Lois Lait

Falling in Love with Ruth

Seth Parker • Ed Wynn • George Rector
THEN SHE COAXED “LET’S GO SEE THE ESKIMOS”

SO THEY WENT TO THE ROOSEVELT GRILL AND DANCED AND DANCED TO THE SPRING MAGIC OF HARRY RESER and his ESKIMOS

They forgot about the world outside... about such things as unpaid bills... next month’s rent... even the trouble about Europe! All they remembered was that it was Spring again. All he knew was that She was a Very Beautiful Lady, and she, that He was a Very Gallant Gentleman. And so they danced dreamily... happily... the while that able strummer of banjos, Harry Reser, and his talented Eskimos made music for them. Spring... banjos... Beautiful Lady... Gallant Gentleman... a floor divinely built for dancing feet... the tinkle of ice in glasses... Spring... ah, Spring!

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, N. Y. 
Edward Clinton Fogg - Managing Director
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ALL ACTUAL, PRACTICAL WORK. You build radio sets, install and service them. You actually operate great Broadcasting equipment. You construct Television Receiving Sets and actually transmit your own Television programs over our modern Television equipment. You work on real Talking Picture machines and Sound equipment. You learn Wireless Operating on actual Code Practice apparatus. We don't waste time on useless theory. We give you the practical training you'll need—in 10 short, pleasant weeks.

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You get Free Employment Service for Life. And don't let lack of money stop you. Many of our students make all or a good part of their living expenses while going to school and if you should need this help just write to me. Coyne is 32 years old! Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just mail coupon for my big free book!

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Awarded Beauty Crown

Hazel Johnson of KYFR Beauty Queen of American Radio

Hazel Johnson, radio artist at station KYFR, Bismarck, N. D., is the winner in the campaign inaugurated by RADIO DIGEST to find the most beautiful girl in American radio. The contest came to a close with the finals, the last voting day being May 3. Radio listeners were the voters and the judges of beauty. Thirty-two girls from as many stations throughout the country, including representatives of the national chains, vied for the honor. The preliminaries resulted in the elimination of all but three of the contestants—Harriet Lee, of New York; Donna Damerel, of Chicago and Miss Johnson.

The votes have been counted and Miss Johnson is the winner by a big margin. In the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, the standing of the various contestants will be given. As the winner, Miss Johnson will be painted portrait painted by a famous artist—Charles Sheldon, of New York, who has painted the portraits of many socially prominent personalities as well as celebrities of the stage and screen. Her picture will adorn the cover of the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, if it can be finished in time, and then Miss Johnson will be presented with the original painting.

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor
Harold F. Brown, Charles R. Tighe, Nellie Revell,
Managing Editor, Associate Editor, Associate Editor
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CONTENTS for JUNE, 1932

COVER PORTRAIT. Lovely Lois Last sings as the hordes hurl her hunter over the jumps—and also at WIN.

SETH PARKER. Down East radio philosopher teaches hoboes to sing.

ACTION MAKES THE PLAY. Director Noyes at CBS tells what makes the Crime Club good radio drama.

WEDDING BELLS only tinkle as hopeful brides and grooms watch corner for Prosperity's promised return.

ED WYNN joins radio's laugh parade and gives the listeners a new twist of dial comedy.

TO KNOW RUTH is to love her says a young correspondent in interview.


MUTUAL VIOLATION OF LAW voids any possibility of breach of promise action through the courts.

TUNEFUL TOPICS are reviewed for the month by our popular critic.

RUSSIAN ARISTOCRATS escape jury of Reds to win American success.

EDITORIAL—Current comment.

VOICE OF THE LISTENER.

WHAT'S WRONG with the Radio drama? Script editor sits down and explains what gives her gray hairs.

EATATIONAL. The Jolly Chef tells of the Old Days and bon vivants in Paris.

STATION PARADE.

Freeman H. Talbot, manager of KOA, says best talent originates in West.

BLUE RIBBON SELECTIONS. Calendar of top notchers for the week logged by the day and by the hour.

Charles Sheldon
Barry Holloway 8
Douglas D. Connah 10
The Office Boy 12
Harry Parke 16
Only Jack 12
Nellie Revell 18
Dean G. L. Archer 20
Rudy Vallee 24
Ruth Witson 28
Ray Bill 22
Craig Rice 32
George Rector 33

You'll Get Thrills-Adventure in BIG PAY in RADIO
I will Train You at Home for a Fascinating Radio Job

Get My Free Book—Many Radio Experts Make $50 to $100 a Week

You like action, romance, thrills! You get them in Radio—plenty of them! Good pay, too. That is why I urge you to mail the coupon below for my free book of startling facts on the variety of fascinating, money-making opportunities in this great live-wire field. It also explains how you can quickly learn Radio through my amazing Radio-TRiCian method of home-study training, even though you may not now know the difference between a "Screen Grid and a Gridiron." Hundreds of men who knew nothing about Radio before taking my course are today making real money in jobs with a real future.

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Don't continue to struggle along at a dull, low-pay job with no prospect of anything better. Find out what Radio offers you. Radio operators on shipboard travel, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay, too. Aircraft Radio, talking movies, and broadcasting are other fields where thousands of trained men are well paid for fascinating work. And think of the great, thrilling future for men with Radio training in Television. My free book tells all about these and many other interesting branches of Radio that pay good money and make life pleasant. Men with Radio training have many opportunities not found in other fields. And my training, in particular, is the only training that makes you a RADIO-TRiCian—that means valuable recognition for you in whatever type of Radio work you take up after graduation. You'll see why, when you receive my interesting book.

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You don't have to quit your present job to take my course! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. My N. R. I. Course teaches you to begin making extra money shortly after you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you experimental outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students have earned $15, $20, $30 weekly while learning. Lynn Henderson, 817 Elgin Court, Jackson, Mich., writes: "I have made at least $1,500 servicing and repairing Radio sets and I am just starting my thirty-third lesson."

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Send the coupon below for my 64-page book of opportunities in Radio and information on my home-study training. It has hundreds of well-trained fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. It will tell you exactly what Radio offers you, and what my Employment Department does to help you get into Radio after you graduate. I back my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lessons and Instruction Service I give you. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

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CITY
STATE
AGE

Radio Digest
MANY prominent radio engineers STILL contend that dependable daily reception of extremely distant foreign stations is impossible.

"It can't be done!" they shout. They insist that the distance is too great—that atmospheric conditions are too variable—that signal strength is insufficiently constant—that if foreign reception is to be obtained at all, an ideal location must be had—and, last, that there is no receiver generally available today that is sensitive enough to bring in foreign stations regularly.

Many of those making these statements are receiver manufacturers; men who have been forced to conclude that mass production methods cannot produce receivers capable of regular foreign reception. Seeming disbelief in the practicability of foreign reception is therefore the result of someone's failure. The only reason for sincere disbelief is ignorance of the facts.

You are entitled to the truth. It is your privilege to know the FACTS, because the most interesting—the most enjoyable world of radio is to be found between 15 and 200 meters. Hence, I have written this answer to disbelievers and to the unadvised, and I am spending my own money to publish these four pages of FACTS.

You will find in them a full explanation of what foreign reception is; how regularly it comes in; what the programs are and how they sound. In addition—you'll find undeniable PROOF that the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter Superheterodyne is certain to give you enjoyable round the world reception every day of every month of the year. Yes, EVERY day, even during the summer months! I say, "You CAN do it!"
from dozens of Foreign Stations
Every month of the Year

The AUSTRALIAN TEST
first proved regular reception possible

For a considerable period, short wave broadcasts from England, France and Italy have been picked up by the broadcasting chains in this country, on highly developed laboratory-type short wave receivers and re-broadcasted on the 200-550 meter band to listeners in America. The fact that these broadcasts were always planned, weeks in advance, convinced us that their reception was contemplated with absolute certainty. Why, then, couldn't all foreign broadcasts be depended upon? To ascertain whether or not they could be, we selected the station farthest from Chicago that broadcasted regularly, and set out to see how many of its programs we could pick up with the Scott All-Wave.

All Programs Recorded

VK3ME at Melbourne, Australia, is 9560 air miles from Chicago. This station broadcasts two times a week on a wave length of 31.55 meters. The reception test was begun June 6th, 1931. Ten months have elapsed, and every broadcast (excepting three) was received with sufficient loud speaker volume to be clearly heard and logged. The three programs were-missed only because an illegal code transmission interfered.

Each broadcast from VK3ME has not only been clearly heard, and its reception verified by the station, but they have all been recorded just as they came from the amplifier of the Scott All-Wave on aluminum discs. These recordings are available to anyone who wishes to hear them.

Program Returned to Australia by Phone

The engineer of VK3ME was curious to know with what quality his program was received in Chicago. He realized, of course, that clarity was sufficient to permit logging of details, but beyond that he was skeptical. So on January 23rd, 1932 Mr. Scott telephoned VK3ME from Chicago, and while VK3ME's program was being received, the telephone mouthpiece was pointed toward the speaker and the program sent back to Melbourne—another 9560 miles, and with perfect clarity as verified by the engineer's written acknowledgment.

This 10 month test on reception from a point nearly 10,000 miles away, proves, beyond any doubt, that enjoyable foreign reception can be depended upon, IF the receiving equipment is competent. It PROVES that DISTANCE is no obstacle! And it PROVES that variable conditions of the atmosphere are not insurmountable obstacles! To further substantiate our contentions we began a test of VK3ME at Sydney. VK3ME's acknowledgment of this reception is reproduced below. Both of these tests PROVE that there IS a receiver having more than enough sensitivity to detect and reproduce the broadcast from foreign stations regularly and with adequate volume!

Other Owners Do
Even Better

This remarkable performance was not a stunt. It was not a freak happenstance occurring to one Scott All-Wave ideally located and installed. To the contrary, it appears as mediocre performance when compared to the 9,535 logs of foreign reception sent to us during January, February and March from Scott All-Wave owners located in all parts of the country! These logs, constituting further proof of the practicability of foreign reception, are discussed on the next two pages.
9535 Detailed Logs by Scott tell What You hear and prove the absolute Dependability of the Scott All-Wave

Clarity
The detail contained in this log, submitted by Mr. Roye Bilheimer of Pennsylvania, demonstrates the clarity with which the Scott All-Wave brings in foreign stations 10,000 miles away. This log was made Feb. 28, 1932, and while only 30 minutes of it are shown here, the log, as submitted, covered the entire 2 consecutive hours of the broadcast.

6:00 a.m. E. B. T.—Chimes are heard striking the hour of 9:00 a.m. E. S. T. at the station "PAC," P. O. W. C., Los Angeles, Calif. You go on to say, "VK2ME, 47 York Street, Sydney, Australia. The record was transmitted some time ago and Scott received it in its entirety. We ask that you now play for us the record on your home receiving set, and cut the record on your home receiving set, and forward this record to VK2ME. This record will be received which has just arrived in Sydney and we have just played it for you, to see how you will record it. We shall now play for you the length of the "Kookaburra," which was also picked up in Chicago by the same gentlemen."

6:05 a.m. E. B. T.—"Leather of the "Kookaburra." Now you say, "This was the choice of the "Kookaburra.""

6:10 a.m. E. B. T.—"We were entertained by Australian aborigines who are located in a settlement there. They were assembled in the street with their bows and arrows, their strange wooden weapons, which, when thrown by a person, returned to him. They were served with a viand which the visitors had an amusing time preserving among themselves. Rudolph Friml played at a group of black fellows who were playing a game with the "Kookaburra," a game which the "Kookaburra" was not put out by."

6:15 a.m. E. B. T.—"We are now speaking of native bears, and you say, "These are the lions of the world, and just as little bears. Living in, let me see, one native called them, their general employment is to hunt other animals, such as hares, and bears. It is a greater pleasure to hunt than to be hunted."

6:20 a.m. E. B. T.—"The Band of His Majesty's Air Force from the "Washington Avenue," directed by Victor Herbert.

6:25 a.m. E. B. T.—"VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. You now give the time as 25 minutes past 9:00 a.m. Sydney and Australia, time, "Good Morning, Australia," by Bob Butler, "Good Morning, Australia.""

6:30 a.m. E. B. T.—"VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. An or- ganist who has played "Tango," by Leslie James. This is running through with fine volume and clarity, although the weather here is very hot. It is very happy and gay."

6:35 a.m. E. B. T.—"VK2MK, Sydney, Australia. The time is 28 minutes past 9:00 a.m. Sydney. You now give the time as 25 minutes past 9:00 a.m. Sydney and Australia, time."

What Countries Will You Hear?
Any Wednesday, Saturday or Sunday morning you can tune in the Australian stations and listen to a three hour program, in English, of coarse. Then if you wish something with a distinctly foreign flavor, you can dial Saigon, Indo-China, and listen to the weirdest, Eastern music you have ever heard.

Right after breakfast, most any morning, you can tune in the Radio Colonial at Paris, France—or Chelmsford, England, from which station comes an English version of the World's latest news.

From 11:30 A. M. until 5 P. M. you have your choice of musical programs, talks, plays, etc. from Italy, France, Germany or England. In the late afternoon, the offerings from Portugal will be found very entertaining.

In the evening you may have your choice of a dozen or more different stations including Columbia and Ecuador in South America. Then, too, there is Spain, and Cuba.

What Will You Hear?
From a large number of these foreign stations you'll hear news in English, and you'll delight in the variety of aspect the different countries give to an item of international interest.

You'll hear music from everywhere. Weird chants from Indo-China, and in contrast, a tango from the Argentine. From Rome you'll hear the real Grand Opera— you'll hear the voice of the Pope, the Vatican Choir and solo voices swallowed in Italian sunshine. From Germany you'll hear political speeches, music and news.

From France, Spain and Portugal you'll hear a wonderful musical program that will thrill you hour after hour. From England you'll hear plays—drama—comedy and musicale: delightful presentations, refreshingly different from those to which you are accustomed. You'll never tire of foreign reception, because it never loses its novelty.

Will the Reception Be Clear?
Foreign stations are tuned easily and smoothly with a Scott All-Wave. As the dial is turned to the correct spot, the station comes on, in most cases, with the same naturalness, clarity, and roundness of tone that characterizes domestic reception.
of Foreign Reception Owners and How You hear it

Read These Logs*

The log reproduced at the right represents one day that E. B. Roberts of Massachusetts spent with his Scott All-Wave. During the day he journeyed from France to England, to Italy, back to France and in the evening to South America. The other log is that sent in by Mr. Roy Billemeier of Pennsylvania who made a point of logging every word put on the air by VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, February 28, 1932. If you have any doubt concerning the authenticity of these two logs or the others sent to us, see the auditors' report herewith. Read these logs—then consider that 9,353 more detailed logs bear witness to the new world of radio pleasure opened to YOU by the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter Superhetodyne.

Prove to yourself the practicability of Short Wave foreign reception

These four pages have told the story of short wave foreign reception in its sanest terms. They have PROVED that clear, enjoyable reception of foreign stations can be enjoyed by anyone irrespective of the state or country in which he lives. And we want to prove to you, right in your own home—that YOU can tune 'round the world whenever you choose and enjoy every program you hear. To do that, we'll build a Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter superhetodyne to your order; we'll test it on reception from London, Sydney or Rome—and give you the exact dial readings. If you don't get enjoyable foreign reception from these stations—if the receiver does not eclipse every statement made for it, you may return it and your money will be refunded. The coupon below will bring full particulars of this offer—also the technical details of the Scott All-Wave. Clip the coupon—mail it now.

The E.H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D 62, Chicago, Ill.

*AUDITORS' REPORT

We hereby certify that we have examined and counted 9,353 logs of foreign reception reports by purchasers of Scott All-Wave Receivers from 136 stations, foreign to the country in which received, during the months of January, February, March, 1932.

CROSBY, MURPHY, PROS & CO.
Certiied Public Accountants

News and Music from Four Foreign Countries Received in One Day

These logs, made March 7, 1932, and submitted by E. B. Roberts of Massachusetts, indicate the variety of foreign programs that may be heard with a Scott All-Wave. For lack of space, only a portion of each log appears here.

NEWS FROM FRANCE
STATION RADIO COLONIAL—PONTIOIE
8:140 p.m. E.S.T.—The General Post Office, Colonial, from Paris. Calling. Wavelength 515.00 meters.

News in English from the Official Daily Mail, Great Britain—The financial recovery of Great Britain has assured the interest of the world.

8:45 p.m. E.S.T.—Chimes.
From N. Y. Bulletin—The U. S. views is that the world economic crisis is visible. Sterling reflexed by rising to 5.14.

From Geneva, Sunday.—Small nations are not willing that the League's authority be limited even if the larger nations are.


8:55 a.m. E.S.T.—From Berlin, Sunday—Speeches during the election next Monday. Will Hindenburg or Hitler be elected? (Full report forthcoming in press.)

8:55 p.m. E.S.T.—From N. Y. Bulletin—The Lindberghs have turned to the underworld for help as the authorities seem helpless.

NEWS AND MUSIC FROM ENGLAND
STATION GSW—CHELMSFORD
1:15 p.m. E.S.T.—Chimes.

1:15 p.m. E.S.T.—This is the British Broadcasting Corp. calling shot, more listeners of the British Empire through GSW. GSW broadcast on a wave of 17.500 kilocycles or 25.50 meters.

1:15 p.m. E.S.T.—Programs to be retransmitted tomorrow. March 8.

1:18 p.m. E.S.T.—News bulletins for the Middle Zone. World copyrighted. (Continued.)

1:19 p.m. E.S.T.—Bulletin of the death of Fould, a noted French conductor. (Rebroadcast.)

1:20 p.m. E.S.T.—Bulletin regarding the wental battle. Per Post Bulletin—Mr. H. announced that China is ready to use finishing tactics to win the peace. The Japanese have no intention of advancing farther. Japan is regarding the possibility of the Lindbergh baby as news as yet.

NEWS AND MUSIC FROM ITALY—STATION IZ2R
ROME
2:49 p.m. E.S.T.—Telling in Italian of the results of the Italian championships. The team race in Variscina was won by the team of Mezzano-Pozzo.

2:52 p.m. E.S.T.—Talking about Primo Carnera and his debut.

2:54 p.m. E.S.T.—Bulletin Roma-Padova.

News bulletins from the T. S. A., Shanghai and Tokyo. News regarding the Lindbergh baby.

3:56 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

3:57 p.m. E.S.T.—Newscast. Announcement.

3:59 p.m. E.S.T.—A novel way to promote Italian music. Sung by orchestra between announcements.

MORE MUSIC FROM FRANCE
STATION RADIO COLONIAL—PONTIOIE
3:17 p.m. E.S.T.—The Maitrechale.

3:59 p.m. E.S.T.—Hier, Ille, Jel, Pian, Radio Musical.

4:15 p.m. E.S.T.—Plano and violin selection.

4:20 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

4:20 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

4:25 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

4:31 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

MUSIC FROM SOUTH AMERICA—STATION HKF
BOGOTA, COLOMBIA
8:25 p.m. E.S.T.—Vocal solo. Mon singing native selection.

8:39 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

9:02 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

9:16 p.m. E.S.T.—Native duets.

9:20 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

9:24 p.m. E.S.T.—Instrumental selection.

9:30 p.m. E.S.T.—Instrumental selection.

9:35 p.m. E.S.T.—Duets.

9:40 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement. (Continued.)

9:45 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

10:00 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
SETH PARKER Sheds Alpaca for Tweeds and Goes Hymn Singing in City Slums

By Barry Holloway

CRIMINALS, hop-heads, pan-handlers, and other breeds of down-and-outs of New York's Bowery — have combined with one of radio's best-known characters to present a series of programs over National Broadcasting Company networks, hailed as one of the unique broadcasts of the year.


In a dingy, smoke-filled basement room, whisky tenors blend in harmony with mugged baritones, and the unwashed of New York's rickety district forget their plight when Phil Lord stages a party and a Bowery broadcast.

Lord dropped the role of Seth Parker, the kindly old philosopher, when he went to the Bowery in an effort to aid some of the deserving in the street of lost men. Instead he was the natural athletic young man of 28, dressed in worn clothes and wearing a cap pulled to the side of his head. He acted as tough and rough as the best of the three hundred men who crowded into the narrow basement room which once housed the notorious Tunnel saloon.

It is a strange sight, the crew of motley men who crowd into that dingy room under the sidewalks of a Bowery street. It is a spacious room to most of the Bowery visitors — so much better than many are accustomed to, who sleep under stairs or in the open. Over the rumblings of their voices can be heard the scream of an occasional police car, and the roar of the elevated trains overhead.

Men and women, who sit in the quiet of homes over the United States hear only a bit of the pathos, can sense little of the grime, nor know anything of the wrecks of humanity which Lord gathers there and aids.

His "studio" is a dirty, smelly place — reeking with unwashed bodies, the stench of cheap liquor, and canned heat which Bowery sots consume for lack of nothing better to drink, or nothing better to do. The microphone and the smiling face of Polly Robertson, who plays the organ in the "Seth Parker and His Jonesport Neighbors" programs, usually are the only bright things in the room. "Polly" as the hoodlums call her, is the goddess of the Old Tunnel crowd.

Even Lord's face betrays a certain grimness as he leads the men in singing. One can scarcely wonder at that, however, after you look from the tiny platform across the 300 faces, betraying as many types, and as many emotions.

These men, who frequent Phil Lord's mission, and who take part in his NBC Bowery broadcasts, are more often than not rough men — tough men — desperate for food, liquor, narcotics, and capable of almost any passion. Some of them are known to have served long prison sentences. Many come to the old Tunnel saloon intoxicated or hopelessly under the influence of narcotics.

THE sordid atmosphere of the crowd is lessened only as the air in the low, unventilated room becomes filled with smoke from the cigarettes that Lord always gives the men. Then the grey smoke shrouds the harsher aspects.

Lord acts as master of ceremonies only — the men stage their own party. He sings only when he is leading the singing. Solo numbers, quartets, and other features are presented by the men. As the singing gets underway, and such songs as "When Good Fellows Get Together," ring through the room, more often out of than in harmony, the "guests" begin to smile — toothless smiles, crooked, and leering.
Bowery Dens

Whether Lord is broadcasting his parties or not—he proves himself the natural showman. The men are at ease as soon as they enter the room. It is impossible for him to rehearse for a Bowery broadcast, and be certain that the participants will be on hand the following night to take part. It is necessary for him to draft new "artists" at the last moment. The original "artists" too often do not appear, or when they do, are too intoxicated to participate.

It is, however, a suprisingly orderly aggregation of hoodlums, drunkards, thieves, and down-and-outs, when one considers they eat only when they can beg or steal a meal, and spend their nights in Bowery flop houses, or on the streets. Perchance it is the novelty, or perhaps husky Dan Murphy, self-appointed bouncer for Lord's Bowery parties, that keeps them under control.

Dan, who has a criminal record, is the life, as well as the terror of the gatherings. His wit brings laughs from all, and his frown with a curt "cut the gab" brings silence. Dan thinks Lord's name is typical of the sort of fellow Phil is.

DURING one of the broadcasts a man, drunk and cursing, insisted upon talking into the microphone, which was sending the program over a nation-wide NBC network. Lord was forced to knock the man into the aisle. Dan, who had reached the platform, nodded his head for the man to leave. Soon Dan and some of his aides disappeared. When he reappeared Dan confided to Miss Robertson, in a matter-of-fact way, that "the bozo was beat up and wouldn't bother no more."

The Bowery likes Lord—as the visitor can see in a moment's glance across the crowded room of black and white faces as he enters. He has proven himself a swell guy, to their way of thinking, because he provides a meal ticket, a pass to his show, and small change each time they gather.

Their banter at Bowery parties is good-natured. When one of their number stands before them to sing, or recite some of his poetry, the performer can deduce after a moment whether he will be able to finish. If it pleases they are quiet. If they are not pleased the only reason rotten cabbages are not tossed is because none are available.

Charlie, the toothless Chinese baritone of Doyer street, is one of the Bowery's most popular entertainers. When he sings "Jesus Loves Me," in broken English, tears come to the eyes of his listeners, and if he is broadcasting, he can count on a heavy fan mail. He has proved one of Lord's most popular finds.

The Tadpole, who with his musical saw has toured every civilized country in the World, is another whom Lord can usually depend upon to be on hand for a broadcast. Tadpole has the Driftwood or-

(Continued on page 48)
WHAT makes a good radio drama? Without the slightest hesitation Dana Noyes will tell you that the constituents are but three, namely: an interesting script, a good group of actors, and proper technical direction. Naturally, this applies to any play, whether it be for the stage, the screen, or the air. The difference lies in the technique, and the actual production of the dramas themselves.

And Noyes, the director, flourishes a giant novelty pencil for his sceptor as he rules over the dramatic destinies of the Blue Coal Radio Revue, the Love Story Hour, and other outstanding script programs of the air. He knows that technique backwards and forwards. He was schooled in dramatics in the old flickering beginnings of the movies, when Vitagraph and Edison were names to conjure with in the realm of the silver screen. He cranked a camera when Madge Kennedy first emoted for Goldwyn, and since that time he has undergone a variety of experience both in that medium and on the legitimate stage, as actor, director, and what-have-you.

His entry into radio, made some five or six years ago, was largely due to his technical interest in it, a factor which is now of inestimable value to him as a director. He can put an amplifier together after taking it apart, build a radio set, and chat with radio engineers about acoustic properties and frequency curves. During this participation in radio he has directed close to 1000 radio dramas. As well as the Tru Family, Story Hour, Detective Story Magazine (featuring "The Shadow"), True Detective Stories, Majestic Theater of the Air, and several other series have been produced under his direction.

In discussing those essentials of good radio drama, involving a difference in technique between radio and the stage, Noyes draws a parallel between radio and the silent movies of bygone days. Both are built to appeal to one sense and yet to create the illusions of other senses (the radio to the ear and the movies to the eye) and yet both being able to go further than the stage in fostering those illusions by gaining a perspective not possible in the theatre. Such a development as a screen close-up can be duplicated in radio by a microphone close-up. Crowd scenes on the screen, impossible on the stage, can give the illusion of crowd noise and crowd noise in the radio studio can bring the listener a mental picture of the throng.

Radio puts over its effect by the stressing of sound effects that define the desired atmosphere and situations that play on the imagination so that the listener may build his own illusion of sight and action.

Noyes believes that there is little essential difference between a script suitable for radio and one for the stage, but that the whole trick lies in the actual production. Naturally, the radio script is shorter than the average stage script, thus being more comparable to the one-act play, and bearing somewhat the same relation to the full length play that it does, in turn, to the novel. However radio's flexibility and compression will allow it to encompass a much wider scope, not being limited as to number and length of scenes. One scene may be disposed of in half a dozen lines of script, and change of time and place can be accomplished practically instantaneously. Naturally, scripts involving plenty of action are most desirable. Probably the only good plays not readily adaptable for radio are those which depend largely for their appeal on little action and either reflective and philosophical or smart and sophisticated by-play in dialogue. Although they have a wide following among a minority of theatergoers, these seldom achieve outstanding popularity in the theatre either.

Among the tricks of radio production used to put across radio drama is one times between each by Noyes and now used practically universally—the musical curtain. Where first a narrator was used, reminiscent of the old Greek chorus in the ancient beginnings of the drama, Noyes evolved, with Columbia's musical director, Howard Barlow, the brief musical interlude between scenes, passing in its musical atmosphere from the tempo of one scene to that of the next. The Blue Coal and Love Story programs and the Detective Story series with The Shadow (recently also a feature of the Blue Coal programs), with George Earle directing the musical interludes, are all excellent examples of this development, originally evolved by Noyes and Barlow some four years ago for the True Story broadcasts. A notable exception to this trend is found in the Enn Crime Club series, where a gong is slowly struck three times between each.

Other features of production turn to advantage the very limitations of broad-casting, such as the sensitivity of the microphone. Exits and entrances are staged by microphone placement—by the distance of the actor from the mike—as well as by lines in this case necessary that are not needed in a stage script. Voices playing against each other at different microphone positions can give effects impossible on the stage. Young lovers can whisper sweet nothings to each other over the air where they would have to shout them on the stage, thus enhancing the playing of soft love scenes. Sound effects can be much more illusory on the air on account of the sensitivity of the microphone, when you consider that salt poured on a sheet of paper will give the faithful effect of pouring rain and that the crinkling in the hand of a sheet of cellophane will sound like the roar of a fire.

Radio acting, Noyes will tell you, is far more than reading a script. Just as in the silent movies the actors had to speak their lines in order to get the proper expression, the radio actor must go through his gestures and grimaces, as well as the lines. For this reason he prefers the radio actor who is an experienced product of the stage. Leading characters in a large percentage of the important radio dramas come from current theatrical productions in the local theatres.

