

FINALS NATIONAL RADIO AUDITION SUNDAY NIGHT

Thousands of young singers throughout the country are expected to listen eagerly to the program of the Atwater Kent Radio hour Sunday evening, December 15, when it will present the ten finalists of the Third National Radio Audition, in which the young listeners themselves participated. At the conclusion of the program, or very shortly thereafter, a board of seven famous musicians and musical authorities will announce their verdict as to the order in which the ten voices rank. Their judgment will determine the distribution of cash awards totaling \$25,000 and ten musical scholarships.



A. ATWATER KENT
President
Atwater Kent Foundation

The representatives of the coast are Calvin Hendricks, the blind harpist of Los Angeles; Floy Louise Hamlin, soprano, of Los Angeles. These ten young singers who are to participate are the survivors of a series of nation-wide tests, conducted by the Atwater Kent Foundation. These included local auditions in one thousand communities including Medford, state auditions in every state and five geographical district auditions. The best young man and best young woman singers of the local competitions were sent to the state audition. The best young man and best young woman of each state test qualified for their district audition. The best two young men and one young woman in the district tests became the finalists to be heard in the national audition this evening.

The records show that 35 per cent more contestants took part in the local auditions this year than in 1927 and 1928 and that thousands more votes were cast by the radio audience in determining the standing of the singers in the preliminary competitions. During the presentation of the national finals, A. Atwater Kent of Philadelphia, president of the Atwater Kent Foundation, will make a short announcement. Graham McNamee will announce the program. The singers will compete for prizes arranged so that each of them will receive a scholarship in music in any conservatory or under any recognized teacher, they themselves shall select. The national first place winner also will receive a gold decoration. The awards to be made include:

- First—\$5,000 cash, two years' musical scholarships and a gold decoration.
- Second—\$3,000 cash and one year's scholarship.
- Third—\$2,000 cash and one year's scholarship.
- Fourth—\$1,500 cash and one year's scholarship.
- Fifth—\$1,000 cash and one year's scholarship.

The program will be heard through a coast-to-coast network of broadcasting stations, among them being: KOA, Denver; WKY, Salt Lake City; KPO-KGO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland, Ore.; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane.

L. Powell, Expert Chrysler Service Man, Arrives Here

L. W. Powell who for several years has been connected with the Chase Garfield Motor Co., at Portland in the mechanical department comes to Medford to take charge of the Chrysler Service department here. Mr. Powell has had wide experience in mechanical work and is especially trained in Chrysler operations. The local service department has been equipped with special tools and machinery and, according to Frank Elliott, local manager, they have all the necessary equipment and facilities for taking care of Chrysler owners. Mr. Elliott has extended a cordial invitation to owners of Chrysler cars to call at the Chrysler Agency and let Mr. Powell advise them concerning service problems on their cars and see the excellent facilities which are on hand for the rendering of high class Chrysler repair work.

Hardy microbes that lived on wood and remained active more than nineteen months, probably assisted in the formation of coal, believe mine scientists.

Christmas at Ophir Hill

By A. B. Williams

The West has many a ghostyard of the golden pioneer days—Old mining camps deserted, silent in the summer haze. Time was when each of them was in the spotlight glare; They sprang like mushrooms over night and flourished with a blaze. And after time subsided, like the waters of a flood, Leaving nothing but a burial plot to tell of gold—and blood. Gone are the men—and women—Gone—of the heyday of their glory. And their history is nothing but a half-forgotten story.

In those camps of early days, along about fifty-two, There was the usual crowd of men, but women rather few— That is, the kind of women strictly moral, one would say. (There was no lacking of the dames that tread life's wanton way.) Those camps were all a scramble of men seeking gold, Swelling in summer's sun or chilling in winter's snow. Men from every state "back East," and from beyond the seas— Americans, Scots and Irish, French, Spaniards and Chinese.

