cups pastry flour (or soft wheat flour)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
⅓ cup shortening
½ cup buttermilk or beaten up clabber

Sift flour, salt and soda together, cut shortening in, add milk, mix to a soft dough, roll to ½ inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 475 degrees F. 10 minutes.

The next recipe is a real old southern recipe.
Real Southern Barbecue
1 fresh pork ham (10 or 12 pounds)

Steam 1 hour, peel rind, jab about through the ham one and one-half or two inches apart, baste with a sop (southern term) every 30 minutes, cook in the broiling unit of gas stove for four to six hours.

To make sop:
2 cups of drippings from steamed ham
1 tablespoon red pepper (ground)
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup vinegar
1 tablespoon mustard
¼ cup sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Mrs. Parman includes with her recipes an original one she has worked out for apple pie. She calls it an Apple Pie Custard.
Apple Pie (Custard)

Pastry, plain
2 cups flour (soft wheat or pastry)
½ cup shortening
½ teaspoon salt
Enough cold water to make ingredients stick together

Filling
2 cups apples, stewed and strained
2 eggs
1 cup sweet milk

ATLIE PARMAN the culinary mistress of WBAW, Nashville, has been collecting the famous recipes of the South for years so that she could give these to her Radio listeners, not only of Dixie-land, but of the North. To collect these recipes Mrs. Parman had to penetrate the kitchen of more than one old Southern family and persuade the old colored mammy to share her cooking secrets.

Mrs. Parman is known for the skill with which she has conducted the WBAW Modern Housekeeping and Cooking School. More than one young husband owes the success of his married life to the training his wife received through this cooking school, and many divorces have been averted

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt

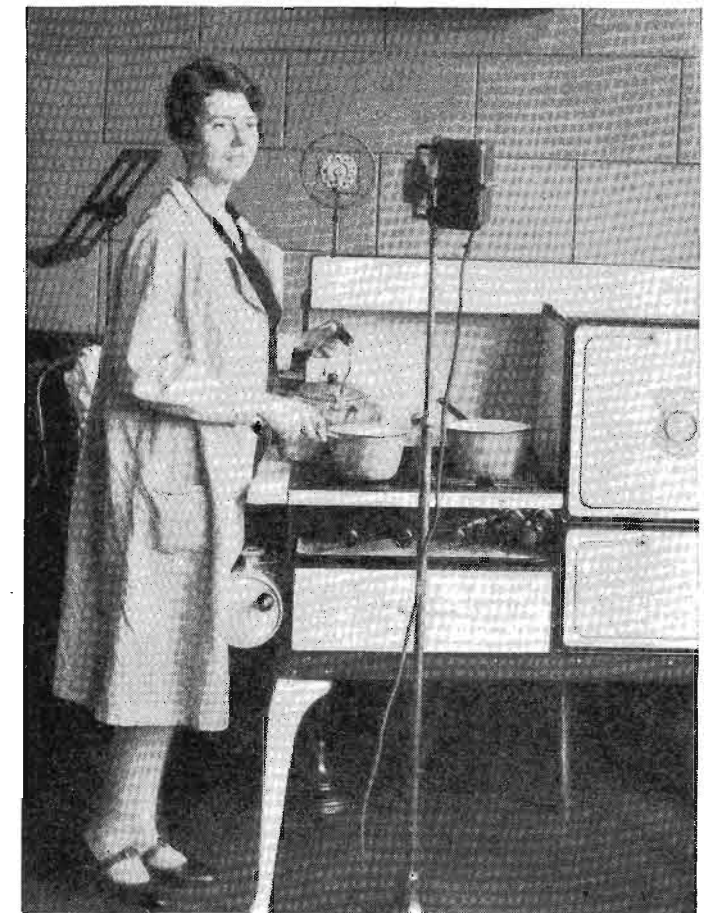
Beat eggs, add milk, sugar, apples and melted shortening, salt and nutmeg, pour into pastry lined pie plate and bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 minutes, then reduce to 350 F. for 25 minutes.

This is the month when squash or pumpkin pie is much in demand and so Mrs. Parman sends a recipe:

Squash Pie.
1½ cups squash, thoroughly cooked
1 cup milk

½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon mace
2 eggs
1 tablespoon butter

Put all the ingredients, except the eggs and the butter, in the double boiler, bring to the scalding point. Beat the eggs well; add them to the hot mixture. Stir until it starts to thicken. Add the butter. Bake the empty crust to a very light brown. Pour the hot filling into the prebaked crust without removing it from the oven. Bake the whole pie in a moderately hot oven until the filling sets.



"OUT of the frying pan, into the microphone," is the novel method used by Martha Crane, WLS home adviser, to put across cooking demonstrations and talks on the air. The microphone, placed close to the stove, enables the listeners to hear the meat sputtering in the frying pan, water boiling and spoons scraping pots and pans.

Are We Slandered and is it True That America is JAZZ MAD?

IT may depend on how the cultured brand of music is presented — Seiberling Singers offer Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, MacDowell and the great ocean-to-ocean audience applauds.

By John K. Ames

“AMERICA is jazz mad.” The cry frequently goes up from native pessimists and visiting notables. Scarcely a ship is warped into her berth in the shadow of Manhattan's sky-line that reporters are not sent scurrying to their typewriters with the doubtful news that So-and-So, the famous European publicist, tea merchant, columnist, shah, chief of police or coloratura soprano has declared: “America is jazz mad.”

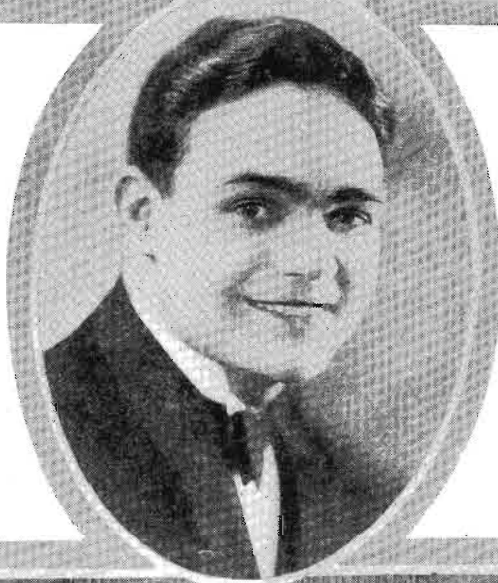
But are we, now?

Last winter an unqualified answer was given to that question—and it was a large “no!” On the first evening the Seiberling hour of the NBC, a little more than a year old, added eight more stations to its already large network. On this time this expansive network was claimed to be the world's largest hook-up for a regular weekly half-hour pro-

Below, Famous orchestra appearing under Seiberling banner.

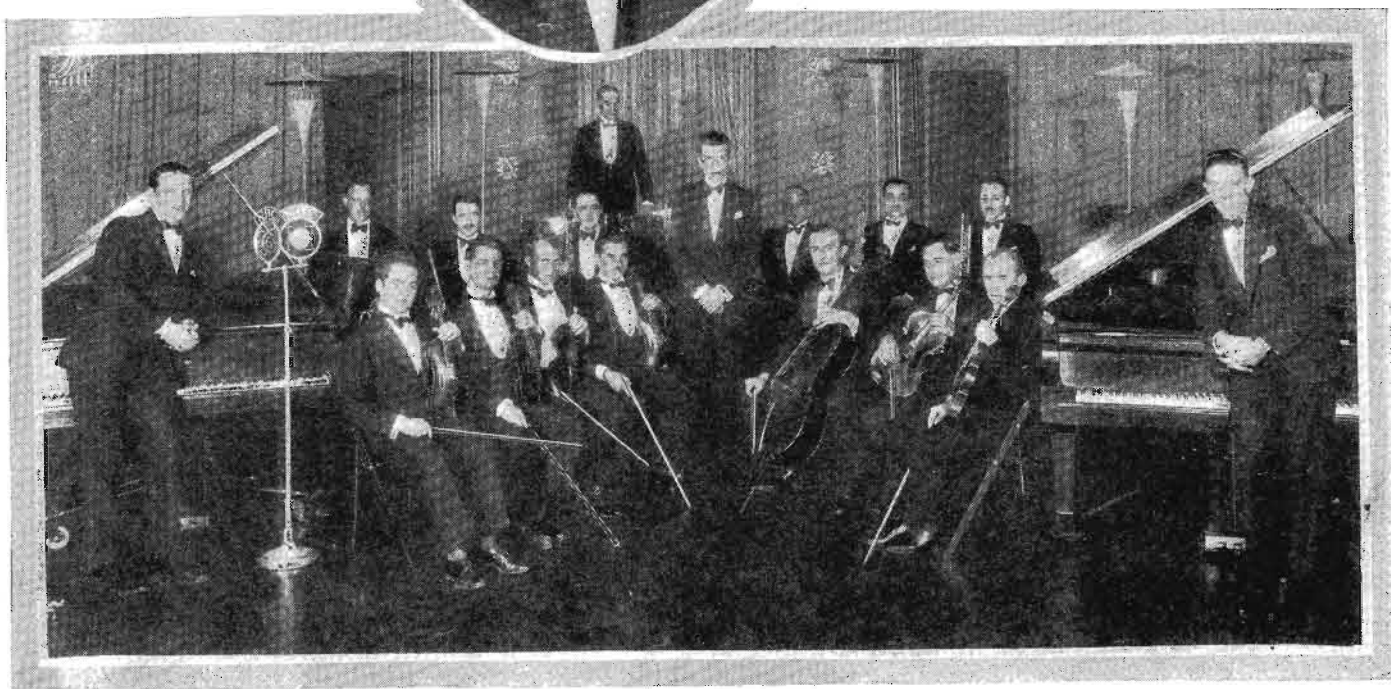


Seiberling Quartet, above, with smallest piano in captivity. Left, James Melton, tenor and soloist with Seiberling artists.



gram. It was created to carry one of the finest of choral programs into millions of American homes. It is thus that the Seiberling Singers have demonstrated faith in their claim that America is not jazz mad—that the hosts who have access to Radio entertainment in these United States have, indeed, a keen appreciation of fine music.

In order that the completeness of the Seiberling Singers' answer may be clear, let it be understood that with its new hook-up the Seiberling hour will be available to a Radio audience three times the population of Canada—roughly, 30 million. Through the National Broadcasting company's big transcontinental (Continued on page 120)



Voice of the Listener

Seven Years Broadcasting

We have a man who has been broadcasting a weekly religious service over our station and this week finishes seven years of regular broadcasting for him. He started July 16, 1922, and his service has been continued ever since.

This leads us to inquire how many, if any, broadcasters, exclusive of announcers, have been on the air for this length of time. Do you have records that will give us this information or can you obtain it for us? So far as we are able to learn, very few broadcasters antedate this record.—REX G. BETTIS, Station WOQ, Kansas City, Mo.

This Makes Us Blush a Bit

I just received my Spring issue of Radio Digest and as usual I sat me down to digest its contents. Starting with the front cover and continuing to the very last page, I find a great volume of enlightenment regarding the doings of Radio broadcasting and reception.

For three years I have never missed an issue of the Digest and even if I did not have a Radio I would not want to be without this fine magazine. I read every article in Radio Digest, then reread some.

There are many Radio magazines on the market and each one claims to be the best. I have made many comparisons, and never yet have found one to equal Radio Digest for real interest to the listener. Many Radio magazines specialize in pages of ads and Radio hook-ups which mean nothing to the average listener. What we want is real Radio news that concerns the personnel of the different stations, and also a call log that we can depend on as reliable. This is just what I get in Radio Digest and each issue gives more and better information.

Recently I picked up a call book, which was of latest issue and found five mistakes in the station listing, and it sells for 50 cents.—F. L. NELSON, 1110 Hillsboro St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wants a Radio Club

We are in the retail and wholesale Radio business in the State of Florida, with headquarters at the address below. For the past several years, there has been a need of a Radio club of some sort in this city, and, in fact, in the entire state. The dealers that we come in contact with, in all parts of the state, have often expressed their wish that someone would start a Radio club, the members to be the net owners and fans throughout the state. We believe that a medium of this kind would allow the dealers to get in closer contact with the fans themselves.

The writer is under the impression that a Radio club is already in existence, with central headquarters in your city, through which a local organization could obtain a charter, with full instructions, etc., for organizing in this city.

We are faithful readers of the Radio Digest, and have derived so much information, which has been a help to our service department as well as the sales department, from your publication, that we have learned to look to you and your magazine, to help us out when we get in a tight place. Therefore, we are asking you for the above information.—SOUTHERN RADIO CO., 17 S. Miami Ave., Miami, Fla.

Relieves His Chest

“Write a letter and get it off of your chest,” says a very black foot note to page 77 of the latest issue of Radio Digest—on that page whereon appears the department ycleped, “Voice of the Listener.”

Why in thunder and bobcats do broadcasters, with an ingenuity that is perfectly Mackiavelian, perpetrate, inflict and foist upon their listeners such stuff as is hereinafter enumerated, mentioned and set forth.

As, for instance—advertising subtly, sweetly and confidingly—hair renewers, warranted to restore hair to shiny scalps that for a half century have accumulated brilliancy until they glitter and scintillate even to the worriment of the city fire department—this is bad enough and is a cause for disappointment and grief—but WHY—in the name of suffering humanity, WHY—ANNOUNCE, and while announcing, play wierdly dismal music in such force and obstrusiveness that neither alleged harmony nor struggling announcer can be comprehended—all to the everlasting despair of the poor wreck of a radio fan? “Quick, Watson—the needle.” I am—H. L. BRANTHAVER, 229 N. Stanislaus Street, Stockton, Calif.

Would You Rise Up?

If you can by some means induce Radio announcers to announce their station letters it would be a great service to listeners-in. Also if those who arrange programs could be induced to omit Barn-yard jazz (discords); Tenors, adenoidal; Sopranos, steam whistle; Saxophones, all, the whole Radio audience would, I am sure, rise up and call you blessed.—THOMAS DWIGHT, San Diego, Calif.

Vote Jessica Most Popular

A short while ago, a Radio Fan Club was organized in this city. As corresponding secretary of this club, I am writing to tell you about an incident which recently occurred here. I think it will interest you.

For the last five months, a dear little lady named Jessica Dragonette has been voted the most popular artist on the air. Of course, we were all interested in her, but didn't know anything about her personality or appearance.

Then, one day by mere chance, I happened to buy the Spring issue of the Radio Digest. Before twenty-four hours had passed, every member of the Happy-go-Lucky Club had purchased one of these magazines, and was diligently reading all about their favorite star. That very day, a rule was passed; a rule which was unanimous. This rule stated that every member of the Happy-go-Lucky Club must buy the Radio Digest four times a year.

We are all waiting as patiently as possible for the next issue of your magazine.

With all best wishes for your success, I am—MARJORIE L. GOETSCHUIS, Corresponding Secretary “Happy-go-Lucky” Club, 228 Ray St., Manchester, N. H.

And Then Came the Riot!

The March, 1929, issue of your wonderful paper was the first I have read and it will be the last, because I do not have much time for that kind of reading. After reading the article on page 73, I decided to tell you what I thought of Radio programs as a whole. To a little invalid of my acquaintance, life would be almost unbearable without the Radio. And most likely to many others. It is a wonderful institution. Now, if I were conducting a Radio station to my taste:

1. “Souprahno” solos would NEVER be heard.
2. The “Piahno” would be drowned in a symphony orchestra or a brass band or brass choir.
3. Tenors would occasionally be allowed to sing Killarney and Mother Machree to the accompaniment of a guitar and bass fiddle.
4. “Violinists” would be—or rather would not. “Fiddlers” plenty, and not only en solo, either. String bands would be a feature.
5. A brass choir would furnish all the dance music to be heard from my air castle station, and if these present day dance orchestras could or would not also play the simple tunes, sacred music, etc. . . .
6. A “little German Band” like the one at WLS at one time (or rather several different combinations) would be regular features.

“Modern music” reminds me of the Dutchman in society. When luncheon was announced, he said, “T'ell wit your lungch—I vont somdting to eadt.”

“Variety is the spice of life,” and the amount of jazz one hears over the Radio does not make the programs very spicy.

There is a certain announcer at a certain station who gives me such a big pain that if I was sure that his family would not have to suffer with him I would ask the manager of the station to send him . . . to school.

Read this, call me what you like, then throw it in the waste basket. That's that.—M. AULENBACH, Auburn, Pa.

We Can “Clear” 'Em Here

I note in Radio Digest that you “welcome all suggestions.” I am submitting the following because only tonight an opportunity presented itself wherein several announcers were trying to locate stations in certain cities and were forced to go through the list. Some of them were trying to find suitable stations for themselves as prospective announcers. A few began to write letters to a couple which they picked out from your list.

My suggestion is as follows . . . List the stations under state headings or principal cities. Use the last page or two for a clearing house for announcers who wish to make a change. There are many announcers who wish to go West and many wish to come East, but are afraid to go because of their inability to get in touch with people in other stations. You will place your valuable magazine in every station by this method, I think.

I hope this suggestion will prove of value. Thanking you for past favors and trusting I can reciprocate, I am, HOWARD BUTLER, New York City.

Refutes Jazzy Statement

There has been brought to my attention a published statement to the effect that at the present time, there is less classical music on the air by thirty-three and one-third per cent than there was during the winter months. This statement intimates that the Radio stations are paying less attention to fine music, and have practically “gone over” to the jazz or popular camp. If the organization making this statement had considered, or

thought the matter over, the statement would never have been made. It would have remembered that if it weren't for broadcasting there would be only ten per cent of the fine music available to the music lovers of the country during the summer, that there is during the winter months.

There is as much justification of expecting Radio stations to give nothing but opera and chamber music during the humid weather as there is to expect the Metropolitan Opera House to keep open all year round. As a matter of fact, there is several hundred times more fine music being broadcast consistently during the summer months than there is being played upon any stage in any theatre. We can tune in practically any evening and we will find that stations are still presenting miniature operas, chamber music and fine concert artists. In fact, you will find almost as much fine music on the air now as during the more frigid months when fine music is supposedly a part of our daily fare.

Broadcasting has seldom retrogressed. Let us praise each forward step and not be too ready to pounce upon what seems to be backward.—PHIL SPITALNY, New York City.

WHAT WBAP MEANS TO ME

While pondering o'er the meaning of the letters WBAP, I must admit I'm puzzled to know just what it can be; So I'm guessing hard and wonder if I am warm or cold, And in telling you my version, please do not think me bold. Now "W" stands for "Worthy," as I can plainly see Expressed in Fort Worth people, who have grown so real to me.

And "B" must stand for "Brotherly," which makes of this broad land, A great big happy family, delightfully entertained by your Hired Hand.

"A" must stand for "Amiable," the virtue for which we strive For in dealing with our fellow man brings much peace into our life.

And "P" of course for "People," put here on earth to prove That Worthy, Brotherly, Amiable, People express themselves in love.

For this is what our Master said reflects our God above. It's the language that is best to know.

And the most simple one to learn, It's expressed in loving kindness, and rewards at every turn, Now it travels through the ether, sent from WBAP, And fills our lives with gladness, wherever we may be.

—MRS. DAISY ROGERS, Emporia, Kan.

Even Valentino Cover Flopped!

The new Radio Digest came in the other day, and, as usual, we were very anxious to get it. We always look forward to the next Digest with great anticipation, to see whose picture is in this time, that we know, because we are always curious about those whom we hear so much and never see.

You ask for comments and suggestions, and, while we like the Digest just as it is, very much, I believe I could give you a few pointers. A pretty girl cover is always a great hit, at the same time, there are so many publications using this type, while yours, being a special Radio magazine, and there are so many, many interesting features about Radio, I believe you have just as good a field to choose from, other than the fair sex. Let's have a real Radio cover next time.

Wish you would sometime give us a real story about a big 50,000-watt station, like WLW; tell us how they keep everything going so smoothly and regularly, and tell us how much it costs to build a big Radio station. I believe if we had some idea of the cost of these big stations we might appreciate them more than we do. And let us have more pictures of the station announcers, those we hear so much and never see. We hear them every day, and the artists usually once a week. So let us see more of the big station announcers.

Also give us interiors of some of the great studios, and right here is where you could get plenty of ideas for a Radio cover for the magazine. I would like to see Dorothy and Uncle Neal Tomy reading the funnies to the kids on Sunday afternoons from WJR, Detroit.

We never tire of pictures of Ford and Glenn, Phil Carlin, Graham MacNamee, or any of those who were with Radio from the beginning. We always like to see the pictures of Radio Harmony teams and if you can ever get anything out of Jack and Gene, let's have it.

Would also like to see something from KWKH, but I have an idea that the Old Gentleman wouldn't let you.

There are always so many, many ways in which anything can be improved that it is really difficult to know where to commence, and if you can get any good ideas from my letter I am glad I have written to you, you are welcome to them. The only fault that our family finds with the Radio Digest is that it is too long between copies, they don't come often enough. But that's all right, too.—NELLE PITTEGER, Mansfield, Ohio.

It's Mutual, Girls

We received your spring number of Radio Digest and surely appreciated the space which you afforded Station KMO. We girls had quite a time making the men around here believe that

we did not write that article ourselves. However, we all enjoyed it and we have had many requests for the magazine.

The magazine counter here in the hotel has only one copy, and we had to send to Seattle for copies here at the station. We have asked the newscounter to stock more of Radio Digest, and we are also making your inclosed announcements.

We are doing this not only to co-operate with you, but also because we believe it is Radio's best magazine.—MARGARET HAYMOND, KMO, Inc., Tacoma, Wash.

Suggests National Club

As I have been a reader of your magazine ever since it was a weekly and I am more than pleased with each new edition I also agree with R. D. Haslip about the stations not announcing their call letters often and plain enough. We, the DX hounds, sure tear our hair when we have to take up fifteen to thirty minutes to ferret out the location of the station.

Then there is the local interference that most cities have to fight. Many are now forming clubs to trace and eliminate the noises as much as it is possible to do so. As yet there seems to be no law to take care of the offenders. It rests with the listeners to form a club in each locality to work up to a national club in order that we may have some laws to govern willful interference. It takes a great deal of effort on the part of the leaders to form these clubs. If you do not believe it, just start one in your locality. The club also protects its members by having talks on apparatus that is absolutely worthless to the set owner.

The present allocation does not appeal to many listeners, especially KYW. As a rule it is a miracle if the average set picks them up clearly when the powerful stations just 20 kc. apart are all on. There are many other similar stations, but I am interested in KYW, as they broadcast all the boxing matches in Chicago.

Let's get these clubs started. All inquiries to me or our club must have a stamped self addressed envelope enclosed for reply.—FLOYD H. BROTHERSON, 343-19th Place, Clinton, Iowa.