Noyes believes that the radio act, which is done with as soon as a program is signed off, can achieve far more spontaneity than the theatrical presentation, which runs for weeks and maybe months. In order to be sure that it is spontaneous, he has a method of rehearsing that is all his own, but which is probably evolved from his picture experience. He first rehearses his programs in bits which do not follow each other. They are put together for the first time at the dress rehearsal, and even then he does not rehearse the act all the way through without a break, but interrupts here and there with a comment. The orchestra and cast are rehearsed separately and the whole program, unbroken, is performed at once—when it is on the air. He believes that a good rehearsal means that the actors will relax and produce an inferior air performance.

Melodrama, easily adaptable to radio, with its screams, declamations, and strongly expressed emotion, has been reavanaugh by air dramatics, and detective and gangster plays have also been strong in popularity. All require plenty of action.

Dana Noyes Who Has Produced Nearly 1,000 Scripts and Tells Douglas D. Conannah What He Has Learned

ACTION IS SOUL OF RADIO PLAY
WHEN you listened to "The Scorpion" from CBS, New York, did you picture a scene something like this? Yes, hunched over the table there, you see the rich but crabbed old Peter Van Wyck (portrayed by Louis Hector), standing beside him is that mysterious East Indian servant, Rangi (portrayed by Santos Ortega). Mr. Dana Noyes describes on opposite page some of the important factors that enter into good radio drama.
Don Steel to Evelyn de Clairmont.

Jeanette Loff in character as bride.

Evelyn de Clairmont to Don Steel.

Margaret Westcott to Fred Thomas.

Fred Thomas to Margaret Westcott.
Scarcely a Tinkle for

JUNE WEDDING BELLS

WHO among the brave as you listen to them night after night from your favorite broadcasting stations will march down that fateful aisle during this bright month of June?

In times past Radio Digest has taken occasion at this time of year to chronicle those glad highlights in the lives of our entertainers of the air. According to custom we sent inquiries to many of the leading stations and to the headquarters of the principal networks. At the time when we go to press just one single wedding has been announced to take place in June, 1932. Of course there may be surprises later on. But our correspondents have pried around to no little extent. They have reluctantly reported failure.

Miss Louise Landis of the NBC studios in San Francisco wrote as follows: "Sorry we can't find any more romance in our studios. We had a deluge of weddings last spring. If a few of the inevitable consequences appear soon, how about a layout of NBC babies? You may be interested to know that Lloyd E. Yoder in his zeal to procure some spring weddings for the June Radio Digest even went so far as to do a Miles Standish-John Alden stunt for one of our tenors (not Don Steel). But so far his efforts have been unsuccessful; the Priscilla in the case just passed into a fit of giggles, and that was that."

Our readers no doubt will agree with us that Miss Landis had better keep a weather eye open for those potential stork announcements. In the meantime we will read her report on the one daring pair who have decided to marry this month. She writes:

"Fred Thomas, NBC actor, and Miss Margaret Westcott of the Associated Oil Company (sponsors for the Associated Spotlights) will be married early in June. The prospective bride and groom first met far from the atmosphere of the studios. Details of the romance have been kept something of a mystery, just as they seem to have kept the plans for the wedding sub rosa.

"There is a reason. No doubt they still have in mind what happened to Jerry Kilbore, NBC announcer, who found odd and sundry signs plastered over his automobile when he emerged from the church with his bride about a year ago. The embarrassing fanfare followed the young couple all the way to Carmel, where they spent their honeymoon. As a matter of fact that was the last public wedding for any of our staff. From that time on weddings were not announced until some time after the event had taken place.

"Another wedding that will have passed when this is published will be that of Don Steel, tenor of the Hotel St. Francis orchestra, heard nightly over the NBC-KGO network, to Miss Evelyn de Clairmont of San Francisco, Mother's Day, May 8th.

"Don and his bride-to-be meet each other—believe it or not—on a raft in the middle of Searsville Lake, resort near San Francisco. Don saw a pretty girl swimming toward the raft, and admired her technique so much that he swam right after her, and clambered up on the raft to tell her so. After that—Well, I knew there was no other girl in the world for me," says Don, thus sparing the flock of girls who send him letters through the NBC fan-mail department, telling him how they love to hear him sing.

"The wedding takes place in the romantic Little Chapel of the Flowers, Berkeley."

Not a wedding is in prospect for June in any of the Chicago or New York studios according to our correspondents. A few are scattered here and there through the early part of the season. It has become necessary to go into history for these and sometimes far back."

"Why?" we demanded, "why is it you are not having any weddings?"

"I guess people just can't afford to get married now," said the press representative at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. "You see, everybody is getting a salary slash. And hardly anyone is sure of having regular employment."

"But among all your three thousand artists or so can't you find one or two June weddings?"

"Not this June, exactly. I suppose you know about Amos 'n' Andy being married?"

"What?"

"Oh, yes, and Amos has two babies already!"

"Get out!"

"He married the secretary of the man who first got him started in radio blackface—"

"Oh!"

"The nearest we got to a June wedding is Em."

"Yes, yes, go on—"

"Well, Em is Helen King of our Chicago studios. You know, the 'Em' of 'Clara, Lu and Em'. She's getting married to John Mitchell on May 20th. Oh, yes, and on the very next day in a country church near New York City Miss Kathleen Stewart of the New York studios will walk down the aisle at the Palsades Presbyterian Church, Nyack, N. Y., to take the ring from Mr. Everett Martine of the Chase National Bank."

"Well that's getting close to June. How about Buddy Rogers, does he show any signs of weakening?"

"Say, Buddy is rushing around so fast with his orchestra he says he never has time to look at the same girl twice on the same day. But I really think he's afraid of the girls. He's worse than John Young, the announcer, who says every time he has had any idea of proposing he was frozen with horror for fear he would be rejected. Nothing could possibly be more embarrassing, according to John. We just found out about a secret wedding that took place in our engineering department on January 9th—"

We called up Hilda Cole over at Columbia and she did her very best to find out somebody who was thinking of getting married this June. But all in vain. "Why it's a positive disgrace," she said. "Something should be done about it."

(Continued on page 48)
RUTH ETTING starts the day on her 150 acre farm by milking a cow... a grand girl... climbed the ladder of success from the bottom... Ziegfeld star... recording artist... radio local and on the big chains in every state... male listeners love her... but she sticks to the farm for health.
To Know Ruth is to Love her!

My eyes first glimpsed the charming Ruth Etting, as she stood swaying rhythmically upon the stage, in a long black velvet gown, blended against a shimmering back drop. A solitary spotlight was bathing her in an aura of sublime simplicity, as she hypnotized the large audience with the captivating quality and dulcet melody of her enchanting voice. A pair of large dreamy eyes gazed unseeingly at the crowded hall before them, so carried away was she, by the ardor with which she infused each ballad. Her ash-blonde hair and ruby-red lips stood out like precious gems inlaid in white ivory. Then, the song ended. The curtain fell—but the haunting spell of her personality lingered on.

Backstage before the dressing room door, I eagerly awaited the closeup of this transcendent luminary, whose renown as a "bluesinger" is universal. Not was reality a disappointment. Her natural beauty, although screened by excessive makeup, was distinctly apparent. Acknowledging our introduction in a soft melodious tone, she offered me a chair, and began conversing with amiable frankness.

Ruth Etting first saw the light of day in David City, Nebraska, the daughter of a fairly-well-to-do family. Being exceptionally adept with a pencil (she used to spend hours, as a girl, copying the drawings of Nell Brinkley, whom she greatly admired), she decided to follow an artistic career. Which accounts for the fact that immediately upon her graduation from high school, she enrolled in "The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts." While attending this famous school, the students staged several amateur revues, in which, it was customary for Miss Etting to sing, sometimes in the chorus, and oftentimes a solo, as part of the performance. During one of these entertainments, an alert producer, seeing infinite possibilities in her magnetic voice and exquisite allure, offered her a contract! And thus it was, Ruth Etting left art school, for a stage career.

Her rise was sensational! Within a year, she and her newly discovered voice were in the "Follies!"! Then came an air audition. One of the big radio advertisers immediately signed her up, and now her bewitching voice is a favored visitor to thousands of American homes throughout the United States. In the intervening years, Mr. Ziegfeld has featured Ruth the beautiful, in four more of his glorifying hits. She has also contributed her charms to Ed Wynns "Simple Simon"; and to Eddie Cantors show "Whooppee". Between all these activities, Ruth has found time to become one of the most adored recording stars in America. She seems to become more wonderful each day.

Miss Etting does not believe her success, or for that matter anyone's, is the sole dependent of ability. Patience and work all go into the making of even just one song.

Every star gets press notices. Its part of the job of being a public celebrity. Critics hold the power to make—or break you. Ruth admitted she kept only her favorable writings. At present she has five thousand of these all neatly filed. The natural question then arises—of this vast amount of publicity, has she any "favorite" article? She has. Whitney Bolton of the New York Telegraph, wrote it, when she was in the "Follies," some years ago. It reads: "Ruth Etting... out of place in the Follies, she ought to be in a hospital... anyone with a voice like that can sing paralytics into life, and heal wounds with her emotional croon... she should sing in the slums and spread sunshine... where the lifted structures cast heavy shadows on human misery... there is ultra-violet rays in those golden notes... she makes blues singers sound like dogologists or the man who gives the Arlington time signals."

Everyone at some time in his or her life has lived through some pleasurable or thrilling happening. But now many have really accomplished a good deed, and brought pleasure to those less fortunate than ourselves, while "the proudest incident in their career" was unfolding? Ruth Etting has had just such an experience. It happened in New York, where a song she made popular was instrumental in suppressing the low-class dance halls of the big city, where underpaid overworked hostesses were eeking out a miserable drab existence.

The song was--"Ten Cents A Dance!" The advent of Miss Etting's song bit, however, aroused public opinion to a high enough key, to warrant Commissioner Mulrooney to change the orns of the dance halls onto the broad shoulders of the police department, in whose capable hands justice was served with a moral propensity, that overode and completely obliterated the evil. And so, because a slim, blue-eyed girl with a golden voice made such a haunting appeal through every known medium of entertainment; what many consider the greatest civic reform in a decade has "mopped up" the sordid and disgraceful condition of "the dime a dance hall" in the great metropolis.

Ruth Etting's alluring complexion, comes no doubt, from being the possessor of what is commonly termed, "the farm girl complexion." Because each summer, without fail, finds Ruth back on her 150 acre farm in David City. She believes that the old farm is the main factor in keeping her fit for the rushing life and fatiguing demands of New York. Here every summer, she builds up a vitality and healthy strength that carries her through until the next summer respite. An ordinary day goes off something like this:

Out of bed at the first crowing of the rooster, and off to the pasture to milk the cow which has been assigned to her. Following breakfast, a long trot with her favorite horse is the order of the day. And Ruth thoroughly enjoys horseback riding. At the conclusion of a hearty lunch, the open fields and feeding the chickens occupy her fullest attention. Then, after milking the same cow again, more to eat—and the day is closed with a long health restoring sleep.

Among the anecdotes of Ruth Etting's, is the odd little tale of King Lardner, one of America's foremost humorists, who, while confined to his room for two years with a serious illness, had his barber shave him each morning to the accompaniment of a Ruth Etting song record!
This piece is about Ed Wynn, you see, Ed Wynn, the gag man who recently made his debut on the radio, you see, and who talks much as this paragraph will read if you can lisp and giggle.

Ed Wynn is now a fire-chief, a new sort of life-saver on the air — floundering in his insane way ahead, behind and in the middle of a fast moving program first presented over sixty stations of the NBC-WEAF network on Tuesday evening, April 26th, and being repeated weekly on that evening from 9:30 to 10 o’clock (Eastern Daylight Time).

The Fire-Chief program is very revealing. It proves that Graham McNamee is not the coach of the NBC football team; in fact, it shows that NBC has no football team. What’s more, NBC is not even a college. The truth is that McNamee now is a legitimate “straight man” his first such role. For example you hear this:

Graham: Chief, what in the world have you in that box?
Wynn: Why, wh-wh-why that’s one of the things that make this program different. It sings with its legs . . .
Yes, Graham . . . isn’t that wonderful . . . a cricket . . .
Even Don Voorhees couldn’t do that.

So: Where one singer may be a crooner, and accordingly an evil (dependent, of course, on your own interpretation), eight singers grouped cannot be eight crooners or even one
great crooner. They’ve quite got to be a straightaway, orthodox octette, such as the modified chorus which is flanking Wynn and McNamee on this Fire-Chief program. And good orthodoxy in these days is news.

There is a band, naturally . . . Don Voorhees’ band, come to radio from “Rain or Shine,” “Americana,” several editions of “Vanities” and other Broadway successes. Voorhees was raised, in part, on large doses of Bach, and Bach, be it known, is no light musical diet. In fact, Voorhees, taking it as a child, probably has had a surfeit of it, so that now regardless of what McNamee calls for and what Wynn says he’s going to get there is no telling what Voorhees is going to serve.

Perhaps for the first time in your experience you enjoy listening to the sales talk. Wynn gives it dramatic interest.

Graham: Listen, Chief, there’s a wonderful new gasoline on the market . . .
Wynn: No, you don’t say . . . well, well!
Graham: Texas Fire-Chief gas. Fill up your tank with this gas, start from New York in the morning and you’ll be in the middle of the Grand Canyon by midnight.
Wynn: Wouldn’t that be terrible! I’d hate to pull up in the middle of the

After the broadcast was over Ed Wynn the Fire Chief sat down and wondered if people laughed.
RADIO awakes to a new dawn with America's greatest showmen marshalling the parade. A laugh from the loudspeaker is priceless. Welcome, Ed. Wynn, we need you. A nation of listeners hears you and is laughing louder and longer than any audience you ever saw or heard over the footlights. Our hats are off to you for showing the others how to make an adlib interesting.

Grand Canon at midnight . . .
Graham: And there are service stations everywhere in every state . . .
Wynn: That's what I can't understand, Graham. I never could.
Graham: Can't understand what?
Wynn: How they know what corners to pick for filling stations. How can they tell they're going to find gasoline under those pumps?

"This is a program that's different," as Wynn says. "No theme song, no crooner, no soprano and no contests. It's different."

For instance, even McNamee laughs. If you merely listen in, you might not believe this, but if you sit in on the broadcast you'll see that he doubles up, and any radio announcer who doubles up (except to keep warm in a press box) must be hearing something. Which he does—take it from your own loud-speaker. Commercial plugging falls into Mcnamee's role, obviously, but it is one of the shortest alaypoos for a product that has ever been heard on the air. Announcements and things have been reduced to a minimum to obtain a streamlined program, appropriately enough for any kind of an aerial job . . . be it radio, or airplane, or girl trapeze act.

The Fire-Chief program, sponsored by the retail dealers of The Texas Company, goes out from the old Follic theatre which is now NBC's Crystal Studio atop the New Amsterdam roof in New York. On this feature of his radio work, Wynn has been able to capitalize. The fact that he has a visible audience, that footlights are before him and that he wears any of his million funny looking pieces of headgear, and his patched, oversize shoes and grotesque costume, makes for accentuation of the Wynn character—the bewildered, subdued, childlike zany, lisping and giggling and cracking his voice through his lines, fumbling with his hands and stumbling with his feet. The effect on the air is that Wynn flounders just as well verbally as he does behind the footlights bodily.

When Ed Wynn launched his current show, "The Laugh Parade" he had no idea that he was heading for the larger laugh parade that frolics across the skies day and night from the great broadcasting stations of the country. But that is just what he did in a way that not even his most optimistic friends had hoped.

One New York newspaper columnist commenting the next day said: "The sponsors are dancing on their desks today. There is a scramble on the part of agencies and sponsors for all the funny men and women they can find to join the big push that is catching the ear of millions of radio listeners."

The Wynn program has definitely set the trend. Tastyeast and Ivory Soap seem to be out to corner the market. Pepsoden grabbed Amos 'n' Andy when they suddenly flared up with amazing popular interest at WMAQ in Chicago. For a while there were imitators of Amos 'n' Andy but imitators never do so well. The fact that people who listen to these two black face comedians might respond to other forms of humor and philosophy was slowly recognized and then the parade of comic character entertainers began to grow.

Probably the greatest difficulty of the radio humorist is the necessity for constantly producing a new story either each day or every other day during the week. Generally, they write and act their own scripts. The principal criticism seems to be that sometimes the jokes are not new.

Ed Wynn has given the thought of broadcasting plenty of consideration, and measured the demands from transmitter to receiver for their full value. Eddie Cantor did likewise. No matter how successful a man is on the stage, he must follow this course if he hopes to win the radio audience. But he must cut his own pattern, as the Eddie Cantor successors have sadly learned. There can be only one act of a kind. Ed Wynn has a clean cut technique of his own. If he can keep up the pace of a new show each week he is bound to make more money on the air than he ever has behind the footlights.
Tellers Who, How and Why

JAMES "CHIMMIE" WALLINGTON
made Eddie Cantor famous as coffee salesman, NBC. He's cur-razy about dogs. Has two terriers. He's blond, 25, and has been married three years.

DAVID FORD BOND
was soprano soloist in a Louisville church before he became baritone. Graduated from WHAS. Joined NBC, N. Y. Wife thinks he'll be an author, some day.

JOHN WESLEY HOLBROOK
was headed for the bar when he decided to become professional ski jumper and skidded into radio. He won a wife and American diction medal for 1931.

GRAHAM McNAMEE, said to have best known voice in world. 'Fraid it will change if he has bad tonsils removed. Began telling Who, How, etc. at WJZ ten years ago. Baritone.

PATRICK J. KELLY, voyaged 250,000 miles by sea, and was shipwrecked three times before he came to port at NBC, N. Y. He was born in Australia, married in Hungary. Tells for Nellie.

EDWARD "THUNDERING" THORGersen
herded cattle, and rolled his own before he was known for his "Adam's apple" roar. Loves horses and the sea but he lives alone.

JOHN SHAW YOUNG, pondering his future, flipped a coin and turned to Yale. Graduated. Joined WBZ-BZA. Has a polo complex, but can enjoy other sports. Bachelor by preference.

ALOIS HAVRILLA
growls, trills, sings and laughs loudly all the way from his home in N. J. to NBC studios, N. Y. Other motorists blame prohibition. It's only exercise for his vocal cords.

GEORGE HICKS
now doing his Thirteenth and luckiest job. Flivvered East from California and won first audition over 200 others. "I wonder what's next?" he asks, sometimes.
on New York Key Stations

PAUL DOUGLAS, another Yale boy gone radio. Razzed sport racketeers at WCAU and 86 Philadelphia officials signed a fan letter to him. Single, 25, prefers those Russian cigarettes.

KENNETH ROBERTS began his public career as a villain... in "After Dark". He still has the mustache habit. Leers down at mike from 6 ft. 2. Grease paint thrills him. Keen for dramatics.

ARNOLD MOSS, New York boy who made good in Cleveland at WTAM. Globe trotter. Goes in for languages, then travels where he can talk them. Is youngest CBS announcer in N. Y.

FRED UTTAL, big, handsome, athletic, gave up selling electric dish-washers to try movies which led to radio. One hour after first audition he was working on CBS program, remote control.

TED "YOU RAT" HUSING, voted by radio columnists America's Greatest Sports Announcer. Made word "pu-trid" famous at Harvard game. Talks football action faster than he thinks.

NORMAN BROKENSHERE, "How do you do!" Disappeared from air then came back at his highest pinnacle as "Society Playboy". He is considered courtliest of all radio announcers.

HARRY von ZELL, cracked a hip bone in a football game at U. of Cal. and changed his whole career. Was called to a mike without warning, made good and has been on the air ever since.

WILLIAM BRENTON was original Bob of True Story fame. Played part of radio announcer and then became a real announcer. He's a minister's son but never the proverbial kind.

LOUIS DEAN, a de luxe announcer who began life on a farm near Valley Head, Ala. He joined the Navy and saw things during the war. University gave him that mikable polish.
A BREACH of promise suit is at best an ugly affair. We could not expect it to be otherwise if we remember that it is invariably preceded by happenings calculated to arouse the most deadly of hostility between the parties. A man who will trifle with the affections of a woman will not hesitate to set up any defense that the law will allow in seeking to escape financial responsibility in the matter.

In ordinary cases where a lover proves false the girl may well consider that she is fortunate to have discovered his true character before making the fatal mistake of marrying him. Even though she may have a right to sue him for damages, the notoriety and embarrassment incident to such a suit would ordinarily prevent her from asserting her legal rights. It is only in cases where grievous wrongs have been perpetrated that a woman becomes desperate enough, unless she is the "gold digger" type to bring suit for breach of promise at all. Usually it is the unmarried mother, fighting for the rights of her child who figures in the role of plaintiff in suits of this nature. So, as I said before, a breach of promise suit is at best an ugly affair.

Some phases of breach of promise cases are too sordid for discussion in a radio broadcast, but we cannot well overlook a very common defense that is set up in such cases—illegality of the agreement.

When Is the Agreement Illegal

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Suppose the woman has repented of her evil ways and accepted a proposal of marriage from a man unfamiliar with her shady past and suppose the man finds her out. Can he break the engagement and not be liable for breach of promise? Read the case of Abbie Foster in this series of true life stories broadcast by Dean Archer of Suffolk Law School, Boston, over an NBC network, and published in monthly installments exclusively in Radio Digest.

IT MUST not be supposed however that the man in the case last discussed could escape responsibility for the care and support of his child. The law would hold him to that extent, but so far as the young woman was concerned the ordinary rules as to illegal contracts would apply. According to well established principles of law neither party to an illegal contract can acquire any rights against the other. The law simply refuses to have anything to do with an illegal contract, leaving the parties where they have placed themselves.

If, however, a bona fide engagement of marriage is followed by a betrayal of the woman who had promised in good faith to marry the man, the immoral relation will not defeat the woman's right to maintain an action for breach of promise. If the original engagement is valid that is all that the courts will consider in fixing the rights of the woman.

See Haus v. Moeller, 107 Mo. 471; 18 S. W. 884.

Character of Plaintiff

THE character of the woman often becomes of great importance in breach of promise suits. It is obvious that any man who engages himself to a woman whom he has a right to suppose is a virtuous and proper person should have a right to rescind his contract if he discovers that his fiancee is a woman of loose morals. If we remember that a man has a right to divorce his wife for immoral conduct with other men, we will at once understand why the law absolves an engagement from obligation to marry a woman who proves false to her pledges to him.

The defendant, after a brief courtship, became engaged to marry the plaintiff, supposing her to be a chaste and virtuous young woman. For a time the defendant was an unhappy and ordinary young lover, but he soon began to experience uneasiness concerning the undue friendliness for the girl on the part of a certain married man in the neighborhood. The defendant resolved to investigate the situation and thus to clear the plaintiff of unjustifiable suspicions or to confirm his fears. As it transpired, the object of adoration was revealed unmistakable evidence in hotel registers and otherwise of an unlawful intimacy between the plaintiff and the married man.

Too upset at first to know what course to pursue he finally went to the girl's home resolved to break the engagement. Pale faced and shaken with emotion he confronted her with evidence of her own misdeeds. Frightened, but brazen in her guilt, the plaintiff denied criminal misconduct although she was obliged to confess certain compromising circumstances. The defendant refused to be hoodwinked and insisted upon breaking the engagement.

The plaintiff brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant demonstrated to the court that his suspicions were amply justified. He also proved that if the jury were satisfied that the plaintiff was in fact a loose and immoral woman and that the defendant broke his engagement for that reason then they would be justified in absolving the defendant from liability.

The case was Espy v. Jones, 37 Ala. 379.

Past Misconduct of Woman

THERE are those who claim that neither man nor woman is under obligation to confess past misdeeds to a prospective wife or husband. They advance specious arguments to the effect that a man has a right to live his own life as he pleases and that what he may have done in the past is of no importance at present. This argument applies equally to the woman.

Then too there is an ancient adage that all is fair in love or war. Some people interpret this as meaning that a person is under no obligation to confess anything that might defeat one's chances to win a promise of marriage from the object of adoration. But the law takes no such lenient view of the matter. For a woman to conceal past misconduct, especially sexual misconduct, will entitle the man to break the engagement, provided he does so immediately upon learning of the facts.

by GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

Wood notified Saxon that an immediate marriage was necessary, whereupon he refused to fulfill his agreement. The distressed and unhappy girl consulted an older woman and the latter advised an immediate action for breach of promise.

The suit was brought, but it dragged along in the courts for more than three years before it was finally decided. After all of the shame and disgrace incident to the affair, the girl was unable to recover damages because the consideration for the defendant's promise was illegal.

The case was Saxon v. Wood, 4 Ind. App. 242; 30 N. E. 797.

Addie Was Unwise

ADDIE WOOD was twenty years of age at the time of the alleged engagement to Walter Saxon. It appeared in evidence that Saxon began to pay attentions to the girl more than a year before the promise of marriage. It appeared also that his intentions were unworthy. Unable to accomplish his purpose in any other way he promised the girl that if she would yield to his improper solicitations he would marry her in the fall of that year, it then being early summer of 1889.

He also agreed that if any evil befell her from thus yielding he would immediately marry her. About the middle of July Miss

Mutual Law Violation: Void Action for Breach of Promise
Damaged Goods

ABBBIE FOSTER was a young woman "with a past." Her case had been improperly and intimately mixed with that of a married man named Fuller, who had perhaps become weary of the illegal relation. A deed was later purchased and registered. When the defendant, Henry Hanchett, came to town to live he appeared to him to be a modest and proper young man, and in every way worthy of her confidence. Henry Hanchett paid court to the girl and soon found himself deeply in love. While Abbie's conscience may have troubled her regarding the trust placed in the young man, yet she consoled herself that what he did not know would never hurt him. So the young man yielded to the witchery of monogamy and the art of an experienced enchantress. He proposed and Abbie promptly accepted him.

Shortly after their engagement was announced Henry began to receive mysterious hints that his "light-of-love" was not all that she should be. Scandal is one of the most easily discovered items of information concerning anyone. But Henry Hanchett was not content with mere scandal. He investigated the facts and confronted Abbie with his findings. She tearfully admitted the truth of the allegations but pleaded youth and inexperience as the reasons for yielding to a designing philanderer. She assured the angry man that she had repented and reformed, but Henry declared that he would never marry a woman against whom the finger of scorn could be pointed. So he broke the engagement. Abbie sued for breach of promise of marriage.

At the trial there was some question whether the failure of the plaintiff to disclose the compromising facts would amount to an absolute defense or could be set up merely as mitigation of damages. The court held that "if any man has been paying his addresses to one whom he supposes to be a modest person, and afterward discovers her to be a loose and immodest woman, he is justified in breaking any promise of marriage that he may have made to her." The case was Foster v. Hanchett, 68 Vt. 319; 35 Atl. 316.

Half Truth Equivalent to Concealment

WE HAVE a common saying that half a truth is as bad as a lie. This doctrine has found favor in the law to such an extent that a person who tells nothing but the truth may nevertheless be guilty of deceit if there is more truth that should have been told. You are perhaps familiar with the form of oath commonly administered in court, when a witness is required to swear that his testimony will be "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." If, therefore, a woman tells her lover the truth but yet fails to disclose other damaging facts that would have given a very different complexion to the facts first related, she is guilty of deceit and may forfeit her rights to the engagement of marriage.

The plaintiff was a young and attractive woman. The defendant was well along in years and possessed of considerable wealth, which was perhaps his chief attraction so far as the plaintiff was concerned. She represented herself as the daughter of a prominent lawyer of South Carolina. She claimed that her mother belonged to one of the best white families in the South, which might have swayed the defendant. She failed to state, however, that her mother had some negro blood. She stated that after the death of her lawyer father her mother had married again but that the second marriage was not popular with her mother's people, so the family moved to California. The fact was that the second husband was a colored barber, an octogenarian, and coopt did not hesitate to name him as the reputed father of the plaintiff.

She Wielded a Carving Knife

A NOTHER half truth was her statement that, before leaving the Pacific Coast, she had obtained a divorce from her husband for cruel and abusive treatment. She failed to state that her husband had filed a cross bill and had secured a divorce from her in which he had charged her with possession of a violent and ungentleflmab regularly temper; that she was jealous, revengeful and vicious. He charged her with having as these particulars amounted to fraud for which the defendant had a right to break off the engagement.

The case was VanHouton v. Morse, 162 Mass. 414, 38 N. E. 705.

Is Man Obliged to Marry Invalid

WE HAVE considered the right of a man to break his engagement to a woman to whom he had proposed in a belief that she was a modest and virtuous woman but who later proves to be immoral. This right, as I have indicated his based upon the fact that the man was deceived in the true character of the woman when he offered himself in marriage. This rule applies whether the woman has taken any measures to conceal her past or whether she simply refrains from giving the man unsolicited information concerning her conduct with other men.