In their hectic search for wealth in gold's alluring shadow, Men's minds held little thought of ease in this new found El Dorado. Holidays paled into legends—those days we now revere— Fourth of July and Christmas. The Christmas, therefore, in the first few years' stampede Were just a memory of the past to which men gave scant heed. There were drinkings and carousals and boisterousness galore— Gold and whiskey, cards and dice were the only stock in store.

Of the new discovered finds one was christened Ophir Hill. A camp that in its heyday provided many a thrill. It was a hummer from the start and in less time than a year it had a population of a thousand mighty men— A motley aggregation of every clime and race, As cosmopolitan a crowd as you'll find in any place. And, rather strange, as yet no women had appeared. "So far it's been a paradise," commented "Monte" Beard.

Now Beard was one of those churchly, annoying sort of men; Sarcastic and cynical, never caring how or when. Above average intelligence, on topics well informed. But his brain seemed to be a cote in which a hive of hornets swarmed. By way of extreme contrast, was the genial "Texas" Scott— A quiet, unassuming man, whose friendship e'er was sought; Patient, suave and gentle; but, though his manner mild, He truly was a wildcat when he was really riled.

Christmas time was drawing near and snow lay on the ground. And day and night the men in groups the warm stoves hovered round. They talked of this and that in a banal sort of way, Or crowded poker tables to watch the gaming play. Sometimes there'd be a snappy or long-drawn argument. Mostly of good natured sort, though sometimes serious bent. Now and then there was a mix-up and one slated for a shroud. As was to be expected in such a motley crowd.

"Say boys, what about Christmas?" one night inquired Scott. "Are we going to have some doin'—some festivities—or not?" Now, that was quite a bombshell to throw amidst that group. And at the first was greeted with a wild, derisive whoop. "What the hell do you suppose that old man Santa Claus Would be a doin' in this camp?" snorted "Baldy" Dawes. "Want us to hang our stockings up in a Christmas tree And filled with 'lasses candy?" chorried Joe McGee.

"No, boys," responded Texas, "you all have got me wrong. I wasn't thinking of no Christmas tree with a Santa Claus alone. My idea was to have something original and new. Something that just men folks would want to carry through." "Well, make an ante and let's see what's running in your mind," said "Missouri" Bill. "And maybe we all will go it blind." "Maybe singing and a sermon," was the caustic remark offered by "Stubby" Robbins, "by a choir and gospel shark."

"You boys all are off the trail," said Texas, undismayed. "We can originate some plan of a very different grade." "Why not try your hand, Texas, and give us a surprise." Asked Hank Morrill, "Something that will open up our eyes?" "That's the idee!" yelled a chorus. "Trot out your Santa Claus; We'll all chip in a nugget to contribute to the cause." "So be it," Texas answered. "I'm a committee of one. And I promise you to furnish a program of some fun."

"And I'll appoint a few of you for another committee And as for the rest of it, just leave the plans to me." Tex named Jack Burlingame, Bud Hawkins and Dave Glenn And presented to prepare a program for these men. Everything went auspiciously and Christmas week drew near. And the camp took on an interest in the coming Christmas cheer. Tex wouldn't reveal the climax of what he had in view. "But it's goin' to be a knockout—that much I'll promise you."

A few days before Christmas Texas suddenly disappeared. His whereabouts a mystery till Christmas ever had neared. Then up spoke Duke Adkinson: "I thought 'Doodle be a fluke, And Tex has laid himself wide open for a merited rebuke." In spite of reassurances from his faithful committee, The idea assumed prevalence that duplex they were to bet. And mutterings and curses began amongst them to arise. And some went so far to say "Blood was gettin' in their eyes."

In the meantime the committee had provided quite a store Of bottled quarts of whiskey and plug chewing by the score; And the day before the Christmas had it safely packed beside The stump of a fallen pine, ready for the festival tide. Then along about four o'clock Tex again was on the scene With a bundle in a coach that aroused an interest keen. "Hands off," he said. "Nothing revealed until tomorrow morn. And it's trouble for any meddlers as sure as you are born."