Bags Big Game With Radio

We had heard, like countless other thousands that "Music Charms the Savage Beast." Often, in the prints, we had seen accounts of experiences of animal trainers and others who cited instances where the above was proved true. But we wanted to find out for ourselves.

Last August four of us went on a fishing trip to Northern Ontario, far from any town or habitation. We were in canoes, accompanied by guides. We carried with us a powerful Radio, portable, of course, for our entertainment and experiment.

It was a five-tube Fada, made to order and contained in a suitcase-like grip. Several spare bulbs were carried, as well as dry batteries.

On the shore of Lake Hin-wan-go-no we pitched camp, one night, and set up our set. The Indian guides had told us that we were in the heart of wild game country and that we could expect to see moose, bears, deer and smaller game. We wanted to catch them unawares and for that purpose we carried along a powerful light, which, at the right moment would be lighted, revealing our nocturnal visitors.

At about nine at night we succeeded in tuning in Montreal. After directing the sound of the reception toward the woods, we all retired to some distance from our camp and awaited results.

About twenty minutes after, we heard, far in the distance, the call of a bull moose. He gradually came closer, as we could tell when he repeated his trumpet. It was a question with us whether we should shut down our Radio or not, we not being enough familiar with moose to know if he would attack our machine and destroy it and the tent, which stood near by. However, we chanced it, and allowed the machine to continue switched on.

As the moose gradually came closer, we became aware of a breaking of twigs and branches by another animal. The noise was off about fifty yards from the Radio and we knew instinctively that it must be a quite large animal.

As the music came in full force, all of us moved somewhat closer to the machine than before, because we figured that if any animals approached, they would likely come quite close. Besides, we wanted to be ready in case any of them did make attempts to examine the machine too minutely.

The moose came on, as did the other animal. Finally when we judged that they must be right at the edge of the forest and watching and listening to what was going on, we switched on and directed toward the woods our powerful light.

This is what we saw: The moose, a young one, judging from the size of his horns, stood in water up to his knees at the edge of the lake and watched, with ears up, what was happening. About twenty-five feet from the moose, right below a large pine, stood a deer! Were we satisfied? I should say so! Music brought them close. Next year our Radio again goes along!—EGON A. SCHILLING, 853-2nd st., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Write a letter and get it off your chest
Let's hear from you and we'll pass it on.

WSM's Fourth Birthday

(Continued from page 62)

generously of its time and power to aid the American Red Cross in several cases of disaster. The Mississippi flood, the Florida storm, and the Nashville flood were the situations which called for and received day and night service.

SINCE September, 1928, WSM has maintained two orchestras; the studio concert orchestra under the direction of Orin Gaston, and the WSM Rhythm Symphony under the direction of Francis Craig.

Tom, Joe and Jack, the minstrel men, have during the past three seasons made thousands of Radio friends happy all over the United States with their weekly programs.

The WSM Mixed Quartette composed of Ovid Collins, baritone; Christine Lamb, contralto; Margaret Rich Ackerman, soprano; and George Nevins, tenor; with Miss Frank Hollowell as accompanist, presents not only a sacred concert on Sunday evening but appears upon special and numerous occasions during the week on musical productions.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose, two of Nashville's outstanding artists, appear each week in concert. Mr. Rose is concertmeister of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra and is director of the violin department of Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Rose is an accomplished pianist.

Mrs. Daisy Hoffman, pianist and recording artist, and teacher of piano, appears at regular intervals. Mrs. Hoffman has been well received in concert in the east and south.

Christine Lamb, contralto, winner of the Atwater Kent State Audition in Tennessee for two successive years, is a member of the WSM family.

Justine Dumm and Lillian Watt, sopranos; and John Carter and Luke Burns, tenors, play an important part in the schedule. Victor and Margie Kephart present popular songs in an attractive way. Sherm Thompson, an old time minstrel man, presents popular songs of years gone by together with a few of the later numbers. The Imperial Hawaiian Players, the personnel of which is Raymond Archie, steel guitar and ukulele, Dave Ferguson, steel guitar and ukulele, and Bobby Martin, standard guitar, appear once a week in Hawaiian string music.

Throughout the winter months programs have been presented by members of the faculty of Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, and by the Nashville Conservatory of Music, of which the celebrated voice teacher, Signor G. S. de Luca is the president.

Realizing its responsibility to the outlying districts in Tennessee, which is largely a rural state, WSM was quick to see the necessity of an extensive agricultural program. This has been given each day at noon for four years.

TWO outstanding artists in widely different fields who are nationally known, began their Radio careers at WSM. The first of these is James Melton, member of the world famous Revellers quartette and tenor soloist on several National Broadcasting company programs. The second is Obed Pickard, otherwise known as "Dad" Pickard and his Family, who began their Radio career with the "Grand Old Op'ry," the Saturday night feature of the station.

The staff is headed by George D. Hay, "The Solemn O' Judge," Director of the station, and Harry Stone, Assistant Director. The Judge is well known in Radio as one of the pioneer announcers. He was the winner of the first Gold Cup offered by the Radio Digest in its nationwide contest.

Harry Stone is a practical Radio man who has seen service in all departments. He has a sense of the artistic as well as a familiarity with the technical side.

Jack Keefe is a member of the announcing staff and is an entertainer in his own right as well as being a member of the team of Tom, Joe and Jack.

Last but far be it from least, is the WSM "Grand Old Op'ry," a national institution which has attracted attention as one of the outstanding programs for the past four seasons. The folk tunes of the Tennessee hills are put on direct from the soil by the following well known performers: Dr. Humphrey Bate and his "Possum Hunters"; DeFord Bailey, harmonica wizard; W. E. Poplin and his Orchestra; Paul Womack and his "Gully Jumpers"; Burt Hutchison, guitarist and singer; Arthur and Homer Smith, fiddle and guitar; Theron Hale and Daughters, playing fiddle, guitar and banjo; Uncle Joe Mangum and Fred Shriver, fiddle and piano; G. W. Wilkerson and his "Fruit Jar Drinkers"; Crook Brothers Barn Dance Orchestra; Uncle Dave Macon, banjoist and character singer, and Sid Harkreader, fiddler.

The "Grand Old Op'ry" goes on the air at 8 o'clock on Saturday night and lasts for four solid hours. In season telegrams are received from forty to forty-five states by the hundreds.

WSM was instituted by The National Life and Accident Insurance Company's station in 1923. The officials of the Company directly in charge of Radio are Edwin W. Craig and C. R. Clements, who saw the possibilities of a Radio station to serve the South and create good will for the Company.

Woes of "Props" Echo in Studio

(Continued from page 64)

chase. Meanwhile in the WLS studio a production using a pirate theme waited for the non-propane parrot. After an interval of three hours Vicklund returned without a bird. He reported that plenty of parrots were in the stores, but none of them had a vocabulary beyond "hello," or an ambition worthy of a cracker.

In staging the Shakespeare plays over WLS, Anthony Wons of "Tony's Scrapbook" time encountered a number of difficult situations. The one that kept Tony awake nights was the duplication of a skull dropping on the ground for use in "Hamlet" during the graveyard scene. His experiments with materials and sounds were the laughs of the station for a week. On the night of broadcast he decided to use croquet balls dropping in flower pots full of dirt. All the experimentation was for naught because an assistant in dropping the croquet ball missed the flower pot and spoiled the effect.

EMBARRASSING moments do not stop with production men. That is the claim of Herman Felber, director of the WLS orchestra, who has been "up a stump" several times on unusual musical cues in the plays and productions that come before him.

The script of one play carried the note for music to suit "a beating sensation within the hero's brain!" The final result of the musical investigation ended in the drummer suggesting his tom-tom to produce the effect. During another rehearsal a character was "killed" two lines before the play action called for the death. Oscar Tengblad, cornetist of the WLS orchestra, rose up to see the cue blackboard and got in the way of the drummer and director who were communicating by signs of the progress of the cues. The drummer, believing everything was to be "ended," "shot" the fictitious person on the moment. The announcer, still in a dramatic climax, was far from the "death" scene. Mutual blushes were registered by both the drummer and the announcer.

Another embarrassing moment occurred when the piccolo player began to play "Yankee Doodle" during a drama of the Revolutionary war. The joke was that the Hessians were on a march and the play called for a German selection.

FROM "whangdoodle" to "two-cylinder cob crusher," the variety of queer names found on the roll of entertainers at WLS gives evidence of nimble wits put to use.

Already some of the names of WLS favorites have become household traditions if examination of the letter mail is to be used in judging. Among the best known on the Saturday night National Barn Dance are Walter Peterson, the "Kentucky Wonder Bean and His Double-Barreled Shotgun," Bradley Kincaid, the "Mountain Boy With His Houn' Dawg Guitar," Grace Wilson, the "Bringin'-Home-the-Bacon Girl," and Pie Plant Pete and his "Two-Cylinder Cob Crusher."

H. L. Mencken of the American Mercury would find occasion for many laughs in the list of other WLS entertainers. Here we find Jess Doolittle and his "Illinois Sodbusters," Stan Clements, the "Alabama Whangdoodle;" Three Hired Men; "Three Jacks and a Joker;" Dynamite Jim and his "High-Powered Outfit;" Howard Melaney, the "Singing Fireman;" Charley Brinkman and his "One-Man Band;" and Tom Hickory and his "Cornhuskers."

Newcomers to the WLS staff are subjected to an investigation of their antecedents, past history, occupations, hobbies and general history in an effort to tag a freak name on them. However, the names that stick usually pop up spontaneously during a program.

KMOX Broadcasts Endurance

(Continued from page 58)

It might prove interesting to see just how KMOX conducted this 186½-hour endurance broadcast. It was determined, at the start, to have a surprise for the listeners every time they were transferred to the air field, and these surprises were provided by having prominent airmen and visitors at the field, the respective wives of the fliers, members of the refueling crew, officials of the air field, and others speak over the mike from the field studio, which was set up in the office of Frank Robertson, president of the Robertson Airplane Service company.

In conducting this world record endurance broadcast, KMOX did not prepare for it by installing new transmission equipment, but relied solely on the equipment which has been in use since the station was opened on Christmas of 1925, according to an announcement by Junkin.

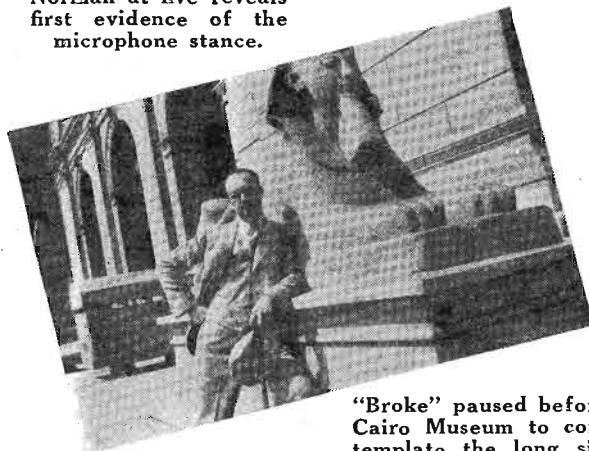
William West, chief engineer of KMOX, in relating the mechanical features of the long-distance broadcast, said the generators and batteries were changed every eight hours and that operators working in three shifts, were on duty at the flying field, at the studio in downtown St. Louis, and at the transmitting plant in Kirkwood, a suburb. There were approximately forty miles of land wire between the microphone at the air field and the transmitter in Kirkwood.



Norman Brokenshire, 1 year old.



Norman at five reveals first evidence of the microphone stance.



"Broke" paused before Cairo Museum to contemplate the long silence of the ancients.



Wilbur Brokenshire, Norman's brother; Eunice Schmidt, shortly before she became Mrs. Brokenshire, and Norman.

Brokenshire Has Experience

(Continued from page 9)

tached to the Fabian House, one of the largest summer resorts in the East, after which, his mother having returned from England, he went back to Maine once more. Here again the mechanical side of life seemed to call the loudest and after a family conference Norman took the entrance examinations of the General Electric company's apprenticeship course, going to live at Pittsfield after satisfying all the requirements of the examinations, and worked in the G. E. shops between classes in the apprentice's school.

"AFTER a year or two of this," he remarks, "I decided it was time I took a hand in the war—I was the only one of the family who hadn't joined up to that time, and in fact was still so young I had to obtain formal permission from my mother before I could enlist. A hurried trip to Maine ironed out this difficulty, however, and with a number of my friends in the shops I joined the infantry.

"My soldiering carried me into camp, trained and tamed me thoroughly and then the war blew up right in my face, for we were to have gone across on December 5th had not November 11th and the Armistice interfered. And there I was, out of a job again."

His father's account of life behind the lines interested Norman, and he found a place with the Y. M. C. A. Here, at nineteen, he was the youngest "Hut Secretary" among more than 3,000 such workers, and had charge of "Y" work at Ft. Totten and other army posts. In these camps he staged plays, arranged vaudeville and other entertainment for the service men and became what is rather widely known as "a good fellow." That this latter appellation was deserved is attested by the volume of mail he has received from old friends of camp days since his Radio life began.

After things had quieted down in the military line, with a consequent lack of demand for Y. M. C. A. workers, Brokenshire joined the ambitious but ill-fated Interchurch World Movement as a campaigner. Then that campaign fizzled out and Norman was back to normalcy, jobless again, but not for long as he took charge of a boy's camp through the summer, and in the fall, aided by a scholarship from the Y. M. C. A., entered Syracuse University to complete his education. It may have been the influence of the great outdoors or just the natural free mindedness of youth, but Norman shifted his aim when he entered Syracuse, and started a course in Forestry, later transferring to the School of Liberal Arts, working his way through.

Despite his work and studies, Brokenshire found time to keep his hand in with welfare by doing organization work for the Near East Relief, whose leaders had been attracted to the young enthusiast by his nation wide campaigning for the church movement. On completing his college course Broke turned heart and soul again to the Near East Relief which he terms "that greatest of all philanthropic movements of which this country can boast," and was for two years and a half field worker in New York state, being transferred later to the post of field director for the State of Florida.

"THIS was a marvelous experience," he declares, "for not only did my work include meeting the most representative and influential people in every community, but each Sunday found me making an appeal from the pulpit of some friendly church, with numerous meetings of civic bodies also demanding attention and presenting new opportunities to meet and talk with interesting personalities.

"Despite my happiness in this work, it suddenly came to me that I really wasn't getting very far—that this type of work, interesting and enjoyable as it was, wasn't exactly my niche. I thought business might appeal," is the way Broke explains his resignation and the attempt at commercial life which follows, but as a matter of fact it was an impending breakdown, brought on by over exertion, which forced him to abandon his career in welfare work and return to the North.

"In 1922 then, I resigned, to see what business held. I first resumed my old trade, drafting, with the Technical Advisory corporation of New York, where I helped draw up zoning plans of many of the smaller cities in New Jersey, but soon found a place more to my liking with the Air Reduction company.

"Here I supervised the taking of a motion picture illustrating every phase of the delicate process of extracting commercial oxygen from the air, and then toured the country with the film, arranging for its showing before large trade and technical meetings, also lecturing and demonstrating with liquid air. Even this proved too confining, however, and after a year and a half I looked for new fields of endeavor."

And so, we come to Radio, for as Brokenshire walked past 33 East 42nd Street one afternoon he happened to see the legend Broadcast Central, walked in, and held the conversation with which this story opens.

"I left," recalls the subject of this biography, "but the reply the operator had given me stuck in my mind. Pure curiosity had taken me in the place, and about all I knew of Radio in

those days was a memory of the sketchy imitations of announcers we had given at various entertainments in the Y. M. C. A. I think at that time my reaction to Radio as a possible occupation was merely that anything was better for me than salesmanship, which, after all, was what I had been doing for some time. I kept a weather eye on the advertisements, and, before long, saw a 'blind' advertisement in the paper calling for a Radio announcer, and listing more qualifications than I had ever imagined a man possessed. At any rate, there was nothing to lose, so I answered the advertisement and reported for an interview about a week later.

"WHEN I arrived at the Radio Corporation of America's office on Forty-Second Street, I found the same telephone operator, and about four hundred applicants, milling about a rather small room, and looking extremely ill at ease, after the manner of applicants the world over. Well, they picked and chose, tried out and eliminated, tested and eliminated some more, and we were all dismissed; but a few days later I found I alone had been picked to assist three others as announcers for the Radio Corporation's twin stations, WJZ and the now defunct WJY. It was a better percentage, at any rate, one from four hundred, than what the telephone operator had given me, and, what is more, all four of us are still in Radio in one capacity or another.

"Herbert Glover, now with the Columbia Broadcasting System as chief of the publicity department; Lewis Reid, who recently joined the Judson Radio Program corporation as special announcer; Milton J. Cross, still with WJZ and its companion station WEAJ; and your humble servant became known rather sketchily as 'The Four Horsemen of Radio.' Those were the days, as the old timers of the Radio audience will remember, when we announcers cloaked our identity behind a set of initials, Glover being 'ATN,' Reid 'ALN,' Cross 'AJN,' and I, 'AON.'

"I developed, finally, into an announcer, and found the Radio audience had decided ideas on who was the favorite Radio personality. Fan mail for anyone of four initialed announcers was rather evenly divided between roasts and welcome commendation, many of which showed pique when we happened to be on WJZ when the listener had expected to find us on WJY, and vice versa.

"These letters also began to praise my diction and enunciation, and, while I had been rather matter of fact and no more particular when talking over the microphone than in everyday conversation, I began to think. 'If these people feel I'm worth complimenting,' I said to myself, 'just wait until I put some real thought and care behind it.' And I took great pains, for several days thereafter, to accent vowels and speak with great precision, and in doing so learned the first great rule for any studio aspirant—BE NATURAL—for, in trying to improve my natural voice, I had only succeeded in chopping my voice.

"I tried to build up a distinctive style in my announcing, a bit of informality that would not only be instantly recognizable, but pleasing as well, and, while there were some times when I knew I had fallen down most woefully, with experience and study I finally developed an ability to 'put over' just what I had hoped to. My long standing greeting, 'How do you do, ladies and gentlemen,' was adopted for this reason, and by this same opening line I have reported every conceivable public event and opened every one of the many programs for which I have been announcer since that time."

THE public events include the Bryan funeral services, the Wilson Memorial, two Presidential Inaugurations, the reception to the World Flyers, the dedication of the Golden Theatre, the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the Hollywood Movie Pageant, and several others; while Radio programs handled by this pioneer are too numerous to mention. At present he is most closely identified with Hawaiian Shadows, the Coral Islanders, Ceco Couriers, Around the Samovar and Voice of Columbia. Not only does Brokenshire announce these hours, but he regularly writes the continuities for several of them and appears as Master of Ceremonies as well on other programs broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The typically Brokenshire touch as creator of Radio entertainment was first applied on a large scale to the Reading Railroad Revellers, incidentally the first example of program sponsorship by an American railroad. That series opened March 29th, 1925, and instantly sprang into the front rank of Radio programs. Other programs for which Broke was largely responsible included a number of sponsored and sustaining broadcasts, while the personal appearances he has made, alone or with a group, are legion.

However, to return to Broke's story in his own words. "When WRC, Washington, was opened, I was transferred there to help build up the station, came back to WJZ as its chief announcer when it went to super power (80,000 watts), and resigned when the National Broadcasting Company took over the management of the station.

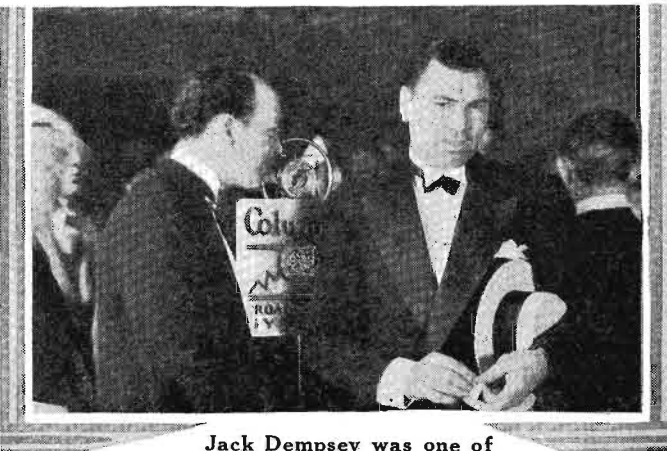
"My resignation was the result of much thought, and was decided on only after several days of very careful consideration."
(Continued on page 106)



Looking 'em over at the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant where he broadcast the Miss America contest.



As they appeared while wedding bells were tolling.



Jack Dempsey was one of the many notables Brokenshire introduced.

Log Your Favorite Stations

Chain Broadcast Features

Met.	KC	STATIONS	DIALS			Met.	KC	STATIONS	DIALS				
			1	2	3				1	2	3		
199.9	1500					293.9	1020						
201.2	1490					296.9	1010						
202.6	1480					299.8	1000						
204.0	1470					302.8	990						
205.4	1460					305.9	980						
206.8	1450					309.1	970						
208.2	1440					312.3	960						
209.7	1430					315.6	950						
211.1	1420					319.0	940						
212.6	1410					322.4	930						
214.2	1400					325.9	920						
215.7	1390					329.5	910						
217.3	1380					333.1	900						
218.8	1370					336.9	890						
220.4	1360					340.7	880						
222.1	1350					344.6	870						
223.7	1340					348.6	860						
225.4	1330					352.7	850						
227.1	1320					356.9	840						
228.9	1310					361.2	830						
230.6	1300					365.6	820						
232.4	1290					370.2	810						
234.2	1280					374.8	800						
236.1	1270					379.5	790						
238.0	1260					384.4	780						
239.9	1250					389.4	770						
241.8	1240					394.5	760						
243.8	1230					399.8	750						
245.8	1220					405.2	740						
247.8	1210					410.7	730						
249.9	1200					416.4	720						
252.0	1190					422.3	710						
254.1	1180					428.3	700						
256.3	1170					434.5	690						
258.5	1160					440.9	680						
260.7	1150					447.5	670						
263.0	1140					454.3	660						
265.3	1130					461.3	650						
267.7	1120					468.5	640						
270.1	1110					475.9	630						
272.6	1100					483.6	620						
275.1	1090					491.5	610						
277.6	1080					499.7	600						
280.2	1070					508.2	590						
282.8	1060					516.9	580						
285.5	1050					526.0	570						
288.3	1040					535.4	560						
291.1	1030					545.1	550						

Sunday											
Eastern 7:35 p.m.			Central 12:30 p.m.			Mountain 11:30 a.m.			Pacific 10:30 a.m.		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WJFC	325.9	920	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
252	1190	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
263	1140	KVOO	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
299.8	1000	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
315.6	950	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
319	940	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
333.1	900	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
336.9	890	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
365.6	820	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
374.8	800	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
379.5	790	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
405.2	740	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
428.3	700	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
454.3	660	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
483.6	620	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
499.7	600	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
508.2	590	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
516.9	580	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
545.1	550	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ
545.1	550	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ	302.8	990	WVJ

Eastern 8:30 p.m.				Central 7:30				Mountain 6:30				Pacific 5:30			
Victor Program.				"Around the World With Libby."				Raybestos Twins.				Dixies Circus.			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	203.4	1460	KSTP	325.9
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	280.3	1070	WTAM	379.5	222.1	1350	KWK	325.9
225.4	1320	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5
227.1	1320	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	238	1260	WBAL	379.5
234.2	1280	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	277.6	1080	WBT	379.5
238	1260	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	293.9	1020	KYW	379.5
245.8	1220	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
252	1190	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
263	1140	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
265.3	1130	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
270.1	1110	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
277.6	1080	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
280.2	1070	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
282.8	1060	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
292.9	1020	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
299.8	1000	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
315.6	950	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
325.9	920	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
325.9	920	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5
333.1	900	WJAS	361.2	245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	319.6	950	WRC	305.9	302.8	990	WBZ	379.5

OFFICIAL CALL BOOK AND LOG

KCRC
Enid, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daylight, 100 watts after sunset. Champlin Refining Co. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am, 12:15 pm, 6:30 pm. Central.