But now suppose we have a situation where a man, who is in love with a woman, learns of her past misdeeds, either from her own lips or otherwise, but who nevertheless persists in his endeavor to persuade her to marry him. May he thereafter break his engagement and excuse himself by alleging the unfaithfulness of which he was familiar at the time of the engagement?

Proposal With Knowledge of Shady Past

IT SHOULD appeal to all fair minded people that if a man, acting with knowledge of the facts, asks a woman to marry him, he should thereafter have no right to use the proclamations of purity as a defense. We all know that if a married man, knowing that his wife has violated her marriage vows, nevertheless receives her again in his home and treats her as a wife, the law considers that act of forgiveness as condonation of her offense. He cannot afterward use that misconduct as a ground for divorce.

The law treats this other question in much the same way. If a man knows that his sweetheart has been indiscreet in the past but nevertheless asks her to marry him, his act is in itself a waiver or condonation that will thereafter prevent him from escaping the obligations of an engagement of marriage.

For example: The defendant who himself "had sown wild oats," as the saying goes, had known the plaintiff for some years as a girl who had also sown her wild oats. He knew, for instance, that she had eloped with a man and had lived with him for some months without being married. Notwithstanding these facts he began to keep company with the plaintiff. The girl soon fell deeply in love with him. They became engaged to be married and he promised her for a time. It was not until dissensions developed between this very sophisticated couple that the defendant began to repent of his engagement. The frequent separations and jealousies were no doubt the chief causes of the breach of the engagement. The plaintiff sued for breach of promise. The defendant endeavored to set up the woman's misconduct previous to the engagement as exonerating for his own action in breaking the engagement. The question was then whether the defendant was in no way deceived in the woman. He knew that she was "damaged goods" when he asked her to marry him. What would he not have done to recover the same amount of damages that a virtuous and proper maiden might be awarded for such a breach, yet the defendant was liable to her for breach of promise.
DIVINE RIGHT. We have no kings in the United States but we do have members of Congress. And United States Representatives have Divine Rights. At least so it would seem from a complaint recently registered with the Federal Radio Commission by Representative Celler of New York. Mr. Celler is in great dudgeon because of alleged slights on the part of officials at WOR who presumed to delete words from his broadcast proclamation.

"And," says His Representative Highness Celler, to the chairman of the Commission, "I am informed that there is a book or list containing all so-called indecorate or prohibited words. This book of tabooed words circulates among station managers. I therefore ask the Federal Radio Commission to inaugurate an inquiry as to all these matters, and particularly as to this index expurgatorius."

At the word "expurgatorius" General Saltzman, the chairman, raised a startled eyebrow. He did not know that United States Representatives had Divine Rights. He had a vague notion that the United States government could do nothing about such a situation. He replied somewhat to that effect. Red anger flushed the Royal cheek at this insubordination; "Furthermore, I demand," rapped His Highness, "that the Commission summon the operators or owners of Station WOR and have them show cause why they should not be reprimanded, or otherwise punished for summarily censoring my speech, without apparent justification."

Lese Majesty! Such impertinence! Summon the Royal executioner at once! Off with their heads! And still we wonder why the national budget is in such a muddle at Washington! It might be well to wonder too what would happen if men such as Mr. Celler really did have unbridled gabbing license under government control of radio!

SPLITTING THE ATOM. All the scientific world has been thrilled by the announcement that the atom has been taken into the laboratory and split apart from whatever it is that makes an atom an atom. The fantastic prediction that when this should be accomplished the earth would immediately go up in smoke completely disintegrated has not been fulfilled. But there is a process of splitting up the elements of society which has a more serious menace for civilization. It applies to organization and counter-organization to create disruptive forces. We find it in government, banking, industry, labor and radio. What enormous pressure has been brought to bear to disrupt our American Plan of broadcasting, the most successful plan ever tried!

When envious eyes saw great sums of advertising money diverted to radio where the listener got direct results from advertising appropriations through programs of artistic merit the trouble began. There was a loud howl against "advertising blah" on the air.

Senator C. C. Dill from Washington in an address before the annual convention of the American Association of Advertising Agencies in Washington, D. C., last April said in part: "You have newspaper opposition, and they seize upon every weakness that they can find for the purpose of building up public sentiment against the radio that carries advertising.

...I was going to say 'churches' but that would hardly be fair. But it is the people who are looking for something to reform, and they seize upon anything they can find in advertising which they claim is objectionable to the morals of the people..."

That is the pressure as applied to advertising. Perhaps some of this pressure may be traced to other elements more subtle. Take Jimmy Petrillo in Chicago who thought that he could put on the screws by threatening to "pull out" all the leading orchestras for a higher wage. For the first time in his pejorative career he was defeated when the broadcasters stocked up with records and told him to go ahead and "call them out."

The latest attack on radio has been through the fist of the Composers association, who demand a 300 per cent increase, or 5 per cent of the gross income from each station for royalty. Although the stations—especially the big chains—have shown a large increase in revenue their increase in expenses has been in equal ratio. And in recent months broadcasting appropriations have been affected by the depression. The National Broadcasting Company has had to reduce salaries and cut down personnel. The same is true of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the individual stations and smaller chains.

This new attack means that where the Composers of the "By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners" clique received $983,000 for broadcasting use of their songs in 1931 they hope to get about $4,000,000 from radio for their songs in 1932. But neither it nor the proposed 5 per cent tax on wires leased for broadcasting will destroy the American Plan of Radio broadcasting. Nor will it force radio into the hands of the government as a plaything for the blatant politicians. Nevertheless, the radio public must keep ever alert against the wiles of cunning propaganda and ever ready to make itself heard and heeded as regards maintenance of the American plan.

BAIT AND BAITER. It's fishing time again. What kind of bait do you use—or worms? Of course everybody uses worms some of the time. But the sportsman who takes his fishing seriously equips himself with a carefully selected assortment of bait. He chooses the right kind of fly for one specific kind of fish. Or he uses other kinds—perhaps live bait—for other kinds of fish not interested in flies. Sometimes we have thought of broadcasting as a great sport of fishing for listeners. And there are almost as many kinds of listeners as there are fish. Each doubtless answers to his own particular lure. But are the advertising broadcasters as judicious in their selection of lures as are the fishermen? Consider just one example of many. Is it really logical to expect a gentle housewife—who orders the food for the table—to tune in a Joe Palooka program? Does she care about the poolroom parlance and fist cuffs of what Palooka calls "mugs"? And as for the male in the house, does he care, about or buy the rice flakes which this program advertises. Wouldn't it be better all around if Joe Palooka's program tied up to a cigar or a gymnasium muscle maker. This is a plea for the listeners. Give them the kind of "program bait" that they like best and great will be your reward. But do let the program interest the kind of men or women to whom the sponsored product should appeal most widely.

RAY BILL
DOROTHEA JAMES, CBS Movie Star Revue, takes her bow-(wow) on the big chain hook-up.
"Hot Cha" Tunes. I suppose that some day I am going to get myself into hot water as I discuss the songs of various musical comedies and revues, because it is well-nigh impossible to talk about the songs without mentioning something about the show. Not being in accord with the popular Broadway fallacy that it is necessary to knock, tear down, desecrate and revile everything and anything in order to attract attention to one's writings, I prefer wherever possible to make the most pleasing and agreeable comments about things I am discussing. At any time I do discuss anything, I feel like prefixing every statement with "In my humble opinion," or "I alone think," intending thereby to convey the thought that I realize that my opinion is just one of many millions, and my judgment in most things artistic is so subject to error and argument that it is not even funny! Of course it is difficult for me to discuss other artists in my own profession, or shows which rival the particular show in which I happen to be appearing.

Messrs. Brown and Henderson will recall the very enthusiastic and laudatory remarks in these same pages when I discussed the songs from "Scandals" long before "Scandals" was thoroughly launched in rehearsal. I am glad that I can once again be just as laudatory about the tunes and lyrics of their songs in "Hot-Cha," but because their idea of humor is different from my own rather conservative and less boisterous appreciation of the subtle Fred Allen type of humor, I cannot extend the same laurel wreath for the rest of their work in writing the book of the show. However, I am very much in a minority, as the show has been doing handsomely since its inception, and the particular night I witnessed it the audience applauded and howled and seemed to enjoy every moment of it. That, after all, is the answer; at least in the show business it is.

The three songs which are outstanding in the show seem to me to be on a par, one with another. All of them are very sweet and make either good dancing or singing material. For me, and evidently from the way it has been featured and handled by other bands, the outstanding song is YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES. There were those who, on taking a first look at the title, or upon hearing it for the first time, felt that Messrs. Brown and Henderson were trying to irritate Mr. George White all the more after their fistic encounter on the first evening of the "Scandals," by writing a song along the lines of "Life Is Just A Bowl of Cherries." However, there is little or no similarity between the two songs, and although YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES may soar to great heights from the standpoint of public appreciation, it will never be gagged about, or used as much here, there and everywhere, as was "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries." The song is a mighty good one, extremely rhythmic with lovely harmonies, and the orchestra under the able direction of Al Goodman accompanies perfectly Buddy Rogers and the young lady who sang it with him.

It is difficult in describing a song written by Brown and Henderson to say which of the two deserves the most credit. Henderson will always be one of the outstanding young song-writers whose melodies are always different, beautiful and intrinsically fine; this song is no exception. However, it is only Lew Brown who can think of the unusually clever lyrics, such as "You could make my life a bed of roses, Or you can make it like a sour apple tree," and lines such as "You can even have me rubbing noses with fish down at the bottom of the sea." Thoughts like this come to Brown in lightning flashes; there is little wrinkling of the brow with Lew. When he writes a song, rather as he stands talking to you in conversation does he write the song, invariably beginning with "The feller says," and continuing on with the lyrics which can only come from one "feller" with a divine spark for lyrical song-writing, which unquestionably Brown has, and which his worst enemy must concede.

With the charming and vivacious Lupe Velez, Buddy again has another chance to do one of the loveliest of the three songs, called SAY. I had hoped the song might be another "Who," as one-word title songs have all aimed at the particular prominence that Jerome Kern achieved in the writing of "Who" from "Sunny." However, SAY, while destined for much dance and radio popularity is very unlikely to achieve the prominence of the song which George Olsen made famous, and which in turn made him famous. Personally, I thought that Buddy's rendition of this was better than his rendition of YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES, and the little dance he did with Lupe was exceedingly graceful and neat. The orchestra also flashed brilliantly in its dynamics or emphasis in the playing of SAY.

Henderson is one man who writes melodies that are never like any other melody. I am happy indeed not to have to very tritely say that the melody of this song resembles that of any other; even though my pianist, Cliff Burwell, insists that it sounds like "Rose of Washington Square," to me the resemblance is so exceedingly slight as to make it worthless to mention. Of course, if anyone goes back far enough in examining songs written in the last 20 or 30 years, it is a simple matter to find counterparts somewhere in some song.

Buddy's very lovely American flame in the show, with Lupe attempting to wear him away from her throughout the entire performance, Miss June Knight, introduces and sings very beautifully, at least I took issue with most of the ladies in my party that she not only was very beautiful but had an exceptionally fine voice. The third song, THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN, and again Mr. Lew Brown takes a bow for an exceedingly fine twist to lyrics.

As I say to all amateur song writers, study the lyrics of Lew Brown to discover a pattern of the unusual in lyric writing. The songs are all published by De-Sylva, Brown and Henderson, and all of them should be played as they are in the show, that is to say about 50 seconds to the chorus, with perhaps YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES requiring the slowest treatment of all three.

One Day in May. The firm of Shapiro Bernstein are pinning their faith and their all on a song written by one of their staff writers, whose death shocked the entire world of song-writers and publishers, and which occurred in the middle of April. Few people remember the name of Robert A. King, but nearly everyone remembers "Beautiful Ohio," "Beautiful Ohio," according to Louis Bernstein, sold some five million copies, which gives it the record of sheet music sales over that and all other songs. On every sheet copy was printed the name Mary Earl, who was none other than our good friend, Robert A. King, or Bob, as he was lovingly known to contemporaries along Tin Pan Alley. He numbered among his beloved associates men like
Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa.
I had the honor and pleasure of meeting him several times during the summer of 1931, while playing at the Pennsylvania Roof. He brought me several songs which he hoped to be outstanding.

In writing ONE DAY IN MAY with Sam Lewis, who is also one of Tin Pan Alley's finest lyric writers, Bob has written in the vein of his own day, a song which borders on the semi-classic type of composition, yet enough up-to-date that the bands of today will enjoy playing it. When he wrote "Beautiful Ohio," he kept in mind the beautiful melody of "Just A Song At Twilight," which he intended to have played as a counter melody to "Beautiful Ohio." Louis Bernstein believes that was one of the reasons for the popularity of "Beautiful Ohio."

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The chorus is very much in a minor vein, as the lyrics go on to say "Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a million eyes, Oh send me to sleep, Lullaby of the leaves."

The middle part is unusually different, with a great number of notes crowded into one measure, and only by putting some of them in triplet form can they all be cramped in, and yet come out rhythmically correct. And the song through the trees seems to be "Ooh!" At least, that is Joe Young's feeling of the way it sounds, and the pine melody which car-esses the shore again is "Ooh!"

But why try to spoil the song for you? Listen for it on your radio; I am sure you will hear it. We take about one minute and five seconds in the playing of the chorus, and it was really delightful to play and sing.

MASQUERADE. Some of you may recall "Two Little Blue Little Eyes," which was brought to me in a rough, unborn state by two young college boys, Paul Francis Webster and John Jacob Loeb, which we subsequently worked on, played, and brought to Leo Feist. Since that time the boys have been working with Rocco Vocco in a completion of some of their brilliant ideas. Rocco has a great admiration for their talents and the boys have free rein up at Feist.

This is one of their most ambitious efforts, and it borders more on the classic than it does on the na"ive popular type of tune; at least, there is nothing "corny" or tawdry about it. The thought is just a little difficult to get from the song,
whose Castle House Orchestra was one of my keenest delights in my days of high school adolescence. McKee wrote such fine compositions as "Cecile,” “Esmeralda,” and many of the fine compositions by which Vernon and Irene Castle danced their way to fame.

The lyrics by Webster are fine and unfold the story, though not too clearly. The song would make an excellent waltz for a juggling act, which is one of the tests for a composition from the standpoint of long life. It is exceedingly rangey, and I had much ado to handle it vocally. What with the hitting of high F sharps and Gs, it was necessary that the old vocal chords exert themselves unusually. It is the type of composition that grows on one, and the few who did not seem to care for it and were frank to tell me so, will probably like it as they hear it more and more on radio programs.

I understand that Wayne King has a fine arrangement and it is a great job. I am happy to see Webster and Loeb continuing on in their song-writing ambitions. This song will do them no harm, of that they can be sure.

MY SILENT LOVE. Larry Spier, at the helm of Famous Music, who is one of the keenest psychologists in the profession, had a brain-storm which resulted ultimately in a strain of "Jazz Nocturne" of Dana Suesse, being titled and written up as a ballad by Edward Heyman. Comparable to this would be the taking of the theme of the "Rhapsody in Blue," and giving it a title and lyrics and converting it into a song. Most numbers of the Rhapsody and "Jazz Nocturne" type are a mere maze of technical dynamics, arpeggios, chromatic scales, and so forth, all beautiful enough but not really intrinsically heart-reaching; only when the theme itself is arrived at does the musical observer come to earth and rest and find something that intrigues and holds the interest.

The loveliest part of her "Jazz Nocturne" is this particular strain or theme, which has now become "MY SILENT LOVE." Heyman has done his usual highbrow type of lyric, only in this case he did not work with his usual teammate, Johnny Green. Still he has written with the same finesse and class quality which distinguished his songs in "Here Goes the Bride," and "Body and Soul." But it really is the melody itself that will count in this song—lovely, beautiful, different. I doubt if it will attain the heights of even mediocre popularity, as Mr. and Mrs. Mass Public rarely "go for" this exceedingly lovely type of composition. However, I feel impelled to include it in this month’s list, as you will probably hear considerable of it over your loud speaker.

GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL. From Europe, England to be exact, (in fact, one of the composers was a pupil of mine on the saxophone when I was playing there in 1924-25) comes a new composition with an outstanding title, if nothing else—GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL. These are the songs that delight the heart of the orchestra leader, because if nothing else, he is assured of attracting attention from the title itself. This is where the average amateur songwriter falls down; in getting a new and novel twist, either lyrical or melodic. This song, to my humble way of thinking, is not unusually outstanding, though refreshingly different. It is a composition that will make exceedingly fine dance music.

The title, of course, conveys the whole story—that the lucky boy has at last found the lucky girl, and has a date with her. The story is told in a clean and different way, with no word "love" not occurring anywhere. Quite obviously, with their main thought in mind, the lyric writers had a fairly easy job once the idea had been arrived at.

The English Victor record is rather good, though played exceedingly fast. We are doing the composition this Thursday for the first time, though other New York bands have been playing it for several weeks, and when we do it we will probably treat it at the 50 second per chorus speed, thereby giving it its best chance for expression.

IS I IN LOVE? I IS. When a colored man starts writing with a white man, something is bound to happen as a result of the racial intermixture, and I can think of no two better writers to work together in this fashion than J. Russell Robinson and Mercer Cook.

Robinson has been playing piano for years, was one of the early pianists to record with Rudy Wiedoeft, and his records with my saxophone idol were a delight. Of late, Russell has been doing more composing and accompanying of various acts, training them for their stage appearances, than anything else. Marion Harris, when she sings in America will have no one else. His "Singing the
Blues," "Palestine," and "Margy," especially "Singing the Blues," has given Marion one of her greatest mediums of expression. Now that she is in Europe, Russell is associated with the firm of DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, and seems to be writing exclusively for them with Marion Cooke, a young colored boy whom I have known for several years, and with whom I fought the battle for true authorship of "I Love You, Sweetheart of all My Dreams!" Mercer teaches French at Howard University in Washington; he is a graduate of Amherst, and the son of Will Marion Cooke, one of the greatest negro song-writers and show directors.

"Stop the Sun, Stop the Moon" was one of the best things these two boys have done together, and although not a popular seller it is an outstanding type of song. They are diverting from the beaten field if nothing else; whether their wayward attempts are profitable or not, at least the boys are attempting to give us something new.

In this case Mercer has seized upon the idea of deliberate illiteracy, even more than the usual "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "Mama Don't Want No Peanuts and No Rice!" But more than double negatives, all sorts of irregular uses of verbs and pronouns is the predominating tone of this particular song. From the title itself one may judge what the rest of the song will be. Given a clever lyric, Russell Robinson has written an unusually good melody. In fact, the song haunted me for several days after we first played it.

Our rendition of it must have been one of the first on the air, because Russell played it for me when it was still very nebulous in his mind, on a morning he came up with Nick Kenny and Stellas Unger to play, what both of the latter hoped would be, the Hoover Medal Prosperity song.

This song should grace the piano of any lover of the ivories, as it is the type of song that little evening gatherings will have much fun in singing. I only hope that most pianos now dust-covered are occasionally opened for festive gatherings, although I guess the radio, going from morning until late at night, has almost effectively silenced the ten million pianos which are known to be in the homes of American music lovers.

We play IS IT LOVE? I IS giving about a minute to the chorus, and as I said before, DeSylva Brown & Henderson are its publishers.

WHY CAN'T THIS GO ON FOREVER AND EVER? Messrs. Turk & Ahlert again! Not satisfied with having written one of the outstanding hits of the season, "When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day," thereby giving Mr. Bing Crosby his most effective theme song, these two boys are trying to follow up the success of their waltz "Why Dance" with another, also leaving it with the same music publish-
RUSSIA today is one large factory on a Five Year Plan ("five years' work and then maybe we'll have a good time!"), full of serious people getting mixed up with the machinery. Russia yesterday, was a glamorous country, with the most brilliant society in Europe. A society famous for its beautiful women. A society whose backbone was made of handsome, distinguished men who entertained lavishly, danced gaily and kept the eyes of lovely ladies bright and smiling. And then suddenly, it all ended. The revolution was on and there was no place in Russia for the "whites".

Two among the most conspicuous members of this marked society were Adia Kuznetzoff, head of the theatrical and motion picture enterprises in Russia, and Zinaida Nicolina, exquisite, younger daughter of the Judge of the Supreme Court of Tiflis. Although these two did not know one another in Russia, and although neither of them had ever appeared as a professional entertainer, a strange fate brought them together in America where they have been everywhere—singing Russian ballads and gypsy songs in vaudeville, in the opera, in the theatre, in their little cafe, the Kretchma, and on the radio.

When the revolution broke out, Kuznetzoff escaped from Russia with a band of wandering gypsies who discovered that this nobleman whom they had befriended had a magnificent basso voice. Such a very deep voice, in fact, that they sent him out as a one-man gypsy band. He traveled through Turkey, Armenia, and Greece with the gypsies and in Constantinople, sang before a gathering of the ambassadors of the entire world. Kuznetzoff was such a sensation that it gave him the idea to become a professional singer. It was then for the first time that he thought of leaving the land that he loved so well, for an unknown country—America.

The thought was almost coincident with the fact, for in a short time, Kuznetzoff arrived in America, with high hope in his

Zinaida Nicolina, Russian beauty who escaped her devastated home in Tiflis, to find success and romance in America.
It was at one of these parties that she met Balieff, the great Russian producer. Someone sitting near Balieff asked him why he smiled the moment he had heard Nicolina sing. He answered, "She is the singing bird that will make my next American 'Chauve Souris' a success."

Although at the time, she wasn't aware of it, the funny little Balieff, had with those words settled Nicolina's future life.

Of course, once she had become the partner of Adia Kuznetzoff, things were simpler. And Nicolina could smile again without trying.

Since she has been with Kuznetzoff, life has taken on a new color. Everywhere, she meets people she knew in Russia, and other parts of Europe. Not long ago, she met Yascha Bunchuk, director of the Capitol Theatre, New York, and recognized him as one of the entertainers she had met at the palace of the Turkish Sultan.

Everyone who sees Kuznetzoff and Nicolina perform, whether in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company or at the Kretchma, immediately gets into the spirit of Russians and their colorful ways.

For Kuznetzoff is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds and is as impressive as he looks. It is not unusual to hear—"Kuznetzoff is coming, now everything will be great." When he enters a room with his great stride, his brown eyes wide open and sparkling and a broad expanse of shining white teeth transformed into a radiant smile, everyone begins to bristle and the party is on.

He takes up his guitar, his body swaying, and walking up and down, or just standing quietly, he moves into his song. And then a great hush settles down on the place and Kuznetzoff has transformed his audience into a band of gypsies, sitting by a large fire in the black forest, singing love songs at the moon. He is a dispenser of white magic. He gets into the hearts of all his listeners and does not let them go until he has taken them through wild places, under balconies of lovely ladies, into the grand ballrooms of old Russia, and back again to a little inn, where simple folk are free and are gay to the old tunes that Russia has bred these many centuries.

And Nicolina is with him. Exotic and beautiful. Tall and slim, straight and lovely. Her copper red hair and vivacious face are a joy to everyone. Together these two now sing to all America.
BOUQUET OF BOUQUETS

HERE'S my vote for the finals in the Beauty Contest. None of my other votes won but I am just as earnestly hoping this one will. To my knowledge the Radio Digest staff is one of the most courteous and kindly patient magazine staffs it has been my privilege of corresponding with. No matter how difficult the task of bestowing information they are first in graciously doing so. The issue for April had some very fine articles—in fact they demand praise. The article on my name and by Leo Reisman was one of the most timely music expositions considering the rather onesided stand taken at the Music Convention. It rather puffed my vanity to find a real musician voicing my thoughts. Both the article on Paul Dumont and the one of George Olsen were splendid. I think the only thing that divided me on this was whether I would give it three or four encores at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles every night. If you should ask me what I thought was the best program on the air, I would say the Lucky Strike Hour. Peppy music and plenty of it is my motto. Here's to more jazz from Cab Calloway and Gus Arnheim. I remain an enthusiastic Radio Digest fan.—John Lucas, 1411 East 8th Street, Olympia, Wash.

ENJOYS DEAN ARCHER

We enjoy Radio Digest because it brings interesting information concerning those whose voices we hear and love over the air. I hope Dean Gleason Archer will continue his broadcasts. I would like to get more information about those on the program conducted by "Cherrio"—to a certain group of people "Jim Baggs" might call hysterical housewives, this is a cheery message that brightens many a dark day. I would like to see a picture of that sweet voiced tenor "Pat Kelly" printed in brown in the May issue.—Mrs. R. H. Scott, Vontiee, Va.

ROCKING CHAIR MILDRED

YOUR magazine is sure O.K. with me. I especially like your pictures of orchestras. Let's have a lot of facts about Mildred Bailey, who is in my opinion one of the sweetest girl singers in all radio land, and Don Novis the fellow who wrote three or four encores at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles every night. If you should ask me what I thought was the best program on the air, I would say the Lucky Strike Hour. Peppy music and plenty of it is my motto. Here's to more jazz from Cab Calloway and Gus Arnheim. I remain an enthusiastic Radio Digest fan.—John Lucas, 1411 East 8th Street, Olympia, Wash.

FOR BIGGER AND BETTER LAUGHS

A PLEA for better laughs. A radio announcer with a natural, hearty laugh is a scarce article. It can't be faked on a radio. Among the yelps, cackles, whinneys, squeals, snorts and muffs the announcers denote mirth, a genuine laugh would be enjoyable. I have known, as who hasn't, people who could infect a gathering with mirth, not by wit, but just by the genuine joyousness of their cacklings, snorts and muffs. There is not a natural laugh to be had. I would suggest you run a feature such as this. I can hope is the lengthiest prospect of genuine living Radio Digest.---Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

ONE FOR ROCKY CLARK

I READ Radio Digest every month and think it is just right. When I was a shut-in for several months I sure did appreciate the Radio Digest and my radio. I listened to the news flashes from Bridgeport, Conn., by Rocky Clark. Could you show his picture in this column, most everyone is talking good about him.—Miss Helen Phelps, Stamford Conn.

A CLUB FOR BUDDY

I THOROUGHLY enjoy Radio Digest, particularly the VOL. pages. It is a great magazine and right up to the minute. Therefore I should appreciate it if you would spread the news in your magazine that I am organizing what I call my knowledge is the first fan club in honor of Buddy Rogers since he has become such a household word. We are a small group right now. I would like to see a picture of that sweet voiced tenor "Pat Kelly" printed in brown in the May issue.—Mrs. R. H. Scott, Vontiee, Va.

HIS LITTLE BALLOT

THIS is my first letter to you. I am going to tell some of the programs that I like, and my favorite artists. I have a craze for organ music. My favorite organists are Jesse Crawford, Ann Leaf, Irma Glenn and Fred Feibel. I always listen to them whenever I can. Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny, Ben Bernie and Vincent Lopez have the best dance orchestras on the air. They have a little more about each one of these wonderful fellows. Your article about Guy Lombardo was grand. I also like Bing Crosby and Arthur Jarrett. Let's have a story about him in an early issue. A story about Jesse Crawford or any of the other organizers I mentioned would be greatly appreciated. The only things I know about Fred Feibel are, he is a good organist, only a young fellow, and that he realizes every morning at 4:30 so as to get to the studio on time. Please let's have something about him.—Arthur Zimmerman, 320 East Third Street, Frederic, Md.

SHE LIKES YOU BEST

YESTERDAY I purchased my third copy of Radio Digest and I want to tell you how much I enjoy this magazine. I know things about the artists and performers now that I did not know before. Of all the articles, I think I like the VOL. page best. It is interesting to me to know what other people think of the performers and your magazine. What most of the public wants in a magazine is variety and that's what this one has. Please keep it that way. Why can't you do more justice to people like Julia Sanderson, Frank Crummit, the Stubbens Boys, Jane in Easy Aces, Ame 'n Andy, Mary and Bob, Bud and Stoepnagle and Lawrence Tibbet? I also want to tell you how much I enjoyed "Letters to the Artist", "The Mounted Police", "Silhouettes." How about an article by Mr. Hill who gave an interesting talk on dogs and interviewed the Englishman over the Columbia network?—Miss Janie Plei, 4826 Mercer Street, Kansas City, Mo.

LOMBARDO SEEMS TO LEAD

I THINK that story of Vincent Lopez was very good but too short, you see I am a very great admirer of Mr. Lopez, in fact not only myself but also my friends. I do hope that Radio Digest prints a story of Mr. Vincent Lopez real soon again. The best orchestras on the air are Guy Lombardo's, Vincent Lopez', and Paul Whiteman's. We'd also like to see a picture of Hugo Mariani, NBC conductor, and a picture of Ted Jewett, announcer for "Woman's Radio Review" an NBC presentation.—Miss Mary E. Dostzan, 2119 East 29th Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

WOULD RIDE VOL GOAT

ALTHOUGH a comparatively new reader of Radio Digest I should like to join the VOL, and should very much like to see the new page. I am sure of one thing about Smith Ballew—he surely has a wonderful voice and a grand orchestra. My great regret is that he isn't broadcasting any more. Please print his picture and lots of news items about him as I'm sure there are heaps of Ballew fans who enjoy reading.
all about their favorite. Radio Digest is the Best Ever!—Miss Agnes Adams, Boston, Mass.