Tex drew the bundle carefully into a brawny arm And hove it to a prepared room, safe away from all alarms. It was noted that a fine repast was toted to this den. Which caused much speculation among the crowd of men. And all night long they wagged as to what Tex had in store. For their eyes upon the morrow, and if a fat he'd score. To make it sure there would be no one to interfere. Tex kept a night long vigil with two pistols lying near.

The dawn came on at last, followed by uncloudy day. And long about 10 o'clock the sun beamed a balmy ray. Then men were all assembled and read for the show. While Tex brought out his bundle with cautious steps and slow. He placed it on the pedestal of the newly fallen pine. While upon his countenance did a merry twinkle shine. "Now boys," said he, "we're all prepared to reveal our Santa Claus. Who will distribute these here presents into each one's waiting paws."

Then he stepped up to the bundle and aside a robe he tore And thus revealed—a woman—with jewels decked galore. In a dark-red velvet gown, like a Venus there she stood. Smiling on that compact crowd as an angel only could. "Great Jehovah!" cried Dawes; "what the hell 'dye think of that?" "Hell's damnation!" echoed Long; "Tex's as crazy as a bat!" "We're ruined!" declared Beard. "This means the doom of us. For wherever women entered there has always been a muss."

But the discordant notes were drowned in the thunderous acclaim Which greeted the Queen Santa as a personage of fame. She waved her hands to all with a most bewitching smile. And said, "Here's Christmas greetings to all the rank and file. Now, if you'll all step forth, my assistants standing by Will distribute these here tokens, for I know you all are dry." Then again she was accorded a thunderous hurrah— It was the most enlivening scene that Ophir ever saw.

Then each man came stepping forward for his lot of drink and chew. And with a "Merry Christmas" to the Santa they withdrew. It was not very long, however, until the smoldering fire in breasts of the unreconciled began spouting tongues of ire. Till finally Dan Squires confronted the rebel Beard. And called him an old scoundrel and with other tauntings leered. "Gib go to hell!" said Beard. "You'd fall for any dross. You would become her doornail for one flattering caress."

"Well, I reckon to be sociable; at least to be a human. And while her soul may not be clean, a woman's still a woman." "Oh, quit your sinnering," said Beard; "don't pull that stuff on me. I've seen too many of those dames—those outcasts such as she." "What the hell is eating you, you burned out old galoot? Ain't you got none but discord notes to play upon your flute? And let me tell you now, the way you've talked of her, you'd nothing but a mangy, low-down mongrel cur!"

With that out-pops a gun, then a spitting whizz of fire That toppled Squires to the ground to immediately expire. Then other guns flashed forth and slugs flew thick and fast. But luckily but few were aimed and the carnage soon was past. Otherwise it might have been like the cats' o'er in Kilkenny. When the fighting scurriness ceased, of cats there weren't any. But such as it was, six corpses was the total of that gang. And Beard was among the list of those who bit the dust.

Tex hurried his improvise, in the midst of the melee, Back to her domicile until the strife should pass away. Many were the overtures to entice her out again. But she refused all proffers of the rather sorry men. Early the next morning she departed from the camp. And, judging by appearances, in spirits rather damp. And to the amazement of all, Texas also disappeared.

ODD BUILDINGS



On Route of Union Pacific Stages

Allice in Wonderland no doubt saw some odd buildings. She would feel right at home if she would ride a Union Pacific stage out Sandy Boulevard, Portland, and see people looking from the windows at a milk bottle, a jug and a mushroom. This route also has a building called the Iceho and one named the Big Pump. Sandy Boulevard, which is a part of the Columbia River Highway, perhaps has as many odd shaped structures as any other highway. The milk bottle and the jug advertise the business of the people who own the buildings. The "milk bottle" is the home of a dairy company. It is also a station and agency of the Union Pacific Stages which run from Portland to Salt Lake City and Chicago via the Columbia River Highway.

The "Orange Blossom Jug" is a little restaurant and the jug, suggesting refreshment, is a very good advertisement for the business. The mushroom-shaped service station has no special business significance but is a striking departure from commonplace architecture. The large number of peculiar and fantastic buildings along this route just happened to intrigue the imagination of Tom Jennings, Traffic Manager of the Union Pacific Stages, and the result was a trip for the photographer who brought back the interesting photographs shown above.