KDB
Santa Barbara, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Santa Barbara Broadcasting Co. C. W. Meighan. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12 mid. Sun, 4-11 pm. Sat, 9 am-12 mid. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KDKA
E. Pittsburgh, Pa. 305.9m-980kc. 50,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Daily ex Sun, 9:40 am, 12 n, 4 pm, 5 markets, weather; 6:30, dinner concert, 10:30 am, 10:30 pm; Wed, 11 pm; Thurs, 10:30 pm; Sun, 9:40 am-11 pm. Tues, Fri, 9:40 am-10:30 pm. Sat, 9:45 am-11 pm. Sun, 11 am-10:15 pm. Eastern.

KDLR
Devils Lake, N. Dak. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radio Electric Co. Announcer, Bert Wick. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8:40 am, 11 am to 1 pm, 6 to 8 pm. Mon, 9:30-10 pm. Sun, 10:45 am, service. Founded Jan. 25, 1925. Central.

KDYL
Salt Lake City, Utah. 232.6m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Intermountain Broadcasting Corp. Announcer; Philip G. Lasky. Slogan, "Dawn to Midnight"; Daily ex Sun, 7 am-1 am. Sun, 12 n-12 mid. Mountain. Founded June, 1922.

KEJK
Beverly Hills, Calif. 256.3m-1170kc. 500 watts. R. S. MacMillan. Daily ex Sun, 7 am to sundown; 9 pm-1 am. Pacific. Founded Feb. 7, 1927.

KELW
Burbank, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Earl L. White. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-1 pm, 5-8 pm. Pacific. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.

KEX
Portland, Ore. 254.1m-1180kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Archie Presby, Louis C. Teegarden. Daily ex Sun, 7 am to 7 pm, 8-12 pm, 12 mid. Sun, 10 am to 11 pm. Pacific. Opened Dec. 25, 1926.

KFAB
Lincoln, Neb. 389.4m-770kc. 5000 watts. Nebraska Buick Auto Co. Daily, 6 am-7 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 am-12 pm. Tues, Thurs, 10 pm-12 mid. Founded Dec. 4, 1924. Central.

KFAD
Phoenix, Ariz. 483.6m-620kc. 1,000 watts. Electrical Engineers, L. G. Lee Foster, Harold Haughwout. Slogan, "The Voice of Phoenix." Sun, 11 am-4 pm, 6-11 pm. Mon, 7 am-2 pm, 6-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 7 am-2 pm, 3-4 pm, 6-11 pm. Founded Oct. 30, 1921. Mountain.

KFBF
Havre, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Buttrey Broadcast, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 12-2 pm, music, markets, weather reports, household talks; 3-4 pm, record hours, 4-5 hour, Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-10 pm. Sun, 1:15-2, Sunday School; 7-15, organ, 9, church services. Founded 1921. Mountain.

KFBK
Sacramento, Calif. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sacramento Bee. Bimball-Upton Co. Announcer, R. K. Clark. Founded 1921. Pacific.

KFLB
Everett, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Lesse Bros. Announcer, Al Folkins. Daily ex Sun, 9-12 am. Tues, 6-12 pm. Thurs, Sat, 6-10 pm. Sun, 10-11 am, 8-9:30 pm. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1922.

KFDM
Beaumont, Tex. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Magnolia Petroleum Co. Announcer, Lee O. Smith. Slogan, "Call for Dependable Magnolene." Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am-10:30 am, 12 n, 6:30 pm-10 pm. Sun, 11-3 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.

KFDY
Brookings, S. D. 545.1m-550kc. 1,000 watts. State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Announcer, Sam Reck. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:15 pm. Tues, Thurs, 7:40-9:30 pm. Central.

Official Wave Lengths

Kilo-				Call				Kilo-				Call				Kilo-				Call				Kilo-				Call																																																																																																																																		
Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	Signal	Location	Meters	Cycles	Watts	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	249.9	1,200	100	WBC	Canton, Ohio	325.9	820	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.	344.5	870	5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.																																																																																																																																	
100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas	50	KFCF	Portland, Ore.	1,000	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (day)	100	WBHY	West De Pere, Wis.	1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas	250	WIBX	Utica, N. Y.	1,000	KWAH	Chicago, Ill.	250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)	1,000	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.	333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.	860	250	5,000	WAB	New York, N. Y.	5,000	WBOQ	New York, N. Y.																																																																																																																				
100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.	50	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.	500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (night)	100	WBX	St. Louis, Mo. (night)	1,000	WAF	Chicago, Ill.	250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)	1,000	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.	1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.	250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho	352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	250	WFL	Syracuse, N. Y. (day)	850	10,000	500	WWL	New Orleans, La.	630	12,500	1,000	KOA	Denver, Colo.	1,000	WFLA	Clearwater, Fla. (night)	361.2	830	1,000	WHDH	Glouster, Mass.	1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.	820	10,000	1,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	1,000	WMAK	Mortonsville, N. Y.	375.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas	1,000	WFL	Clearwater, Fla. (day)	810	10,000	500	WPCN	New York, N. Y.	1,000	WMAK	Mortonsville, N. Y.	790	7,500	50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	1,000	WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)																																																																							
100	WFLB	Petersburg, Va. (night)	50	KFR	Portland, Ore.	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.	500	WCA	Camden, N. J.	252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.	500	WOW	Fort Wayne, Ind.	254.1	1,180	5,000	WIX	Portland, Ore.	500	WOW	Fort Wayne, Ind.	256.3	1,170	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.	258.5	1,160	1,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.	260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.	263	1,140	5,000	KVVO	Tulsa, Okla.	265.3	1,130	20,000	WJJD	Moose Lake, Minn.	267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.	270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.	272.6	1,100	500	KGDM	Stockton, Calif.	275.1	1,000	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.	277.6	1,080	10,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.	282.8	1,060	500	WJJM	Portland, Ore.	285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Millard, Kan.	288.3	1,040	10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.	293.9	1,020	10,000	KFKX	Chicago, Ill. (day)	296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picker, Okla.	299.8	1,000	250	KGFW	Glendale, Calif.	302.8	890	15,000	WBS	Springfield, Mass.	305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.	309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.	315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.	336.9	890	1,000	KFNH	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)	339	940	250	KFEL	Denver, Colo.	322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.	340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo.	500	WFBC	Roanoke, Va.	500	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas	50	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.	500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (night)	100	WBHY	West De Pere, Wis.	1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas	250	WIBX	Utica, N. Y.	1,000	KWAH	Chicago, Ill.	250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)	1,000	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.	333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.	860	250	5,000	WAB	New York, N. Y.	5,000	WBOQ	New York, N. Y.																																																																																																																				

Vote for Your Favorite Station

WHICH is the most popular broadcast-station? Radio Digest is conducting a poll among its readers to decide that question. By means of your ballots you may help bring honor to the station which gives you the most entertainment and the greatest service.

Read the announcement on page 3, turn to the rules of the contest printed on page 118, then clip the nomination and ballot coupons and send them to the Popular Station Editor, RADIO DIGEST, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Amos 'n' Andy Use New Words

(Continued from page 15)

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN, the "Amos Jones" to Charles J. Correll's "Andy Brown," knows his negro dialect better than the French chef his onion soup. Three generations of the Gosden family have lived in Virginia and Freeman had the advantage which few blackface minstrels ever enjoy—namely, a childhood association with the Gosden family's negro mammy and "Snowball," a young negro lad of Freeman's own age in the Gosden household. It is Snowball who lives again in the trusting, simple, unsophisticated Amos Jones, chauffeur extraordinary to the one broken-down Fresh Air Taxi which so forcibly reminds one of the Toonerville Trolley that meets all the trains. Amos, around whom the halo of sympathy usually hangs, in contrast to the domineering personality of Andy, might deny that he is related to the Virginia Snowball. As a matter of fact, he is only partially Snowball. The real Snowball comes into the picture only occasionally when "Sylvester" appears on the scene.

In fact, Amos merely appropriated the real Snowball's pet phrase, "Ain't dat sumpin'" which every Radio fan recognizes as an expression as characteristic of enthusiasm as Andy's, "I'se regusted," booms forth the heartbreak note from the depths of black despair.

Not that "Andy" Correll does not know his negro dialect, just because he came from the North. Here is how Bill Hay describes Andy in his book, "All about Amos 'n' Andy."

"ANDY: Domineering, a bit lazy, inclined to take the credit for all of Amos' ideas and efforts. He is always 'workin' on the books' or 'restin' his brain,' upon which (according to Andy) depends the success or failure of all the boys' joint enterprises. He'll browbeat Amos, belittle him, order him around, but let anyone else pick on the little one—then look out!"

The writer has been listening to Correll and Gosden for a number of years. He was almost tempted to say "listenin' at" Amos 'n' Andy, so vivid are the memories of that rich negro dialect. Not once during those many episodes that have transpired on the unseen Radio stage in which Amos 'n' Andy have played their parts, has there ever been a word of ridicule for the race which they portray. This I am assured is attested by the fact that the colored people themselves are great admirers of the impersonations of their race and that Amos 'n' Andy are oft invited to speak at meetings of colored people both in the North and South. Part of this may be psychological because of the sympathetic treatment which the creators of these characters give to the delineation of the two ignorant, struggling negro boys from Atlanta who have come to the big city, first to Chicago and then on to New York, or I should say, Harlem.

NEVER an unkind word but always good fun without any attempt at being funny other than through the situations which arise for their episodes. They are excellent showmen as one of their critics records, but they know that the great American audience likes clean, good-natured fun arising from situations themselves rather than unkind attempts at humor through ridicule.

Their new broadcast—and it is new in the sense that their antics are being put on directly before the microphone instead of through the medium of a recording device—promises to give them new opportunities. Aside from their enlarged income which certainly accrues to them because of their national fame and recognition, Amos 'n' Andy can now stay closer to current happenings than heretofore. When they were broadcasting through records, although few people knew it, it meant that the episodes were transcribed from five to six weeks in advance of the broadcast. Now they can return to their old love, if they want to, namely, to be just a bit more spontaneous and embody last minute ideas into their minstrelsy. That does not mean that Correll and Gosden will forsake their old habit of preparing a perfect script for each episode. Their work is too painstaking to permit haphazard improvisation.

On the other hand, they purposely do not rehearse their episodes immediately before going on the air.

"We couldn't do that," Correll told me, "because of the fear of going stale. We have lived with our characters so long that we can assume the roles on a moment's notice. We fall into them naturally because we have studied their traits and their mannerisms; that is, we know just how Amos feels about everything, and how Andy is certainly always ready to make the best of an opportunity to rest and spout off.

ONE thing which Correll and Gosden are often asked, is this: "Who takes the other parts in your performance?"

Perhaps these two famous comedians will be "regusted" at the disclosure that they are guilty of playing all the parts in every episode. In other words, Correll, in addition to being Andy, and Fred the landlord, also takes the part of the hard-boiled policemen whenever one of them is ready to reprimand the chauffeur of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company. He also takes the part of the Whale and the Sword-

fish, those two highly important officers of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. "Amos" Gosden is also the Kingfish and Sylvester, along with his own would-be father-in-law, the well-to-do parent of the adored Ruby Taylor. One thing they have never tried to do, that is, to impersonate a woman's voice over the Radio. That is why the Widow Parker and Ruby herself have never been heard. Of course, if ever the Widow Parker and Ruby Taylor got in a word, I am afraid Amos 'n' Andy would never get in another edgewise. And that would be fatal.

TO ME the most interesting characteristic of these two inseparable Radio stars, for one never thinks of one without the other, is that they write their own script for every episode. They are not only actors in the play but the playwrights themselves. This means that they must remain eternally on the quest for new ideas, new situations, new plots, new fun. I am afraid that if they entrusted their script writing to any one else but themselves, these comedians would not find the material just to their liking or entirely true to the characters they are depicting.

For that reason, the superlatives that have been heaped upon these peerless comedians and the receptions which have been tendered them when they have deigned to make a personal appearance, such as their recent vaudeville excursion to the Pacific Coast, are well deserved. I am afraid that the most prolific short-story writer would balk at a contract which required him to turn out two thousand words of dialogue a day regardless of inspiration. As Gosden lets Andy sum up the philosophy of business for him:

"Yo' see, Amos, no matteh whut bizness you is in, de bizness is gotta have a head man to tell 'em whut to do and when to do it. So dat's de way 'tis wid us. I strains my brain an' figgehs out whut you gotta do. Yo' see de brain work is de most reportant thing."

CORRELL and Gosden, as it has already been said, always write the dialogue for the Amos 'n' Andy episodes exactly as it is pronounced. For instance, Andy never says "I is regusted." He says, "I's regusted," and this is the way it appears on the script. If Amos says, "Ain't that something?" it is always written "Ain't dat sumpin'?"

To illustrate just how the original manuscript reads, a selection from the script of the famous courtroom scene is given below:

Judge (in distance)—Attorney for the plaintiff will proceed with the cross-examination.

Attorney Rada (fading in to cross-examine Andy)—Your name is Andrew Brown?

Andy—I don't remembbeh.

Judge (raps twice)—The witness will answer the attorney for the plaintiff. Proceed with the cross-examination.

Rada—Your name is Andrew Brown. Is that correct?

Andy—Yessah, dat's right.

Rada—You are president of the Fresh-Air Taxicab Company?

Andy (boastfully)—Yessah, yessah.

Rada—Do you know Mrs. Parker?

Andy—I did know her, but I ain't speakin' to her now.

Rada—Brown, when did you first meet Mrs. Parker?

Andy—I met Mrs. Parkeh oveh at Ruby Taylor's house one night.

Court Clerk—What was that last statement?

Andy—I met Mrs. Parkeh oveh at Ruby Taylor's house one night, but I'se sorry I eveh went oveh dere.

Rada—That's neither here nor there.

Andy—Yes, 'tis. It's oveh dere.

Rada (impatiently, to Andy)—Just a minute.

Andy—I don't remembbeh.

Rada—Brown, did you ever write Mrs. Parker a letter?

Andy—Yessah.

Rada—Is this your handwriting?

Andy—Dat kinda look famil'ar to me—I don't make no "a" like dat, though. Maybe I did make it, though. Yessah, I guess dat's it. Is it got my name on it heah—Yeh?—Well, dat's mine all right.

Rada—Brown, take a look at that. Do you remember writing those words, "My darling, baby-face Snookems"?

Andy (excited)—It seems like I is, and den it seem like I ain't. I b'lieve I is, though. I know one thing, I was crazy to write it.

Rada—But, nevertheless, you wrote this letter?

Andy—Yessah.

Rada (to Court)—The next line of this letter—"How can I live without you, my darling? We must fly away together, my little Snookems." (To Brown, with high pressure.) Brown, did you really love this woman?

Andy—I don't remembbeh.

Rada—Didn't you plead with her to be your wife? Didn't you beg her on your bended knees, not to love anyone else?

Andy (quick, mixed-up reply)—Yessah—I mean, nosah—I mean, I don't remembbeh.

Rada—Andrew Brown (slow and deliberate), I want to ask you one question.

Andy—I don't remembbeh.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 14)

"Good Gawd!" came the guttural cry of astonishment from him. "A girl!"

Kennedy and I were not far behind him in scrambling aboard and, as the cruiser listed with our weight, we clung to the roof of the cabin and peered down and in through the windows with him.

What I saw was enough to justify McNaught's exclamation. There in the cabin as the water swirled about her feet was a girl, young, beautiful, blonde, one of those blondes who can wear a red dress with effect—her body thrown back in the arm-chair before the table—dead!

On the table before her were the remains of what might have been breakfast or a light lunch for two. Before her was a plate with a bunch of grapes, perhaps half eaten.

But it was not that that fixed my attention now. It was the face of the girl. Not only her face, but her arms and hands, her neck and shoulders—in fact, her whole lithe beautiful body was green!

Kennedy was in the cabin in an instant making a thorough examination of her.

"Not drowned," he muttered after a quick determination that artificial resuscitation was too late. "Not shot. No marks of violence on her."

"POISONED," I suggested, awed a bit, for such a tragedy to a beautiful woman strikes even a newspaperman with more than ordinary force by its contrasts. "What's this Green Death?"

Kennedy would say nothing but was making a hasty survey of the cabin, collecting and marking the objects on the table, even the grapes, everything.

"Gosh, Ed! It's Lola Langhorne of St. James! You know—who divorced Allen Harper because he was more in love with his polo ponies and his mother than with her—she said! Gosh!"

While Kennedy continued to examine the girl and the cabin, I took it upon myself to police the boat and shoo off the curious while I urged the men in the tender to speed on the pump, and McNaught found a way to examine the hold and determine how the water had rushed in.

"Sea cocks open, all right," he reported a minute later, then added tumultuously. "I was right—a hundred and ten cases of hootch in the hold! She was huckstering the stuff, all right, this boat was! What about her?" he nodded toward the dead girl.

"Get another boat from the 'Samoset,'" directed Kennedy quietly. "I want the men to lift the body off on it, take it ashore to the St. Charles Hospital. Have them call up my friend Sister Marie there, get the ambulance down, and then get in touch with Coroner Gibson. Walter and I will taxi our airboat around through the breakwater and up the harbor to our landing stage. We'll be up to the hospital by the time you get there. Have your men get the 'Gigolo' afloat, if they can, but leave everything untouched on it as far as possible. I'm taking along this stuff I collected in the cabin."

I realized that our flying boat jaunt was at an end as we faced the problem of how Lola Langhorne was killed and by whom.

CHAPTER II.

VOLCANIC YOUTH

"DOCTOR, I wouldn't presume to intrude on your rights as coroner and as a physician in Harbor County," ingratiated Kennedy when a few minutes later we arrived at the St. Charles Hospital.

McNaught had done everything as instructed. The body was there; Sister Marie, the nurse, was waiting; Doctor Gibson, the coroner, was waiting. But McNaught himself was not waiting. He had disappeared somewhere on some mission.

"Have you had a chance to look at the body, Doctor?"

"Yes. I know the girl—Lola Langhorne."

"What, so far, do you think of the cause of death?"

"Not drowned. We know that. I have McNaught's story, too."

"No," agreed Kennedy, "not drowned."

"Not killed by a gun or by force," eliminated the doctor.

"No," agreed Kennedy again.

"What then?" The alternatives fairly bubbled from the coroner's lips as if he would show these city crime-doctors how they handled things out in the country. It was merely a rhetorical question. "I'm analyzing the stomach contents for a poison." He answered his own query in a manner that showed he needed no help from outside.

Kennedy nodded. "You'll let me know your findings?"

"Assuredly, Kennedy; only too glad to put you wise."

I had no time to comment or to ruminate on the bucolic assurance that accepted these facts, this hideous green death for instance, as a matter of course, and condescended so

blithely to inform Kennedy soon just how it all was. We were interrupted by another of the sisters who informed us that McNaught was in the waiting room with a young lady and wished to see us.

Kennedy gravely thanked the coroner who returned to his autopsy and we found McNaught now accompanied by a flashily dressed young person who might have been pretty if she had left even some of the artificialities to older women.

"I didn't tell you, Kennedy, although I may have hinted at it, but I had brought out my informant and had her down at the Shore Inn. I thought you might like to hear what Miss Mazie Mellish has to say, first hand. I believe she knows some of the people that may be involved in this affair better than anyone else."

Mazie laughed. Among many things that Maize was not, she was not embarrassed. Even the calm of the hospital and the quiet, devoted sisters did not embarrass this volcanic young person. I saw she was looking at Craig's hands as well as mine.

"If you boys want a real manicure, come up to the Hotel Monte Carlo—in the barber shop. That's my business. Get me? I'm there—"

"Just a minute, Mazie," interrupted McNaught. "Let's not discuss business—yet. You will remember, Kennedy—certainly Jameson will, anyway, from being on the 'Star'—about the reported disappearance of a Trixie Dare—"

"Trix was manicurist in the beauty parlor at the Monte Carlo," interrupted Mazie. "Some kid—jazz crazy!"

"Of course, you knew this Trixie Dare?" prompted Craig to hasten getting down to the facts.

"Sure! You bet I did. Didn't I take her down to the Golden Glades, myself?"

I WAS interested in that. The Golden Glades had been raided only a few days before and I had written it up for the "Star," village flappers, college chaps and all. I studied Mazie. Why was she telling anything to McNaught? I have been on enough of Kennedy's cases to realize that there is a reason back of everything people do, though some don't even know it themselves. Mazie's motive was that which fires a good many of the crimes and most of the petty meannesses of women—jealousy—in this case of a girl prettier than herself.

"So, you took her to the Golden Glades," encouraged Craig. Mazie's face clouded. "I ought to-a-known better! I introduced her to my boy friend—and I lost him!"

There was vexation over her tactical and unusual error. When girls pal, if one is as pretty as Mazie, the other is usually fat enough for the reduction works, the more especially if the girl expects to introduce her foil to the fellow. Mazie was vexed really because she had not followed her instinct. "How did that happen, Mazie?" asked Craig, patiently leading on to get the real story that might underlie the tragedy on the boat.

Mazie chewed viciously at a small piece of gum, sometimes cleverly concealed in the back of her mouth. "Oh, I just took Trix down to the Golden Glades a couple of times, that's all. Trix was all dolled up, with her curly brown hair and big blue eyes. She just had all the boys after her down there. She had a way with her, too. You know what I mean. She had IT.

"My boy-friend used to be head waiter down there. They call him Don the Dude. His real name is Donato, Benito Donato. Well, he was a big, tall fellow, good looking, and I liked him—but it's all off now. Do you know what that guy did? As soon as he saw Trix with me, he came right up. She got the attention; not me. What do you know about that? But I ain't got them eyes—and my hair is straight and black and shiny."