MISSSED OUR NELLIE

WAS very much disappointed to he de-

tected of hearing Nellie Revell last week
evening, and trust i

it will not occur very often. Look forward
eagerly to that intensely interesting broad-
cast of the best programs on the air, and am
sure all who listen agree with me. Please
give "Nellie" a free hand and the glad hand.
—Joseph Johnson, 414 Fifty-first Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LUCKY HARRIET LEE

EACH new issue of your splendid

Magazine is better than each pre-
ceeding one. Wish we could have a
write up of Jessica Dragoonette and
Pat Barnes. Trouble with the Beauty
Contest lies in the fact that there are
so many truly beautiful just as they are
pictured—if only color were added it
might be a hit easier to choose be-
cause the color of the hair and eyes
have much to add to or detract from
mere features or contour. There are
two lovely faces in the last issue.
You'll laugh when I tell you: Mr. Stead
and I just couldn't off hand decide
so we became children again
and tried the "Enie, menie, mina mo"
system with the result that Miss Lee
won out. But we wish every lovely
child might be "it".—Mrs. C. F. Stead,
Loveland, Ohio.

LONDON HAS 73,186 SOULS

I HAD never read your magazine
till the February issue but pur-
chased same on account of an article
on Guy Lombardo. I am a native of
the "obscure village of London, Ontario," I knew of the Lombardo,
since a child and Guy went to school
with my brother and I am proud as
all Londoners are of the Royal Cana-
dians and the Lombardo boys. I take
great exception to the reference in
your article to London as an obscure
Canadian Village. I imagine the Lom-
bardo boys would resent that about
their home town if they have their
loyalty still with them and I imagine
their name Royal Canadians should
prove that. The population of Lon-
don Ontario is 73,186 and was created
a city in the year 1865. Please give us a
break and remember even New York had to
have a start.—Mrs. M. W. Ambrose,
Saint John, New Brunswick, Ontario, Canada.

"AMERICAN WIRELESS BEST"

JUST recently I have become a reader of
Radio Digest and this is how it happened.
I am English and we have come out here
to live; we came via New York, which
gave me one of the biggest thrills I've ever had
because I loved New York and anything
American. Then something about Radio
Digest which I can only describe as "fin-
ished"; it has an elusive quality which places
it far and above all others of its kind. I
was very much interested in "Broadcasting
from the Editor's Chair". At present, I
gather there is a lot of hot air going up over
the government taking over radio like Eng-
land and all European Countries. Perhaps
this will interest you. We had a wireless
audience of hundreds of thousands of
listeners during the early days when the
British Broadcasting Co. was a private con-
cern. The programs were really good. Real
music, classical and jazz, clever debates,
between our leading scientists, artists, play-
wrights, etc., good critics, talks worth lis-
tening to, real comedy. I could go on for
ever. And then the government took it over.
The result?—duller and more uninteresting
choose whatever he likes and exclude the
rest. Since nominations for radio headlines
are still open, I am submitting a list of my
favorites.

ANNOUNCERS: Milton J. Cross, the most
charming radio personality.
Alwyn Fair, with that most beauty-
caded voice, but too formal and aloof
ORCHESTRAS: Light, Harry Horlick's Gypsys
String Ensemble, N. B. C. Slumber Hour
Symphony, N. B. C. Symphonic Hour
ORCHESTRA CONDUCTORS: Symphony, Walter
Damrosch
String Ensemble, Ludwig Laurier
OPERATIC SINGERS: Soprano, Anna Case
Mackay
Tenor, Giovanni Marinelli
Baritone, John Charles Thomas
REGULAR RADIO SINGERS: Soprano, Gladys
Rice
Mezzo-soprano, Elizabeth Lennox
Contralto, Mary Hopple
Tenors: James Melton, sweetest and most
appealing voice
Frederick Hufsmith, appealing voice, ver-
satile repertory
Milton J. Cross, sonorous voice
Barytones: Theodore Webb, Walter Pres-
ton
Basie: Harry Donaghy, James
Stanley.
Pairs Duo: Frank Parker and El-
liott Shaw
Mixed Quartet: Enna Jettick Mel-
odies.
Male Quartets: Hiel Hugger Har-
morines, Revelers, Cavaliers.
COMEDIAN: Raymond Knight.
ENSEMBLES: Through the Opera Glass.
Davey Tree Program.
ORGANIST: Archer Gibson.
EDUCATIONAL: National Advisory
Council on Radio in Education
Psychology.
Lectures, Saturday evening, 8:45, EST.
CHICAGO NBC ANNOUNCER: Ted
Pearson.
CHICAGO NBC SINGER: Reinhold
Schmidt.—Miss Edwina Long, 2708
Osage Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

BETTY "BOOSTER" JAMIESON SAYS

ALL those interested in an active
booster program honoring Will
Osborne please communicate with the
undersigned. Will be welcomed and an-
swered.—Betty Jamieson, 635 Sibbs Street,
Wooster, Ohio.

AN ORGAN COLUMN

I WANT to join some of the mem-
bers of our VOL club and say that
Radio Digest is the finest magazine
of its kind on the market except for
one thing, it only comes around once
instead of twice a month. There is
one instrument which is very seldom
mentioned to what extent in our Digest
and that is the mightiest of all musi-
cal instruments, the Organ. Why not de-
vote a chapter each issue to Jesse Craw-
ford, Ann Leaf, Ralph Emerson of WLS
and others. Let's have some pictures of
organ consoles and organists and some
news about what's going on in this branch
of entertainment. All theatres of any size
or importance feature organs. The ballroom
in the auditorium in Atlantic City features
the largest theatrical organ in the world.
Organs are also finding their regular places
on sponsored programs. Let's hear from
other readers about the organ.
I hope we have the pleasure of seeing
organists featured in our beloved magazine
every issue.—Clifford Martin, Box 292,
Beach Haven, N. J.
What is WRONG with Radio Drama?

By Craig Rice

(Concluding an article which was begun by Miss Rice in the May Radio Digest)

The difference of two or three seconds in the length of a pause—the most minute inflection of a voice—an almost indiscernible change in tempo—and a scene is either made effective or ruined. The slightest let-down on the part of one of the actors—and a scene is lost. Yet not infrequently the radio play is produced almost casually.

Mind you, this is not true of all radio drama productions. Many are thoroughly rehearsed and properly directed. But—

not long ago I talked with the writer, director and chief actor of a series of detective dramas being presented over a metropolitan station, and asked if I might attend one of his rehearsals. Rehearsals? I met a blank stare. The members of the cast usually met in the lobby before the presentation and read over the script. That is, they did if there was time.

And yet we wonder what is wrong with radio drama!

We wonder—when the general run of radio plays are poorly written by inexperienced writers, and given a haphazard, unmethodical production. When the average high-school class play is an infinitely better entertainment than the garden-variety of radio play, we wonder why intelligent listeners state that they do not listen to radio dramas.

Please, dear radio writer and producer, remember that the public suffers, but it will not suffer long. The public that demands radio drama is going to get very very tired of third rate productions. And where, dear radio writer and producer, are we going to be then?

You are perfectly right in saying that radio drama is in its experimental stage. But it has been in that stage for nearly ten years—the first radio play having been produced in 1922. Surely we ought to be getting somewhere by now. The stage took thousands of years to reach its present form, but we have the experience of the stage to draw from. The motion pictures took years to reach any kind of artistic achievement, but we have their early mistakes to steer by.

If there has ever been a literary field that offered the fascinating possibilities of radio drama, I don’t know what it is. The limitations of any art are not its handicaps; they are the mould into which the liquid idea is poured and allowed to harden. The limitations can be more, they can be the tools with which the creator works. Consider—the novelist can spend pages and chapters explaining the character of his protagonist; the radio writer does the same in the turning of half-a-dozen sentences. The playwright can use all the visual effects to heighten the effectiveness of some piece of action; the radio writer must not only dramatize sound alone, but must create the action itself in sound.

The radio writer can turn to plays that depend entirely upon plot and action, but these are either detective stories that are more puzzles than plays, or frank melodramas whose guiding motto is “seven minutes and a scream.” And even the best of the detective plays and melodramas depend largely upon the creation of character.

So the task that confronts the radio playwright is no small one. And there is still hope for radio drama. Writers are beginning to realize the tremendous possibilities in experimentation, and the field of syndication is beginning to promise them adequate financial returns. The smaller stations, who can afford to experiment, are creating their own methods of production, and groups of players are springing up all over the country, developing their own successful technic.

From these writers who are going into the field to learn, not to teach, and from the young writers who are experimenting at small stations, will come the great radio playwrights of the future. It is safe to predict that from the experimental groups at the small stations will come the great radio actors and directors of the future. And through their efforts, the time is coming when the skeptics who come to criticize will remain to hear.
BRILLAT-SAVARIN, that great French chef and writer of cooking books, once said that "an animal swallows its food, a man eats it, but only a man of intellect knows how to dine", and that no man under the age of forty can be dignified with the title of gourmet. He also said that no true gourmet could be late for dinner. That's one thing a gourmet and a hungry man have in common.

I remember once when Berry Wall, Dean of the American Epicureans, invited me to dine with him in Paris. I took Brillat-Savarin's advice and arrived on time at Mr. Wall's chateau. Wall is an interesting man. He is just slipping onto the wrong side of seventy but does not look a meal older than fifty, and is just as good a dancing man as ever; his waist is slim, his legs are slender and his instep still shows an arch. That is pretty good for a man of seventy. Being naturally curious as to why's and where-fors, I asked him how he did it.

"Good plain food, my boy," said Berry, "and good plain cooking. Every meal should be simple. Start with a consomme with a good body. A plain roast with one fresh vegetable, a salad, and wind up with tea or coffee." When he told me that I laughed to myself, for I happened to know that Berry has swallowed enough fancy food in his life to give the gout to the standing armies of the world. However, don't get me wrong. As I remember Berry Wall in the old Rector's, he was an extremely intelligent enter. He never gorged himself at the table, nor did he ever sit down to a twelve-course banquet. He was the most finicky eater I ever saw and always insisted on mixing his own salads.

WELL, speaking of Berry Wall and Brillat-Savarin puts me on the track of the many restaurants to be found in Paris. A great many new dining places have sprung up since I worked in the kitchens of the Cafe de Paris, more than twenty-five years ago. I guess there must be 100,000 restaurants in Paris. Everybody has his favorite dining place, and I have mine. I won't mention which it is, for if I told you, you would tell somebody else and my little pet canary would become a round robin. If you find a good place to eat, keep it quiet, for though publicity is great for a motion-picture house it spoils a good restaurant, especially a good European restaurant, for over there the proprietor is usually the chef, with the pride of achievement in each bowl of soup served; however, once mass production comes in the restaurant door, individual, loving care goes out the kitchen window.

Just in passing, here is some good advice to the tourist going to Paris for a "rest". Leave your tuxedo or your evening gown at home. You will then be unable to dine at the high class places. They are too formal and you will have a better time in muffi, and also a cheaper one. I do not have to tell you that it is a lot of fun scouting around to find yourself an obscure dining place on a quaint side street.

Of course, there is always a thrill in the big names—Ciro's, the Pre-Catelan, the Chateau de Madrid—all of them are at the height of their popularity just now. As I think over the famous cafes in Paris, I think of many which used to be but are no more—the Cafe Anglais, which stood on the Boulevard des Italiens, and was the Paris office of King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales—Maison Doree, which has fallen before the march of commerce—Bignon's establishment—Tortoni's and the King George—all are buried in that past which we all look back on with fondness.

One restaurant which has survived through the years is the Cafe de Paris, where I was scullion in the Garde Manger, or cold-meat room, more than twenty-five years ago. Mourier, who made it famous, married a daughter of the illustrious Fooyot, feeder of diplomats and statesmen. The minute Mourier took over the cafe it became renowned all over Europe for its fine food. He catered to the French people exclusively, but the cuisine became so well known and advertised that the Americans, English, Russians and South Americans rushed in to share the good things. The Cafe de Paris is not far from the opera house, on the Avenue de l'Opera, and graduates of that kitchen are directing famous restaurants all over the world.

Probably the favorite dish with the early American explorers of Paris and the Cafe de Paris was Lobster Thermidor. Some of the specialties of the French cuisine which are always interesting are, as I said, Lobster Thermidor, the specialty of the Cafe de Paris; Poularde à l'Archiduc, which is chicken sautee, Volailleous la Cendre, a specialty of Ciro's and a sort of chicken pot-piece. And, of course, we can't overlook Crepes Suzettes.

But then, Berry Wall was right when (Continued on page 48)
WSAI

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Powel Crosley, Jr., President

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MAKETWOLLOUO,OSCAR?...YOUNOW,GOODTHINGSTWAYSCOMEINPAIRS...ISPOSETHAT'SWHYTHERESEENGLISHSMITHTEAMEDUP...YOUNOW,THEM-HUH?...DIDN'TIEVERTELLYOUABOUTTHEM?..."S FUNNY...TH'OITIDI...WELLOTMAKELONGSTORY,IMETTHEMTHIRSTIFEBRARY,1932...THEYWEREWORKINGATKMBCINKANSASCITY...YOUNOW-THAT'STHEBIGCBSOUTLETFORTHATTERRITORY...ANDTHEM-HUH?...WHATDOTHEMDO?...MAN,OH-MAN-THEYSINGHARMONY-ANDHOWTHEYSINGIT!...TWOPEOPLETHATCONTINUETHESOMEHOWTOSOUNDALMOSTLIKEANORCHESTRA...WHYSAY-THEYSINGTHEMOSTMODERNSTUFFYEVEVERHEARD...SURETHEYMAKETHEIROWNARRANGEMENTS...PLAYTHEIROWNPIANO...DOEVERYTHING...SINGINGHARMONYISNOTONLYABUSINESSWITHTHEM...IT'SAPLEASURE...THEYDIGUPMORETRICKTEMPOSRHYTHMSANDEFFECTSTHANFOURPEOPLECOULD...ATAFIRSTTHEYSOUNDJUSTLIKE-TWOMEN SingING...BUTFREETHEY AREN'T... WHOARE'THEY...WELL,IJUSTTOLDYOU...THESTINGSMITHS...THAT'S THEIRREALNAMETO...IMEAN,THEIR NAMEISSMITHSTHEYCOINEDTHEIR NAMETHemselves...SINCEFOUNDOUT THATOTHERSUSETOTO...SOTHEYSPILL IT"TINGSMITHS"...WITHACAPITALS... MARRIEDTHREEYEARS...ANDMOREIN

love than ever...Huh...First names-Woody and Glad...Which stand for Woodruff and Gladys...But don't call 'em that...Wazzat?...Well, Glad is a contralto...Anyway, her voice is one of the deepest I've ever heard...And Wood's a baritone. And when those two low voices mix you oughta hear the blend!...And their solos are plenty different...And they do a lot of this singing-to-each-other stuff...You know...Make love to music, as it were...But when they really go modern...That's where they shine...Those arrangements of theirs

Glad hates all of 'em...She has a weakness for pork chops...He eats out when she serves 'em...Are together constantly...Except when he's announcing...Incidentally, he's reckoned some punkins at announcing...Works on KMBC locally, and utters for a few CBS programs on the western network...When they work a script act, they write their own continuities...They wish they could sleep till noon every day...Like to sing at night...Hate it in the morning...Neither ever eats breakfast...Never drink coffee or tea...Woody says she has a poisonous fondness for vinegar...The only place he likes it is in a hair rinse...Both work every known kind of puzzle printed. Especially if there's a prize...Never won a thing yet...Have fond hopes...Have the usual ambition...To make a big success singing harmony...Both dislike singing in public...Are inveterate hand-holders at the theater...Both sing in prominent church choir...With Glad a soloist there...They'd rather sing together on the radio than eat...If you like swell modern harmony...Tune in The SongSmiths...Just a couple in the great army of "Smiths"...Good things always come in pairs...Make it two, will you, Oscar?

THE Kasper sisters have an early start to a very promising career. They made their radio debut in 1930. Meanwhile they have been heard from several stations, and are at present enjoying popular demand for personal appearances. You just know they are easy to look at!
Stars of the Air
come
Out of the West
says
KOA Director
By Morris Hepler

busy preparing for grand opera and has
temporarily relinquished her interest in
radio. Many listeners will remember
Hazel Hayes, as beauteous a lass as
ever came out of the Sunflower State to
triumph in Denver.
As for Norman Price he had tenored
himself to the top in Denver—one of
KOA’s Solitaire Cowboys and
—in radio opera. NBC took
him on immediately.
The Quarles sisters—Alice,
Marguerite and Virginia—
piano, violin, and ’cello—
started a habit of winning
contests when they won Juilliard
Foundation fellowships while they were still in their
teens. They have held four
Juilliard fellowships besides a
scholarship for a year’s study
at the Conservatoire Ameri-
caine in Fontainbleau, France.
Other stars of the air—
many others—started with
KOA. Freeman H. Talbot’s
boast seems justified.

FREEMAN H. TALBOT, that keen
judge of musical ability who
guides the destinies of KOA, the
National Broadcasting Company
key station way out in Denver, boasts
that considering the population the foot-
hills towns in Colorado have given the
radio world more talent than any other
place in the world.
Taking into account only musical tal-
ent, and omitting the before-radio suc-
cesses, where does KOA fit into that
picture, he was asked. And was he
stumped? Not Mr. Talbot!
“Among the musicians who first aired
their talents over KOA,” explained Mr.
Talbot, “there was one who became a
first place winner in a national Atwater
Kent audition and two who won third
places; three joined the internationally
famous Seth Parker troupe; one became
the highest paid singer with the British
Broadcasting Corporation; two were first
place winners in the Sesquicentennial Ex-
position contests; two won contests con-
ducted by the National Federated Music
Clubs; five won scholarships repeatedly
with the Juilliard Foundation, and three
are now staff members in the San Fran-
cisco studios of the National Broadcast-
ing Company.”
Out on the Pacific Coast are three
National Broadcasting Company staff so-
loists who first saw the light of radio
through KOA. They are Everett E. Fos-
ter, baritone; Mary Wood, soprano, and
Forrest Fishel, tenor.
Another KOA singer is now reaping
laurels on the Coast. Just now she is

Upper left: The Quarles sisters
—Alice, pianist; Marguerite,
violinist; Virginia, ’cellist.
Center: Freeman H. Talbot,
manager, KOA

Hazel Hayes, popular soprano, another
star who started on KOA

Norman Price, tenor
KOA
EVERY community has its favorite sports announcer, but up Wisconsin way listeners will tell you they get more capable and more interesting sports broadcasts through their own regional station than they get over the networks.

The reason is Bill Walker—William E. officially—manager of radio station WIBA at Madison, Wisconsin. His specialties are football and basketball.

Bill Walker had sole charge of building station WISJ which went on the air for the first time September 8, 1930. One of his first problems was to get a sports announcer to compete with a university coach who had developed a considerable following on a competing station over a period of years. The final decision was that Bill assumed the assignment himself.

What kind of a job did he do? Well, on June 13, 1931, stations WIBA and WISJ at Madison, were consolidated, and Bill Walker has handled all the sports assignments ever since, to the gratification of the station's thousands of rabid sports fans.

Bill still serves as president of the W. E. Walker Company, an advertising agency; he is business manager of station WIBA which has made a wonderful showing under his direction; for many years he served as vice president of Madison's largest financial institution, and he is the advertising counselor for some score of business and financial enterprises. But sports announcing continues to be his principal hobby.

Interest in football and basketball has increased by leaps and bounds in Wisconsin during the past few years. But it isn't reflected in the gate receipts. And Bill is being blamed, for hundreds admit publicly that they would rather hear him broadcast a game than see it.

WIBA - Madison, Wisc.

WIBA Cleveland

TWEET—tweet—tweet—from the loud speaker to the surprise of listeners came the shrill clear notes of a bird, a long sweet trill—as the unseen canary ran up and down the scales. There followed a sweetly plaintive melody, the "Song of India" clearly whistled—Ted DeTurk, Ohio's Own Whistler is on the air.

Many have tried to whistle over the air. The sensitive 'Mikes' pick up all poor shadings and distorted harmony making whistling one of the hardest forms of music to produce. Never in Ted's whistling do you find these faults registering. Sometimes a string ensemble makes a background for the solo, again an organ, a piano, or an orchestra.

Ohio's Own Whistler was born in a little log cabin, which may account for his ability to imitate birds so well, on the banks of the big Scioto River near Marion. He learned to whistle as a boy, in the way all small boys do—seeing who could make the longest and loudest noise.

His whistling solos have been heard from the North, East, South and West on the ether waves, from Jacksonville, Florida, Atlanta, Ga., Denver, Col., Detroit, Mich., Cincinnati, Ohio, Iowa and other places his canary throat has thrilled listeners. Ted is also well known as a singer and accomplished pianist. At present he is heard daily from WGAR in Cleveland, Ohio.

WIP-WFAN
Philadelphia

MISS ANICE IVES, radio's guide to home lovers, staged an old fashioned pie eating contest on her weekly WIP-WFAN Home Making hour. After the blackberries had been cleared away and the time clocks checked, it was found that Marie Lambert had devoured her pie in eighteen seconds. Marie is shown with a silver cup presented by the Gimbel Store. Jean and Sue Dallon, second and third prize winners, are also pictured. Despite the smile of victory after the battle was over, the girls admitted they had enough pie.

KFRC - San Francisco

MISS ALICE CASH had her taste of fame and liked it! She was suddenly catapulted into the whirl of the public spotlight and all its attendant glamour, as the result of being selected winner of the KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour's "Smiles Contest".

Conducted by Al Pearce, the contest sought to uncover "the Pacific Coast's prettiest smile." Pearce asked listeners of the Don Lee network to send in their photograph. More than 15,000 were received from all parts of the coast and as far east as Salt Lake City. When the judges had dug themselves from under this deluge they came up with Miss Cash's photograph unanimously agreed upon.
DOLLY DEARBORN'S CHICAGO REVIEWS

"LADY ESTHER"—N.B.C.—KYW local outlet—Sundays, 2:00-2:30 CST.

In the first place, somebody thought up a swell gag when they allowed Wayne King to use his own theme song on this program! It's against my principles to believe the idea originated in the agency —so I'm giving full credit either to King himself, or to the N.B.C. Anyway, it's a great trick—because everybody and his family knows Wayne King's music, and most of them like it. So naturally when his theme song comes on, instead of some trumped up theme to fit the product, it catches the attention. From that point on, the rest is easy. Nicely flowing tunes played as only the King group can play them, lead quite subtly into the commercial credit given by Lady Esther. Incidentally, I might say here, that the lines they put into milady's mouth are not so good—quite trite and just glorified advertising. But somehow you listen to it—and not altogether because you know Wayne will be back again after it's over. You listen primarily because Lady Esther has the kind of voice you wish all air-minded women had.

"IODENT PROGRAM"—NBC—KYW—Sundays, 3:00-3:15 Chi. time.

Remember what a swell gal I said Jane Froman is? The Iodent People got her before she slipped through their fingers, and now she and Roy Shields with the baton, do their stuff via the toothpaste route. The only trouble is, Jane doesn't sing quite enough. A little thumbnail drama of historical highlights is thrown in for good measure—but it remains for Jane and the orchestra to walk off to the blare of trumpets. That girl does everything well—she even stammers delightfully. Iodent didn't miss when they picked their program, and although it probably won't ever set Lake Michigan on fire, yet it's easy to listen to. And in this day and age that's something!

"THE GREYHOUND TRAVELER"—Columbia—WGN—Sundays, 7:30 Chi. time.

This program is not intended for stupid people, and it proves that the old idea of the child mind in an adult body is passe, if you get what I mean. It shows that people do like to be treated as though they had average intelligence and not six year old mentalities. This is a glorified travelogue with modernistic music, eloquent descriptions, and refined phrases. It does not smack of "browntogether." It shows that a travel program when handled with intelligence can be made beautiful and interesting at the same time. All the places you've ever wanted to go are pictured for you vividly and with plenty of color. And if you have a millionaire appetite and a ten cent store pocketbook, the commercials tell you that you can still take a trip via Greyhound. Another contest for you fans—a simple one too. Give it a listen!

Blue Ribbon

WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week
(Daily except Sunday)

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn, Quaker Early Birds
8:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook (Quaker Oats Company)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy (PepsiCoDent Company)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers) (Wed. and Sat. at 10:00 p.m.)
11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music, Ludwig Laurier

9:45 a.m.—WABC—Old Dutch Girl (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
6:00 p.m.—WABC—Current Events, H. V. Kaltenborn (Mon. and Thurs.)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—WABC—Myrt and Marge (Wrigley) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (Crisco Company) (Tues. and Thurs.)
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Swift Program (Swift Company) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith La Palina Program (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd (Mon. and Wed.)
(Also on Dixie Network, 8:30 p.m. Tues.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program (Wed. and Sat.)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight (Tues., Wed. 9:00 p.m.)
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Jarrett (Mon. and Thurs.)
10:45 p.m.—WABC—The Funny Boners (Tues. and Fri.)
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow's Symphony Orch. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
12:00 mid.—WABC—Guy Lombardo (Sat. and Thurs.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Transatlantic Broadcast
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—Davey Hour (Davey Tree Experts Co.)
4:30 p.m.—WJZ—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue (Sheaffer Pen)
5:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Circle
5:30 p.m.—WABC—Blue Coal Radio Revue
6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-Y"; Dramatized Secret Service Spy Stories
6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roses and Drums
7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase & Sanborn Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Ziegfeld Follies of the Air (Chrysler Corp.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Greyhound Traveler
9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Making the Movies; Ray Knight
10:15 p.m.—WJZ—The Old Singing Master (Barbasol Co.)
12:30 a.m.—WABC—California Melodies from Los Angeles

Monday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches

"THE SINGING LADY"—NBC daily but Saturday and Sunday, at 4:30 and 5:15. Local show over WGN, daily but Saturday and Sunday, at 6:00 p.m.
Kellogg's "Singing Lady" seems to be
Selections

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A and P. Gypsies
9:15 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant—Street Singer
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—With Canada's Mounted (Canada Dry)
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program

Tuesday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Maxwell House Program
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—“Big Time” (Stanco, Inc.)
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey Stuart Program
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost Melody Moments
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—O. Henry Stories; dramatic program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert (Vacuum Oil Co.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program
11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Reveil: Voice of Radio Digest

Wednesday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller (Chappel Bros.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (Chevrolet Motor Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Blackstone Plantation Program
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Thompkins Corners (General Foods, Inc.)
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—A. and P. Dance Gypsies
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Phil Spitalny’s Orch., and Jay C. Flippen
11:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra
8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Nestle Program (Lamont-Corliss Co.)
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Ivory Program—B. A. Rolfe’s Orch.
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Du Pont Program (E. I. Du Pont de Nemours)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club Program
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Kodak Week End Hour; Nat Shilkret’s Orch., Thelma Kessler
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pond’s Program
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Armour Program
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sampler Orchestra
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Whiteman’s Pontiac Chieftains

Friday

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—“Laws that Safeguard Society”; Dean Archer
8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Contests Service Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar Program
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Institute of Public Affairs
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Tracy, Street Singer
12:00 mid.—WEAF—Buddy Rogers

from a wild maze of adventure long enough to gobble down a meal, which results only in giving him either a tummy ache or a night mare. The "Singing Lady" programs are much milder in character—in fact they’re so mild you can give them in large doses to the very small youngsters, with no ill effects.

"BLUE RIBBON MAL" — Ben Bernie—CBS—local outlet WB-BM, Tuesdays, 8:00-8:30.

Friends tell me I have a misplaced sense of humor. People who aren’t so friendly—and incidentally not so polite either—say it’s perveted. And friends whose acts have already been reviewed by me anyway, say I’ve no sense of humor at all. So what’s a person supposed to think. Anyway, the cause for the controversy is that I maintain Ben Bernie is one of the most unfunny people on the air. His flow of "I hope you like it" isn’t quite so bad; but when he gets off onto a tangent of persistently repeating dance number titles, I nearly run berserk—or however it is you run when you get kinda batty. He’s got such a swell band that it seems a shame he has to laugh at his own jokes. That sentence doesn’t seem to make sense somehow—but I’m listening to him right now, and I’m going a bit battier every minute. You see folks, it isn’t a matter of listening where you will, when you’re trying to catch ALL the programs. I’m sorry if I appear to be a little cynical tonight; it’s a mistake, because really I’m not such a bad person. Only it riles my Irish to have a person go smart-sleeky on me every time he gets on the air. I’ll have to give him credit though, his commercial plugs for the old Alma Malter (the pun is his, not mine) are really worthy of a Blue Ribbon. And I know that thousands of folks listen for him all the time. So that must make him good. I dunno—maybe it is kinda perveted after all!