The Union Pacific Stages operate five schedules daily between Portland and The Dalles, three to Pendleton, two to Spokane and two transcontinental schedules daily to Chicago. The stages now give service to Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis and all eastern points and also run via Salt Lake City to Los Angeles.

INDIVIDUAL CALLED BY RADIO AS EASILY AS BY PHONE

Enabling an individual receiver or group of receivers to be called by radio at any given moment, a radio call signal has been put in use by the Berlin police which operates like a telephone call. Experiments have shown ninety-eight per cent of all calls arriving from a 200-volt transmitter 200 miles distant were received. The calling device may be attached to any radio receiver, the call signal being made up of relatively long initial terminal strokes between which there are some short strokes, the number, arrangement and duration of which are characteristic of each signal. Hearing orange trees in Brazil number 7,820,000.

A prize collection of "outlaw" and Confederate money now in the museum of Emory university at Atlanta came from Fon du Lee, Wis.

Aviation Review

(By James Houlahan)

OAKLAND, Cal., Dec. 15.—Now comes a plane which from its flight test and specifications seems to be the forerunner of the type of ship which sound aerodynamical opinion holds must be developed to make air transport cheaper. It is a new cargo and mailplane, an affair of metal construction, almost throughout, sleek, streamlined, capable of great speed in proportion to the power expended.

It has a geared engine, making possible the use of a large, slow-moving, efficient propeller and it is designed to incorporate the speed-producing N. A. C. A. cowling as an inherent feature of the structure. Difficulties in servicing which have been caused by this cowling have been met by making the cowling in sections, such of which is removable without disturbing the others. This is an important point in economy of upkeep.

Such a plane will be able to transport heavy loads at high speed, thus producing a large revenue without materially increasing the pound-hour factor which is the basis of air transportation economy. Development of the idea it embodies means speed equal to that of the best planes we have today, or even better, plus greater carrying capacity, virtual elimination of the fire hazard and great reduction of crash hazard.

President Hoover said quite a while ago transcontinental passenger carrying would become successful when cruising speeds of 150 miles an hour could be maintained. This plane is a long step in that direction. We have only begun to find out what can be done by improving the streamlining of airplanes, reducing parasite resistance, increasing engine efficiencies.

How long will a modern aviation engine run without overhaul? How long does an automobile engine run without overhaul? The writer saw the logs recently on the engines of two tri-motored transports. One set of three engines had had 750 hours plus since overhaul; the other set had operated more than 750. Both sets were in the planes at the time and had shown no need of being gone over. Others, torn down for overhaul after 750 hours, showed little wear and no deterioration.

At 100 miles an hour ground speed, that means 75,000 miles. There are few automobile engines that will stand such a grind, yet the automobile engine is operated only a small part of the time at wide throttle while the aviation engine must run always at three-quarter throttle or more. The rea-

good workmanship, maintenance. These engines, which were on planes of Maddux Air Lines, had the most careful sort of maintenance every day, and sometimes engine gets maintenance only about once each thousand miles of travel or more rarely. Motion picture machines are now standard equipment on Transcontinental Air Transport planes. Passengers are treated to a program of news reels and short comedies as a means of whiling away the tedium of long hours in the air. It seems inconceivable that anybody should weary of such enthralling experience as is afforded by an aerial journey. And yet it is so; anything, continued long enough, crosses a demand for change, relaxation, relief. It has always sought to make its passengers enjoy their flights; it by taking their minds completely off flying for a few minutes they can sharpen, this enjoyment, the result is bound to be an increase in "repeat" sales of transportation.

Adjustable wings on plane to control speed. Airplane wings whose surface area can be jugged to control the speed of the ship in the air and in landing the invention of a California man, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The area of the retractable wing is varied by sliding a part of the wing into another section of it, thus allowing a large surface with great lifting power for takeoffs and making possible landing at slow

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