"You might add beautiful, too," smiled Craig.

"Quit kiddin'!" But I noticed she rubbed her shiny locks to be sure they were arranged perfectly. "This Don the Dude's quite a sport these days, some racket, see? He never misses a fight at the Garden and he knows the name and past performances of the ponies. But this last one he picked is gointer be scratched, see?"

Her black eyes snapped. "We hadn't been in the Golden Glades long that last night, see?—when it was raided, understand?—by a bunch of reformers. Some association. I read afterwards they was going after to end the tawdry tea-room iniquity—whatever that is. It's a bunch that can't make a living 'cept by watching what other people do and drawin' a salary to stop 'em.

"Now don't get impatient, Mr. McNaught, I'm tellin' this in my own way. I'm comin' to the point. I was sittin' with Trix and this Don the Dude when these people crashed us. But Don he led us out through a back way. I never knew they had such an exit before. We got out into the backyard and from that into an alley. You bet we done some hustlin'!

"DON just shoved us in a taxi with a driver who was a friend of his. But, say, you'd ought-a-seen another couple rush up. It was that Lola Langhorne—maybe you

read about her gettin' a divorce in the papers? She comes up to the Monte Carlo Beauty Shop and Trix knows her. And that young fellow, Eversley Barr, was with her. She called him Ev. Well, they just naturally piled into the taxi, too, and then this here, now, Jake Merck, that's the driver, he looped it uptown as fast as he could and never got no ticket, neither. Some driver!" She considered the reminiscence with animation. "We was all laughing and joking. We had all jammed in in such a hurry, it was hard to tell where our legs was or where they belonged. Believe me, there wasn't nothing in its right place!"

"They went up to the Exclusive Club," interrupted McNaught, to get back to the facts. "There was this Don the Dude, Trix, Maize, Eversley Barr, Lola Langhorne, and, when they go there they invited the driver in with them, this Jake Merck."

"Yeh," resumed Mazie, eager to tell it herself. "We got talking over the drinks, didn't even dance. Don says he's had some money on a pony, a thirty-to-one shot, what finishes half a length ahead of the field and he's got \$300. He's rich. This Jake says he just had an offer of \$450 for his taxi and is gointer sell it in the morning. Well, then, Trix, she says she has saved up \$250 in the bank. Then they got to talkin' what they had on 'em and the cash was forty-five dollars, not countin' the checks. They said they was rich—and I thought myself they was pretty well fixed between 'em—\$1,045. Then Don, who's left off waitin' and is a racketeer, says, 'Why work?' and the others says, 'But how live?' and he says, 'Rum runnin', of course,' and they says, 'That's all been broken up; there ain't no more Rum Row,' and he says 'Applesauce!'"

Mazie paused for breath and I paused to consider how the raid to make Trix and Lola and the rest good had sent them all wrong and killed one of them, so far, branded by the reformers who saved their souls. Before Mazie could get her second wind, McNaught took the floor.

"It was at this point that young Eversley Barr came into the picture as I understand it. You know he has actually an allowance of five thousand a month. He said he had a friend on the bootleg curb market that hangs out around a certain bank on Longacre Square who told him there were a hundred thousand cases of good stuff on the docks at Nassau—ten million dollars worth at New York prices. Someone had told him that tankers were bringing in some of it, at least ten thousand cases at a clip, and that there was a little tramp steamer, named the 'All Alone,' under Canadian registry, that could be bought and could carry twenty thousand cases, maybe more. He told them this fellow wanted him to go in on it and that the bank would finance it, if Barr was in it.

"THE upshot was that Lola Langhorne told them she had her little estate on St. James Harbor and a station wagon and a sport car with the niftiest trunk on the baggage rack. She said rum running was more sport than hunting big game in Africa or the Arctic. Maybe she's right. Well, these two crowds get together—and then another chap at the club, Warner Davis, a sort of racketeer, only I don't yet make out what his racket is, and his girl, Jean Bartow, like a gun-moll—they all get together and form a partnership."

"Yeh—that's it," interrupted Mazie again, a little peeved at not holding the center of the stage. "Don the Dude and Trix, Ev and this Lola, they was havin' a great time over the fortune they was gointer make in a hurry. They didn't pay much attention to me. I wasn't in it. I ain't got two hundred and fifty cents in no bank. And Don, he was groggy over Trixie. . . . But I got something that they forgot and that's my tongue. It wasn't long before I got the hunch to blow the works to the prohibition enforcement for the dirty deal that they was handin' me."

"They had plenty of hootch and the party got sloppy, specially after this Warner Davis and Jean Bartow met up with them. This Warner Davis was a good spender, jolly, and he seemed to know everybody in town. He says he could sell the stuff tonight with Jean, once it was landed, the whole hundred thousand cases, and get more out of it than anyone else. It wasn't long before this Warner Davis says he will come in and go along on the trip and Jean was to stay here and take the orders and keep 'em wised up and all that. They had it all arranged down to spending the money, see?"

"And did they actually go into it, all of them?" inquired Kennedy, at last seeing the full import of what McNaught was getting at in the inception of this amateur rum-running plot.

"Surest thing you know! But lissen. By this time Trix began showing her claws to me and I won't take it from no cat. We had an awful word battle and Don as much as told me I better beat it while the beatin's good. Huh! I was so mad I flings my gloves that I was carryin', the fingers, right in Trix's face and I does beat it. You couldn't see me for legs. . . . And the next thing I does one day when I see Trix don't show up on her job no more, is to blow it all to Mr. McNaught here, who says he'll wait till they

actually get back and do something, then he'll crash 'em, and I'll get a reward, a job maybe in his unit, for spillin' the dam' beans of these double-crossers!"

Mazie was genuinely angry now. "There ain't only that cruiser of Eversley Barr in it and Lola Langhorne's station wagon and sport car, but, later, they had to have a dock and a barn or some place to store the stuff and they took in little Judy Hancock, the daughter of the banker, J. Kearney Hancock, with the big summer place at Nissequogue—oh, they was all into it, this fast young set out this way, and that's why I'm willin' to be out here—'cause it all stole my boy-friend off me, and they wasn't makin' no place in it for me, anyhow."

McNaught winked sidewise. After all Mazie was no more transparent than are the great international bankers. There wasn't anything in it for her.

"And another thing," she tumbled out to make a complete story of it, "you know this Judy Hancock had a mighty good wireless on her place and the 'Gigolo' had a wireless. You see, they was all set. Ev Barr was financin' and all the girls was crazy over him, anyhow, Lola Langhorne, Judy Hancock, even Trixie Dare. Say, I seen there was trouble comin'—and I ducked—quick!"

A liveried chauffeur handed Kennedy a note. He read it, crumpled it in his pocket and nodded, "No answer—except I'll be there!"

CHAPTER III.

THRILLS AND CHILLS

"IT WAS little Judy Hancock," explained Kennedy about the note a few minutes later when we had left the hospital and made an appointment to meet McNaught later. "In some kind of trouble down at a lawyer's office in the village. I knew her father, Kearney Hancock, president of the Harbor County Bank out here, and a lot of things in the city. It must be something to do with the case or she wouldn't know where to find me. How fast news spreads! I'd better see what it is and if I can help her."

It wasn't long before we met a very excited girl in the law office on the second floor of the bank building. Judy was undoubtedly pretty, scarcely more than in the debutante age, with a mass of golden hair which she was constantly brushing back with a small white hand in graceful, quick, nervous actions.

"Mr. Kennedy," she blurted out, "I've been arrested by revenueurs in my car on the state road for carrying a case of liquor! I gave a fictitious name. But they have the car and of course when they look up the license number they'll find my real name and all that. I left my diamonds as bail, but they were kind enough to fingerprint me and let me out that way because I was a girl. And the worst of it is the case of hootch was planted on me at that!"

"Then why worry if it's a frameup?" I asked. Judy smiled a wanly superior smile and turned to Craig. "The trouble is, Mr. Kennedy, I've been in a rum-running scheme all the time, just for the excitement of the thing. Ev Barr told me there was no particular danger in it, so I went in, just for a lark. But it seems as if we were wrong."

As I studied Judy, I couldn't help wondering at sweet seventeen of today. Here was one little girl with unusual beauty, wealth and social position. She lacked thrills and excitement. The movies no longer supplied the thrills. She was blasé on racing cars, fast motor boats, aeroplanes, parties, scandal, everything. It was a splendid foundation on which a booze broker might build a capable bootlegging accessory—and evidently had done so. There was a thrill of smartness in defying the law. Now there was a chill of getting caught, rightly or wrongly. Craig said nothing of what he already knew, but just let her talk ahead.

"You see," she went on, "I started in by agreeing with Ev to go down to our bungalow on Pine Beach and use my wireless about the time they expected a tanker outside the twelve mile limit. Ev had a pretty good sending set on his 'Gigolo' and they had a fine one, of course, on the tanker. We've opened our town house and I had the run of the bungalow. So I got in deeper and deeper. It was thrilling, y'know."

It must have been. She was nervously balling and unballing her gloves, plucking at the fingers. "Mr. Jameson," she appealed to me, "you'll keep me out of the papers, won't you? Do you know, I'm more afraid of Dad than the law! Somehow or other I respect him—but the law. . . . I suppose I shouldn't say it with all this talk of respect for law, but all the very best people are laughing at the eighteenth commandment more than ever."

Craig looked at this seventeen-year-old girl in amazement. His face quickly assumed a serious cast. "I'm glad you sent for me, Judy. You're not the first person to see me on this affair today. I know your father, and I feel that I ought to do something to—lighten the blow. The Government is already at work. Tell me frankly—is there anything that would drag you into this murder of Lola Langhorne?" Kennedy paused, looking at Judy with eyes that would not accept a lie.

SHE startled. "Oh! . . . But of course you know about that. I forgot. Of course. How would I have reached you, otherwise?" She turned as if fascinated, then tremulously spoke of her fears. "We were worried last night over Lola not getting to shore. She had over a hundred cases on the 'Gigolo,' Ev's boat, with Captain Ryder Smith. He's an old fisherman down here that we got to run the cruiser. Ev's out on the tanker. We were worried; no word from Lola all night; and a tip that a revenue boat was coming tomorrow. Then I heard the gossip about the 'Gigolo' sunk and a revenue boat standing by and a dead girl on the cruiser. Down at the dock I heard it was Lola. And I heard they had some of Dad's guns on the 'Gigolo', too!"

"Your father's guns?" repeated Kennedy. "How could that be?"



"Oh, they was all into it, this fast young set out this way, and that's why I'm willin'—it stole my boy friend off me."

"Easy enough. I suppose 'most anyone of them might have got in the gun room at the bungalow," she answered glibly. "But, Mr. Kennedy, I was worried over Dad's guns. So, I started up here to see our lawyer. I never looked at a thing in my sport car but the gas. Then these revenueurs stopped me on the road, showed their badges, wanted to look over the car. I was completely floored when they found a case of Scotch under the cover where the extra rear seat is!"

She paused to convince us. "I didn't know it was there. I told them it must have been a frame. But they only laughed. 'That's what they all say!' One of them was mighty fresh. He said I was too pretty to get into trouble, that there was something better than bootlegging, and tried to make a date with me. I was more afraid of him than I was of either Dad or the law!"

Judy's sophistication was only a cover, like many people who like to be thought a great deal worse than they really are. Under that cover she was almost in tears. "Oh, what a day it has started out to be, Mr. Kennedy! To lose one of my girl friends, to have the feeling that I'm some way to be mixed up in her murder, and to be arrested for transporting a case of Scotch I know nothing about—although it was our Scotch and I might have been carrying it if I wanted to! Oh, why did I agree with Ev to go into this thing? Ev fascinates me. You'll help me, Mr. Kennedy? I feel as if I had enemies all around me. Who would take father's guns and leave them on that boat? Who would put that hootch in my car when we were working like mad yesterday, last night and today to get the stuff all landed—and away? Who wanted to get me arrested? Who hates me that much?"

"Or who fears you that much?" corrected Kennedy. "Now, you poor foolish little girl, you've been doing most of the talking, your way. Let me ask you who has been at the bungalow since you have been lightering this stuff ashore? Who had a chance to get the guns?"

"OH, ALL of them," she answered hastily. "But Ev's out on the tanker as supercargo, or whatever you call it. You know, I told you we got a tip—at least Warner Davis did—that a coast guard boat was due in this part of the Sound tomorrow. So everybody was working hard to get all the stuff ashore yesterday and today. We had four boats

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The Gigolo Mystery

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huckstering for us—that's what they call it—huckstering, like it was garden truck going into the city. Some excitement!"

"Four?" repeated Kennedy. "I thought Barr's boat was to do all that."

"Yes—but this coast guard boat, you know. I had a small motor boat, half decked over, and this Jake Merck, the chauffeur, who understands all about gas engines said he would take it out to the tanker, 'All Alone,' and bring in some cases if someone would help him. I think we would have landed it all if this terrible—this murder hadn't happened on the 'Gigolo' which could carry most and was fastest."

"Did you make any trips?" I asked, seeing in it the story of a flapper rum-runner.

"A couple of trips. Trixie Dare made a couple, too. You know we could take only about thirty cases on it. We've been working five days, that is it would have been, with today."

"Where's Jake Merck now? Thirty cases didn't help much with the thousands you had altogether."

"I know it. But we were going to move along the coast somewhere else if we had to. Warner Davis was getting the low-down on that. I guess our tip was no good. The revenue boat got here a day ahead. Why, we decided it was dangerous to leave the stuff in the big garage down there at the bungalow. So Jake got motor trucks and moved the stuff to a warehouse in the city over on the West Side. It's there now. But Jake's gone."

"What other boats were there? What of this Captain Ryder Smith?"

"Oh, he has a boat, the 'Alert,' sort of a trawler. They say he's made a lot of money running stuff in with it. Oh, he's rich out of the game. Anyhow when this tip came I told them about Ryder Smith and they said to get him even if it cost ten dollars a case for lightening the stuff to shore. So we did. Ev wanted to stay on the tanker so he got Captain Smith to take the 'Gigolo.' The crew of the trawler could handle her and Warner Davis was in charge of that. Jean Bartow, Warner's friend, stayed at the bungalow with me at the wireless but this last trip of the trawler. Warner took her back with him. I had the wireless alone. The last message I received from the 'All Alone' was that Lola and Captain Smith were bringing in a hundred cases last night. They never arrived. Instead the coast guard picks up the 'Gigolo' and Lola is dead. Captain Ryder Smith had disappeared. Maybe he's been drowned."

"You said there were four boats lightening the stuff in."

"Oh, yes. Well, out there on the 'All Alone' they had a big motor dory. Donato—this Don the Dude, as they call him—took that. Trixie Dare made some trips with him but she quit. She's a jealous cat, anyway. I hear she stole Don from another girl in the first place. Lola liked Don pretty well. He's a good dancing man. In Paris they'd call him the gigolo—not Ev's boat! Some of her own medicine to Trixie!"

BUT, Judy, inquired Craig. "What's this I hear about you and Ev Barr? Didn't you take—er—have any rival?"

Judy looked at him keenly, as if he were uncomfortably close to guessing her secret. "I haven't any affairs! Suppose I do care for Ev Barr? Maybe he is older than I am. Maybe he does keep telling me we'll get married when I am eighteen. What of it? Yes—the only trouble is Ev's such a good fellow all

the girls adore him. Sure—Lola went out with him more than I liked. I was hoping Lola wouldn't go to Nassau on the tanker with the rest—but she did—along with Trixie and her dancing man. I ought to have gone. I might have kept Ev out of trouble. But what would Dad have said to that?"

"All the girls cultivate Ev Barr, don't they?" It was as if Kennedy had thrust a knife in a wound and turned it around.

It troubled Judy to answer. It is hard for a girl to admit that the man she loves is a philanderer. It's too much like saying, "I'm a simp to stand it—but I can't help it."

"Oh," she murmured, "I guess even this Jean Bartow had a crush on him. She never said much about it—not before me, anyhow. But she had his picture and it used to make me mad to hear her say, 'When Ev gets back from Nassau' and so on. I don't think Ev even wrote to her, except for a picture card or two. I really think Ev cares for me and wouldn't let me go to Nassau because he didn't want me in danger on the tanker. I've succeeded in getting into enough danger though, it seems. Still, I don't like even that name 'Gigolo' on the cruiser. Ev's no gigolo—although some of these other men look very much like gigolos to me!"

"Don the Dude, for instance?" I suggested.

She looked at me appraisingly. "Lola fell for him," she said slowly. "How hard I cannot say. Some of us are queer."

"By the way," Kennedy recalled us to the facts of the case, "the stuff's not at the bungalow but in a warehouse? Where?"

"On West Street. The broker told Jake and the rest of us about it."

"The broker?"

"Yes. Deitz; in the Broadway and Forty-second Street Building, the man who put Ev wise to the hundred thousand cases on the wharves in Nassau in the first place."

We were leaving the Bank Building. "I want you to go to the home of some friend, some quiet home, Judy," admonished Craig. Before many hours you must tell the whole story to your father."

She shot a startled glance at Kennedy. But there was no chance to remonstrate. The grinding of the brakes of a car interrupted that, as the man at the wheel regarded Kennedy with a very chastened and chagrined expression on his face. It was the coroner.

"Hello, Doctor. What did you find?"

"Kennedy," Dr. Gibson was speaking slowly as if every word humbled him. "I have performed many autopsies—but never one like this. Analysis of the stomach contents shows no trace of any poison at all!"

"Yet she was poisoned!" I exclaimed.

"That green!"

"No marks of a needle?" asked Kennedy too charitable to rub it in and enjoy the medical man's discomfiture.

"I looked carefully. Not a mark of a hypo."

How then, I thought, and by whom? Here was a mystery!

Was it Poison?

SEE November Radio Digest for the next developments in the mystery of the derelict Gigolo and the Green Death

Brokenshire Has Experience

(Continued from page 79)

tion and consultation with Mr. Popenoe, the manager. Briefly, I thought I had better opportunity as a free lance, and in looking back feel I laid much of the foundation on which my work has been built through this change. That sounds rather conceited, I know, but let me explain something which will make clear just what I mean.

"This has to do with studio technique and routine. In the beginning every announcement that went out over the air was written for us, we had to 'follow copy' word for word, as a printer would say. I didn't care for this, feeling the announcer knew what he wanted to say, could think for himself, and was better able to express himself if allowed a little latitude than if he had to follow hard and fast speeches set down for him.

"AS a Radio free lance in full charge of Special programs presented through stations WGL, WHN, WEEL, WNAC, WICC, WPCH, WCAO, WDEL, WBRE, WFBM, WWRL, WCAU, WPAP, WCBA and others, I developed this idea, and before long saw it adopted generally. Those were the days, in case it has been forgotten, when it was usual for announcer and artists to foregather in the studio thirty minutes before the broadcast was to begin, determine what was to be presented, and then and there make up the program. Now, of course, each station worthy the name has a continuity department, program department, a staff of announcers, and technical help aplenty. More frequent broadcasts, the danger of program duplications, higher standards—a score of things have made necessary a return to studio and station formality, but I sometimes sigh for the days we used to tear into the station, collect the artists, find out their specialty, throw a switch, and go on the air."

Following the Reading Railroad Revellers there was an immediate increase in Radio programs sponsored by advertisers, and Brokenshire grew up with these newly developed commercial programs, through his popularity becoming the first announcer ever to appear in vaudeville.

About this time Atlantic City seized on Radio as a publicity medium through the establishment of Station WPG, and installed Brokenshire as studio manager. Atlantic City had met Mr. Brokenshire, when, as specially selected master of ceremonies for the 1927 Beauty Pageant (the first announcer to be so honored), he had been loaned to the municipality, and an immediate increase in popularity for the station followed his regular appearances on WPG's wave.

"At the end of this contract," Norman tells the story again, "I decided to take a wife and a vacation. My marriage followed a romance of four years, which began when I met Miss Eunice Schmidt, then secretary of Mr. Glover, publicity manager of WJZ. It was truly a Radio romance, for she helped me build many of the programs which brought me that popularity I was so happy to have, programs which included the Reading Radio Revellers, the Record Boys, Bonnie Laddies, and the like.

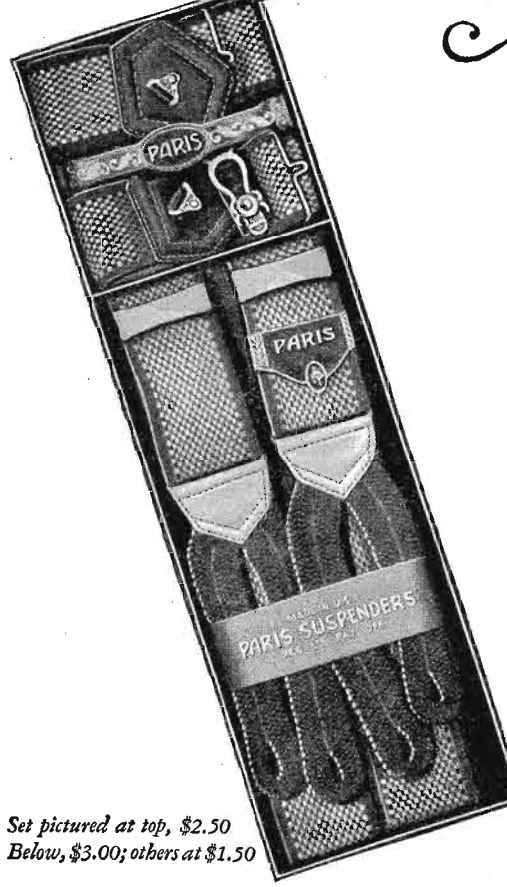
"We were married December 12th, 1927, and when my Atlantic City contract expired, two weeks later, started on a honeymoon which took us through much of Europe and into the Levant, where I had opportunity to see the work being done by my old organization, the Near East Relief."