"JOE PALOOKA"—Columbia— WB-BM—Tues. & Thurs., 5:45 Chl. time.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then "Padded Fists" is twice as good as I thought it was. Incidentally, since our previous review it’s been sold. Guess I’ll try writing a skit myself and reviewing it—then it’ll sell and I’ll quit writing. But that’s beside the point. Joe Palooka, while nicely done and ably played, is more or less a second "Padded Fists." For Joe, like Prince, wins the attention of the public through an accidental fight with another chap, outside the ring. And each has an approving mother. Joe Palooka, from the popular Chicago comic strip is, ably played by Ted Bergman, ex-manager of a New York gym. I’m told several fellows who know their left and right hooks are connected with the skit, from Ted Husing who announces it, to Ham Fisher who draws the cartoons. So it’s really swell!
WE CAN'T TURN YOUR RADIO DIAL FOR YOU—

We're too busy getting you grocery bargains to run from house-to-house tuning good programs in on your radio set.

However, we do this much for you—we offer you a variety of programs—a program to suit your taste—and make the job of twisting your dial a pleasant one.

IF YOU LIKE

Concert music; dance music; tenor solos; two piano novelty pieces; gypsy songs—tune in the

A & P GYPSIES

Harry Horlick conducting.

[Monday 8 PM EST WEAF and NBC network]
[Thursday 9 PM EST WJZ and NBC network]

IF YOU LIKE

Honest-to-goodness food information; a male quartette; travel stories; anecdotes about famous people and the Broadway of the "Gay '90's" tune in

"OUR DAILY FOOD"

with Colonel Goodbody;
George Rector; Judge Gordon; "The 4 singing Grocers".

[Daily except Sunday over dual NBC networks—WEAF 8:45 AM EST; WJZ 9:30 AM EST]

A & P has your kind of program

THE Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, until recently a member of the KHJ commercial staff, has just been appointed Manager of KDB, the Don Lee station at Santa Barbara.

Since Dick Rickard, down at KGB, San Diego, sponsored the Easter Egg Hunt in Balboa Park, involving 20,000 eggs and 5000 school kids, the San Diego punsters have been enjoying a boom season in references to "hard-boiled eggs," "good eggs" and so on.

Eddie Holden, KNX, creator of the lovable character of "Frank Watanabe," the Japanese houseboy, is a good cook.

Eddie says he takes his hat off to no girl when it comes to preparing a meal in a hurry.

Billy Evans Highlights Review is growing better every day. With the coming of Spring, all the amateur talent that has been hibernating during the winter months has come to life and is trying out over at KELW, Burbank, California.

Mr. Evans presents a splendid program each morning at 11:00 and even if these performers are new in the business, they are well worth listening to.

Billy Evans has had years of experience before the mike and is competent to train those youngsters "in the way they should go."

Hazel Warner (KFRC) has a varied schedule, but the one program on which you are certain to hear her is "Musical Forget-Me-Notes" each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

"California Melodies" released over nationwide network of CBS from KHJ, presented none other than Zeppo Marx, of the Four Marx Brothers. Something very funny? Not exactly, for young Zeppo—he's the "straight" one you know—has been discovered as possessor of a very nice singing voice indeed, and this marked his debut in the world of popular song. A big event, in other words.

Lou Gordon, the tenor whose melodious tones are heard over KFI, was born in Russia and came to America after the revolution. The terse accounts he gives of his wanderings over China and Siberia with the festive Bolshevik on his trail, are exciting as any fictionalized adventure story.

Telling about "The Drama and It's People," Lloyd S. Thompson, dramatic critic of The Examiner, presents an interesting and entertaining 15-minute talk on KYA, San Francisco, at 6:30 Tuesday evenings.

Radio stars from KHJ, The Don Lee station, helped to enliven the day at the Motor Show in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. One of the most popular air features in the country was presented in the day's entertainment, when Ken Niles and his "Hallelujah Hour" appeared in person at the show. Included in the roster of stars under Niles' direction was Dave Marshall, popular Southland baritone; Elvia Allman, stellar comedienne of the air; petite Vera Van, whose melodic voice has won her a place in the radio firmament; the craziest man on the air—Charlie LeLard; Bobby Gross, and the Hallelujah orchestra directed by Ray Casfield.

San Francisco may have grabbed off the Druids' Convention, but Los Angeles supplied the music picked out of the air in the Bay City auditorium where the fraternal organization staged its initiations. The eighty-piece symphony orchestra of the Hollywood Grove, of the Druids organization, broadcast from KHJ studios over the Don Lee chain, 7:45 to 8:15 P.M. Alexis Coroshansky directed the orchestra in numbers rarely heard in the United States.

Meredith Wilson's "Home Sweet Home" concerts from KFRC and Don Lee network 9-11 A.M. provides two hours of comfortable music for Sunday morning consumption. This program has been a popular one for several years. It requires skill to keep a two hour show popular—if you don't think so, ask Meredith. He knows!

This writer listened in on the Spanish Gardens program over KELW from 7:00 to 8:00 P.M. and received a pleasant surprise. Not being able to speak Spanish, this program had always been passed up, but it isn't necessary to speak Spanish at all to enjoy the really remarkable entertainment that is offered at this time. Appealing music that carries with it all the charm of old Mexico; serenades, whose soft voices transport the listener to a land of tinkling castanets and swaying, subtle composers; dreamy, alluring, entrancing, this music from the land of Manana. Listen to it yourself and you will enjoy it.

Known as "the most distinctive program on the air," the KDYL, KDYK, and KDYL, Friday evening 8:00 to 9:00 via and with the boys at "Hank's General Store" in "Sears Center" provides entertainment for thousands of listeners who enjoy old-time music. The program brings in person the man who occupies the week's lime-light. Heard on these broadcasts are Mickey Walker, light heavyweight boxing champion of the world; Eugene Jackson, negro star of "Cimarron," "Spreading Blood," "Our Gang," "Comedians" and others; Sherman "Red" Clark, captain of the University of Utah basketball team, and Charles Foley, golf professional of the Salt Lake Bonneville Golf Club.
This airedale puppy is the unusual gift to Herby Kay, orchestra leader heard over NBC network, from an admirer in Green Bay, Wisc.

Mildred Brown known to WGAR (Cleveland) listeners as The Girl From Oklahoma, sings because she has a voice and is a sculptress by choice. She is a success at both.

Mae Mackie, popular Philadelphia contralto, who is developing a large listener following for WIP-WFAN with her "Songs of the Nations".

Shots barked into the mike at WGY in Schenectady, and the sound circled the globe in eighth of a second.

The crew of the Gold Medal Fast Freight, with Eddie Dunstedter at the piano, sent over the ether from WCCO, Minneapolis.
The Largest and most

Near the Center of the Dial

"The Flying Dutchmen," with director William Stoeck are heard over WLW weekly.

Near the Center of Population

"The Serenaders," who have many friends among the nation's radio audience with their delightful musical entertainment.

The wit and humor of Pat Harrington, WLW tenor and Master of Ceremonies, is eagerly listened to by a vast radio following.

The click of castanets accompanies the tangos and other Spanish airs played by the WLW "South Americans."

The famous Sidney Ten Eyck is known all over the country for his inimitable wit. As Master of Ceremonies for "The Doodletellers" he shows unusual talent.

The Morin sisters add spice and variety to many WLW programs.

"Highnoon" the "radio dog" is one of the most interesting and unusual features of WLW.

"Ramona" stands among the most distinctive pianists in radio. Her rich voice has unusual power and depth that carries extraordinarily well over the air.

Mary Steele, WLW "blues contralto" has won the hearts of radio listeners everywhere.
Brilliant Array of Radio Artists offered by a Single Station

The colorful, brilliant and unusually large staff of radio artists at WLW is unequalled by any single station. The spice and delightful variety that these air entertainers inject into radio programs, plus WLW's 50,000 watts power, have built up a vast and enthusiastic radio audience. The phenomenal results obtained for WLW advertisers is proof of the popularity of these radio stars and the effectiveness of "the Nation's Station" as a powerful and profitable advertising medium.

WLW PROGRAMS

"International Old Bill," rural music and philosophy, for International Oil Heating Company.
"Maxwell House Cotton Queen," minstrel type show boat setting, for Maxwell House Coffee.
"Ivanhoe Playhouse," review type vaudeville setting, for the Ivanhoe Mayonnaise Company.
"Jim and Walt," personality harmony duo, for the Alabama Georgia Syrup Company.
"The San Felicianos," minstrel type without endmen, for the San Felice Cigar Company.
"The Flying Dutchmen," over the blue network, for The Crosley Radio Corporation.
"The Crosley Follies," New Yorker style review, with music and master of ceremonies over special network.
"Centerville Sketches," rural dialogue, for Hires Root Beer.
"Old Man Sunshine" and his "Toy Band," juvenile production, character, novelty, orchestra, for Wheatena, Peter Pan Fabrics and E-Z Underwear.
"The Mail Pouch Sportsman," sports review, for Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.
"The Afternoon Round Table," for Drydine Food Products.
"Tanglee Musical Dreams," musical fantasy with Don Juan type master of ceremonies, for Tanglee Lipstick.
"Pebeco Exercises," physical "instruction with light philosophy and music, for The Pebeco Company.

In the interest of its clients and as part of its service, WLW maintains a group of highly trained field men who constantly contact wholesale and retail outlets. These men show dealers how to use the power of broadcasting to move goods off their shelves; instruct and advise them in the best ways to tie-in with advertisers' programs; are the means of introducing and establishing advertisers' products in new territories. This plan was pioneered by WLW and has been found to be the most effective means of bringing home to the dealer the true value of air advertising. The results that have been obtained for WLW advertisers are phenomenal. Let us tell you more about WLW and its operations in our free, 72-page portfolio. Send for it.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
CINCINNATI
BROADCASTING is growing up. Several stations have long since passed their tenth milestone and this year a fair number celebrate their first decade. WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia, joined the growing ranks recently. Other stations who to date this year had a tenth "birthday", include: WWJ, Detroit; WOR, Newark; WMAQ, Chicago; KFI, Los Angeles; WQY, Schenectady; WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; KQC, San Jose, Cal.; and WHAS, Louisville, Ky.

Summer's coming, but it doesn't seem as though independent stations will have much to worry about businesswise, if the announced new sponsored programs mean anything. WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia, announces contracts with Lindlahr's Magazine, Refeers No-Moth, Inc. in the daily home economic period and Kruschen Salts for Time Signals.

The first magnetic microphone in Detroit has been installed at WJR. This "mike" has many advantages over the condenser type. It is not so easily damaged and it is not affected by temperature changes. A most ambitious program is being staged at WJR by Frederick Stearns & Co. of Detroit in the interests of their product, Astring-O-sol. The programs are on the air three times weekly early in the evening. Talent includes, as a permanent feature, a fifteen piece orchestra and a wide array of talent, and a different group of artists on each program.

There are many prolific producers in radio but we believe Georgia Fifield, of KNX, Hollywood, Cal., has established some sort of a record. She has cast and directed more than three hundred and fifty radio plays and created some two hundred roles in radio plays. That's a mark to shoot at. Here's another one from the same station: Ray Howell, former radio technician and now announcer at KNX, who presents an hour of all request music from midnight to one o'clock each morning, has received letters and telephone calls from each state in the Union, Canada, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Japan, Alaska, and South America. KNX, in order to stimulate listener interest in its station during the normally dull afternoon period, between 3:00 and 3:30 developed a program that has accomplished the purpose beyond expectations. The program is billed as the Matinee Mirthmakers. It features an orchestra and a master of ceremonies and talent varies with each presentation. It is in the nature of a daily surprise to the dial twisters.

As this is being written plans have been completed for the formal opening and initial programs by CKWO. Main studios are on the twelfth floor of the Guarantee Trust Building in Windsor, Ontario, and supplementary studios have been located in Detroit. The Transmitter House is in Sandwich, Ontario. Air plans call for best Canadian programs available and features of international interest through a hook-up with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

United States Lines are using WOR, Newark, to present the Vacuum Bond Adventurer. Lord & Thomas & Logan, New York agency, acted for the client. The Crowell Publishing Company (Woman's Home Companion) has signed up for a year over WOR. The contract was cleared through Martin-Rillings-Shaw Inc., Philadelphia. "Shopping with Jean Libby" is the title of the program. The Hoffman Beverage Company has renewed for another twenty-six weeks and Uncle Don Carney appears on a new "commercial", William S. Scull Company, makers of Bosco, a food drink. A flood of letters from listeners has caused Roger Bower to revive his Market and Halsey Street Playhouse.
Deal Direct with Factory
SAVE UP TO 50%

Now never have such powerful sets been offered at Mid-
west's amazing low direct-from-factory prices. You
save the middlemen's profits. Your outfit will reach
you splendidly packed, rapidly tested, with everything
in place ready to plug in. No assembling! Entertain
yourself for 30 days absolutely FREE—then decide.
And don't forget—every MIDWEST outfit is backed
by an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. You take no
risk. Mail the coupon now!

TERMS
as low as
$5.00 DOWN

AIR CELL
Battery
8-Tube Sets

For homes without electricity. The amazing new air cell bat-
tery does away with all battery troubles. Never needs
re-charging. Just add a few drops of water occasionally—
that's all. It's self-maintaining. No trickle charges—no
battery troubles of any kind. Brings the joy of radio to
any home. Complete battery charger line. Deluxe battery
charged, completely assembled (two tubes) now Only $19.95.

Mail this Coupon for Complete
Details and Big FREE Catalog!

Read These Letters from Midwest Owners

"A M. REEVES

1815 Walnut St., Mt. Louis, N. Y.

I am very well satisfied with my Mid-
west and have picked up the following:
Vancouver, B. C., Hamilton, On-
ario, Georges, Guatemala, Phillip-
ines, and Samoa. Two-way con-
versation between airports and airplanes. Police
broadcast from every little station in Italy.
I am very grateful to Mid-
west for such a splendid outfit.
"A. A. MILLARDSON

6009 North Shame Road, Montréal, Que.

"I have two 13-tube sets and have
picked up the following: Arnatto-
ward, B. C., Montreal, Toronto,
Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, and
Bermuda. Also pick up the fol-
lowing: Canada, Maine, New
York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Cana-
dian stations, and all stations
in Europe. I am very pleased
with the set and want to thank
Midwest for a splendid outfit."

"I have received my set of
11 tubes, and have already
picked up the following:
Vancouver, B. C., Hamilton, On-
ario, Georges, Guatemala, Phillip-
ines, and Samoa. Two-way con-
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PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

Drama in Radio

Writing for the Unseen Audience Requires a Special Technic

An interview with Basil Loughran, of WHK, Cleveland, by Marvell Lenoir.

Drama in Radio has a long, long way to go before it reaches the heights of either the dramatic stage, or the talking screen. People have for centuries, ever since the first traveling minstrels in ancient times, been educated to see their plays. Now comes a complete reversal, to hear and not to see. It is much harder to hold an audience that cannot see you. Then the voices, at once the greatest handicap and the greatest asset.

For years Radio has been educating listeners to deep resonant voices, soft and pleasing, with an evenness of trend that is, however pleasing to the ear, entirely lacking in the heights and depths of feeling necessary for good drama. The lack of the versatile trained talking voice is the chief detriment to the present complete success of radio drama.

The usual studio dramas are played by the station's staff with a few exceptions. There are several stations which have a separate staff for the presentation of all dramatic works and these few present much better dramas and improved interpretation of roles than the more handicapped stations can present. Please do not misunderstand. The staffs try hard and do very good work but in most cases they are not actors and but poorly fitted for the work. The announcers are pressed into service for all the leading male roles and the minute they begin to speak, their deep resonant voices, so pleasing for announcing, identify them at once to the listener and tend to destroy the character they are trying to create. He is as a rule so well trained in speaking in the well modulated not too expressive voice from a very close position to the microphone, that to speak well away from the "mike" and give a dissertation in full voice is very hard for him. Sometimes he forgets and speaks softly when away from the "mike" and loudly close to it, which causes his voice to fade and then to blast. The greatest disadvantage is the spoiling of his carefully cultivated announcing voice. The dramatic voice especially trained for radio presentation is the proper solution. The use of the other type voices, while less expensive, is like trying to kill two birds with one stone.

Then there are the still lighter voices to consider—the ladies. Here too the deeper contralto voice has long been favored. Basil feels the contralto voice is excellently adapted to character women but not to leads. Even on the stage, very few leading women with contralto voices have achieved successes. Most of these women play roles demanding mature delineation of character, as those played by Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin and Ruth Cornell.

Dramatic producers in the radio field have their minds set on the fact that a program must move slowly to give the listener full chance to grasp the events. They must until radio actors with radio drama voices are evolved.

The theater itself has seven media of expression. Action—the players move to and fro, enter and leave, and gesture effectively to convey meaning. Line—which is interpreted in beauty of form and line in background and grouping. Color—of course needs no explaining. Word and Voice go together, yet they are two separate media, and last, but most important, comes human contact—that intangible something that projects personality across the barrier of the footlights, and makes you settle in your seat and draw a breath of enjoyable anticipation at the first appearance on the stage. Here comes poor little Radio and all of these media what has it? Voice and words alone. In a very few isolated cases it has publicity, for the average radio drama the publicity is limited to a line in small type on the daily program and even the actors are not accorded the distinction of being other than a voice. One of the least things radio drama could do is present the cast and describe the settings to be used and not leave the entire burden with the actor who is already struggling against a larger unaccustomed handicap. The action must be suggested, in that the settings are entirely missing.

Basil Loughran

A LL things come to him who waits, providing he works hard enough to achieve them while he is waiting. So with Basil Loughran, who as a brown-eyed, curly-headed youngster with a big ambition started working very hard in the University of Toronto to become the world's leading physician. Somehow that physician got side track, and gave us instead Basil the very versatile leading man, who has deserted the legitimate theater for the past two years, and has become one of Cleveland's most interesting announcers, radio playwright, and director in chief of WHK's dramatic staff.

DOES THE LISTENER LISTEN—

G. A. Richards
President

John F. Patt
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Patronize a Quality Station with a Quality Audience

W G A R

THE WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.

STUDIO AND OFFICES, STATLER HOTEL, CLEVELAND • Affiliated with N. B. C. Blue Net Work
THE MARKET PLACE
For Anybody Who Has
Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Names and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lines-age rates will be sent on request.

CORPORATION SERVICE

SONG WRITERS

RADIO DIGEST BINDERS
SET OF TWO BINDERS to hold 12 copies of Radio Digest. $2.00. Single binders $.50.

REX RABBITS
MAKE MONEY! Packed them for us. We pay up to $12 each for full information and contract. Everything explained. Find at once and find out about this big proposition. Make this a profitable year.

THE EASTERN RABBITRY
Route 1, Box 235 New Freedom, Pa.

STAMP COLLECTING
IS COMMEMORATIVES FREE if you ask for approvals. Hasselbaum, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED
$5 to $500 EACH PAID FOR Hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep ALL Old Money. Get Posted. Send 50 cents for Illustrated COIN VALUE BOOK, free. Guaranteed Buying and Selling Prices.

COIN EXCHANGE, Box 34, Le Roy, N. Y.

AGENT WANTED
MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make $2.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day.

Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc, supplied at cost of $5.00.

This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money.

Grossman Stampco, 104 West 42d St., New York.

BERMUDA
Lowest Round Trip Rate
Twice weekly sailings on 21,000 ton S. S. Pan America, and her sister ships American Legion, Southern Cross or Western World. All with cool, airy, outside rooms equipped mostly with beds and with private bath. All expense trips, including hotels at Bermuda arranged for any period. The S. S. Pan America goes direct to dock at Hamilton, Bermuda.

NASSAU, MIAMI, HAVANA CRUISES
$125 . . . 12½ days
Including trip to Palm Beach
And sight-seeing trips at each port, all expenses included. The steamer is your hotel. 3 days in Britain’s Nassau, 2 days in Miami, 2½ days in Havana. Or, if you prefer you can stay 7 days at the Royal Victoria Hotel at Nassau for the same price. Forthnightly sailings on Saturdays by S. S. Munargo.

WINDWARD ISLANDS
To Trinidad, 25 days round trip, $135. To Demerara, $175. 25 day cruise, including all expenses and 9 days at the Marine Hotel in Barbados, $171. No passports. Regular sailings.

SOUTH AMERICA
Forthnightly sailings on 21,000 ton steamers . . . American Legion, Southern Cross and Western World, to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. All rooms are large, airy and outside.
All sailings from Pier 64, N. R., New York City For further information see local travel agent, or

MUNSON S. S. LINES
67 Wall Street, New York Bowling Green 9-3300
Parker On Bowery
(Continued from page 9)

chess which consists of three pieces, his saw, a violin and a guitar. It is hard, he admits to Lord, to keep so many men together, especially now that spring is here.

Chatham Square has its “Harry Launder.” He is Sunny Scotty and sings ditties which were popular in his native heath when he was a boy. He still sings well but his Bowery audience often interrupts with comments regarding Scotty’s red nose—which easily betrays his failing.

The talk of the evening usually is delivered by Dan O’Brien, King of the Hoboes. He just closed the New York Hobo College, of which he is dean, for the season—mostly because, he admits, the students felt the urge of wandering feet.

O’Brien uses the language of the pedagogue in speaking, but at all times appears in the uniform of the hobo.

“HeBowery has talent,” O’Brien said. “These men are ambitious, they are proud. We have great singers, great musicians, and great dramatists among us. What we needed was the chance Lord is giving us.”

Because of the depression, O’Brien explained a new course in the art of pan-handling had been introduced at the Hobo College.

The theme song of the Bowery broadcast was written by Jack Sellers, a Bowery poet and melody maker, who, in better days, served his country in the United States Navy.

“What would you like now boys?” Lord asked as he drew his party to a close.

“Ice cream and onions,” was the reply as if but one giant voice had answered, sure sign, according to Lord, that the party “went over.”

June Wedding Bells
(Continued from page 13)

“Now who do you suppose would listen to reason over there?”
“I think that’s where all the trouble lies—too much reason. Everybody starts to figure out the expense of setting up a home and then they get scared and talk about the weather—or something.”

“Well, what’s the answer?”
“Oh, please, this is so sudden.”
“What—what I mean suppose this attitude keeps going on and on forever, what is to become of the human race?”

“Well, you know what they say; prosperity is just around the corner. Maybe that means a little cottage or cozy apartment—”

Dolly Dearborn in Chicago had nothing better to report than to repeat the story about Em. There seemed no prospect of a June wedding of any sort in the Columbia studios there, she said.

If other industries and other institutions are as delinquent as the radio section of our country this looks like the worst June in a generation so far as weddings are concerned."

Eatatorials
(Continued from page 33)

he told me that French cuisine was a life study. No nation takes cooking so seriously as the French, who are artists in this line. Many friends of mine returned from France with difficult French recipes and some of the wives had a lot of fun trying them. They always hoped for the best—or knew what to do until the doctor came. As a simple, easily prepared and delicious French meal, let met suggest the following:—

Escalopes de Veau Risotto
Salad of Spring Greens
Rols and Butter
Compote of Strawberries
and Pineapple
Cheese Crackers Coffee
Escalopes de Veau a la Rector
(veal Cutlets)

Season veal cutlets with salt and paprika and brown them on both sides in butter. Sprinkle the Cutlets with finely chopped chives and parsley and cook them slowly until they are tender. Place on each cutlet a thin slice of boiled ham which has been browned in butter, and on top of the ham place a spoonful of chopped pimiento. Arrange the cutlets on a hot platter. Put a good-sized piece of butter in the pan in which the veal was cooked, and stir until it is lightly browned. Pour the hot butter over the cutlets. If desired, a little cooking wine may be added to cutlets after they have been browned.

(Risotto recipe will be furnished on request.)

Col. L. Q.
"Fearless" Stoopnagle bears a lioa.

The Answer Is—

Would you please tell me if Station KGMB in Hawaii belongs to the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Arthur F. Pfoist, 94-121st Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

ANS. Radio Station KGMB is owned and operated by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

What has become of our good announcer Philip Carlin? We never hear his voice over NBC. Has he gone to some other station?—Mrs. J. M. N., Mrs. C. I. C., Tipton, Iowa.

ANS. No, good old Phil Carlin is still carrying on as an NBC executive. We haven’t heard him much since Palmolive faded out.

Can you tell me over what broadcasting station and at what time I can hear Ethel Merman?—Jack Lanski, 34 South 7th Street, Easton, Pa.

ANS. Ethel Merman was heard once over CBS, but we do not know where she is at present.

Please answer the following questions about Pat Barnes, the late Bill Hay, and Everett Mitchell. Are they married? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? What are their hobbies?—Age?—Betty Jeanne, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANS. Pat Barnes is tall, slim, dark and about 37. He is married and his hobby is golf. Bill Hay is 5 ft. 11 ins. and medium dark; like Pat Barnes is also married and favors golf. Everett Mitchell is a brunette, 5 ft. 10½ ins., and is 33. He is also married; his hobby is making amateur movies.

Is Wayne King divorced or separated—that is, has he ever been married? What college did he graduate from? Is it not true that he lived part of his boyhood in Savannah, Illinois?—P. M.

ANS. Wayne King was born in Savannah, Illinois; he is 31 years old. Spent part of his boyhood in Texas. Wayne did not graduate from college. Before taking up music as a profession he was a certified public accountant. He plays the saxophone. Recently married Dorothy Penelope Jones, screen actress.

Can you tell me the name of the Bayer Aspirin signature?—M. M. M., 18055 Parkside Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

ANS. The signature to the Bayer Aspirin program is just known as the "Bayer Aspirin Theme Song."

Do the Connecticut Yankees travel back and forth weekly for the Fleishmann hour or are they connected with the band traveling with the Scandals, if not are they playing anywhere in New York or disbanded? How will the broadcasts be managed when the show goes west, will they go too?—Thelma Todd, Atlantic City, N. J.

ANS. The Connecticut Yankees are with the Scandals. They travel with the Scandals wherever they go and will be on the air every Thursday whenever they are. They will be back in New York by July.

Can you tell me the name of the girl in charge of the “Rudy Vallee” Round Table Club at Hanover, Pa.?—Viola Hendrickson, 532 Main St., Simpson, Pa.

ANS. The girl in charge of the Rudy Vallee Round Table Club, is Miss Frances Foit, 24 East Middle Street, Hanover, Pa.

Please tell me how old the Lombardo Brothers are and whether they are married. How tall are Carmen and Guy Lombardo?—Lois Carter, Fargo, N. D.

ANS. The Lombardo Brothers are all under six feet, dark and married. Guy is 29, Carmen about 75 and Victor about 21.
Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career. $3,000 to $15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from $3,000 to $15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—Broadcasting needs you and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," a remarkable new Course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess. Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers a unique opportunity to every one of you in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than $29,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed in Broadcasting.

Think of what this means to you! Think of the chance this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.

Show promise, if you can act. If you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally untrained at first, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was decided to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNames, Amos and Andy's, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses. Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 21-60, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2001 1st Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

FLOYD GIBBONS, Famous Radio Broadcaster

Positions like these, often paying from $3,000 to $15,000 a year, are open to talented men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation:

- Announcer Advertising
- Singer Publicity
- Actor Dramatist
- Reader Musician
- Writer Director
- Musical Director

Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big-paying job in Broadcasting.

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Address: Dept. 29-61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2001 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name ........................................... Age ...........................................

(Please print or write name plainly) Address ...........................................

City ........................................... State ...........................................
SHIP AHOOY!

—sailor girls and sailor boys!

Every day except Sunday, Steamboat Bill steams into the WLS studios for a friendly visit with thousands of boys and girls. It's an informal chat, interspersed with bits of advice on good habits for health, safety, and cheerfulness, with here and there a joke from the many sent in by his little friends.

The program is designed to secure box tops from the sponsor's product. Steamboat Bill's record is 178,283 box tops in nineteen and one-half months; 37,194 for the last three and one-half months of 1930; 82,493 for 1931, and 58,596 for the first four months of 1932. Still going strong and getting RESULTS!

Advertising on WLS builds actual cash sales. The sponsors of Steamboat Bill went on WLS with but two dealers in the Chicago territory. Without the aid of any other form of advertising, WLS has created such a demand for the product that it is now handled by 5,000 dealers in the same area.

This is just one example of how WLS advertising pays. It pays because it brings RESULTS!

Let WLS help increase your sales. WLS offers you the service of a 50,000 watt station, operating on a cleared channel. But after all it's personality that counts. The WLS program department knows its audience, knows how to build popular programs, and maintains a staff of talent with personalities which endear them to our listeners. These are the factors which have built for WLS a responsive audience which brings RESULTS!

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION
BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
GLENN SNYDER, Manager
50,000 WATTS - 870 Kilocycles

MAIN STUDIO AND OFFICES: 1230 WEST WASHINGTON BLVD., CHICAGO, ILL.
• They forgot about the world outside...about such things as unpaid bills...next month's rent...even the trouble about Europe! All they remembered was that it was Spring again. All he knew was that She was a Very Beautiful Lady, and she, that He was a Very Gallant Gentleman. And so they danced...dreamily...happily...the while that able strummer of banjos, Harry Reser, and his talented Eskimos made music for them. Spring...banjos...Beautiful Lady...Gallant Gentleman...a floor divinely built for dancing feet...the tinkle of ice in glasses...Spring...ah, Spring!

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, N.Y.

Edward Clinton Fogg - Managing Director
Announcing

THE de luxe SCOTT ALL • WAVE

15-550 METERS

no plug in coils

SINGLE DIAL

no trimmers

Proved by independent laboratory tests and by practical use to be the greatest radio achievement of all time!

Such a receiver as the de luxe Scott All-Wave is still generally considered impossible. Yet, here it is! A 15-550 meter receiver without plug-in coils that tunes the whole range with absolute precision, on one dial—without the help of trimmers. But that’s not all. The de luxe Scott All-Wave incorporates far greater sensitivity, and obviously better selectivity than have ever been considered possible of attainment. And with it all, a tonal output that is guaranteed to be as perfect as the tonal input at the station!

Here IS Sensitivity ...

*12/1000ths of a microvolt per meter at 1400 K.C. and 6/100ths of a microvolt at 600 K.C. This is an average of several thousand times more sensitivity than engineers have ever considered practical. And this sensitivity would not be practical even in the de luxe Scott All-Wave were it not for the unique means by which this receiver lowers the natural noise level of reception. But it IS practical in the de luxe Scott All-Wave, and the 12/1000ths to 6/100ths microvolt per meter sensitivity brings in stations, at most any distance, with local volume. Stations that no other receiver could ever hope to get, come in on the de luxe Scott All-Wave, with enough volume to be heard a block away!

Entirely New Selectivity

No receiver in existence today can demonstrate such ideal selectivity as the de luxe Scott All-Wave. *At 1000 K.C. it gives 45 K.C. separation provided the field strength of one station does not exceed the other by more than 10 times. It gives 9 K.C. separation when the field strength of one station exceeds the other 100 times. At 200 times field strength it separates by 10 K.C. At 5000 times field strength, the separation is 20 K.C., and mind you—only one dial, and without trimmers of any kind!

Absolute Reproduction!

The over-all response of the de luxe Scott All-Wave, as determined by the sound pressure curve of the entire receiver including the speaker, proves the Scott All-Wave capable of absolute reproduction. This curve is flat within plus or minus 2 deci bells from 30 to 3000 cycles. This means that the human ear cannot detect any difference or loss in frequencies between a selection as it is being played before the microphone and as it comes from the de luxe Scott All-Wave.

Regular 'Round the World Reception Now Even MORE Enjoyable

The standard Scott All-Wave of 1931 gave dependable, daily, round the world reception. This new de luxe Scott All-Wave brings in the entire world with perfect ease and convenience—one dial—no trimmers—no plug-in coils. From France to Japan—from England to Australia, and from Alaska to the Argentine—they’re all on the single dial of the de luxe Scott All-Wave—waiting to thrill you as you’ve never been thrilled before. London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Sydney, Melbourne, Saigon, Buenos Aires, Bogota, and dozens of others are within easy, daily range of the de luxe Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter superheterodyne.

Send the COUPON for Curves and Proof

The story of Scott precision engineering as applied to the development and final attainment of complete perfection in the de luxe Scott All-Wave reveals the most outstanding radio facts of the day. The coupon will bring it to you FREE—also unquestionable Proof that the de luxe Scott All-Wave is the one receiver that can guarantee easy, enjoyable, dependable daily, round the world reception. Clip the coupon. Send it now.

*Measurements made by Radio Call Book Laboratory

E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 727, Chicago

Name
Street
Town State

The E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.
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Send me full particulars of the de luxe Scott All-Wave.
How you can get into Broadcasting

Broadcasting offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown, yet they easily make $3,000 to $5,000 a year. While, of course, the "stars" often make $25,000 to $50,000 a year.

A fascinating new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions Advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Home Study Course—how to prepare for a good job in Broadcasting—and how to develop your hidden talents into money. Here is YOUR chance to fill an important role in one of the most abnormally powerful industries in the world.

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Contents for Summer, 1932


Jean Removes Her Mask. Beautiful singer on Ziegfeld program tells how she banished stage fright.

Round Towners. Quartet of male vocalists sings familiar ballads.

"I'll Show Them." That's what Bob Simmons said to old Missouri.

Perkinscribria. Fair correspondents write inspired letters to Perkins.

Farewell to Helene. Two Trouper's split, and one goes to KFI.

She writes ship log for her radio pal.

They're Not So Dumb! Interview goes askew with Burns and Allen.

Tellers Who. Another double page of annoucers for your album.

Broken Vows. John Barleycorn not always legal angle for damages.

Tuneup Topics. New songs are reviewed by our most popular critic.

Editorial. It's time to revamp program production. Listeners vote.

"I Would Never Sell My Title." Says Countess Olga Alhambra.

Eatatorials. Famous restarauteur tells of adventures in Germany.

Police! Noted war correspondent puts crime on radio spot.

Station Parade. Gossip from the local stations across the continent.

Blue Ribbon Selections. Daily log of programs for summer.

Charles Sheldon (The Story) 5

Hilda Cole 6

Marshall Taylor 8

Nellie Revell 10

Edward T. Ingle 12

Helene Handin 14

Leonard S. Smith 16

Nellie Revell 18

Gleason L. Archer 20

Rudy Vallee 24

Ray Bill 28

Wanda Seifried 29

George Rector 30

D. Thomas Curtin 31

35

40
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Twists and Turns
With Radio People and Programs

By Harold P. Brown

Smith Ballew

Smith Ballew, that tall, amiable Texan whom you see pictured above, rained into Radioland again May 27th to the huge delight of a large and appreciative audience. You heard him from the Pavillion Royal, a swanky Long Island resort—a long, long way from the Alamo Plaza in San Antonio, but not half so romantic. Texas without question has more tall men per capita than any other state in the Union. Smith Ballew is no exception. While he never could have been classed as a sensation his acceptance everywhere has been enthusiastic. He was one of the first to rebel against the jangle of jungle jazz. His doctrine never was to give each man in his orchestra an instrument and tell him to make a star of himself. Rather he has preached that the orchestra must play in unison as one man. Smith’s fans praise his conservatism, his choice of the soft and sweet in melody and rhythm. His voice as a singer came to him unexpectedly. But the record makers say it has become one of the best sellers. That Jupiter Pluvius should have picked Smith Ballew’s opening night for a deluge was most unkind for no doubt there were many of the young orchestra leader’s personal friends who were thereby prevented from extending their congratulations and good wishes. Incidentally you can turn your dial to your Red network station and get Smith Ballew every Friday night at 11 o’clock, EDST.

D. Thomas Curtin seems to be coming into his own according to reports as we go to press. Radio Digest readers will remember his adventure stories published herein, and also the thrillers dramatized over a late Sunday night network. Mr. Curtin has been analyzing the files of the New York police department, just as he analyzed incidents and resources behind the German lines as secret correspondent for the Northcliffe newspapers. Knowing his natural ardor and keen sense of the dramatic we feel free to predict that the stories of life culled from the police files will be tense and thrilling when he presents them as one of the twenty-minute features of the Lucky Strike program. Curtin has the uncanny sense of precision to put his finger on the instant of action in any situation and give it life with lines of speech and sound effects. He may become known as the first great radio dramatist.

In the Aircaster column of the “New York Evening Journal” (May 24) we are told of an incident which happened in one of the great broadcasting company studios which illustrates how thinly woven are the threads of fate these perilous times. The Aircaster writes as follows:

“I’m sorry, that, because of a promise, I can’t give you the name of the orchestra leader at WEAF who saved the life of a young composer and arranger yesterday. The young man was actually starving, was without a job, without prospects, and his wife and kids were on the point of being evicted. As a last resort, he gathered up a script that a big shot conductor had promised to buy months ago, and was trying to peddle it in the studios. He failed to impress anybody with it, although it turned out to be the work of a genius. Someone overheard him calling his wife. She had to be brought to a neighbor’s phone. Someone overheard him calling his wife. She had to be brought to a neighbor’s phone. She had to be brought to a neighbor’s phone. Someone overheard him calling his wife. She had to be brought to a neighbor’s phone. The conductor had promised to buy the script, and immediately gave him a job with two weeks’ salary in advance. The band leader had been looking for such an arranger for weeks.”

Have you noticed the improved trend in the production of radio drama? Is it that we are getting better scripts or better technique in the art of broadcasting drama? To the mind of your commentator there was a new thrill in the NBC presentation of The Flood Is Rising, described as “a True Story by Geno Ohlischlager, translated by Kurt Jadassohn.” The story opens with a prologue wherein the listener pictures himself on a sightseeing bus in Naples. The scene is near the harbor with sounds to give that impression. The guide intones his ritual of what is to be seen round about. By this trick of placement the listener finds himself naturally in the scene without forcing the imagination. He is himself one of the actors in the play. He joins one of the groups that leave the bus to visit the Hotel Monte Solaro, where the guide explains a curious incident that took place there in the ballroom at the close of the last century. It is the story of Torro, a great hypnotist, who could bring an entire audience beneath his mesmeric spell. The guide proceeds to tell the incident that brought an end to this mystic genius. The prologue ends. By graceful art the listener becomes lost in a fascinating situation that keeps him spellbound to the end. Why not more plays like this?
Crowned Queen of Beauty

Hazel Johnson, of KFYR, Bismarck, North Dakota, Wins
Radio Digest's Campaign to Find Most Attractive Radio Artist

Radio Digest's first annual contest to find the most beautiful girl in radio has come to a close. Hazel Johnson, popular entertainer at KFYR, at Bismarck, North Dakota, is declared the winner and this month Miss Johnson's portrait, painted by Charles Sheldon, famous portrait painter of New York, appears on the cover of Radio Digest.

For the first time readers of the magazine were the judges in a beauty contest and the interest in the campaign, which extended over a period of four months, was indicated by an avalanche of votes. The original thirty-two contestants representing as many radio stations and chains of stations, narrowed down to three in the finals—Harriet Lee of WABC, New York City; Donna Damerel of WBBM, Chicago, and Hazel Johnson, representing the west.

Miss Johnson's radio career extends over a period of four years at the Bismarck station, where she conducts some of the most popular air features. The Musical Memories broadcast from that station is one of the outstanding programs in the far west and during this performance Miss Johnson plays, upon request, any musical selection desired by the radio audience. She is a pianist of real ability, plays the organ and vocalizes. Another program regularly tuned in by listeners to KFYR is the Tuneful Moods hour in which Miss Johnson plays the piano and sings.

The 1932 Beauty Queen of American Radio is a true daughter of the west. This winsome, blonde, blue-eyed damsel, is just twenty-three years of age, and Mott, North Dakota, is her birthplace. Her musical tendencies were evidenced at the tender age of eight, and her studies have continued to the present time, her most recent studies being devoted to the pipe organ. This versatile young lady has even conducted dance orchestras of her own, and her unusual musical memory enables her to play numberless popular compositions without the use of a score.

As a radio artist she has the happy faculty of projecting the charm of her personality through her voice into the homes of her listeners, and her fans are legion. Each week hundreds of musical requests are received from all over the west and parts of Canada, and she has made thousands of friends among her unseen audience.

When KFYR announced that Miss Johnson had been entered in the Radio Digest contest for the selection of a beauty queen of American radio, her friends eagerly came to her support. Miss Johnson was the winner by a safe margin, the order of votes being: Hazel Johnson, 2153; Donna Damerel, 1412; Harriet Lee, 1096.

After the use by Radio Digest of Miss Johnson's portrait on the cover this month, the original painting will be presented to the young lady with the compliments of this publication and good wishes for continued success.
This is the face which Jean Sargent was afraid to show in public without a mask. Jean says the real mask proved only a symbol of the deadlier mask of self-consciousness which she later conquered with difficulty.
Jean Sargent

REMOVES HER MASK

By Hilda Cole

AT LAST we have the real Jean Sargent. Everybody is talking about her sudden and well-deserved success. How can a girl reach such heights in so short a time? I asked her, and she said she had shed her mask. Of course that takes some explanation. It would be hard to imagine why such a charming girl should wish to conceal her pretty face behind a mask. (See portrait on opposite page.) So I jaunted along with her from the Columbia studios on Madison street to her apartment opposite the Ziegfeld theatre and she told me the story. She had Barney, the little Scotty, on a leash. Barney must have his daily stroll.

"So many of us are wearing masks, and we don't know it," she said after I had brought up the subject again. "We imagine everybody is looking at us at all times and thinking unpleasant things about us. So we hide behind masks to conceal the true selves that are within. Why should we be afraid when there is nothing to fear? The most of us after all are decent and respectable. But I guess there never was anyone in all the world so self conscious and afraid as I, when I was in the teen age." (She recently celebrated her twentieth birthday.)

"One day the thought of the mask occurred to me. It was during the plans for a school play. Let's see, was it the Friends Seminary or the Mary Lyon School? Well, anyway they all said I had to take a certain part. It was a Girl Scout play. At first I was pleased with the idea. Then when I thought of appearing before an audience, alone, I fairly choked with fear. It was a terrible sensation. And as the time came for me to go on I became more terrified. So finally I said I would not attempt it unless I could wear a mask that would conceal my identity. And that was what it did. Behind the mask I was quite a different person. Nobody knew my real self, so it didn't matter... Oooh!"

Jean suddenly jerked Barney to her side and looked around at a pudgy little man who had just passed.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Don't tell me you didn't see that man!" She exclaimed. "He was cross-eyed, I swear." The crowd jostled us.

"What of it?" I was amused and a bit embarrassed. "You don't suppose it was a mask?"

"No. But I'm going to knock wood." She hopped across the sidewalk and tapped a little sign to an optical shop with her fingers. "Sure I'm superstitious."

TO LO ZIEGFELD, world famous glorifier of American girlhood, found himself signed up to a series of broadcasts with any number of new and perplexing problems on his hands. The first was to find a perfect radio personality girl. Then he heard of a new face and a new voice in the latest Broadway musical show, "Face the Music." There he found Jean Sargent and immediately adopted her into his magic circle. Hilda Cole found that Jean was like a butterfly just fluttering from its chrysalis. Very briefly she tells about it here.

I've dropped my mask, you know, and I'm not concealing the fact.

"That's just another way of saying, 'be yourself isn't it?" I asked and inquired how she finally got rid of her mask.

PEOPLE seemed to think I could sing. Mother and dad are good singers, and we used to have songfests back home in Philadelphia. Mother is contralto and dad used to solo in the glee clubs at Yale and Brown. The others would get me singing along pretty brave at home, then they would fade out and the first thing I knew I would be singing all alone.

"One day I visited a broadcasting station and when I saw that the person singing before the microphone was practically alone and unnoticed by anyone else I thought I would like to do that. And sure enough I had my chance. Then summer came and I went with mother to Santa Monica, California, where we have a bungalow. When I came back East my place on the studio staff had been filled. I had an idea I would like to write. Somehow I managed to see a newspaper editor and sell him the notion I could conduct a radio column. Then I had my experience at interviewing. That was the beginning of the process of getting rid of my mask. It was easy to see how many people wore masks when they were interviewed—and it seemed silly.

"But the first real effort came when dad arranged for me to sing during a certain dance intermission at a hotel roof garden. I rehearsed with the orchestra. They all gave me great encouragement and I resolved firmly I would stand up and go through with my song come what may.

"The dreadful moment arrived with me quaking and gasping but steadfastly determined. My legs carried me forth but as soon as I saw the faces looking up at me the knees began to weaken and I actually collapsed over a railing. The folks were kind, however, and applauded vigorously. That stimulated me and I went through with it. The old mask took an awful wrench with that experience.

"It wasn't half so hard later when I was asked to sing before a newspaper club. And that was how I came to arrive in New York."

Jean told how she had gradually begun to realize that real human beings were interested in true other human beings. She resolved to be just as natural and true to her individual self as possible. She sang unaffectedly, and there was a man in the audience who seemed more than casually interested. He was enthusiastic. After it was over he urged her to go to New York and see his friend, Sam Harris, who was working on a new show. He gave her a letter of introduction. Just before last Christmas she came to New York with the letter and went to the theatre where Mr. Harris was rehearsing the show now so popular on Broadway, "Face the Music." Irving Berlin, who wrote the music, was there.

(Continued on page 48)
The four original Round Towners in a special line-up for Radio Digest show from left: Brad Reynolds, top tenor; Larry Murphy, lead tenor; Evan Evans, baritone, and Lon McAdams, bass. CBS feature.

"S"HE-E-E-ET AD-EEE-LINE!"

Thank you gentlemen.

You have been listening, friends of the radio audience, to the Round Towners. They vocalize for you every now and then the spirit of the metropolitan night life over the Columbia system from New York.

And, now that you have heard them sing, here they are. Perhaps you have wondered how they look. They have been heard from this station regularly almost from the time the Columbia system has been organized. A popular feature. After all when you have been dialing around through the maze of jazz jamborees, blue-of-the-nighting, operatic ariatics, political palavering and all, what can be sweeter than a sudden sweep into a good old foursome of he harmonizers!

Barbershop chords? Yea, brother! You think of the time when you snuggle down under the towels and aprons while a sea of lather sprays and dashes around your nose—and from over in the corner comes a rhythm to the flashing steel on razor strap of four white jacketed troubadors blending their voices in pleasing melody. It may, perchance, be these very four—over the air, or on a phonograph re—beg, pardon, electrical transcription. (But never an electrical transcription over the air on a chain program!)

On the left in the picture, sounding the high "Ad-" to "Ade-line," is Mr. Bransford Reynolds who started out to be a doctor according to family tradition. But when he got to college he joined a glee club he concluded the world was more in need of soul tonic and gave up his medicine kit for a music
What, ho! These gentlemen seem to be caught, as the poets say, in "frozen music." On the other hand it is possible they are only listening intently for someone to call, "Poker game in the next room!"

roll. His father and other members of family in St. Joseph, Mo., did not approve of this deviation. So Bransford became independent and started out on his own with a scholarship in his pocket. He found the exact spot he wanted when he became one of the Round Towners. His only operation has been to amputate the midsection of Bransford so that it now has become "Brad".

By the time this picture comes to you it is very probable Mr. Larry Murphy who nestsles under the shadow of Brad Reynolds's chin will have departed elsewhere. His place will be taken by Mr. Carlton Bosill who also had started out with an M. D. for his goal. But the war amputated his income. He had a family to support. Fate and an exceptional voice brought him to radio and the Round Towners ensemble.

Evan Evans, third from the left, won a fellowship in the Juilliard Music Foundation, New York, and journeyed to America from his native heath in Liverpool, England. It has been three years since he first joined the Columbia staff. He has been on many notable programs as well as in the quartet.

Alonzo McAdams is the merry gentleman at the extreme left. Alonzo is his name but only a few people know it. His friends all think his first name is "Lon". But that doesn't interfere in any way with those deep chest notes that make you shiver when you hear the Round Towners sing deep sea sailor tunes. He became a radio singer in 1923 and had considerable to do in the development of modern technique in placing singers at the right distance from the mike.

the Round Towners
“I’LL SHOW THEM”

When Missouri Asked Robert Simmons to Demonstrate He Proved He Could

By Nellie Revell

IT WAS a long, winding, and treacherous road that led from the little railroad station up to the spot on the Ramapo mountain side where young Robert Simmons was building his summer home. And as the interviewer toiled upwards, she could not help but liken it to the road that Simmons had traversed in his climb from obscurity to a featured place on the world’s most extensive broadcasting chain, and prominent niche in concert circles.

She reflected on the career of this surprising youth. . . What had kept Robert to the road so steadfastly, when economic difficulties had made such a serious impasse? What had helped him to hurdle his obstacles, instead of going off into an easier by-path? Probably something of the pioneer spirit of his Missouri ancestors, who had conquered because of difficulties. Robert had reversed the well-known Missouri “show me” to “I’ll show them.” And surprisingly enough this extremely likeable young chap had lost none of his ideals along the way—and now, while yet in his twenties, had reached his goal.

The priceless gift of faith had been inherited from his minister father and missionary mother. And the young singer’s inspiration even today is the thought of his dearly beloved critic, his mother, listening in from the Ozark Mountains to his broadcasts.

His early musical training most certainly was due to his father, whose powerful rich voice was famous in Fairplay, Missouri, where he conducted evangelical meetings. Robert, and his two brothers and father soon became known as “the Simmons Male Quartette”.

And though young Robert realized that “music is a gift from heaven” and inspiration itself, he also knew that “genius is nine-tenths perspiration,” and so early morning and late evening saw Simmons Jr. at the local merchandise store, while during the day he attended school in Fairplay.

No one-sided career for this young artist, however! Characteristic of his sturdy independent spirit, at fifteen the youth worked in the harvest fields and continued his studying at the same time. This same persevering spirit carried him through preparatory school at Marionville, while clerking in a local store. That completed, he went on to St. Louis, where he attended Washington University, aided by his income from church singing, and odd jobs.

In St. Louis, the young singer connected with the Municipal Opera Company, and then his real voice training began in earnest. He worked his way up from small parts to the singing of juvenile leads, although he was the youngest member of the company.

Yet even this was only a beginning! He proceeded to Boston University and the New England Conservatory, attending both simultaneously while also earning his tuition. He now did oratorio and concert singing; conducted the Choral Art Society, and in the summer performed Chautauqua work. During the last two years he was not only a faculty member of both Universities, but in addition, he filled with distinction the responsible position of musical director of the Copley Methodist Church.

Having now a thorough background of American technique, the young artist centered his attention upon a European course of study. He won a modest triumph in Berlin.

Then radio claimed the attention of artists the world over, and Bob’s progressive spirit urged him homeward. On his arrival, he characteristically went straight to his objective, and found himself one of hundreds knocking at Radio’s door. The young singer’s firm determination and captivating personality won him an audition, however, and thousands of radio fans throughout the country know the rest of the story.

But though Simmons may have been lacking a bit in finances at the start—he was never lacking in friends. His loyalty to a friend is the same as his unswerving devotion to his music. His winsome smile, mischievous brown eyes, and frank, boyish expression have won him admirers young and old.

AND now the interviewer stopped her climbing to rest a moment. The stillness of the woods was suddenly broken by the haunting strain of “The Rosary.” It was one of Simmons’ records, and the same record that some years before had brought a very beautiful and helpful friendship into the young singer’s life . . .

Mrs. Nevin, elderly widow of the well-known composer had been driving in Maine, where her summer camp was located, when one of the tires blew out. While it was being replaced, she heard a phonograph playing “The Rosary” and was so impressed with the clarity and sweetness of the voice that she went up to the cabin to ask whose record it was . . . and found it had been made by Robert Simmons. She wrote to him, mentioning how he had caught the spirit of her husband’s composition, and thus began a beautiful friendship, which was fostered by the fact that Robert Simmons happened to be one of the prize pupils of Mrs. Nevin’s old friend—Frank LaForge. Mr. LaForge had often mentioned the ambitious fellow from Missouri who was one of his most industrious pupils, and had earned every bit of his musical education by his own efforts.

The song echoed—and was gone—but just above was the welcoming singer himself. A merry greeting was waved, and joyous barks from the dog at his side. Simmons’ beloved pal, made the visitor feel instantly at home. The difficult climb was now forgotten in the splendor of the view—and the friendly hospitality of “just Bob” Simmons!
Robert Simmons

THIS delightful young Missourian traveled far from home to find fame and fortune. Still in his early twenties he has become famous in concert and as a radio star. Miss Revell tells how he climbed the ladder of success and kept his head level through it all.
LETTERS TO
RAY CALLS IT
The Ladies, God Bless Them,
Are His Best Correspondents

By Edward Thornton Ingle

A VIRULENT and hilariously dangerous malady, now known to the best medical minds of our country as Perkinscribia, and more commonly called Perkinuritis by the man in the street, is sweeping the land.

From every mud flat, cactus patch, hay field, palm-fringed shore, filling station (hot dog or gas), drug store and home stead—from coast to coast—a seething sea of mail pours in like a Niagara upon the National Broadcasting Company headquarters in New York. True, not all of this amazing avalanche is directed at the sorrel-thatched subject of this sketch. But those who count the letters at NBC will tell you that the Old Topper receives thousands upon thousands of missives from a very substantial and important section of the vast radio public. The victim of Perkinscribia is first seized with laughing paroxysms that seem to grow more and more chronic, until at last the subject succumbs and then quite out of his mind subscribes his thoughts and feelings to paper. Thus is explained the mountain of fan mail that reaches the old chief of the Perkins Laboratories, Ltd., each week.

"Where does it come from—all this mail? Playmate, you've caught your Uncle Ray in a mellow and sentimental spot. Why, my goodness, it comes from everywhere, North, East, South and West—Omaha, Neb., Zinc, Ark., Sebastopol, Cal., Zolfo, Fla., Ty Ty, Ga., Nez Perce, Idaho, Amo, Ind., Zwingle, Ia., Boston, Ky., Paw Paw, Minn., Tushka, Okla., Prosperity, S. C. (I'm going down there and look for a hopeful citizen), Java, S. D., Bellbuckel, Tex., Winter Quarters, Utah, Nicklesville, Va., Wauzeka, Wis., and Meeteetse, Wyo. and a lot of other places—gracious me, what a time I have with all my mail! Oh, how I love to hear from the Old Guard!"

"There's something so heartening about a letter, especially a chatty and informal communication," said the punning funster as he sat securely wedged between two mountain ranges of correspondence.

"You know I always get the informal kind at the first of every month. 'Payment will be appreciated.' 'If you have already paid this bill, disregard this notice,' and other friendly missiles, I mean missives, of vicarious sorts," the old humorist went on.

"Then there is the confidential communication from the Grand Old School. 'Doubtless you have had many demands made upon you, Mr. Perkins, but—and so forth and ad infinitum. The fraternity would like to hear again from Brother Perkins,' (they're always thinking of buying another house, or plastering the old one) and please could he help.

"Of course there are the ladies! God bless them. And of these Ray Lamont Perkins can only say, they are my most faithful correspondents. I do hope I've said the right thing! As Queen Elizabeth said to Walter Raleigh, 'Keep your shirt on, kid, keep your shirt on!'

"But seriously, folksies, there are real thrills in all the fan mail. Don't let anyone tell you it is just so much fodder for the paper bailer! I wouldn't trade some of the associations that have grown out of the mail for anything in the world."

PERKINS speaks soberly of these. There's the blind woman in Baltimore who gains much from Ray's programs. She writes him regularly from a hospital there and offers excellent doggerel and humor for his broadcasts.

There is the little crippled girl in Massa chusetts and the postmistress in the isolated tiny
Colorado town in the heart of the Rockies. Both offer encouraging huzzas after each Perkins outburst.

One of the humorist’s most regular correspondents is an Irish woman in Philadelphia who pays her respects in the wisest Gaelic brogue imaginable. (Ray was born in Boston, you see.) A professional writer, residing in New Jersey, sends Ray many helpful program hints and gratis at that!

To these the triple-threat man of radio (song-plano-wit) is ever grateful. He answers all of his letters, although it often consumes valuable time that could be spent on program building.

Speaking of songs, Ray gets stacks of em from the fond listeners. Poetry too. Mountains of it. Some of it very good. A lot of it bad. There’s a gas station operator in Pennsylvania who composes, on occasion, some very excellent couplets. An Ohio listener sends in a quip now and then that is a real improvement upon Joe Miller’s store of anecdotes. A Texas cow-hand contributes a gag worth writing home about. A college president in the cold Northwest offers doggerel to rival Banjo Eyes Cantor or Zanie Wynn.

Known for his bent for inventions—particularly in the labor-saving field, the listeners send in many worthwhile suggestions. When Ray recently announced his shirt-saving linoleum neatie for spaghetti eaters, a woman sent him a life-size model in linoleum with sponge attached. Among other inventions that have brought loud amens from his nationwide audience, are an automatic self-back-patter, a device for shooting Congressmen, a cigarette lighter that works, a non-stop and non-leak fountain pen, an automatic “Oh-yeah!” phonograph record that can be played whenever a candidate starts telling how he’ll end the depression, a Perkins non-skid banana peel and many other inventions that already are proving destructive to life, limb and property.

Ray answers his mail. He’s meticulous about it. In fact, he employs two stenographers who are busily engaged at this task each full working day.