(Continued on page 126)

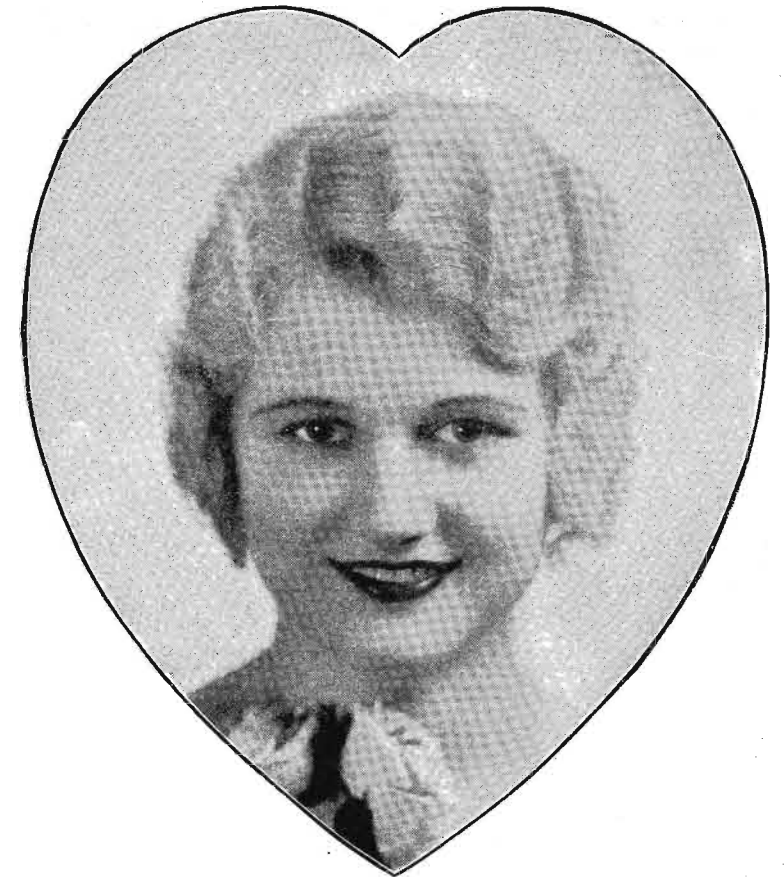


Fashion Note By Paris

Everywhere this summer gentlemen are wearing colorful suspenders without vests. They are good looking and decidedly comfortable. Trousers hang perfectly, shirt "stays put", waist muscles function freely—helps make waistline trim and slim.



Set pictured at top, \$2.50
Below, \$3.00; others at \$1.50



A new way to a Man's Heart

Several days ago he told her this: "I'm going to get several of the new matched sets of PARIS Garters and Suspenders. They're made to harmonize with the newest colors in neckwear, shirts, and hose. You know, the popular color harmony idea everyone is talking about." But although he forgot—*she didn't*. He was "tickled pink" with her selections. She blushed when he said, "Dear—you're a jewel. You can discover a new way to a man's heart almost daily." Then he . . . but that's personal.

(By the way—has HE a few matched Garters and Suspender sets by PARIS? If your dealer hasn't them, we'll supply you. They come beautifully packaged at \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3. Please send your dealer's name with your remittance to Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.)

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Paul Whiteman, "Music Master"

(Continued from page 11)

THE NEGROES brought their emotional music here from Africa, willy-nilly, and again there is nothing typically American about this music, although its characteristics have proved far more popular than those of the American Indians, and it has actually influenced modern jazz very decidedly.

"Neither can we appropriate those old English songs which came across the ocean in the mouths of the convicts or the cavaliers, as the case may be, nor those doleful Psalm tunes recommended by the Puritans, nor the Creole music of New Orleans, nor the Spanish and Oriental and cosmopolitan melodies that found their way somehow into American life.

"All this music has become a part of the American music of today, which is both acquisitive and adaptable but none of it can be called our folk-music, however it may be changed, for it lacks American origin. More than this, our conscious composers of music have thus far been strongly influenced by foreign models, and most of our so-called serious music is frankly imitated.

"With characteristic energy and speed America went through the whole cycle of European musical development in the space of a few years, and much of this has actually gone on simultaneously. In other words, we went through our classic, our romantic and our modern stages of composition all at once, and all with our ears consciously trained on European models.

"This, then, was not in any sense an American musical education but merely a traditional development of the German, French or Italian style, of various periods, correctly written and studied by Americans. Even our most famous composer, and the one generally regarded as most characteristically American, Edward MacDowell, wrote in the manner of a Scotchman, which was natural since he was of Celtic descent.

ASSUREDLY the modern manner of American life is different from what one finds in other parts of the globe. It was inevitable that this restless energy, this naive enjoyment of the obvious, this simple, straight-forward vulgarity, if you will, should eventually find some musical expression.

"It is that expression which has been developed from rag-time into jazz, and from jazz into that still more significant national idiom of today which is being interpreted in its highest phase—and introduced as American folk-music, by Paul Whiteman. And this same expression has already found such individual creators as George Gershwin, Leo Sowerby, Eastwood Lane, Deems Taylor, Ferde Grofe and others.

"Fundamentally it will be found that the popular music of America today—the Whiteman brand of music—has all the most striking characteristics of the other great folk-music of the world. It is predominately spontaneous, impromptu, actually improvised to a great extent. In the older jazz orchestras no player would ever read from notes. They learned their tunes by 'ear' and then harmonized and colored them to suit themselves.

"There is also in America's new folk-music that peculiar neutrality of mode, being neither major nor minor, which is found not only among the Negroes, but in practically all savage tribes. Gershwin uses it effectively in his 'Rhapsody in Blue,' and again in his Concerto in F. It appears also even in the sophisticated work of Stravinsky and other moderns of the classic school. Finally there is the abundance of instrumental color, which, with our individual rhythms, was designated by Maurice Ravel as America's most important contribution to musical literature.

"It is in the Paul Whiteman orchestra that this instrumental coloring finds its full expression and scope. For want of a better name—since like the new-born babe that it is, it is still nameless—we have come to call it 'Jazz.' It is a species of barbarism yet dressed in the garb of the most elaborate modernism.

"From these fundamentals, an honest American music of the future is sure to rise. We may bewail the cheapness, the obviousness, the frank vulgarity of many of our popular tunes. But it is just as well to remember that the other folk music of the world also went through these stages of development and that what eventually remained was pure beauty of the most impressive kind, a beauty which trained musicians have been glad to incorporate in their complex creations, and which really gave light and vigor to our best examples of conscious musical art.

PAUL WHITEMAN, using the phonograph, the radio, the tone producing motion picture, the classic concert hall as instruments of world wide musical education, has attracted the eye of the academic world and the academic ear is today attuned to catch the value of his every presentation.

In this picture yesterday's Jazz King disappears and today's Music Master of the Masses makes his bow before the American public. There are biographical reasons for this seeming metamorphose.

It is our intention to view Paul Whiteman and his life work in this new light, however, before considering the reasons for it.

It was Paul Whiteman who first dared to bring jazz music

into the leading concert halls of America. At the time of his "great experiment," as he calls it, he confided his intention in the strictest secrecy to a well-known classical musician, who was his mentor and his friend. That friend, like all the rest of the world at the moment, was aghast at the very idea of such audacity. Whiteman quotes him as exploding:

"What! An all jazz concert—and in Aeolian hall? Why, my boy, it simply can't be done! You mustn't try it. It would ruin you. You have your future to think of—and your reputation. So far you've been getting on splendidly with your dance music and if you watch your step, you will undoubtedly be able to hoard away a good smart sum while the vogue lasts. But a jazz concert! Honestly, my boy, I'm afraid you've got softening of the brain. Be guided by me in this—forget it, and you will never regret it."

But as everyone knows Whiteman did not heed this friendly advice. Since then Whiteman concerts, in what critics once called the "perfumed purlieu" of Aeolian, Carnegie and other classic halls have become seasonal advents. And recently Gilbert Seldes, author of "The Seven Lively Arts," reviewing American Music in the Concert Hall harps back to that daring experiment, admitting that his subject matter must needs begin there. He reflects:

"As far as is known, the first jazz concert in the world was played by Paul Whiteman at Aeolian hall, New York City, on February 12th, 1924.

ALTHOUGH the musicians in Europe had for years been praising American popular music, although Darius Milhaud had been studying jazz orchestration and Stravinsky had written a rag-time, Americans knew the material too well to be much impressed by it. It never occurred to anyone that our popular music, our syncopated dance tunes, our jazz orchestras had musical interests.

"On this account I sympathize with Mr. Whiteman in his effort to eliminate the word 'jazz' although in general I think it would be better for us to eliminate instead our prejudices against that name. The confusions around the word 'jazz' are so many that a few simple propositions may be used to clear the atmosphere.

1. There is no such thing as 'jazz' music.
2. Jazz is a method of playing music.
3. The original jazz is now known as 'sour music.' It has points in its favor, but it has little to do with the American music of the present day.
4. The present American popular music is a growing, developing and changing thing.
5. Until recently the method of jazz has been applied almost exclusively to one kind of music—music for the dance.
6. The instruments of the jazz band are wholly legitimate and the uses to which they are put create genuine music.
7. The jazz band is in reality a small orchestra.

"Of these propositions the first is fundamental. It means that whether you call it vulgar or refined, you are compelled by the facts to recognize the work of a conductor like Whiteman as music. If you take the themes from Verdi's 'Il Trovatore' and make a piano arrangement or put Isolde's melody into the flute when you play the Liebestod from Tristan at a symphony concert, you are doing essentially the same thing as Whiteman does when he takes Limehouse Blues and has it rearranged for his particular group of instruments.

"It has been the general superstition that all you needed to do in order to 'jazz' a piece of music, was to debase it. The truth is that eighty-five percent of the music used by Whiteman is first made musically interesting by the treatment he gives it.

ONCE you have separated the music from the treatment, the full significance of our current popular way of making music becomes clear. Until a few years ago most of the music played by jazz orchestras was music written to be danced. Sometimes a purely melodious song was adapted for dancing; sometimes an operatic air. But in the main the object was to provide one-steps and fox-trots.

"This accounts for the monotony which non-dancers object to and it also accounts for the harmonic weakness of our popular music—because when you dance you must learn one thing—a spirited and specific beat; and when you dance you are indifferent to harmony.

"On the other hand, the development of the orchestra has been so rich that it was possible for the music critic of the New York World, Deems Taylor, himself a notable American composer, to say that Whiteman probably knows more about a small orchestra than Richard Strauss.

IN visiting and interviewing a number of America's most reserved and conservative critics Miss Campbell has doubtless uncovered a new and more substantial Paul Whiteman. Continue reading these articles and interviews and you will glean first hand a knowledge of an artist typically American as he will be seen looking back from the future. The second article on Paul Whiteman will appear in the November issue of Radio Digest.



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ROCK ISLAND

THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

Giving Broadway the Air

(Continued from page 41)

AND another question frequently asked which should be disposed of here is, "How does it happen that Radio programs are always just the right length?"

That's just another little detail for which the program director is responsible. The programs must begin and end exactly on the dot. Every tick of the clock means cold cash when a Radio program is on the air—this is especially true of a chain program. To run over or under ten, fifteen or twenty seconds is a serious matter for the concern paying for the time. The minutes are sold to the advertisers just as lines of agate type measure are sold to a magazine or newspaper space buyer.

The program director is a "time-keeper," Mr. Hitchcock might have added. Usually the program is arranged so that toward the end there is some elasticity, where a verse of song may be added or deleted or a few bars of music may be added or subtracted. Then the final announcement is capable of contraction, and as the result of constant practice it is possible to gauge quite accurately the exact instant the last word will be said.

Just as the microphone is kind to some and heartless to others, so some of the great and near-great like "Mike" and treat him like an old friend, while others tremble as they stand on the threshold of the studio. Fanny Brice is one of the great stars of the stage who seems to have a natural knack of broadcasting her personality, as is Al Jolson, Buddy Doyle, Olive Kline, and a host of others. Eleanor Painter is typical of a great many entertainers who have conquered their fear of the unseen audience after the first few terrible minutes. Charles Hackett, Eddie Cantor, Al Hermann, Wendell Hall, Maria Kurenko, the Frohne Sisters and many others are examples of the imposing array of widely varied talent assembled in the broadcast studios who get along well with "Mike."

Many another star and team, comedy and serious, have given way to a very real "Mike Fright" on their first appearance in the studio, in spite of careful rehearsals. James J. Corbett, who faced many a tough foe in his active years in the fight ring, nearly took the count on the occasion of his first appearance over the air. Captain Irving O'Hay found that the microphone was one thing that "got his goat," thus joining the ranks of those from nearly every field of activity, as George Jessel, Webber and Fields, The Kentucky Jubilee Choir, Charlotte Woodruff and John Charles Thomas.

One question that I am frequently asked is, "How do the stage stars like to broadcast?"

The best answer that I can think of to that question is to say that some people claim to like spinach. Personally, I believe no one has any particular gastronomic craving for that vegetable. Neither do I think that the average stage celebrity views the microphone with a natural desire for a second helping.

Another little sketch about Raymond Hitchcock may serve to illustrate this point.

"Hitchy" is a joy to work with in a broadcasting studio. He has a genuinely comic air personally—is a perfect clown of the air. During one of the several broadcasts on which we have worked together and just prior to his microphone appearance, I asked him if he was nervous. His reply was typical of the man, "Nervous! Course I'm nervous—I'm always scared of the darned thing!" Perhaps he is, for he starts to speak—hesitates—stammers—loses his place in the script—makes up something—chases his monocle down the length of its ribbon to find it hiding between his vest and shirt-front—lets out an occasional grunt and gives the air audience the impression that he is struggling to suppress his embarrassment over an idiotic situation.

As you watch him in the studio you want to laugh at, and with, the man. The microphone relays this buffoonery (everything except the chasing of the monocle) successfully to the listeners (or as "Hitchy" terms his invisible audience, "the listen-in-ers"). He is a trustworthy air performer, but every microphone appearance carries all the fears and terrors of a first night show for this seasoned stage actor.

IT'S A pretty hard thing to ask an entertainer to face a cold, impersonal microphone, even though he knows he is playing to more people than he could hope to entertain in ten years of capacity houses. As a help to the artists I suggest to the featured player that he work physically to the microphone and mentally to the small visible audience in the studio.

As in the case of the spinach eater who comes back for more because he believes it is good for him, so it is with the stage celebrity who comes back to the broadcasting studio for the second and third helping of wave lengths and kilocycles. One reason for his return is the monetary consideration. Another reason is that an air performance brings his name before the public as no electric lights, no amount of publicity or advertising could ever hope to do—which means that he is creating a desire on the part of those gathered

about the loud-speakers to see him in person at the theatre. In other words, it is good "box-office," although some theatrical producers still refuse to permit their actors to broadcast.

Not all stage stars make good microphone subjects. Occasionally they do a beautiful "flop" on the air.

A vaudeville headliner, whose name I will not mention, was the featured artist of a Radio program which called for the use of a script, or, as it is called in the studios, a continuity. Practically every Radio performance demands that a script be followed in order that the timing be accurate as well as to prevent the necessity of "ad libing," which has frequently led to disastrous results. The program had been rehearsed, timed and was on the air. Everything progressed smoothly until early in the hour (it was a full hour performance), the star was introduced at the microphone in a two-minute dialogue with the other entertainers. This was done to establish his presence to the air audience.

AFTER reading three or four lines from the script the star, for no apparent reason at all, put the script aside and went directly into his vaudeville act! It took me about ten minutes to get him back to the script only to have him pass up everything again and return to his stage act. This time I permitted him to go through with it as I saw he was in no frame of mind to read lines.

As soon as he had finished his familiar routine he hurriedly left the studio and I found myself, after some hasty calculations, about eight minutes short of material with which to finish out the broadcast! Fortunately Radio talent came to the rescue. The orchestra, a quartet and an individual performer working in the hour put on some extra numbers and the air audience probably never knew that all was not serene in the studio.

Just what was the matter with the actor I do not know, but I have a sneaking idea it was a genuine case of "Mike fright." And it was apparent to the microphone, for even though this performer was putting over his own vaudeville act, there was no spark of personality in his work when it reached the loud-speakers throughout the country. Yet this actor is a wonderful stage entertainer with a delightful stage personality. Microphonically speaking, however, he was a "flop" on the air.

The microphone is a great player of favorites. It either likes or dislikes a personality instantly. I know of more than one golden voiced opera singer who would do well to eliminate the microphone from the list of even casual acquaintances. On the other hand, I can introduce you to two practically unknown Radio entertainers, who depend on broadcasting for their living, whose natural singing voices are so husky that it hurts to listen to them but whose tones from the loud-speaker of a Radio set are perfectly clear.

HERE'S a different story. An advertiser decided to use more than one featured act for a special broadcast. The rehearsal time was half over and one of the acts had failed to materialize. A booking agent was called up and told to locate another act immediately and have it "stand by." Before the rehearsal was over the original act put in an appearance, and in the excitement no one telephoned the office of the booking agent until some time later when it was learned that a certain actor, whose Radio ability was absolutely unknown, was still "standing by." He was dismissed with a "thank you," to which his reply over the 'phone was, "Oh, that's all right, I was glad to do it and I hope you won't forget me when the time comes that you can use me."

His telephone voice was pleasing and the graciousness with which he accepted the situation led to an audition. About four weeks after he had been called to "stand by" this young man was made the featured artist on a commercial program for the same advertiser. He was a Radio "find."

The microphone fell in love with his personality the moment he opened his mouth. Outside the studio, in the control room and in the reception room the hard-boiled station and chain employees, as well as the great Radio audience who heard the voice on the loud-speakers, were asking one another, "Who is that?" He is the understudy for one of the foremost musical comedy stars in America! And the name of this understudy is "Buddy" Doyle.

The old law of averages equalizes everything in the long run. For every "flop" there is a "find."

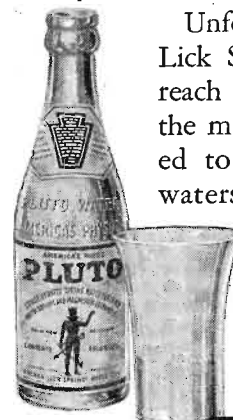
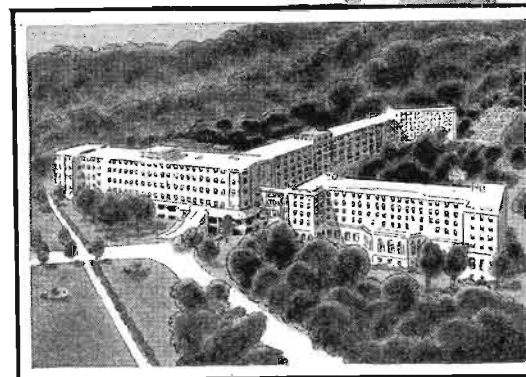
The stage actor has many things to unlearn when he transfers his personality from the theatre to the air. About ninety per cent of an actor's visible performance depends on the human voice, which should make the transfer to playing for an invisible audience easy. But he is so accustomed to "throwing his voice" to those in the rear of the house that it is a little difficult at first to impress him with the futility of trying to reach the loud-speakers throughout the country in the same manner.

HERE is the story of an actress who remodeled her vocal attack at the microphone with genuine success at the first trial. Florence Moore, that thoroughly competent

(Continued on page 112)

America's greatest Spa

brought
to you
in your own home!



If Nature Won't,
Pluto Will

EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those

at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone.

The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs — Pluto.

Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly washes the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, natural mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a wash—not an intestinal stimulant.

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Giving Broadway the Air

(Continued from page 110)

comedian of the vaudeville stage, depends almost entirely on her voice to put her act across the footlights.

Her characterization of an awkward, loud-voiced newly-rich matron, inclined to the making of wise-cracks and faux pas, is a riot. In putting this character on the air I suggested that she make this newly-rich matron of the intimate gossipy type. She did so. In this way Miss Moore was able to work close to the microphone, with the result that every word came over distinctly and her characterization lost none of its effectiveness through modulating the voice.

Had she worked with her stage voice, the microphone would have been unable to handle the act with any degree of accuracy. Sudden and uneven rushes of sound to the microphone cause an overloading of the recording instruments, with a result called "blasting the microphone." Every Radio fan probably has experienced at some time the sensation of expecting his loud-speaker to burst into a million pieces when a singer hit a strong top note that was not properly controlled.

It frequently happens that singers must change their positions at the microphone while working. Those who are microphone wise know instinctively what to do. They have the feel of their own voice and move forward as their volume decreases and away from the microphone as it increases. To adjust the volume of his voice Redfern Holinshead, the well-known Radio tenor, with one foot well in advance, rocks his body forward and back as though it were cradled.

The charming sisters, Nellie and Sara Kouns, divide the little space in front of the microphone by keeping their faces close together as they sing, with the result that their voices always are heard perfectly blended.

Al Jolson, with his arms wide apart, or with hands clasped before him, goes through his entire repertoire of stage gestures and steps forward and back as the occasion demands.

Charlotte Woodruff stands in one position and turns her head away from the microphone when "hitting a forte." Singers who are making their debut in a broadcasting studio frequently find themselves being shifted about by the program director who tries to anticipate the volume of each note before it arrives. The program director does not depend entirely on his own ear to dictate the position of the performer. Through a window he watches the man at the control board for a nod of approbation or a signal to shift the entertainer to a different position.

ELEANOR PAINTER, who graduated from musical comedy to opera, had never been inside a broadcasting studio until she came to the rehearsal of a program I was directing. Realizing the importance of broadcasting, she asked permission to go to the control room where she could hear the audition of the other entertainers on the loud-speaker and watch them through the window as they worked at the microphone. She was an apt pupil, grasping the technique of the microphone quickly and it was necessary to change her position only once during her own rehearsal audition.

Miss Painter was to sing a group of songs in English and close with "The Habanera" from Carmen, in Italian. With the broadcast under way that night, Miss Painter was being introduced by the master of ceremonies as I led her forward.

She grasped my hand and whispered excitedly, "Don't you dare leave me!" I couldn't have left her had I wanted to, as she clutched my hand throughout the singing of the English numbers, but when she started "The Habanera" she lost all thought of her surroundings, dropped my hand, and sang this flirtation song to the microphone as though it were a living thing. She flirted with, and made eyes at and sang her very heart out to "Mike." And "Mike" responded by delivering a one hundred per cent Radio personality to every tuned-in loud-speaker. "As ye give the microphone, so shall the loud-speakers receive" was decidedly true in this instance.

One chain broadcasting company started a school for announcers but discontinued it after three or four sessions, as they discovered the only successful way for an announcer to work was the natural way. Instruction to all announcers now consists of this little phrase, "Be Yourself."

The stage today is a little careless of its language and its jokes. A joke that will bring a hearty laugh in the theater will frequently shock the Radio listener. There's a reason for that. The sanctity of the home is still something to be revered. The word "Home" should and does mean a "clean place in which to live." The wise-cracking comedian of the stage sometimes forgets that when he faces a microphone he is, via the loud-speakers, entering the most sacred of American institutions, the home. He is, figuratively, a guest, and as such must govern his speech accordingly, being careful not to insult the host or his intelligence.

One celebrity who made an off-color wise-crack during the course of a program was practically ostracized from the air for over a year. The lesson was well heeded by theatrical talent, and the folk who earn their living by clowning are guarding their air reputations carefully.

WHICH reminds me of an occasion on which I was beautifully "framed" by a pair of stage comics. Joe Laurie, Jr., learned that the blackface comedian, Al Hermann, was to be the featured artist on one of my programs, so he warned me that Hermann, whom I had never met, was not always on the "up-and-up" with his jokes, and that I had better watch him pretty closely.