However, because of the volume of his correspondence, Ray has evolved a novel and extraordinary automatic letter which fits 999 different situations. It is included here to illustrate Ray’s ingenious methods. We believe it should win him the Pulitzer Prize for original literary effort or be incorporated in the Congressional Record.

INTERCOMMUNICATION MEMO
From: RAY PERKINS
National Broadcasting Co.,
New York City
To: Subject: Yours of recent date
Hi there!

—Lady —Sweetheart
—Mister —Ducky Wucky
—Buddy —Mon Petit Choux

Glad to hear from you.

Thanks for the nice things you said about the program.

How are all the folks?

THERE are letters that hint of romance and letters that simply express appreciation for a rift in the clouds of the general depression. Here is a bit from a business office in a Massachusetts town where they interrupt the morning routine to listen. The writer says:

“Dear Ray of Sunshine: (And not forgetting responsive Clarence.) We are wondering in this office whether absolute suppression of all business from 10 to 10:15 every Thursday and Friday morning is going to be good or bad for the general depression of our particular group! It is a fact that, at the times mentioned, everything to do with business stops, and the whole office force, varying from one to four, rushes to the radio, smiling from ear to ear with excited anticipation of what the next fifteen minutes will bring. Sometimes when business is likely to hold everyone’s attention and 10 o’clock might slip by unnoticed an alarm clock is called into service and rings out at the proper moment. We want you to know how much of a tonic you are to this particular group.”

There is more and the letter is signed by four people. Another letter is from a girl in Indiana who says she is an amateur astrologer. She writes in part:

“I have been working diligently on the correction of your birth hour, and, you may tell your Ma that her darling son Raymond was born, according to his personal astrologer, August 23, 1896, at 1:06 p.m. . . . I erected Little Lindy’s chart his death was Fate. His sun was in the 8th House, the House of Death; his Rising Sign was Scorpio, the Death sign, and his Moon was opposition the ascendant. The wonder to me is that he man-

aged to live as long as he did. I am going to give you a few teasing hints about your own chart. Roy! You have a splendid chart, and believe you me, if I ever had an affair I am (there is no danger though, as no man is attracted to a girl who uses a cane), but at that I would certainly grab a guy with a chart like yours . . . I knew your extraordinary musical talent would manifest in your stars; you possess super-talent in music.”

Sophisticated matrons write with the kind of wit that the infectious Perkinscribia inspires. Says one:

“Well! Such recompense for lost programs! Despite tonite’s evil reception that was a trigg little hit. Oh to be a turtle and then to pack so much into a square inch or so of time! My word! But to start where most days do your little ‘Princess who slit on a kimono’ really never ‘lived.’ I know a Cinderella who slit into some Rayment, cut rite out of sunlight—one spring morn— and lived whistly ever after. Don’t shoot, I could jump that fast. In fact by 9-15 a.m. tomorrow everybody should be that over-subscribed with the Perkins’ plan of exhalation that they’ll do up the house and tie a bow on it, dash together something intriguing in pineapple, and draw up some solutions to our national problems by M. —unless they’re complete slouches . . . One thing is certain in this present win-cracking year of grace the real thing is still the rarest of arts . . . Another Gee-whiz at the grandeur of Niagara! And the last one until the snow flies, ‘In Nome,’ says you), but really no, rite here at home—word of a gentlewoman (up ‘til now) and then to home . . . and I put placemen on all corners

(Continued on page 40)
Farewell to Helene Handin—
"TWO TROUPERS" SEVER TIES

Marcella Shields Hears from Former
Team Mate as she Sails for Pacific

ON BOARD SS. VIRGINIA
PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

DEAR MARCELLA:

HEY-HEY and a couple of oo-y-ooys—we're off to the land of "Yes men" and Hollywooden ladies, and am I thrilled? You tell 'em! As I watch that much advertised N. Y. skyline recede in the distance, I just can't squeeze out a single tear; and you know why, Baby. It's because I'm bound for that sunny God's country California. Don't laugh, you old dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, you know I've always been as dippy over Cal. as one of those much razzed "native sons."

As a matter of fact I'm sticking out my tongue at Broadway, not that that gesture is very lady like, but then who ever accused your wise-cracking side kick, of being one of "them" things anyway. Nor has Broadway "done me wrong" or anything like that, far from "I have the portable on a table right under a fan," writes Helene as she approaches the hot tropic seas.

Now I can sit back in my deck chair, draw a deep breath and relax, or maybe I should say collapse—and look at the other "buckwheat" over—I said—other.

Hot Freckles, I've fourteen days rest ahead and do I need it after that hectic rush of the past few weeks! The way I ran around getting orchestrations of all the new numbers in my keys; having new photographs taken at NBC, incidentally the best likeness I've had in ages, (clapp calloused mitts for our new photographer), packing endless trunks, being entertained at farewell dinners, luncheons, etc., it's a miracle that I ever made the boat. Holy Hamberger, you should have seen me this morning boarding the Virginia with a suitcase, typewriter, portable...
by the MINUTE in RADIO

Frank Luther, tenor, is a native of Kansas and knows horses. He rides them mornings in New York, and spend spare week-ends playing tennis and swimming in Connecticut.

Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, calls it vacation enough to visit her niece, who is studying at a Newburgh, N. Y., convent.

Madame Sylvia, beauty expert, thinks vacation is a rest. So she cuts down her daily hikes from seven to five miles a day, rain or shine.

B. A. Rolfe, the rotund maestro is still grinning. He took a vacation in Honolulu last year. Now he is satisfied with a radio star's furlough. The master of the Ivory orchestra has purchased a new boat, appropriately named, It Floats, because we think it's 9 1/4/100% sink proof. He takes his dogs Trouble and Bum along for Long Island cruises.

George Olsen, the Canada Dry music leader and his golden-voiced wife, Ethel Shutta, say New York is a nice place for a vacation. What else can they say? Nevertheless, they frequent Long Island beaches and golf courses. Incidentally, Olsen is one of the few men who will play golf with the "Missus."

A vacation interview with the famed Sisters of the Skillet proved very illuminating. We'll let Eddie East and Ralph Dunke tell their own story: 

"Vacations, huh. Sure we're going on a vacation," said the roly-poly Ralph. "Sure, I'm going by motorcycle to Starved Rock, Illinois. Ed likes boats. He'll go to Coney Island on week-ends and maybe get reckless sometimes and take side trips to Palisades Park." (Both places are in the New York City limits.)

And in rapid order, Eunice Howard, actress, will go speed boating; Gene Arnold, trout fishing; Edna Kellogg, famed soprano, continue her flying lessons and ride horses; D'Avrey of Paris, ride in Central Park; Ralph Kirbery, the Dream Singer, is building himself a dream cottage in the woods on the outskirts of Paterson, N. J.; Robert Simmons, riding horses in Cornwall, N. Y.; Graham Harris, musical director, fishing in New Hampshire.

Others are luckier. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, lecturer, is away from the microphone on a trip to the Central American jungles. He writes, "We are surrounded by acres of giant lilies, orchids and trees 250 feet high."

Countess Olga Albani, Spanish singer, is on a motor trip through her native country.

Then we return to another radio star and find that Phil Dewey, of the NBC Revelers, is playing golf in Westchester and calling that a vacation.

Jessica Dragonette, Cities Service soprano, will take her first vacation in five years. She will rest and study and return to the air in the Fall.

Richard "Sherlock Holmes" Gordon, will squeeze in his vacation far from the mystery rôles he dramatizes. He will don overalls and putter about the workshop in his Stamford, Conn., home.

Ely Culbertson, famed bridge master, will take a summer off from the Wrigley Program and sail for Europe, the continent of his birth.

On the other hand Rudy Vallée, unable to take a real vacation, will fly between New York and Maine for his spasmodic rests.

They say Frank Luther (right) is a polo bear.

Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker) goes golfy.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare feeding the fishes their worms.

Graham McNamee pursues the rubber pill up the Adirondacks.

George and Mrs. Olsen (Ethel Shutta) and the baby Olsens.
Tellers Who, How and Why

Under Colors of the National Broadcasting Company

Charles O'Connor told our interviewer his chief hobby was talking. He started with da-daing June 10, '10, at Cambridge, Mass., and has been at it with variations ever since. Just you try to tell an O'Connor sometime!

Alan Kent, blond, unmarried, relaxes by tearing decrepit autos apart and making 'em over. Born in Chicago, Aug. 4, '09, and has an "I Willing" spirit. Always friend to under dog or any old dog. Prefers mut to pedigree.

Charles B. Tremont found his funds running low while studying for a medical career and picked radio to replenish the exchequer. He married a good listener in '25 and has been teller-whoing and how ever since.

Ben Grauer, born New Yorker, found happiness as star in Bluebird. Has been acting since 8 years old—screen, stage and radio. Also attended college and made hobby of collecting rare books. Unmarried at last reports.

Clyde S. Kittell, married, fair, got his training telling prospective customers about stocks and bonds. He switched over to WGY listeners in '29. He was born Sept. 22, '00—a naughty, naughtly man, but nice on the air.

William Warner Lundell is a "Teller Who" Extraordinary, a Phi Beta Kappa, and A.B., Harvard graduate in theology, world traveler and lecturer. Invented device that did work for twenty men. Won scholarship.

Ezra Albert McIntosh broadcast his arrival in Station WORLD at Omaha, March 24, '09. That same day 12 years later he owned a radio transmitter. He inherited Colorado ranch, wants to sell it and marry.

Daniel Russell can "tell who" in Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Danish and Norwegian and is making some progress with the Chinese alphabet. Also experienced in psychological research. Ver' intellectual!
On Big Time Key Stations
Affiliated with the Columbia Broadcasting System


KEN "Hallelujah" NILES, KHJ-CBS, known widely for his "Hallelujah Hour." Born in Montana mountains. Educated in Washington. Yearns for solitude but can't resist crowds. Hobby, flowers. Wife is a fine violinist.

HARLOW WILCOX, WBBM-CBS, Chicago, trained for dramatics and salesmanship, then got job on small Chicago station. "Chic" Sale discovered him there and brought him to WBBM. Single. Tennis is good; golf awful.


ARTHUR Q. BRYAN, WCAU-CBS, doubles as artist or announcer. Tenor soloist, formerly with Seiberling Singers, Jeddo Highlanders, in quartet with musical comedy "Follow Thru"; at WOR formerly announcing Uncle Don.

HAROLD PARKES, WBBM-CBS, stands 6 ft. 3 at mikeside. Radiates breezy informality that takes stuffed shirt out of announcing. Began by singing with Wilson Doty, organist at KOIL. Followed Doty to WBBM. Married.

ALAN SCOTT, WCAU-CBS, finished Normal, taught school and took group of juveniles for dramatic program at WCAU. Liked radio. Resigned school to become announcer. Goes in for athletics, and coaching air dramatics.

ROBERT TAPLINGER, WABC-CBS, New York. Tells who Columbia artists are in regular weekly interviews with members of staff over chain hookup. Very popular with ladies. Loves Ginger Rogers. "Ain't we got puns."

When Rum or Sickness Break the Love Bonds

There are cases on record where a man has refused to marry a woman, to whom he is engaged, because of her drunkenness. Quite obviously a woman who drinks intoxicating liquor is much less desirable as a wife than one who does not indulge in that sort of dissipation. No man would care to have a drunken mother for his children, nor to have a drunken wife to ruin his home or his happiness. Nevertheless the law does not treat drunkenness of a woman as an absolute defense to an action brought by her for breach of promise. She may recover some damages but much less than if she refrained from intoxicants. Expressed in another way, drunkenness can be set up to mitigate damages but not to defeat them altogether.

For example: Julia Breck became engaged to Edward Waters, whom she had known since they were classmates in high school. The girl worked in an office and Waters himself was an insurance salesman. The young people were accustomed to attend all the neighborhood socials. Waters drove a fast stepping horse and a stylish covered carriage, it being in the days before automobiles. He was accustomed to the moderate use of liquor and soon taught the girl to join him in this dangerous habit. He grew alarmed one night as they were driving home to have the girl become very noisy from drink. As they approached the village square he remonstrated with her, imploring her to be quiet. But she was by this time in such a wild and irresponsible mood that he was obliged for very shame to turn back the way he had come to drive for a long time in an effort to sober the girl. She had evidently taken more liquor than Waters realized, for as her maidin state subsided she fell into a drunken lethargy. In this condition he drove her through the village street to her home and was obliged to endure the humiliation of carrying the girl bodily to her own door.

He Had Ruined the Girl

The indignant reproaches of her parents were next in order. It ended by Waters pledging to them that he would never again offer the girl liquor. He kept his pledge. Not long after the event Julia again became intoxicated at a dance where some friends, without the knowledge of Waters, had satisfied the girl's awakened appetite for liquor. This embarrassing and disenchanting experience led Waters to keep a strict watch upon the girl. She herself tried to overcome her weakness for intoxicants, but the months of moderate indulgence with her lover had created too great a craving to be denied. The man soon realized that by his own folly he had ruined the girl and that marriage with her was impossible. He finally broke the engagement. Julia brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The court declared that in ordinary cases of drunkenness of an engaged woman the defendant might plead that fact as mitigation of damages, but in the case in hand the girl was entitled to heavy damages. By the defendant's own thoughtless conduct he had brought disgrace and shame upon her with no likelihood that she would ever conquer the habit, which in a woman is so much more dangerous than in the case of a man.

Julia was so intoxicated her fiancé had to carry her into the house. He broke the engagement. She sued him—and collected. Andrew Schnebly waited over four years for his beloved to regain her health so that they could marry. Then he gave up and she did the courting while the jury listened.

James Zook lost both father and mother by the white plague. Then his fiancée became afflicted with the same malady. When it became evident she could not be cured he broke the engagement but the jury sided with the girl.

Read these true stories of human drama as they were broadcast by Dean Archer over a large NBC network in the series, "Laws That Safeguard Society," serially in Radio Digest.

A situation that sometimes arises to frustrate the marriage of an engaged couple is that one or the other becomes an invalid. The question of a man's duty to his fiancée if she becomes stricken with ill health to the extent that she is unable to marry at the time appointed, with no reasonable prospect of recovery, is a very baffling one.

If a man truly loves a woman her invalidism should appeal to the noblest instincts of his nature. There are many cases on record where men have sacrificed happiness and the prospect of parenthood all because the girl of their choice has been stricken with an incurable malady. We all know of such instances of heroic devotion. If a man is married to a woman who falls victim to some wasting disease he is doing no more than his bounden duty. But for a man to marry his invalid, as did the great poet Robert Browning, is an example worthy of all admiration.

The law, as I have previously pointed out, takes a very unromantic view of the problems of human mating. A sound body is considered one of the prime requisites of wife or husband. We may therefore expect, so far as the law is concerned, that if either of the parties become physically incapacitated for the duties and obligations of matrimony, and the condition is apparently of a permanent nature, this fact will entitle the other to repudiate the engagement.

The Girl Fell Ill

For example: In October, 1904, Ida M. Travis became engaged to marry Andrew Schnebly. She was then in good health. In February, 1905, however, she became very irritable and worn as though some serious malady were laying hold upon her. The local physician was quite baffled by her trouble but expressed the opinion that something was decidedly wrong with her kidneys. In order to secure the best of surgical treatment Miss Travis went to the City of Spokane and entered the hospital for observation and a careful diagnosis.

The surgeons decided that she had what is known as a floating kidney. She was operated upon for this ailment, but came through the operation very badly. It was not until September, 1905, that she...
was able to see the defendant or to be up and around the house a portion of each day. Even then she was in a very frail and weak condition. Later that same Fall she had a relapse in the nature of nervous prostration. The defendant visited her five or six times and during the following winter. During the summer of 1906 she was absent endeavoring to regain her health. Schnebly saw her in the fall of that year but she was still an invalid. In the spring of 1907 she was apparently in better health, so the man urged an immediate marriage. She demurred to the plan and asked him to wait until fall. In the fall of 1907, however, there was a further postponement until March. The woman’s health was then so poor that marriage was out of the question.

In the following June, Ida Travis told her lover quite frankly that her health was such that she would release him from the engagement. He declared that he would prefer to wait until fall. In September, 1908, the faithful Schnebly again urged marriage but was put off. In February, 1909, he again offered himself but the girl said he must wait until fall. Whereupon Schnebly told her that he had waited for her nearly four and a half years and could wait no longer. He informed her that so far as he was concerned the engagement was at an end.

Schnebly later married another woman. This action for breach of promise was brought. The court held that under the circumstances Schnebly was not liable for damages.

The case was Travis v. Schnebly, 68 Wash. 1, 122 Pac. 316. Throughout the ages the demon of ill health has intruded its horrid head to wreck the happy-\-plans of the little god of love.

Contagious Disease

No more serious calamity can befall an engaged couple than for the woman to develop a dreaded and deadly disease like tuberculosis. Not only is there the inevitable wasting away of the woman but the danger to the health of the man is very great. While many men bravely undertake matrimony in such cases, in the hope that marital happiness may assist in effecting a cure, yet there is no legal compulsion in the matter. The unfortunate stroke of fate will operate to absolve the man from legal liability.

James Zook was a young man whose father and mother each had died of tuberculosis. Realizing his own heredity in the matter Zook had taken particular care of his lungs through breathing exercises. He became attracted to a young lady named Rowena Grover. She was pale and delicate and had a persistent cough. There was a controversy as to when the engagement took place. Zook claimed that the marriage promise was given on the evening of January 6, 1904. He set forth as proof the fact that on that evening Rowena took a ring from her finger and gave it to him, in order that he might have the engagement ring made of that exact size. Every lady, young or old, will, no doubt, agree with James Zook’s contention that the engagement occurred then and there. Even if it were a leap year proposal by Rowena herself, the conclusion would be the same. For reasons that will presently appear Rowena’s lawyer argued that the engagement did not actually occur until January 10th when Zook returned with the engagement ring. The reason for his contention was that he was seeking to prove that Zook became engaged with full knowledge that Rowena had pulmonary consumption. The facts were that between the 6th and the 10th day of January Rowena had been examined by a physician who had pronounced her a consumptive and had ordered her to go to Arizona for her health.

It was alleged that when James Zook arrived hopefully at the portals of the (Continued on page 48)
WITH SUMMER COMING ON. Few songs have been as appropriate for the beginning of this column, or from a seasonal standpoint as this song. Probably, were I to emulate Sigismund Spaeth, as a song detective, I would say that the melody, "With Summer Coming On," is hauntingly reminiscent of Mr. Columbo's signature, which carries him to you romantically each evening. However, it seems impossible for anything to be entirely new.

The song is published by the firm of Keit-Engle, the new firm in which have merged the personalities and abilities of Joe Keit, who for so many years directed the policies of Remick, Inc., and Harry Engle, who has been an executive with various of the big publishers, including Robbins, Inc., and Irving Berlin, Inc., and who helped to organize Davis, Coots & Engle, with its subsequent re-organization and its new aggregation.

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big hits and realize a worthy reward.

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE. It was the night before Christmas, or, as I should say, one of the nights before going on the platform to do our supper session at the Pennsylvania Hotel, when Walter Gross and I waded through a raft of manuscripts brought down for my inspection by Sam Wigler, one of the best-liked song pluggers or music publishers. Most of the tunes seemed rather flat; one, however, caught my fancy, not only with its title, but with its different melody. I have humorously referred to it as "the postman's song" or "the parcel post song," because it has the odd title, usually seen on wooden and paper boxes, "Please Handle With Care."

I forgot all about it for several months after suggesting to Sam Wigler that his firm, Mario Music, publish it. It was not until we were playing Detroit on our road tour with "Scandals" that I heard the melody over the air, and asked myself where I had heard it before. Upon hearing the title of the song, I recalled the night at the Pennsylvania, and immediately programmed it on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour, where it was played in due course of time on our first broadcast in Chicago.

Another song that will never set the world on fire, but one which helps to pass away some of the otherwise tedious moments of a radio program, and which will make exceptionally good fodder for the Lombardos, Ted Black and his orchestra, in fact, all such bands who play their fox trots in extremely rhythmic style. You will surely have heard it by this time, and I hope my judgment will be vindicated.

We take about one minute in the playing of each chorus, and as related above, it is published by the Marlo Music Co.

LAZY DAY. Jack Robbins again, in his attempt to Americanize an English tune, to make it a hit. I am rather pained indeed when it is not possible for me to turn on what is popularly known in the music profession as a "rave" during the course of this article, but it looks as though I would be tied down to remarks like "It's a great song—a good song—a fine song—or a song that is a credit to any publisher's catalogue." Happy indeed am I when I can turn on the words "terrific, gigantic, stupendous, and colossal," as I felt I could in the case of "Goodnight Sweetheart."

I am rather afraid that song-writers are beginning to get disgusted with it all, realizing that when they have created something unusually good they get next to nothing for their efforts, since sheet music and records which formerly remunerated them, bring in little or nothing today. With that situation all our songs seems to be in the mediocre vein, none of them crashing through for that tremendous smash. It has often been said that song-writers through vanity alone will always be spurred on to write great songs; I doubt it! Most of them have to live, and if they don't find a livelihood in song-writing, they will turn to some other profession, and use song-writing as a side-line, and no man ever succeeded doing great things when those things were side-lines. Song-writing is an art, just as difficult as painting a beautiful picture, or sculpturing a beautiful statue, and a song-writer has to give all his time and attention and thorough effort to putting over the job in hand. This, and only this, may account for the fact that most of our songs today are good songs, but not great songs. At any rate, may I offer the fervent hope that this situation will not always continue, or at least may we hope for some alleviation in the unfortunate situation of small remuneration for the writer and publisher, which remedy will result in a stimulus to writing greater songs.

Remember that a song which is played on many radio programs does not, by its being played, reward the writers' pockets with one-tenth the amount as formerly when you purchased the sheet music and records of that particular song. It is this almost free enjoyment of songs on radio programs that is giving the writers and publishers gray hair, and when I campaign this way I am not campaigning for myself, as I do not consider myself a dyed-in-the-wool song-writer, and the royalties I have received from songs are not half as important to me as they are to so many others who have no other livelihood. If the time ever comes when an announcement that musical radio programs of the popular and dance nature will have to be discontinued due to a lack of material, then and perhaps not till then, will those of us who enjoy these programs on the air realize just what popular music has meant to us. To be sure, there are those who abhor popular music, and would probably welcome that day; I do think, however, that they are in a minority, as popular music is one of the few sources of solace and comfort to the masses in their idle moments, and even during their working moments.

But to get back to "Lazy Day." It is a good song; having seen the English version, I can compliment Gus Kahn and his wife for having done a fine job with the American version. There is only one song which treated the word "lazy," to my way of thinking, almost superperfectly, and that was that masterpiece of Irving Berlin's, in which he went on to
say. You may remember it:

"Lazy, I want to be lazy
I want to be out in the sun
With no work to be done
Under that awning they call the sky.
Stretching and yawning
While the rest of the world
Goes drifting by, etc., etc.,

This song is better adapted to the muted brass playing in the short, jerky, staccato style for which the arranger of Mr. Lombardo's music is so undeservedly little known. We take one minute and fifteen seconds for the chorus, and surely by this time you know it better than I.

**MY MOM.** How I ever came to be so late in putting this song in the list I am at a loss to know. When I asked Miss Langfeldt, my secretary, to whom I dic
tate these articles between scenes in my dressing room, on the train, here, there and everywhere (I always leave them until the last minute, and a wire from "Radio Digest" tells me I have two days to get it in; then Evelyn and I jump around madly, trying to get together a satisfactory list) It must have been that I stayed away from anything that might suggest a maudlin, or flag-waving desire to mention anything associated with my mother's death. Possibly I am a very bad showman in this particular respect, and it is the one inconsistent spot in my showmanship, because it is a showman indeed who, on St. Patrick's day fills his program with Irish songs; likewise who plays, on November 11th, the songs which the A.E.F. came to know and love, and so forth, perhaps ad nauseam. Certainly a showman should take cognizance of the word appropriate.

The only reason I omitted Irish songs from my program, which came smash on St. Patrick's day, was simply that it takes a real Irish tenor voice, of the limpid, piping, cherubic quality that is Morton Downey's, to do justice to the songs of the native isle of his forefathers. Although I am half Irish myself, the Irish quality in my voice hardly befits me to sing the songs of Erin. Furthermore, the quartet of Irish girls on our program did an Irish song, and did it very beautifully. It was not in an attempt to be different that I failed to do any Irish songs, which fact brought a few scattered notes of criticism asking me why I failed to do so, as much as simply a realization of the fact that I could not do justice vocally to an Irish song, and for me to do an orchestral Irish medley would, by comparison, be extremely pale, when the great Rubinstein either preceded or followed me on Sunday evening with his unusually great selection of Irish songs.

For that very reason, and no other, on Mother's Day, rather than do just what a super-showman of the Broadway type would have done, and to attempt to arouse a sense of sympathy and pity for myself because of the loss of my mother, I purposely refrained from doing any mother songs, and it has always been with a sense of misgiving that I have sung this very lovely song which Walter Donaldson has written in the popular vein.

Shortly after my mother's death, some wag had the audacity to suggest that I was going to write a song dedicated to her. Possibly such a course of action might seem natural to some people but were I to read of such a thing I would only consider that the individual concerned was trying to capitalize upon such a tragic event. At no time has such a thing ever entered my head, and as I said before, I have always felt that there were those individuals who might think that I was singing the song, "My Mom" with such a purpose in mind. In fact, I re
tained from doing it for a long time. until the publisher of it finally convinced me that we were to mention it as Walter Donaldson's song, it would help our listen-

ers-in to realize that I was singing it for the very same reason that I sing most songs—that they are popular songs that I believe the public would enjoy hearing, and not for any personal reasons. That, and that alone accounts for the fact that I probably failed to mention herefore one of the greatest songs that master, Walter Donaldson, who has written so many others, has ever written

Bing Crosby has done it full justice. and I am happy to be a sort of runner-up on this particular song, which is one of the few songs which really thrills me as I sing it. That is the test of a great popular song, and this song has that touch of the divine spark which no one can deny Walter Donaldson. He has done a beautiful, melodic and lyrical job.

It has rapidly become a big seller, hence I feel I need hardly speak about it further to the readers of "Radio Di
gest," who, if they are radio fans, have heard the song many times. We take one minute in the playing of the chorus, and it is published by Donaldson, Doug-

SOMELOVES YOU. Again I am afraid I must take the count, and this time for the full stroke of ten. How I ever came to fail to describe to you the charms and beauties of a song which has been one of the most popular, if not the leading song of the East, Middle West, and West for the last several weeks is more than I can imagine.

My good friend, Archie Fletcher, of the Joe Morris Music Co., comes forth again. Archie, as heretofore described in these columns, is the presiding potentate of one of the few one-room (figuratively speaking) office music publishing companies. For years he has guided the destinies of the Joe Morris Music Co., which controls the copyrights of some of the best known tunes of the past 20 and 25 years. It was Archie Fletcher who made a lot of fame and money for Gene Austin, in giving him "Melancholy Baby," and many other Austin successes. At least he made a lot of money for Bennie Davis and Joe Burke in the writing of "Carolina Moon," which subsequently proved a fine theme song for Morton Downey on his Camel Hour.

I am more than happy, if for no other reason than for the two gentlemen who wrote "Somebody Loves You," and who also provided one of the most beautiful waltzes it has ever been my pleasure to sing, namely "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver"—Messrs. Charlie Tobias and Peter de Rose, who of course is best known as the husband of May Singhi Breen, and the voice that blends with hers on their program.

We always played it brightly—36 seconds to the chorus, though of course, like any ballad, it is better, from the standpoint of bringing out the real value of the song, to play it slowly.

SAME OLD MOON. Out here in Chi
cago is an old gentleman, of the music profession, who has really been a tremendous success.—F. J. Forster of the Forster Music Publishing Co., with head
quar ters in Chicago for years, and branch offices in other parts of the country, is another one of those men very few of whom were always small and unpretentious, giving rise to the expression, "He carries his office in his hat," but he has been the publisher of some of the music world's greatest tunes, such as "The Missouri Waltz," the story of which I will be very happy to unfold some time should enough
Just another dream of you.

Thus we begin and end our article of this month with a waltz, and in mentioning this term it is necessary to pay tribute to the wisdom of Archie Fletcher. Believing that Bennie Davis and Joe Burke must know how to write waltzes inasmuch as both have independently written some of the biggest hits in the country, and together were responsible for "Carolina Moon," Archie Fletcher has commissioned them to write this waltz which haunted me for days after my first broadcast of it in Detroit. I doubt very much if it will be one of the smash waltz hits of the season, though again I say I would be willing to be agreeably surprised, but it is a waltz of unusual merit. Its construction is rather intricate, which may or may not account for the fact that I find it a little above real tremendous mass appeal. The most successful waltzes have been the simplest, or waltzes like "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver," founded on a definite popular melody such as the "Blue Danube."