When Hermann appeared for his rehearsal I told him that he was scheduled for about five minutes of gagging and two comedy songs. Al treated me to the finest collection of suggestive stories that I had ever listened to, every now and then interjecting a perfectly inane joke. It looked as though Joe had been justified in his warning, so I scheduled Hermann for four songs and two pitiful jokes. The night of the broadcast he got in front of the microphone and proceeded to tell some of the funniest and cleanest gags I had ever heard, after which he sang two songs and his time was up. Laurie and Hermann had fixed the thing up to give me a "sleigh-ride" and succeeded.

One rule of all broadcasts is that no personal messages be delivered over the air. The local station sometimes does give out personal messages and gets away with it, although it is contrary to the federal edict. But the chain broadcaster uses the telephone lines over which to carry his programs to distant stations and therefore must be particularly cautious. This is sometimes a difficult rule to impress on the mind of an inexperienced Radio entertainer.

Occasionally a celebrity who has broadcast from local stations refuses to come to a rehearsal or to permit the program director an interview prior to going on the air. The secretary of one star informed me over the telephone that his employer would give me fifteen minutes at the microphone and nothing more, and then hung up. When he did appear he broke nearly every known ethical and moral rule of broadcasting. One of his offenses was to send personal greetings to friends, whose names he started to read from a prepared list. We succeeded in stopping this before he had gone very far by starting a laugh among the other entertainers who were listening in the studio. In some embarrassment the performer put away his list and continued with the act.

One of the ethical rules which this performer shattered is one which many entertainers seem to think they have a perfect right to break. This is to mention the merchandise of other than products of the advertiser for whom they are appearing. This is especially true of artists who make records and of composers of popular music.

The national advertiser does not ask his entertainers to endorse his products. He pays them to entertain. It is much more dignified to permit the program announcer to read brief, skillfully worded advertising copy both at the beginning and the conclusion of his program than to force the attention of the public to his merchandise during the entertainment period. Therefore, he does not expect the artist to do for himself what the advertiser refrains from doing.

Slowly but surely the featured artists are beginning to respect these unwritten rules.

WHEN a recording artist is booked for a Radio appearance the program director knows that his performer is "mike wise." The microphone is used in the making of records exactly as it is used for broadcasting. But even the asset of being accustomed to working at a microphone does not prevent strange things from happening. I think the listening public thoroughly enjoyed the "gag" which the well known recording artist, Gene Austin, unwittingly pulled during one commercial program on which he was the featured entertainer. Gene was at his best and the script was functioning nicely. Suddenly poor Gene lost his place and started to repeat! Realizing that he had already sent the same lines over the air he stopped and said, "Here—wait a minute! Where was I?" It broke up the party for a moment and I hope the listeners on the outside enjoyed the joke on Gene as much as did those of us in the studio.

In order to create the impression of having a large crowd present in the studio, applause machines were tried out for a while with more or less success. These machines were really glorified "clappers"—a combination of leather and wood—each machine when operated by one person gave the impression on the air of from twenty to fifty people applauding. When Charles Hackett, the tenor from the Chicago Opera Company, was the star of a commercial broadcast we had three of these machines as well as several actual guests to applaud.

Mr. Hackett was introduced to the machines prior to the broadcast, as I feared the sight and sound of these artificial hand clappers in the studio might make him think that our real applause was not genuine! He examined one of the "clappers" with great interest and continued to hold it in his hand all during the first part of the program, shaking it with much gusto whenever the work of other entertainers called for applause. He gave it up just in time to remove his coat, collar and tie prior to his own appearance at the

(Continued on page 114)

From dance hall floors to railway coach ceilings .. this grainless wood board

Beauty, such as paneled ceilings need, is usually required to sell a product. Durability, that a floor must have, is necessary to keep it sold. Manufacturers who adopt Masonite Presdwood find that it gives their products both durability and beauty. Samples for testing will be gladly supplied.



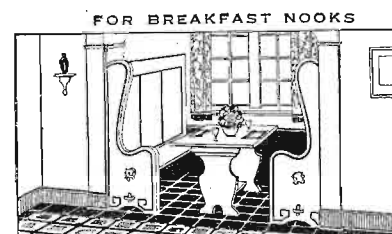
FOR DANCE HALL FLOORS

In a Denver dancing academy the tap-tap-a-tap of metal tipped clogs resounds from a floor of Masonite Presdwood. At Pullman, Illinois, ceilings of Presdwood are applied to railway coaches. And in scores of widely varying industries, hundreds of products are being made better and at lower cost because of this grainless wood.

Many of these Presdwood products require the strength and durability that are indicated in the service rendered at Denver. Used eight hours a day at the Fred Merritt School of Tap Dancing, the Presdwood floor showed no signs of wear, even after weeks and weeks of usage. Other Presdwood products may require smoothness and ease of finishing—there, again, Presdwood is ideal, as evidenced by its use for paneling . . . not only in ceilings of railway coaches but in fine homes and buildings as well.

Is easily cut

Beauty and lasting qualities are but a part of the advantages of Masonite Presdwood. It is moisture resisting and almost immune from warping, shrinking and buckling. It is extremely easy

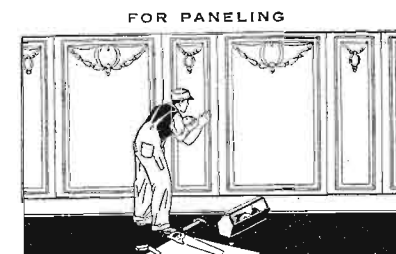


FOR BREAKFAST NOOKS

Masonite

PRESDWOOD

Made by the makers of
MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION



FOR RAILWAY COACH CEILING

to work with. It can be sawed, punched, planed, milled or sanded. It is liked by shop foremen, experienced with materials of all kinds, and is just as welcome in homes where handy men put up shelving or build a radio cabinet. Wherever it is used it never harms fine tools, for it contains no artificial binder.

Has wide range of uses

The uses of Presdwood are many and varied. They range from bedroom screens to toys, from motor truck bodies to hydroplane hulls, from bread boxes to loud speaker tension boards, from out-door signs to kitchen cabinets, from office partitions to billiard tables, from clothes hampers to breakfast nooks.

Fully eighty of Presdwood's many uses, in industry and the home, are listed in the Presdwood booklet which is gladly sent to those who appreciate the beauties of fine materials or who wish to effect manufacturing economies with this workable grainless wood.

MASONITE CORPORATION
Dept. 730-A, 111 West Washington Street
Chicago, Illinois

Giving Broadway the Air

(Continued from page 112)

microphone. After the broadcast he told me he would like to install a few of these machines in the Chicago Auditorium.

Isa Kramer made her bow to the Radio audience with complete serenity in spite of the fact that she had seemed to be under a somewhat nervous tension.

SOME of the stars are "trade marked" with a theme song—or so it would seem. Irene Franklyn always introduces herself with a chorus of "Red Head," the song that made her famous. Some people expect to hear Frank Crumit sing, "The Gay Cabalero" every time he is on the air.

Roy Evans is known as "The Synopating Yodeling Man," that being the title of one of his songs. Al Jolson must do at least one "Mammy" number.

Eight years ago Fanny Brice sang "My Man" for the first time in the Ziegfeld Follies and for eight years that song has identified her. During a recent chain broadcast, Miss Brice decided that eight years was long enough to sing any song, so she omitted it from her routine. At the conclusion of the program the telephone operator at the switchboard of the key station became swamped with inquiries as to why Miss Brice didn't sing "My Man." Letters from all parts of the country containing the same inquiry poured in for more than a week. But Miss Brice says definitely that she is through singing "My Man"—for a while, at least.

Like the good "showman" she is, Miss Brice was quick to learn the value of being intimate with the microphone. She works easily and quietly, very close to the companionable "Mike" and takes the Radio audience into her confidence with an occasional homely aside which is naively delightful. While broadcasting one night, her shoes, for some reason, annoyed her and she kicked them off. Then, she leaned up right close to "Mike" and, in almost a whisper, said, "I just kicked off my shoes—whatcha know 'bout that!" And then she gave a little chuckle, for all the world likes a naughty child who has just said something she shouldn't have said. When other users of the microphone learn to take their listeners into their close confidence, then they will have discovered the one great secret of broadcasting—which, after all, is no secret.

One of my pleasantest recollections as a program director is of "giving George Arliss the air." He unconsciously caught the spirit of putting his personality on the air at his first microphone appearance.

When I met him about a week before he was scheduled to broadcast he wanted to know what he could do to amuse the Radio public. "I don't sing and I don't crack jokes. I am essentially a dramatic character actor. Do you think I should give impersonations of some of my characters?" While this question was under consideration, Mr. Arliss related some of his personal experiences as an actor which led to the suggestion that he use these anecdotes as material for his ten-minute talk on the air.

WHEN he came to the studio on the night of the broadcast accompanied by Mrs. Arliss, he told me that he had his ten-minute talk all written out. "And," he added, "it is just ten minutes, I have timed it." I remembered that I had impressed him with

the fact that the half-hour program was timed to last exactly thirty minutes and that I had allotted him one-third of the period. I would that all entertainers were as punctilious as Mr. Arliss. When the time for his part in the program approached, he was to all appearances the actor in the wings awaiting his cue, and he told me later he had all the sensations of taking part in a first night performance. He read his reminiscences in that easy, gracious way of his just as though he were talking quietly to a little group of friends. He held the paper in both hands. He was working so quietly that the man from the control board tiptoed into the studio and put one of Mr. Arliss' arms carefully around the microphone standard so that when he again held the paper in his two hands it brought his mouth closer to the microphone. If this changing of his position annoyed the actor, he did not show it, but continued with his talk. To either the visible or invisible audience, George Arliss brings the same sincerity, the same graciousness—a believable, lovable, kindly gentleman.

This man, who had never been in a broadcasting station before, had learned from experience with life, the best way, the only real way to approach his fellowmen. There's no secret about it—"Be Yourself."

WLW, Nation's Station

(Continued from page 45)

such a manner that the scratch of the needle was an accompaniment for the music. The station was considered one of the most reliable of the day, but it operated only two hours on alternate nights. When the station had grown to 500 watts, it still had to have a 15-minute period of silence after every hour of the night program. Why? The transmitter had to have a chance to rest and revive, and the operator-announcer had to have a chance to answer the telephone.

Listeners were as impatient as children with Radio programs then. From the time the concerts started, the fans kept at the telephone with kicks and compliments and requests.

AS LATE as two years ago when the station proudly operated 75 hours a week, program organization bore no resemblance to the elaborate schedule on which all entertainment now is based. In those days—and they were rather elegant days, too, in their way, programs were put on rather much as they could be fixed up.

Special hours were broadcast at the same time every week. For instance, the Crosley Jewelbox Hour went on every Sunday night at 9:15. It was supposed to last an hour, but if there happened to be 75 minutes of music, WLW just continued to broadcast the concert until it was finished. And the station's few commercial clients got five or six minutes extra if the program planned happened to be a little too long. The next program? It just waited until one was finished. If the mayor of Cincinnati were scheduled to give a talk at 8 P. M. and the preceding program ran seven minutes past, the mayor patiently waited. Then if his talk took 15 minutes to present, the mayor could keep right on with it—or he could cheat the Radio audience by cutting down his talk.

But now! Now WLW programs are scheduled as accurately as the crack railroad trains that must run on split seconds. Every program—be it a three-second time announcement or an hour-long program fed to a whole chain of

Radio stations—is scheduled two days before it is broadcast and is appointed to its own studio with its own announcer and its own operator on duty. And those operators, following the rigid instructions given them, would cut the President of the United States off in the middle of a word if he should happen to talk longer than his appointed time.

Before WLW's commercial business necessitated such careful organization of programs, an announcer would decide to put one of his girl friends on for an afternoon program. He would rustle up one of the station's two or three control room operators who would phone to the transmitter to put it on the air. Fifteen minutes later, the girl friend would do her stunt. If two announcers decided to put on a program at the same time, they either fought it out as to who would have first time, or they combined their efforts and put on a "variety" program. Anyone wrote announcements who had an idea of what the perfect Radio program should be. Most generally, however, the announcer either extemporized or wrote his own announcements in advance of the program.

How different it all is now. Two weeks ahead of every WLW presentation, its entire plan and musical program must be in the program file after having been submitted and approved by the station director or his assistants. Seventy-two hours before it is broadcast, the continuity (that is, all the announcements made during the program) must be at hand to be passed out to entertainers, announcer, control operator, and presentation manager. Everyone connected with the presentation must be thoroughly familiar with all details hours ahead of time. Every program the least intricate or involved must be rehearsed, not only once, but several times before the Radio audience hears it.

ANNOUNCERS do little but read the announcements on the air. The informal programs, it is true, in some cases are planned by the announcer and production manager with the assistance of the musical department. Commercial programs, however, are written by continuity writers, trained in the planning of Radio entertainment. Dramatic portions of WLW's offerings are written by experienced dramatists. Rural sketches come from the pens of writers who have spent years studying the types they portray. Where educational talks once were read by any announcer who could find a book, university professors, government officials, and experts in all lines of endeavor now are retained by WLW to talk to the Radio audience on their chosen subjects.

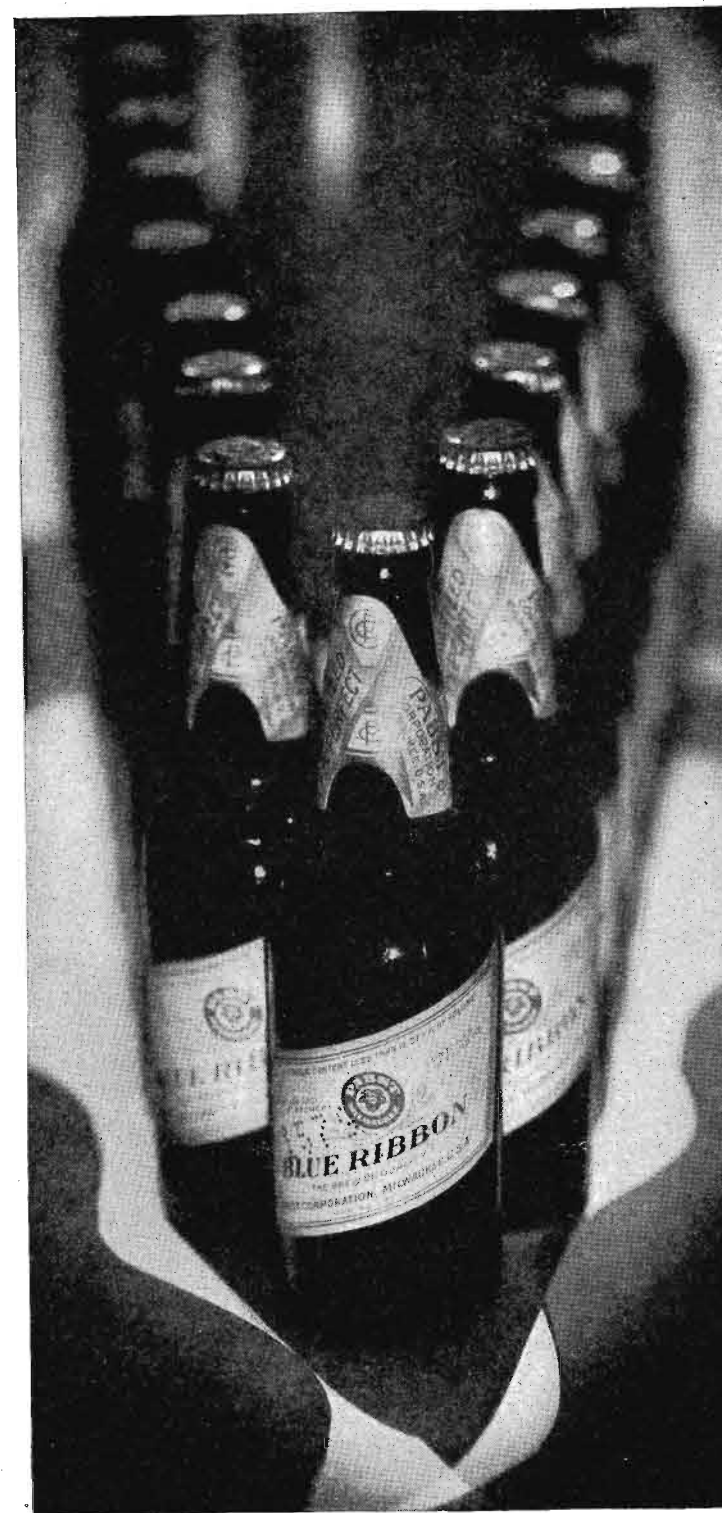
A pianist, two or three soloists, and a banjo player once were considered an adequate staff, if other musicians could be depended upon to come out to the studio once in a while to entertain for fun.

Now WLW's weekly payroll includes an entire concert orchestra that can be called on to play at any time, and which is supplemented nightly by almost as many more musicians. On the station's staff are male quartets, soloists of all types, vocal and instrumental, specialists in all lines of comedy entertaining, actors, speakers. As many more performers appear occasionally.

The Radio ensemble from the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra plays at WLW every week.

WLW furnishes Radio programs to such stations as WOR, New York City; WBBM and WLS, Chicago. Every week it picks up an orchestra program from Indianapolis, Indiana, 150 miles

(Continued on page 123)



Pabst Blue Ribbon Brew is not just OFF THE BOAT. It comes from MILWAUKEE, aged and mellowed. Its label is authentic. It is frankly just the best WARM WEATHER thirst quencher you can find in a day's trip, . . . If you're tired of BOGUS labels, BOGUS kicks and slotted doors, ask for PABST BLUE RIBBON. Phone your dealer for a case today. Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PABST
BLUE RIBBON

The Balloon Jumpers

(Continued from page 53)

HAVING decided, Calder-Wall lost no time in becoming a go-getter. Within a week he developed a positive genius in devising ways of jazzing up the Skilliqueechee Country Club and keeping it going at a pace suited to the speed mania of Natalie Geroux, who aided and abetted in every form of idiocy he could conceive. He invented weird gymkhanas, wild dance figures, staged a game of polo with the players driving their own automobiles and filled a junk yard with wreckage and a hospital with cripples. In his desire to prove himself a go-getter to please Natalie Geroux he developed unexpected talents. In everything he was aided and abetted by Natalie, who was spurred on by a desire to avenge herself on Dick Kirkton. Dick made the tactical blunder of refusing to take part in any of what he called "idiotic performances" and got credit for being plain jealous.

The stunts these two invented drove the older members of Skilliqueechee wild and took many superfluous pounds off dowagers who attempted to follow the mad pace set by the pair. There was no peace for anyone. The Rocking Chair Fleet was herded off the porches to join a rolling down hill contest. Scores of portly members hid in their lockers to avoid being dragged and forced into a pig-a-back race, and the Lawn Mower Marathon, in which each member was to push a mower from the first tee to the nineteenth hole, created a furore.

Calder-Wall scored a distinct triumph in the pogo stick contest. Rain had herded the members into the clubhouse and Calder-Wall, pursuing his avocation as a go-getter, raided the caddy house and, securing two dozen pogo sticks staged a pogo stick figure during the afternoon dancing. As Chairman of the House Committee I made an effort to stop them before they wrecked the floors and the furniture, only to be branded as a "kill joy," ordered to go fly my kite by Natalie and retreated when she was backed by the elders.

The fact that they wrecked the interior of the clubhouse and ruined the dancing floor encouraged, rather than discouraged, them. It was Natalie who proposed, at ten o'clock that night the climaxing event of the day. She challenged everyone to race her five holes over the golf course on pogo sticks and, before any protests could be heard, she and Calder-Wall led their followers out to the first tee and they hopped off, jumping five holes over the soggy fairways and greens. What the Greens Committee, the players in the Monthly handicap, and the grounds keeper said when they found the entire course pitted with holes five inches deep is omitted.

AFTER a strenuous month of go-getting, during which Calder-Wall excelled himself in inventiveness, he commenced to slow down under the pace at which Natalie was driving him. The Thrill a Minute she demanded exhausted his imagination and he announced that he was going away for a week—at which Dick Kirkton brightened considerably, and his golf showed immediate improvement. I "rawther" hoped, as he would have said, that Calder-Wall would not return, but he came back, ruddy and glowing with enthusiasm.

"I say, old chap," he said exultingly, "I have something new. I fawncy it will please even Her Highness. Something ripping, I assure you! I fawncy it will remove the scales from the fossils, eh what?"

"I suppose you are planning to blow up the clubhouse, or something nice and pleasant like that?" I suggested insinuatingly.

"Not at all, old fel'. Bit of a lark. Got the idea from Towne. Ripping fella,

Towne! No end clever! Cawn't tell you what it is. Wait until they come."

"Until who come?"

"Not who; they," he corrected.

For two days an air of mystery hung over Skilliqueechee. Calder-Wall refused to tell even Natalie what the new stunt might be. Then four large packing cases arrived and Calder-Wall spent the morning in a building back of the clubhouse, aided by a dozen caddy boys. At lunch he was glowing and excitedly triumphant, and, at two o'clock a large gallery had assembled on the lawn when he emerged from the building and came floating around the corner of the clubhouse, towed by a caddy. Above his head floated a small sized balloon from which he was half suspended in a harness that fitted around his chest and under his arms. The balloon was just buoyant enough to lift him gently and he bounced along, propelling himself upward each time his feet touched the turf, rising ten feet into the air and descending slowly so that he covered the ground in giant leaps.

There was hand-clapping and laughing as he released the caddy from the tow rope, seized a chair to weight himself down and beamed upon the gallery.

"Great sport, balloon jumping, you know!" he said. "Jolly! Towne invented it. The idea is to see who can jump farthest. Tricky business in the breeze."

The crowd gathered around. "I have six of them," Calder-Wall announced. "Couldn't get more on short notice."

Young Pringle raced for the shed and emerged harnessed in one of the devices. He jumped, floated fifty yards before his feet touched the ground, and jumped again.

"Great sport!" he called, as he tacked into the breeze and jumped back to the starting point.

CALDER-WALL beamed triumphantly. "The idea, briefly," he explained, "is to see how many jumps one can make nine holes in. Requires practice, really. Beats golf; almost! Try it this awtarnoon. Who enters?"

There was no doubt that the new stunt created a furore in the club. The younger members, led by Natalie, took turns during the afternoon practicing jumping and manipulating the balloons. At dinner everyone was enthusiastic, excepting Dick Kirkton, who sulked. Calder-Wall had out-jumped all the contestants.

"Bit of an advantage," he admitted. My balloon is a trifle larger than the others. I'll have to take a handicap. You see I weigh a bit over twelve stone and need more lifting power. Really, I'm not trying to fudge."

Calder-Wall experienced a triumph at dinner. Even the Elders who had groused over some of his foolishments admitted he had brought something new to Skilliqueechee, something other clubs would envy and, perhaps, imitate. Half the club members were clamoring to enter the first balloon jumping match which was arranged for Saturday afternoon, and the excitement was running high.

It was Natalie, naturally, who precipitated events. On Thursday evening she and Calder-Wall were dancing together. Dick Kirkton, with a bad case of the sulks, was sitting with the Elder Statesmen on the porch listening to a discussion of the relative merits of the McKinley and the Dingley tariffs and wishing a high protective tariff against Calder-Walls had been adopted.

While they were talking and smoking Calder-Wall and Natalie danced out onto the porch and danced past them. They stopped at the head of the stairs leading down to the lawn, talked animatedly an instant, and Natalie grabbing Calder-Wall's hand, raced down with him toward the caddy house where the inflated balloons had been

parked for the night.

Dick Kirkton, pretending not to notice them, was vaguely uneasy, wondering what new form of idiocy the girl was leading Calder-Wall into.

TEN minutes later there was a half suppressed scream, ending in a squeak. Dick startled, jumped to his feet and started out into the darkness. Something dark was moving among the trees. An instant later Calder-Wall, puffing slightly, ran up the clubhouse steps.

"I say, you fellas," he said, "come quickly. Something has happened."

"What?" demanded Dick, grabbing him by the arm. "If anything has happened to Natalie . . ."

"But something has happened, you know," said Calder-Wall. "She flew away."

"She what?" Dick gripped his fingers deep into Calder-Wall's arm.

"She flew away. It was dark and she got my balloon by mistake. Beastly luck! I weigh a hundred and seventy-five and she weighs a hundred and ten—and before I could grab her she flew away."

"Where is she now?" demanded Dick, pale and shaken.

"Oh, she's quite all right, never fear. I'm not certain where she is now. The lawst I saw of her she was over the apple trees on the fourth fairway."

"Hell!" said Dick disgustedly. "Get some of the fellows," he said to me. "Get someone with some sense, if possible. The wind is from the Southwest and she may blow out over the Sound."

"The Sound—Fawncy that!" said Calder-Wall. "But I fawncy she will lodge in some tree top. Beastly shame your trees aren't as large as ours in England."

"Calder-Wall," said Dick, with tense emphasis, "I haven't time just now to kick you."

"Fawncy! Kick me! The blighter!" said Calder-Wall, amazed.

Dick simply swore and raced for the caddy house. He emerged in a moment, towing one of the balloons, which he tied to a runabout parked in the driveway, commandeered it, and started out across the fairways in the dark with the balloon bounding along behind while I went to raise the alarm in the clubhouse.

In two minutes everyone stopped dancing and the news that Natalie had flown away in the darkness was spread. Porches and locker room were quickly deserted. Men in dinner jackets, in knickers, in flannels, girls in golf togs, dance frocks and dinner gowns, the fat contingent from the Rocking Chair Fleet, the crap shooters from the locker room, the tired business men and the Elder Statesmen were yelling advice, suggesting plans and running into each other. The night was dark and the rising breeze was blowing toward the Sound. Every minute some one wetted a finger, held it up, tested the direction of the wind and shouted:

"This way! The wind will blow her this direction."

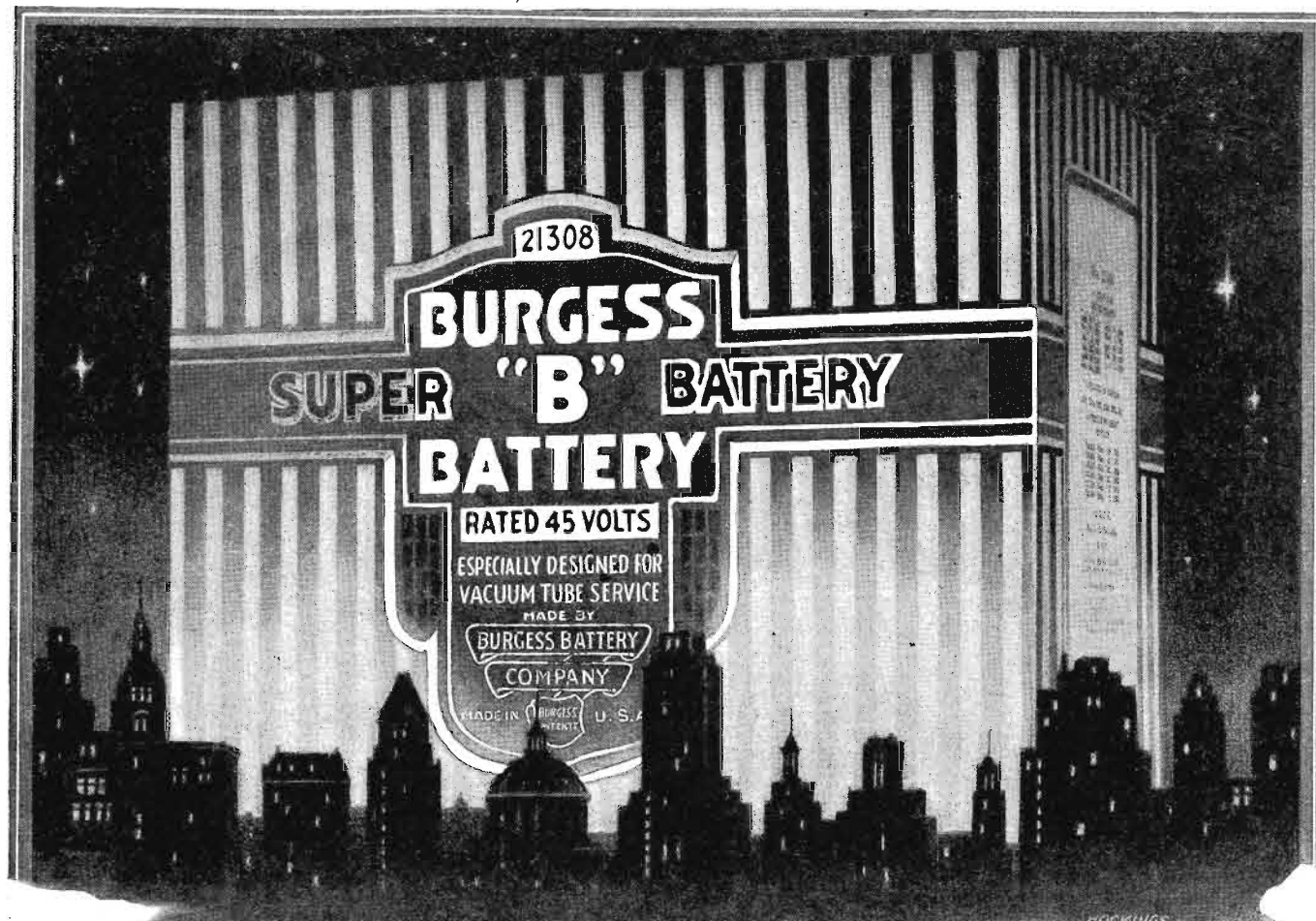
No two appeared to agree on the direction. They rushed off into the darkness and presently shouts for help were rising from all parts of the course. Some were hung up on wire fences, some were lost in the rough, and some, rescued from water hazards, were dragged, dripping, back to the clubhouse to add to the din and the excitement. Some genius had the forethought to telephone the police and fire departments of all the surrounding villages and presently fire trucks and ladder wagons commenced to arrive, amid cursing.

FIFTEEN minutes after the alarm was raised Dick Kirkton raced up the driveway and drew me aside.

"She blew out of bounds and I can't follow in that direction," he said. "I'm going

(Continued on page 118)

THE LONG LIFE "SUPER B" BATTERY



It CHALLENGES

Any Dry Battery, of Equal Size . . . to Equal Its Capacity, Power, Length of Service, Dependability and Uniformity

Science takes nothing for granted. It accepts no silky adjectives or embroidered language. Science tests . . . exhaustively. Facts are substituted for vague, misleading claims. This accounts for scientific expeditions . . . such as both the Byrd and the Wilkins South Pole Expeditions, and countless others . . . using Burgess Radio Batteries exclusively. They are reliable and dependable. Time, experience and science have proved these batteries to be the best that can be had.

BURGESS BATTERY CO., General Sales Office: Chicago

In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

**"Super B"
No. 21308**

Made especially for heavy-current consuming sets
\$4.25

**"Super B"
No. 22308**

Designed for general, all-round use on sets requiring only average power
\$2.95

Other

BURGESS

Products



(Continued from page 116)

around onto the North Shore. Meantime you stick here and telephone all the people you know in that direction to be watching for her."

The order sounded simple. I called the Harris estate and got Jim. "Jim," I said, "Natalie has flown away. Get out on the lawn or on the roof and try to head her off."

"Wow!" said Jim. "That brand of hootch over at Skilliqueechee must be powerful." Then he hung up and refused to answer my calls.

The effort to arouse the North Shore was discouraging. When I asked my friends or acquaintances to climb out on the roofs of their houses and catch Natalie Geroux as she flew over they spoke pityingly and advised me to stay out of the locker room. The more insistent I became the greater the mirth at the other end of the wire. I grew canny and explained, before starting, the fact of Natalie's flight and asked for reports.

The first result was from a house party at Great Neck. Great excitement was caused there because several persons who had staggered out onto the porch to cool off rushed into the house declaring that a woman, singing jazz, was floating over the trees. The hostess had hastily dumped all of the gin and sent for a new supply.

Fifteen minutes later I received a report that a petting party of two, parked in an auto, had fled into Glen Cove in panic, declaring that a voice from Heaven had descended upon them saying, "Hoo, hoo! I see you."

Following that was a report that a woman's slipper had fallen from the skies into a group of men and women bidding good night to their hostess at an estate near Manhasset and that a voice had called down: "Come on up; the air is fine."

"TWO hours dragged by. Then, shortly after midnight, the direction of the wind changed and a stiff breeze commenced to blow landward. Pursuers, who had commenced to return weary, bedraggled and hopeless, gulped revivifying cocktails and, leaping into the automobiles, resumed the chase, patrolling all roads with orders to call the club in case they sighted Natalie.

Ten minutes later an excited call came from Millneck saying: "Head her off. She just blew across the road, coming your direction. She is about fifty feet from the ground and going fast."

We figured the direction of the wind and calculated that, if she held her course, Natalie would blow somewhere near Skilliqueechee or just east of the course, and sent fresh patrols out to watch the sky to the northeast and to listen for calls from the air.

By that time the entire North Shore was alarmed. Every road was being patrolled and at a score of estates the owners had roused the servants, scattered them over the grounds and sent others onto the roofs with flashlights to signal into the air.

Calder-Wall, who had been running in circles all over that section of the country, had returned to the club and slumped onto a divan, so remorseful I almost felt sorry for him. Suddenly a new idea was born in his brain. He rushed at me.

"I say, old chap. Have you a gun?" "A gun?" I asked, fearing suicide. "Better go to the locker room and drink poison."

"But, I say, you're spoofing," he replied. "I want a gun, rifle, shotgun, anything. I have an idea. If she flies overhead I will shoot holes in the balloon and she will descend."

Dick Kirkton ran into the club at that minute and interrupted. His face was drawn and anxious and he glared at Calder-Wall as if he regretted not being able to waste time in killing him.

"Where is a rope, clothesline or anything?" he asked. "And," he added, pointing to Calder-Wall, lock this bird up before he does any more harm."

"Ha!" said Calder-Wall. "Quaint idea, calling me a bird. Flying! Bird! Good! I shall remember that."

DICK, a clothesline in his hand, raced out of the club, jumped into his runabout, turned it and drove out across the grounds.

The wind was freshening and stars were commencing to appear, while the moon broke through rifts in the clouds. At two o'clock there came a wild call from Danziger.

"The balloon just crossed the road, coming straight toward Skilliqueechee. Natalie's safe. I yelled at her and she called down for you to have breakfast ready for her."

Just then Calder-Wall, his eyes showing determination, rushed through the lounge carrying a shotgun and started on a run down the eighteenth fairway. Seeing the wild look in his eyes I dropped the telephone and set out in pursuit. We were half way down the eighteenth fairway and near the tenth tee when a shout from the lower end of the course came to us.

"Here she comes." "Which way?" "Over here—Quick." "She's going over. Too high to reach her."

Calder-Wall, a wild gleam in his eyes, sprinted across the rough in the direction from which the shouts arose. A dark mass came floating over the trees between the fairways. The clouds were commencing to break away and the moon shone through a rift. I caught a glimpse of Natalie Geroux, dangling below the balloon and squirming as if trying to reverse her position to seize the topmost branches of a tree which her feet almost touched. I

(Continued on page 120)

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Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest starts with this issue of RADIO DIGEST, October 1, 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; and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

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The Balloon Jumpers

(Continued from page 118)

had started to run through the grove on the direction of the course of the balloon, and in hot pursuit of Calder-Wall, who had disappeared after falling into a sand trap and rolling into the bushes when I heard him shout.

"I say, Miss Geroux. Hold still a mo', cawn't you? I'll have you right down."

He raised the gun and fired both barrels. I heard a squeal from the air and charged upon Calder-Wall as he was dropping fresh cartridges into the gun and directing Natalie to hold still.

"Fawncy—I missed the bally thing," he exclaimed and was raising the gun to fire again when I made a flying tackle and wrested the gun from his hands.

"I say," he said, sitting up and adjusting his monocle to glare at me. "You shouldn't have done that, old fella! I'd have had her down in half a mo'—"

I wasted no time arguing with him, but scrambled to my feet and ran through the grove in pursuit of the balloon with Calder-Wall, puffing hard, crashing through the underbrush behind me and calling upon me to return his gun, assuring me he was a better shot than I was.

We had lost sight of the balloon until we emerged from the trees into the eleventh fairway, just in time to witness the climax of the pursuit. As we rushed out into the open a small runabout, taking the hazards with wild lurches, almost ran us down, floundered through a sand trap, climbed a cross bunker and raced after the floating balloon, passing, under it and stopping a couple of hundred yards ahead of it. One of Calder-Wall's balloons was swaying and bumping along behind the automobile and, as the car stopped, it rose over the car.

DICK KIRKTON, standing on the seat of the runabout, was hastily adjusting the straps around his body and under his arms, and loosening the rope with which it was tied to the machine. He had a clothesline in one hand and, poised in the car, he waited, timing the approach of Natalie's craft, which was floating straight toward him, forty feet in the air.

Just before the girl reached a point over the little car Dick gave a great spring upward. The balloon, lifting him, bumped the one carrying the girl and caused it to careen sideways.

The balloons were drifting apart Natalie, swaying wildly from side to side as her balloon lurched, cried out. Dick, making a frantic grasp as she was being whirled away from him, seized her by one ankle. The balloons tugged against each other, pulled them apart, but Dick, holding her leg with one hand, clung to her and, as his weight slowly overbalanced the lifting power of the balloons, they started to sink slowly toward the ground.

Well caught, old chap! Well caught!" Calder-Wall cried, clapping his hands.

The rescue seemed complete and Calder-Wall and I started forward to aid in the descent. Dick Kirkton's actions caused us to stop in surprise and stare through the darkness. He had slipped the clothesline over Natalie's ankle, pulled the noose tightly around it, released his grip and sank toward the earth, while Natalie's balloon, freed from the excess weight, started to ascend again to the full length of the clothesline, where she swayed gently back and forth, safely tethered. Kirkton, seating himself on the grass, freed his own balloon and allowed it to float away into the night.

"Oh, I say, what's the blighter doing?" asked Calder-Wall, adjusting his monocle and stopping just within earshot.

"Shut-up, Calder-Wall," I advised, gripping his arm, "and listen to the way to court Natalie, if you expect to win her."

"Oh, Dickie," said Natalie tremulously from the air, "I'm so glad. Haul me down."

"I will when you promise to behave yourself and marry me," said Dick firmly. "PLEASE, Dicky. Pull me down, so we can talk."

"If you don't promise, I'll let go the rope." Dick said threateningly.

"I'll never speak to you again. You're hateful. I hate you," sniffed Natalie.

This was interrupted by a little squeal of fright as Dick, suddenly letting out ten feet of slack rope, allowed her to ascend quickly.

"Oh, Dicky! PLEASE!" cried Natalie beseechingly.

"Then say 'Yes,'" Dick demanded firmly.

"I say, old fella," said Calder-Wall with a little unsteadiness in his voice, "Aren't we eavesdropping a bit?"

Rawther decent of Calder-Wall, I think, considering all the circumstances, to retire at that stage of the proceedings. I felt a bit sorry for him as he withdrew quietly into the shade of the grove and stumbled toward the club house to assure the others that Natalie was safe. Calder-Wall did not say much during the walk through the course—except:

"Stordinary, really," and "Fine gel. I hope she'll be happy."

Half an hour after we reached the club house Dick and Natalie drove up in the runabout, towing the big balloon. How long it took him to force the surrender only they knew, but when they came out on the porch, they seemed very happy, and Natalie was herself again—only a little subdued. Calder-Wall was first to approach them, smiling, and Dick, grabbing his hand, shook it vigorously.

"Thanks, old Jelly Bean," said Dick. "I owe you a lot. If it hadn't been for your idiotic stunt I wouldn't be the world's happiest man tonight, or rather this morning."

"Jelly Bean! What a quaint Americanism! I must remember to tell it to the chaps at home."

"Home?" You're not going to leave us? Why, I wanted you to stay and help arrange for our wedding," said Natalie.

"I fawncy I shall toddle along," said Calder-Wall steadily. "Nothing to hang around for now. Congrats and all that sort of thing, you know."

Is America Jazz Mad?

(Continued from page 74)

hook-up of dominating Radio stations, the Singers' programs will be heard each week in every section of the United States.

The Seiberling hour has become quite familiar to the majority of listeners. In the year that they have been on the air the singers have become one of the most famous groups of Radio performers. But it is those who reiterate the cry, "jazz mad," who are to be answered, and silenced.

The cheers and hisses in the theatre of the ether are heard by mail. If the millions "out there" are listening-in, the mail bags grow heavy. If they are stirred, the postoffice department is the first to find it out. Hence there is an accurate thermometer to indicate how high the public temperature is running.

WHAT have the mail bags declared? A short time ago the quartet sang a selection that had never been sung before. It was Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor. Before the last glorious note had died away, the telephone

at Station WEAF began to ring. Before the hour had signed off telegrams had arrived. By the next afternoon the first of several large waves of mail had broken over the mail box. It was a hit.

The significant fact is that listeners obviously were stirred by the performance. The quartet proved its claim to distinction.

While the Rachmaninoff transcription holds the record so far among the singers' successes, it is only a little ahead of three other similar instances of their musical alchemy—their rare performance of Kreisler's Caprice Viennois, ordinarily a violin solo, MacDowell's To a Water Lily and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, which had been sung but once before and never by part voices.

The fact that the Seiberling Singers, under which title is included the quartet, the Singing Violins, James Melton, tenor; Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, of two-piano fame, and the two remarkable orchestras—one a concert and the other a salon group—are an aggregation of masterly instrumentalists and vocalists, strengthens the claim that America appreciates the world's finest music and comes back for more.

The list of successes is too long to be given in full. Suffice it to say that millions dial the Seiberling hour every Thursday evening to hear James Melton, tenor, sing such arias as Una Furtiva Lagrima from Donizetti's L'Elisir d'Amore, La Reve, from Massenet's Manon, O Paradiso, from L'africana, by Meyerbeer, or such non-operatic delicacies as Cadman's I Hear a Thrush at Eve.

One of the few unique instrumental groups which have been on the air is the Singing Violins. They have played The Swan, by Saint Saens; Traumerei, by Schumann; Deep River, The Rosary, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny and Meditation, from Massenet's Thais.

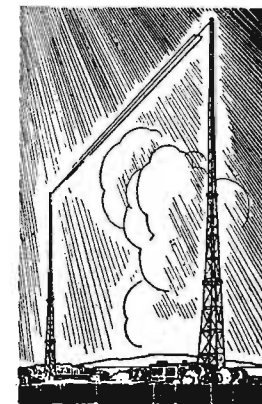
IT IS significant that in changing from Tuesday to Thursday evenings the Seiberling Singers acted in response to thousands of requests from American housewives, who asked that they go on the air later in the week when the larger share of home entertaining is done. At the same time, the time of broadcasting was put half an hour later in the evening—9 to 9:30 p. m. Eastern Standard time (8 to 8:30 p. m. Central Standard time, 7 to 7:30 p. m. Mountain time, 6 to 6:30 p. m. Pacific Coast time)—to accommodate Pacific coast listeners.

And now comes the final blow for those who weep over American musical taste.

As might be supposed—and has been supposed—behind the rare transcriptions that have earned these singers their title of musical alchemists there is a directing genius. He is Frank Black, orchestral director of the period, and one of the foremost of modern arrangers and composers. By a jazz mad America he would not even be suspected. Fame would be reserved for the beater of the tom-tom and glory for the drummer.

These classical and semi-classical selections which have drawn such overwhelming approval from the great audience of listeners stretching far across the country indicate unmistakably that America is not jazz mad, that the finer things in music are appreciated and preferred. And let this be the answer to those perennial croakers who deplore and regret our inferior tastes, jazz madness looms conspicuously only because it is alone in its sphere and does not exist as a national trait. There may be jazz mad Americans but America itself is not jazz mad.

Come with us "Behind the Scenes of WLW"!



The towers of WLW. The transmitting unit of this station is located near Mason, Ohio—about twenty-five miles from the center of Cincinnati, far away from population congestion

Please accept FREE this fascinating booklet—the story of the world's most powerful broadcasting station. Send coupon for your copy

ONE of the most interesting booklets ever published about radio is ready for you. Free!

It is "Behind the Scenes of WLW." It explains how the world's most powerful broadcasting station operates. How it sends programs sweeping out over the country. How the music and voice of the studio and other places are brought to you through the speaker of your receiving set.

It describes how the great station is constructed. How the mammoth daily programs are arranged—19 hours of uninterrupted programs! How the program director, continuity writers and musical staff are aided by the thousands of fans' letters they receive every week.

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It tells how the Nation's Station changes from church to theatre, music hall, newspaper, ball game, night club, university or any one of a hundred other places, in its role of universal entertainer and educator—on a moment's notice and without a moment's delay!

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preciate. It defines the "tongue-twisters" and mysterious phraseology that heretofore have puzzled the most advanced radio fans.

Write for It

"Behind the Scenes of WLW" was prepared especially for you and other radio owners—for the purpose of enabling every radio fan to obtain a greater understanding and enjoyment of broadcasting and of all the intricate details connected with it.

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Please check this question: Do you frequently listen to WLW? Yes () No ()

Can you answer these questions?

How long would it take a radio program to reach Mars?

What is the cost of one of the great amplifier tubes used in broadcasting stations?

How was the recent race between two Ohio River packet boats broadcast?

What broadcasting station has the largest radio audience? Why?

How does the microphone function?

What antenna towers resemble the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris?

What is meant by "remote control"? By "high frequency alternating currents"?

What is the "Heart" of WLW? How many million times per minute does it beat?

All the above questions and many other "mysteries" of broadcasting are answered in "Behind the Scenes of WLW." Write for it.

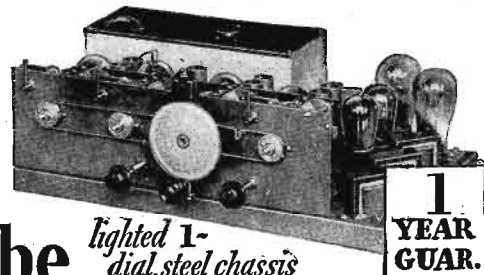
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PRICE \$12.50

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WLW, Nation's Station

(Continued from page 114)

away, because that orchestra will lend variety to its already varied programs.

The University of Cincinnati conducts regular periods of up-to-date information. In cooperation with the Ohio state department of education, WLW has been the medium for broadcasting a whole semester of hour-long classes for elementary and high schools.

Ohio river boat races, aeroplane derby arrivals, battles between aeroplanes, in the clouds, pageants, Cincinnati's great musical May Festival, horse races, broadcasts from river boats, any and every event that could interest curious humanity is broadcast by WLW direct from the scene of action.

Not the least of WLW's achievements in the eyes of its vast audience have been the excellence of its many commercial programs.

In the words again of Mr. Crosley, "the first interest of the owner of a station is to build the good will of its audience. No one institution, even though it could afford to do so, should monopolize the air for its own aggrandizement."

WITH the idea in mind of building the goodwill of its audience, WLW thus has saved itself from descending to programs in which advertising overpowered entertainment. Nothing but pleased comments come to WLW about its sponsored programs. Indeed, these programs often are the most popular with the WLW audience, which once, when the sponsored program was a new thing, saw the "doom of Radio broadcasting" in the entertainment that created goodwill for anyone other than the owner of the station.

That WLW will continue to grow is promised by Mr. Crosley in this statement:

"A vast audience such as ours has naturally placed on WLW a greater responsibility than has ever been attached to any single station. . . . In thousands of communities WLW is practically the only station used. This requires not only a wide range of program features—but a constant program throughout the day and most of the night."

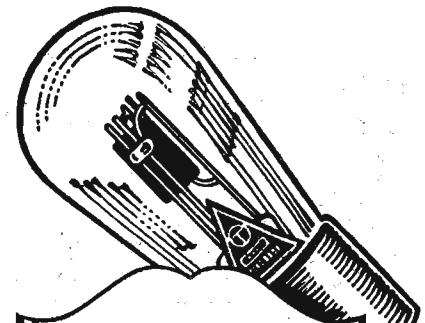
KOA Arcadians

(Continued from page 54)

IF WE take the singers from left to right, as they appear before the microphone, J. Allen Grubb, the tenor, will occupy our attention first. He is a big man, with the muscular development so often found in great singers. He has appeared in concert in every state and in all the larger cities in the country. He maintains his own studio in Denver and is a member of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music at the State Teachers college at Greeley, a short distance from Denver.

Next will come Mary Wood Beatty, the soprano. She is small, and looking at her reminds you of Alma Gluck. She is young, but with her combination of beauty and ability Denver is finding it hard to keep from losing her to Chicago and New York producers.

Lucile Fowler, the contralto, is next. She, too, is young and pretty. It is conceded by critics and musicians that she is the outstanding contralto in all the western region served by KOA. An unusual versatility is hers. Her greatest pleasure comes from operatic work, and she has had ample experience along this line, both with the KOA Light Opera company and the Denver Music Week association. Yet she can turn to popular



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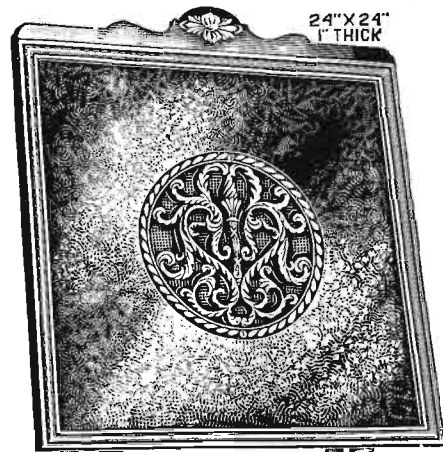
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songs and give them a rendition that Westerners maintain is unsurpassed. Last in the line comes Clarence C. Moore, the bass. Music has been his hobby, rather than his life work, yet it is hard to say which has engaged most of his time, music or business. He has sung leading roles in every Music Week opera in the past several years. He is soloist in one of Denver's largest churches. And he has been featured as a soloist, an actor and a choral singer at KOA almost from the first day the station went on the air.

THE accompanist forms no small part of a singing group. Faye Roswell, accompanist for the Arcadians, is considered ideal. She is Denver's busiest pianist, taking part in no less than fifteen programs a week at KOA. Sometimes she is a soloist, at other times accompanist, and again she is pianist with an orchestra. It is a tribute to her ability that she was chosen pianist for the Denver Concert orchestra. She plays under Rudolph Ganz and Henry Hadley in the Elitch's Garden Symphony orchestra, and is engaged to accompany most New York and Chicago operatic stars who give concerts in Denver.

Each member of the Arcadians could occupy first place on any bill. Yet they have submerged their individualities to make the quartet the best of its kind.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, Illustrated, published quarterly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1929. State of Illinois, ss. County of Cook,

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. C. Rayner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Radio Digest, Illustrated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Rayner, 4719 Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Harold F. Brown, 6361 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Rayner, 4719 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; F. T. Ryan, 510 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. Seaman, 49 Cedar Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Joseph Seaman, 250 Fifth Ave., New York City; V. E. Huffer, Hotel Elms, 53rd and Cornell, Chicago, Illinois.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company are trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

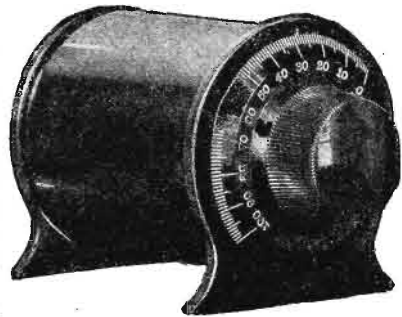
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. C. RAYNER, (Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1929. Irene Lauer, (SEAL) (My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

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Jumped from \$35 to \$100 a Week "Last week I had the pleasure of earning \$110 servicing and selling Radio sets. I have made as high as \$241 in two weeks. Before entering Radio I was making \$35 a week. It is certainly great sport to do this kind of work."

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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.

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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 are 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."

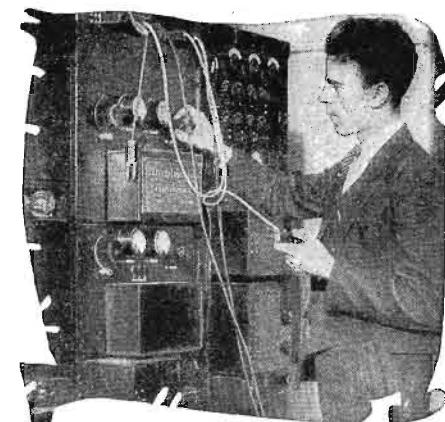
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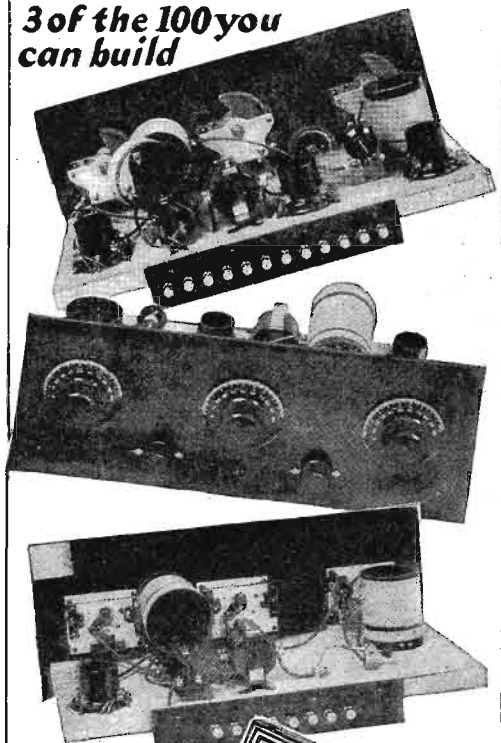
Send for this big book of Radio information. It won't cost you a penny. It has put hundreds of fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. Get it. Investigate. See what Radio has to offer you, and how my Employment Department helps you get into Radio after you graduate. Clip or tear out the coupon and mail it RIGHT NOW.

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3 of the 100 you can build



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Employment Service to all Graduates Originators of Radio Home Study Training

Brokenshire Has Experience

(Continued from page 106)

The thought of service attracted Brokenshire again, and on his return to New York he did special work for the Near East Relief, lecturing and aiding in the final campaign with added enthusiasm gained from a first hand knowledge of the tremendous amount of good resulting from the movement. "But the lure of the microphone overcame me," he says, "and after a preliminary month with WCAU in Philadelphia to get an idea of chain broadcasting, I joined the Columbia Broadcasting System at WABC and know now that I shall never wander from the fold again. My mechanical instincts remain—as a hobby; my artistic self finds outlet in the creation of programs, the writing of plays and the composition of an occasional song; while there is a thrill peculiar to itself in giving life through the microphone to the work of those who have written continuities for the programs I announce, much as an actor gives life on the stage to the characters of the playwright's pen.

"I KNOW, in short, that I've struck the thing that was just made for me. The work is wonderful—how wonderful it is hard to say. That little microphone means nothing to you, out there on the loud speaker end of the radio circuit, but to me it is the most highly sensitized and palpitating audience I have ever addressed. It lives for me. It breathes for me. It is MY audience."

So much for Brokenshire's own story, which touches on Radio with but little more emphasis than is given the details of that background to which Radio owes so much. Talking to the man, however, one is impressed by many things; knowing him over a period of years one comes to appreciate many things hidden from the casual acquaintance, things of which Broke himself is largely unaware. And, looking back through Radio history and the files one recalls many little incidents showing how much Radio owes this pioneer, many things showing the popularity he established during his early days at WJZ has multiplied until it has become a surprising thing.

For one thing, no one has ever heard Broke join the frequent "panning parties" from which Radio is no more free than any other amusement field. He is not petty or jealous, and if he has a constructive bit of criticism for an artist he believes in telling that artist, not in slurring him behind his back.

His ability to carry on, to forget self when on the air, is exemplified by an evening at old WJZ, back in 1924. Broke was announcing the "Bonnie Laddies," as musical and spontaneous a bit of broadcasting as you could ask for. Studio formality was scarce in those days, and a member of the staff entered, handed Broke a telegram and walked out. The message told him of his father's death, but no one in the studio that night, no one listening in, knew it, for he contributed his usual repartee and wit to the end of the period as usual.

"How did you do it?" we asked when the studio had signed off and we knew what the message had been.

"Who else was there to carry on?" was the reply. "I had to do it. It was sudden, and I went numb with the shock, but my feelings had nothing to do with the broadcast."

IT IS hard to place one's finger on any one reason for Broke's popularity with his audience, there are so many

credited, so many types in the audience who like one or the other of his mannerisms or what not a little better than others. His fan mail still pours in with a volume threatening to disrupt office routine, and as far back as his free lance days he received more than 1,000 Christmas cards every year. His letters come from every corner of the country, and on his trip abroad one of them, forwarded from WPG and received in Cairo, under a two-cent stamp, brought him a diamond engagement ring.

Nor are the fans content to send merely letters; they go in for a variety of gifts as wide in range as are the tastes of the Radio audience. Broke still has, somewhere about the house, a pair of hand made garters, and was forced to decline another proffered gift merely because an apartment hotel was not exactly the proper place in which to bring up an oak tree!

He has had letters from various Brokenshires all over the world, asking if there was any relationship between the announcer and the fan, and so far has traced every one of these inquirers to his own family tree or to one other, also of Canadian descent.

His biggest thrill, he says, was when the city of Easton, Pa., held a "Norman Brokenshire Day," at which Norman appeared and entertained the crowds which gathered from all around the neighborhood. Special trolleys and busses were run to Central Park, and Norm declares that to realize he was really enough of an attraction to create so much interest was more of a thrill than to realize there were literally millions of people listening to his voice as he broadcast the Inaugural ceremonies from Washington. "Of course," he confides, "I wasn't exactly indifferent when the orchestra leader at a Monte Carlo hotel (they were then playing my song, "Believe, My Beloved, in Me"), recognized me as I sat at a table nearby, and came over to have me sing that song for them. That was when I was honeymooning, all of which contributed to the thrill.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "there is so much of thrill in Radio it is hard to pin one's self down to any definite point. The reception to the World Flyers at Mitchell Field, when I first broke away from the old, hackneyed manner of announcement, standing beside the Prince of Wales, was a decidedly thrilling moment. Then, too, there was the Epinard-Zev race at Belmont in 1924, incidentally the first race ever described over the air, where I worked with Major J. Andrew White, the greatest sports announcer we have ever had, and who has passed his mantle on to Ted Husing.

"The most impressive broadcast I ever handled, on the other hand, was the Wilson Memorial, when for the first time in history the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States met in joint session to honor the memory of a great leader. A vitally interesting broadcast on which I had the pleasure to work, also with Major White, was the Democratic National Convention in old Madison Square Garden, in 1924. And when, in 1929, I covered my second Inaugural and realized that, as great as the Radio audience at the first Inaugural broadcast had been, this one was a hundred times as large, I must say I was thrilled again."

And coming down to the present, Brokenshire has another thrill in store when he makes his first talking movie, the Paramount Picture, "Glorifying the American Girl," in which he appears as

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New... different... delicious. That's Grape Ola! Cool, satisfying.

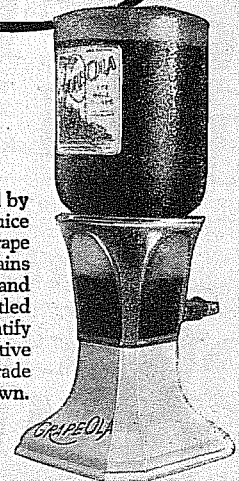
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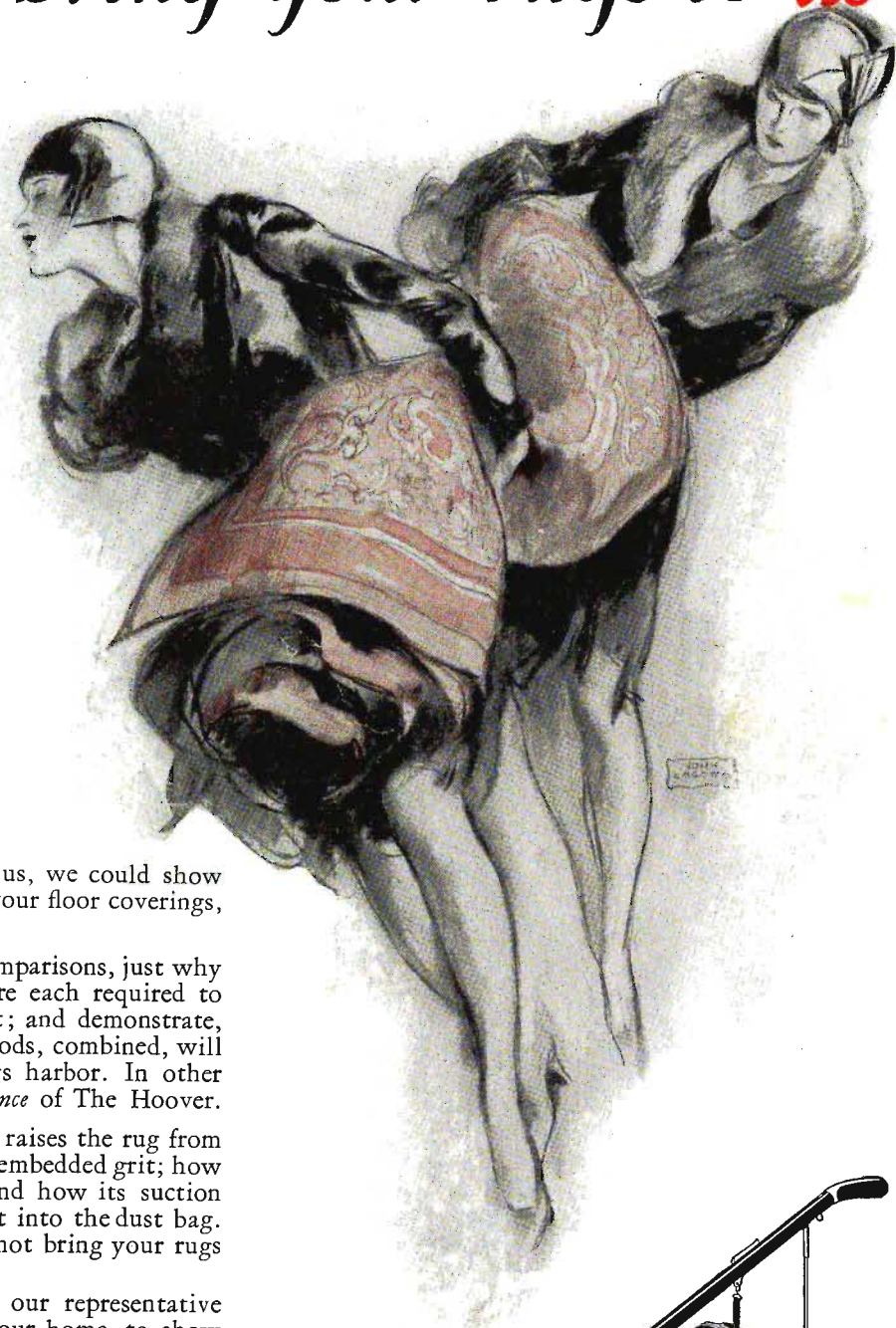
Grape Ola is scientifically blended by our own formula from the pure juice of luscious Concord grapes. Grape Ola is dispensed at soda fountains with sparkling carbonated water, and sold everywhere as a zestful bottled carbonated beverage. You can identify genuine Grape Ola by our distinctive fountain dispenser, or by the trade marked Grape Ola bottle and crown.

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We could make clear, by scientific comparisons, just why suction and sweeping and beating are each required to remove one of the three types of dirt; and demonstrate, by tests, how completely these methods, combined, will remove all the dirt which your rugs harbor. In other words, we could show you the *science* of The Hoover.

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So we send our representative to you, in your home, to show you the results of Hoover cleaning, to demonstrate on your rugs the exclusive cleaning principle of The Hoover, "Positive Agitation," which enables it to remove

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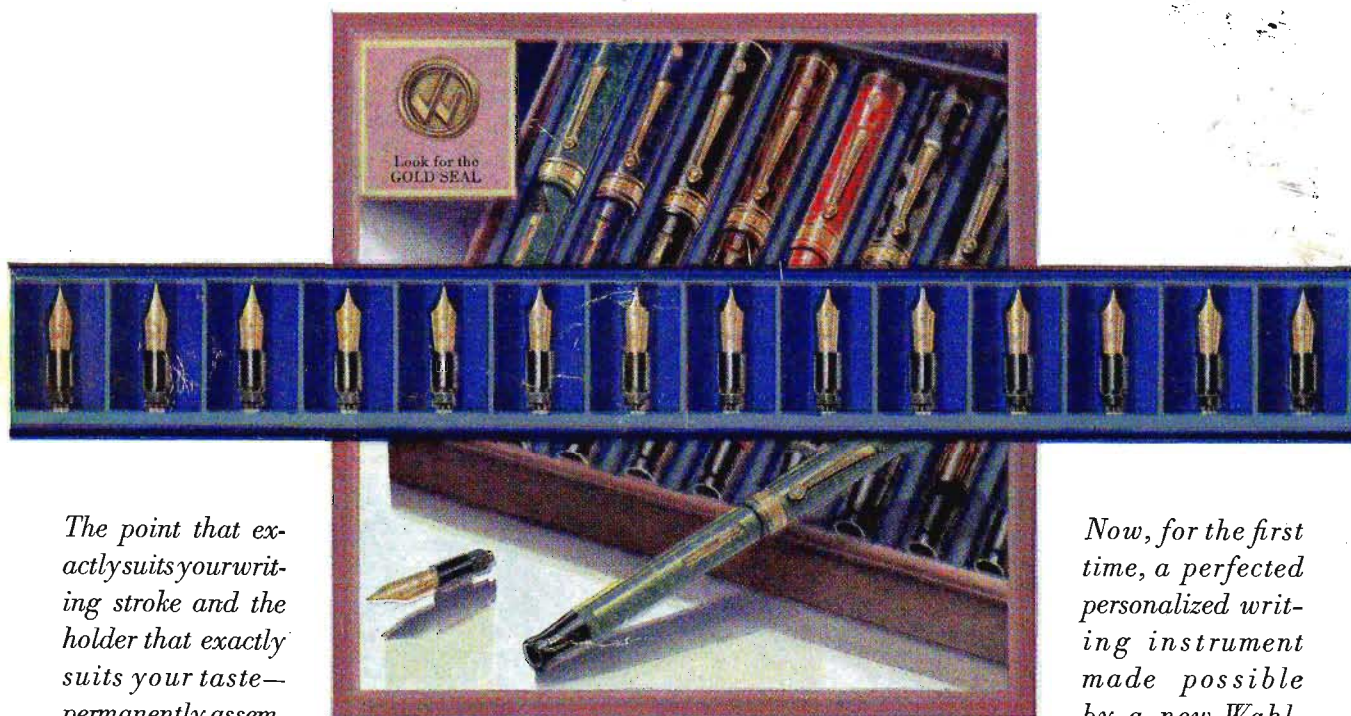


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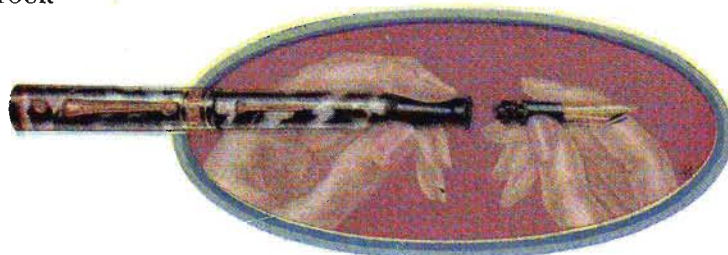
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