This is really a fresh thought in melody, though not an unusually odd lyrical thought. The same thought of the loved one who is lost for the moment, only being with us in dreams, has been incorporated in many songs; witness Isham Jones' "I'll See You In My Dreams." As in previous issues of "Radio Digest," I have pleaded for more waltzes, as I honestly believe they have been the biggest sellers and the most popular tunes with those who listen in, and I was indeed happy to receive this waltz from Joe Morris, and after running it over silently in my mind, to find it worth while for a spot on our programs.

Certainly for me its melody is a trifle more outstanding than the lyrics, though Joe Burke handled his lyrical proposition very ably. It is very possible that he may have even had a part in writing the melody, as both he and Benny Davis are versatile enough to write either or both. I am still of the mind that it is the optimistic songs which most of us want to hear, and one cannot help but feel a bit melancholy as this tune is played, as it has a melancholy melody and wedded to it is a very melancholy lyric, which, after all, is one of the requirements of good song-writing. Whether the song is a tremendous hit or not is beside the point; it is an example of good craftsmanship, and it is a pleasure to end this month's article with it.
Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

REVAMP. "You are sitting on top of the world NOW; but Old Debil Depression is gwine get you just the same as it has everyone else," counseled a Midwestern editor to some high executives of one of the chief broadcasting chains a few months ago. They may not have paid this outsider's comment much attention. But his prediction has come true. They may remember he said further, "You will have to go into the advertising field in direct competition with the printed publications—and do some real selling."

That time has come. Time on the air is booked for many months in advance. At the end of May one chain didn't have a single account in sight for August. What can be done about it?

For one thing, program production can be taken out of its present chaotic condition. Broadcasting is a mechanical job. Advertising is a merchandising job operating through all publicity mediums. The Program, which is a show, should also be considered as a highly specialized job in itself. At present it seems to be a side line both for broadcasting and the advertising agencies.

Let us have programs produced by especially created program production corporations. Let us have great periodicals of the air—daily, weekly, monthly. Suppose we have a company to produce The Homecircle Weekly, "issued" every Wednesday from 7 to 11 P. M. The broadcaster sells a franchise on that period to a well financed corporation for a long period of years, say ten to fifty years. The Homecircle Weekly Production company has a top notch staff to mould that four hours into a perfect entity with proper balance and unity from end to end. At well considered interludes would come appropriate "pages" for advertising lines. But the "copy" would conform to The Homecircle standards. Advertisers would have the service and facilities of the production company talent and direction. Credit and Trade names could be introduced without detracting from dominating features. IT IS POSSIBLE TO TAKE THE BORE OUT OF BLURBS. Entertainment for the Homecircle would have something for each member of the family, and no repetitions. When Dad's period ended he would hear about tobacco or shaving cream. Mother would hear about those breakfast foods after her section; Sister the cosmetics and Bud the athletic goods.

PERHAPS as the Homecircle Production company prospered it would branch out into other productions, and negotiate other blocks of time on the Coastcoast System—certain types of production to interest certain classes of our great public.

At any rate, this thought might be one helpful step toward keeping the advertiser interested, because first you must make sure you have your listener. Getting the listener's ear requires a highly specialized technique—and the very best of them do not always succeed. It is no job for amateur producers even if they do carry a pot of gold to spend on talent.

While the majority of listeners have come to understand that advertising with programs is absolutely essential, there are some who find ready ways and means of venting their spleen against it. They seem to feel, and sometimes actually argue, that inasmuch as they have spent money for a receiver they are by that investment entitled to have all their programs free. It is useless to point out to them that they have bought an instrument for a price—value for value; or that it would be as logical to expect the phonograph record makers to supply free copies of all their records to every owner of a phonograph. One man wrote to a New York newspaper recently that he made it a point not to buy any product that he heard advertised on the air, in spite of the fact that he enjoyed listening to the programs until the advertising came in. Of course this petrifying type is a rare specimen or we would not have any of the fine programs (even with credits) for which America is famous throughout all the other nations of the world. Reasonable and inoffensive advertising certainly does produce astounding results.

With experts to produce good entertainment and control the advertising blurs radio broadcasters will quickly find their way out of the troubled waters and Old Debil Depression will have to go scratch himself so far as they are concerned.

LISTENERS VOTE. On the morning of June 8 there appeared on the front pages of newspapers all over the United States an article of which the following leading paragraph in the New York Times was typical:

Des Moines, Iowa, June 7—Senator Smith W. Brookhart, running for renomination for the Senate in yesterday's Republican primary, appeared tonight to have been decisively defeated by Henry Field, 61-year-old seed merchant of Shenandoah.

You Gentlemen of Congress, there is your answer. You who have been pushing radio around as your political playing should give the matter heed. Mr. Field is unequivocally and distinctly the radio listeners' candidate.

Henry Field is owner, manager, and chief announcer of Station KFNF, Shenandoah. Furthermore, he enjoys the distinction of brazenly using his station to advertise the goods he has to sell. Four years after he installed KFNF his annual turnover jumped from $600,000 to $2,500,000. And if you think people don't like his selling on the air how do you account for that? He now conducts a big mail order business and broadcasts prices. "Why, that's the most important part of my story," he tells interviewers. "The price is the climax. It's what they all want to hear. What would a mail order catalog be without publishing its prices for goods?"

He has had all kinds of advice on how to run his station. He has been told how terrible it is to brag about his bargains in prunes and overalls. Desperate efforts have been made to try and force him to see reason. But he stuck right to the job of giving his listeners the kind of broadcasting he knew they wanted, and somehow or other he has managed to keep on going. You may infer he wouldn't rate so high in a big city. But don't be too sure. Humans are only human wherever they are and Field's appeal is something below the surface of jingo and jazz. The teeming millions love sincerity in their leaders, whether it be a Henry Field or a Calvin Coolidge. Look out for your listener back home, Mr. Congressman, he's a touchy fellow. Be careful he doesn't put you with Mr. Brookhart—on the outside looking in.

RAY BILL.
"I WOULD NEVER 'SELL' MY TITLE!"

By
Wanda Seifried

SHE is a member of the family of nobles identified with the crown of Italy. Her Highness the Countess Olga Medolaga-Albani. Yes, the soprano you hear every Sunday night on the Buick Hour.

"My title? No, it's never been an open sesame to me in radio," she laughed. "Of course, I am honored by the privilege of wearing it, but I would consider it an insult both to the title and everything it represents and to myself if I were ever guilty of using it for business purposes!"

And that seems to be about as farmed in a way of looking at a foreign title as you would find.

Her entry into radio was not different from the usual performer. She had to overcome her burning indignation at tedious auditions and broken promises, just like any novice. It was not a smooth, easy path cushioned by the mention of "Countess" that one would believe. Although she doesn't admit it, difficulties often appeared that could not be easily smoothed out because of the stamp of aristocracy she bears.

She had influential friends, opera and concert artists who were willing to assist her . . . but so have thousands of others who have learned that ability in the field of entertaining an invisible public, and not personal influences, decides success or failure.

I asked Countess Albani if, when she started forth on her career, extra courtesies were extended . . . if she was greeted with salamas and red velvet carpets?

"Thank goodness, no!" she replied. "Remember I was acting in a purely private capacity, and the fact that I was a countess was incidental to the fact that I was a singer. I should have been horribly embarrassed if it had been otherwise."

The Countess Albani does not ab-
Germany. The frankfurter of Frankfurt-on-the-Main in Germany is the pride of the hot-dog kennels. Its coat-of-arms is golden mustard on a roll, azure, and its pedigree goes further back into history than the Spanish Armada. Coney Island, Revere Beach and the White City may boast of their hot dogs, but they cannot bark in the same dog show with the original Frankfurt.

Of course there are items other than frankfurters and the culinary masterpiece of frankfurters and sauerkraut to be obtained in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. You have your choice of Gefelter Schweinskopf, Westfälischer Schinken, Gefultes Spanferkel, Neturannde Galantine and Sulzspatete Schinkenroulade. But when your exhausted nose catches the aroma of Frankfurter Wurstchen mit Sauerkraut und Kartoffelbrei, you take a new lease on life. I remember some years ago The American Hotel Association made Frankfurt a stop-over during their convention. In this city a dinner was given them. It was the most successful banquet of the tour, and Director Schmoll, of the Frankfurter Hof, was amazed at his guests' capacity for boiled hay and canines. One lady, name withheld because of her social position, ate four pairs of hot dogs, which is a big enough team to draw a sledge from Nome to Sitka. The Frankfort frankfurter always arrives in pairs, like two dogs in one collar. It is a beautiful ornament of the sausage maker's architecture, and has a bulging forehead and most intelligent expression. I do not blame the lady for scoffing four sets of Frankfurters, for Goethe was born in this town and achieved his greatness on the same food.

**Germany abounds in Bads.**

Now don't misunderstand me. I am merely telling you that Germany has its share of the nearly a million and mud baths which feature Europe. Germany's Bad Nauheim is one of the most famous of these baths, any one of which is guaranteed to remove paint, tar and pitch from the clothing, and moles, blemishes and warts from your constitution. The blemish doesn't have to be on your face. It can be in a radius of thirty miles and these wonderful Bads will make it worse. You see all kinds of Europeans headed for some mysterious Bads in the Ural or Persian Mountains, and very often you spot rich Americans looking in Europe for the health they lost in America. You cannot recover anything when you look for it in the wrong place, but the Bads spring up every week. Somebody hears of a new one in some inaccessible region and the procession of hypo-invalids marches off toward it in a body.

They are expensive, as the Bad hotels of the typical advertisements of these health resorts. Some of them actually read like this: "Remarkably pure atmosphere and perpetually mild climate. Fine for liver complaints, horseback riding, nervous troubles, dandruff, stomach trouble and golf"—which in my estimation just about covers all the iliss the flesh inherits. Continental society makes these Bads the rendezvous for the European Who's Who, and I have a notion that the most popular liquids which come out of the earth in the vicinity of the curative Bads are the juices siphoned out of the wine cellars of the Rhineland. As a citizen of a dry republic I had the posthumous pleasure of looking at the big tun in Heidelberg Castle. This vat contains 221,726 quarts of wine. I aimed my camera at it and it obligingly sat for a portrait, but I assure you I could not secure its autograph.

If you aren't a habitue of the roadside hot dog stand, or if the thought of a tenderly toasted frankfurter doesn't tickle your palate, how about Gefultes Spanferkel im Backofen gebraten? Which, when spelled out in alphabetical soup means sucking pig baked brown in the oven. Pork is the food mainstay of the Fatherland. Take the porcine pet away and you have deprived them of the stuff of life. It is served in a thousand different ways, and the Germans should be thankful to the careless Chinaman who burned down his house many centuries ago and accidentally roasted a pig. In dragging the pig from the involuntary funeral pyre, the Chink managed to burn his fingers on the piggie's smoking hide, and when he licked those digits in an effort to assuage the pain, his palate vibrated with a new gastronomic melody. He had discovered roast pig. He burned down seventeen more houses before they discovered him, and there was a pig tied in each house. Instead of being punished, he was rewarded by being made Pig Scorcher for Mongolia, for he packed the jury by staking them to their first dish of roast porker.

**Germany abounds in Bads.**

Nowhere in Europe does prosperity shine as in Berlin. The town has gone through the mangle of circumstances, the wringer of panic, and has been under the hot iron of civil warfare. The result is that Berlin has emerged freshly starched and laundered and is today the one bright spot in Europe. Paris, Vienna, Rome and Leningrad have all been through the same hazing, but only Berlin shows no ill effects. This statement is no press agentry, even though Berlin hopes to snare its portion of the 500,000 American tourists who will flock here for the summer. Americans are not the only suckers; tourists of all nations get the hook.
Police Thrillers!

ACTION!

BY TOM CURTIN

THE police detective dramas which I am doing on the Lucky Strike hour over the NBC Red Network are true. The plots, the tricks, the clues, the methods of solution, I take straight out of the cases on police record.

Before investigating the never-ending day and night battle in New York, between the sources on the side of the law, and those who try to uplift the law or batter it down, I had a feeling that nowhere in the world would any individual detective have to use his wits and ingenuity to the extent that he does here. After digging into the detective methods in hundreds of cases and knocking about with detectives on the job, I find the police task even greater than I had supposed—and the more I see from the inside the problems of these New York detectives, the more I admire their accomplishments.

Some of the most interesting dramas that I plan to write are cases that may not be known to the public at all. For example, two years ago fires broke out and bombs exploded on barges in the harbor. Who was doing it? Week after week, and month after month the detectives assigned to the case worked quietly. There wasn’t a thing to go into the papers as clue by clue they ferreted out four of the most able and cunning imported communists in the world. Two years of patient, stand-under-cover work, with death to face on many occasions, and finally the four men are brought to trial, heavily sentenced, and deported. On no one day is there a big newspaper story, but the whole thing added together makes a big drama.

There is a greater variety to the New York detectives’ work than the general public might suppose. There are cases in which some outstanding detectives are sent all over the world. And there is a variety in the work of the city itself, which calls for the development of squads where men become highly specialized, as in the case of the narcotic squad, safe and loft squad, bomb and alien squads, jewelry, forgery and the like. The waterfront detectives, with their fast launches, have a particularly romantic, adventurous lure for many.

Modern detective work is naturally highly organized, and there is considerable cooperation between New York and the police departments throughout America and to varying extents abroad, and yet the most successful detective must be an individual, with initiative and ability to cope with situations on his own, and pit his ingenuity against the ingenuity of the criminal. Some of the tricks used in the battle of wits between the crook and the detective may seem to belong to fiction rather than real life, but I assure my listeners that I have come on some things in these actual cases to rival anything in the best detective fiction.

When a man connected with the police force goes wrong, he gets plenty of publicity. I want to give some publicity right here to the work I have seen down at Police Headquarters, where inspectors and the men under them do any amount of extra work, without any thought of anything but a well handled job.

And now a closing word about the police commissioner of New York City, Edward P. Mulrooney. In my international newspaper work and general adventuring, I have seen, first-hand, the workings of more than a dozen armies and their leaders, Scotland Yard, and some of the continental police systems, but I have never seen a body of men more thoroughly respect their leader than the men on the New York police force respect Commissioner Mulrooney. They know that he knows the ropes, that he came up through the ranks, and that he is where he is through honesty and outstanding ability. They know that he did not hesitate about plunging into the North River and swimming after a dangerous criminal, that he went alone into an apartment, gun in hand, to take two armed men, and that he led the attack against Two-gun Crowley last year up at West Ninetieth Street, going deliberately into the line of fire. There is a joy in working under that kind of a leader.

YOUR Radio Digest picks the comers. Last March it stated: “Somebody one of these days will wake up and sign Tom Curtin for his Thrillers. They are real Top Notchers.” Here is the answer.
WORTHY TO SUCCEED

MAY I congratulate Radio Digest upon its splendid and informative article about Buddy Rogers in the May issue. Buddy Rogers is, I think, one of the outstanding artists of the radio. His versatility is amazing. He plays innumerable musical instruments unusually well, he sings with a refreshing verve and spontaneity, and he has an orchestra which is most agreeable to the ear. And, what is more, he is, I am sure, a young man, who, like Rudy Vallee, deserves every success he may achieve.—Charles Schaub, 708 Baldwin Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

SLAP ON THE WRIST

I HAVE just finished my first copy of Radio Digest and I found it very interesting. The first time I heard of it was one Wednesday night when I heard Nelle Revell's program on the air. I like the section called "Voice of the Listener" but I think one reader is very unfair. That is F. H. L. of Petersburg, Fla. Why? Because of his letter concerning Buddy Rogers. I also heard Buddy's debut, and enjoyed it as almost everyone did who heard it. But, F. H. L., is it just to judge anyone by their first venture in any field, particularly before the fickle "mike"? I think Buddy deserves a good deal of credit for the way in which he is making good in the field of music. Here is something I would like Radio Digest to answer; Is Buddy going back to the screen? I hope he doesn't desert the screen altogether for he is missed by his many fans. Good luck Radio Digest.—Clark Reed, Peabody, Mass. "No plans at present. Editor.

SEPTEMBER R. D. HAD IT

I HAVE read the Radio Digest almost since the first copy and have enjoyed every copy during that time. However, I have not seen a story on Joe Sanders and his Coon-Sanders orchestra, or my favorite maestro Cab Calloway. Why not give us a story on these two? I enjoyed your story on the Mills Brothers and the one on Wayne King very much. Your idea of printing the pictures of the country's leading dance leaders was a good one. I got all but one right without looking at the names on the other page. Also why not give us more pictures of entire orchestras.—Martin Driscoll, 266 Danforth Street, Portland, Maine.

"JUST NELLIE" TO THEM

I WOULD not seem right to call you Miss Revell, to the children and I, you are just Nellie. This note is to let you know how well I have your program. My two boys are nine and fourteen and they wait up till eleven every Wednesday night, to hear you tell them of this and that radio star. To me, aside from the interest in your guests, your voice makes me feel, after all, I'm not alone but have some one whose voice conveys a lot of things. The children love and enjoy Radio Digest. Thank you for your nice picture in Radio Digest. It holds a prominent place in my living room.—Mrs. Marion H. Basel, 437 Delaware Street, Sharon, Penn.

WAITING FOR PARKER

I JUST want to say a few words of appreciation in regards to your dandy interview with Frank Parker. I have just received my copy of your magazine and as soon as I receive it I always glance through to see if I can find any mention of this Mr. Parker. I subscribed to your magazine last October and this was the first time I ever saw his name appear—so you can see that I did appreciate the article as well as the splendid picture. In your "Voice of the Listener" department you also published a letter requesting some news on Frank—and I sure am glad that the letter was given such a prompt reply. I at great expense I subscribed to your magazine as it is very interesting and I sincerely hope that all the future numbers shall be just as good.—Frank E. Berge, 3936 N. Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO SHOWMANSHIP

MAY I make a debut, and compliment you on a very nice publication? I find it very interesting and this department is by no means least entertaining. Perhaps some of its contributors are over-zealous or unjust in their criticisms, but to create any controversy thus caused are amusing. One thing of late has occurred to me. That is the superfluous radio personalities called upon by the program directors of the Columbia network. Not that the National chain isn't doing a fine thing in its Metropolitan broadcasts and many other fine programs. However, in the more popular field they seem to be slipping. They have failed to build up any striking figures from any of the newcomers, some of whom seem very talented and pleasing. A short period of sustaining programs and they are dropped before they have been heard by many. This doesn't seem to be necessary, and the ultimate success of former National girls namely, Kate Smith and the Boswell Sisters should prove this. There have been other more recent errors in judgment, I believe. One, the dropping of Sylvia Fros; another, the transfer of Lanny Ross. Both had radio personalities and should have reached the top with a little plugging. Then there is Russ Colombo who seems to have got there pretty much on his own. His his a great band leader, but rate him on a par with Crosby in popularity contests, yet NBC seemingly shows little or no support. On the other hand Columbia keeps Crosby before the public eye, on sustaining programs, etc., continuing to build him up.

I am perfectly willing to admit that I am wrong but this is the way the things look to the layman. Rudy Vallee is, of course, outstanding but the creation for showmanship should be his alone. He is a remarkable young man. Again, my congratulations on a differently interesting magazine.—C. L., Augusta, Me.

ALL STAR ORCHESTRA

HERE is our contribution to the VOL column of your excellent magazine in the form of an All Star Orchestra. We think that this would be the finest possible combination in the country if it were organized into one dance orchestra. There would be no violins in the orchestra and also no conductor, as all its members would play some instrument—for co-directors, however, we nominate Carleton Coo and Joe Sanders.

All Star Dance Orchestra
Piano—Joe Sanders
(Brooklyn Sanders Orchestra)
Banjo—Harry Reise
(Clquot Club Eskimos)
1st Trumpet—Louis Panico
(Louis Panico's Orchestra)
2nd Trumpet—Victor Lombardo
(Guy Lombardo's Orchestra)
1st Saxophone—Carmen Lombardo
(Guy Lombardo's Orchestra)
2nd Saxophone—Wayne King
(Wayne King's Orchestra)
3rd Saxophone—Art Kassell
(Art Kassell's Orchestra)
Trombone—Rex Dowd
(Cooper Sanders Orchestra)
Bass—Elmer Krebs
(Cooper Sanders Orchestra)
Vocal—Joe Sanders
Why not a nation-wide poll for dance orchestras only conducted by Ranoe Digest? This would create real interest and, if run under the same conditions as your other contests, would be absolutely fair. Phil Clarke, Jr., Charles S. Arms, Barton Cameron, Asheville School, North Carolina.

CHEERIO!

THANK you for saying such nice things in your Editorial about our "Cheerio". I think his wishing to bar his identity and remain unknown should be respected.—Mrs. Osborne Smith, Franklin, New Hampshire.

NOSEGAY FOR BOB

I AM sending a bouquet for my favorite announcer Bob Elson from WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station at the Drake Hotel Chicago, Illinois. I think he is number one.—Mrs. Addie M. Hunter, 2406 Seventh Avenue, Moline, Ill.

HARRY KOGEN?

WE READ your magazine and enjoy it very much. We just wonder why you have no news in it about Harry Kogen and his boys who play over NBC from the Chicago Studios. Thanking you for the pleasure I have enjoyed from your Magazine, and hoping sometime to read about the above mentioned.—R. H., St. Joseph, Mo.
HITTING THE NAIL

CLARENCE WHITEHILL hit the nail on the head in his article "Why Not Prohibit Vocal Atrocities." He puts our sentiments into words. Such expressions as "the undistinguished, professional, or the illiterate lyric writer," "the so-called singer whoarks and wails" are perfectly descriptive of some atrocity. Graceful, refined, and how can one not the radio powers that be, to understand how easy it is to cut the radio off? I wrote the General Manager of Columbia some few weeks ago, pointing out how we in our family deal with the trash—we switch it off! But the General Manager never acknowledg

WHAT DO VOLLERS SAY?

Here are a few requests, bouquets and suggestions for your very swell magazine. First, I want to compliment you on your "Letters to the Artist" feature which is the best feature I've ever seen in the Radio Digest. Couldn't you cut out some of that other stuff which is not essentially pertaining to radio and have the letters of two stars each month instead of one? (But not cutting down on the length of either.) Only twelve a year seems like such a few when there are so many whose fan mail would be worth while. If we enjoy the programs we frequently write and express our appreciation. Please express to Mr. Whitehill our appreciation of his attitude and article.

AN R. D. CLUB!

We READ the Radio Digest every month and sure do enjoy it immensely. We have seen nearly all of our radio favorites in the Radio Digest but there are a few that we have not mentioned too far. How about giving the crooners a break. We are some of the folks who enjoy a good crooner such as Pat O'Brien, Don Novich and Jack Fulton. Why not print an article about them and give all us Radio Digest fans a look at them. Hoping to see their pictures in a future issue, we are—A Pitts

WELL ROPE THIS GAUCHO!

TODAY I write to remind you of the photograph of the Lombardo orchestra I hope to find in your pages soon and I hope you will also print the route for their tour. I have one more request to make. There has been a great scarcity of information concerning one of my favorite artists—Tito Guizar who sings those beautiful Spanish love songs and who has one of the most gorgeous voices I have ever heard. I have been unable to get to the exquisite beauty of his voice on the Gauchos program for a long time, and more recently on the Woodbury program. Please won't you tell us about him and give us pictures? I regret the smaller size of my new copy of Radio Digest. I'd rather pay a quarter and get the full size. There is much food for thought in the editorial this month. It is an angle that the fan is not likely to consider. The two pages of announ

NO SLIGHT INTENDED

WHEN I began reading in the Radio Digest for May that some listener was disgusted at the lack of Irish in Rudy Valle's St. Patrick's Day broadcast, I felt sure that the signature would be "Michael O'Donegan" or "Patrick McBrien." Instead it was "Francis Brown," which does not smack of much Irish atmosphere. Rudy presented the fan mail at the top of his letter because he is a showman and knows the secret of successful broadcasting. By eight o'clock at night I was ready to tear my hair out in disgust at the desirelessness of the Irish programs just as one wearies of too much of any good thing. However, Rudy knew that his listeners ex

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG

I WAS surprised to find Radio Digest ten cents thinner this month. Would rather pay the nickel and get the fatter and newer. Missed Marcella even though she is a poor finder of missing artists. Had you left out Tuneful Topics and VOL there would have been nothing left. Can't im

WE HAVE TO SELL 'EM

I SUBSCRIBED for your magazine and got a swell picture. The magazine is swell and I'm crazy about the new pictures on the back page that come along with the May issue half-size, filled in clubs. I like the paper it's printed on. I don't even like the articles. I don't mind having the price cut, but I think you're just helping Old Man Depression along his troublesome way. If you had maintained the twenty-five cent standard maybe people could—well for a little. The new Announcers' Gallery is okay. Why not start an Orchestra Gallery, too? Also, I am heartily in favor of a male beauty contest, and why not start one for girls? Can't see why Buddy Rogers broadcasts? Let's have a pic

DESCENDS COLUMBO

I am a new reader of Radio Digest and I liked best of all Voice of the Listener. And I want to have my say too, I think it was silly of two of your readers who wrote in for me that they didn't care for Rudy's Columbia singing. I like and appreciate his singing then they don't know anything about it. I think he has the finest voice I ever heard in the air. I am sure you would be willing to publish this so that they may know there are others who think him worthy of attention. I wish you best of luck and I hope on the constant reading of Radio Digest—N. D. Alexander, 98 Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPEAK UP, NELLIE!

MY HUSBAND and I sit up every night to hear Nellie Reville's program on the radio and enjoy every minute of it and always say "it is too short" so please make it longer, especia

I HAVE been a reader of Radio Digest for over a year and it seems as if each month it grows more and more interesting. I am especially interested in VOL and "Tuneful Topics" by Rudy Vallee. Also I love different radio artists and announcers. I live in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn. and would like to see a picture of Rudy and also of Walter Hatt of WDRC. Would it be possible to have their pictures in some of the later Digests? I would also like to ask for a true picture of Mrs. Rudy Vallee some time. I have seen many of her bu
JEAN HANNON, Soprano, WCFL, Chicago. Her splendid voice is heard on numerous afternoon programs. Miss Hannon was secured for radio from the concert and light opera stage.
**WGY—Schenectady, N.Y.**

"JES' come down from de Mekinac for broadaux to people in de Junite State to tole dem how smart dose man is w'at leev in dat place. You know who was de mos' bes' f'tin' man up dere? Dat was my huncle. Oh . . . he was beeg man an' he weigh, I dunno. mebbe four hundred twenty five poun!"

Thus speaks Joe Peno or Joseph Felicita Pinaud, the French-Canadian woodsman of WGY, who is rapidly taking his place among radio comedy characters.

Joe is the brain child of Waldo Pooler who is also his radio interpreter. Mr. Pooler, a former newspaperman and actor, lived for years at Bangor, Me., and he saw character material for the stage in the French-Canadian.

Kolin Hager, manager of WGY, saw in the French-Canadian an excellent opportunity for a new radio personality and he planned the Joe and Eddie sketch which is now a three-time-a-week attraction of the Schenectady station.

Joe is a composite of many characters and the patois, which is a fascinating and humorous union of both French and English, is authentic.

Joe Peno, as conceived by Pooler, is a simple, lovable blunderer with a natural affinity for trouble, gay one moment, melancholy the next, and loyal to his friends. Joe's besetting sin and one of which he is wholly unconscious, is a tendency to exaggerate, in fact, Joe is a colossal liar. He has inherited the epic of that master woodsman, Paul Bunyan, and he really believes that Paul saved his army of woodsmen from starvation by building a fire under a lake to make a lakeful of pea soup after hundreds of sleighs loaded with peas broke through the ice. Peno recalls, as if it were today, a winter so cold that spoken words froze in the air and his ears still tingle with the bedlam of curses that was released when the spring thaw set in.

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**WMBH—Joplin, Mo.**

"UNCLE Clem and Martha" in "Down on the Farm" met with instant popularity at WMBH. Miss Jean Knighton, playing the part of Martha, is a graduate of Northwestern University. Miss Knighton is twenty-two years of age and portrays several characters in the script. Merwyn Love, playing the part of Uncle Clem, is twenty-three, writes the script and also portrays several characters. Mr. Love hails from Kansas University. "Down on the Farm" presents Uncle Clem in a Yankee type of characterization and very much in love with Martha. This program began as a local feature three months ago. It is a regular evening feature broadcast at six-fifteen—clean-cut, wholesome comedy.

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**WOR—Newark, N. J.**

Colonel Reiniger, WOR, 10:00 A.M., Saturdays. Colonel Reiniger, who presides at the meetings of the Young Aviators of America National Club, over WOR every Saturday morning at 10:00 A.M., used to be one of the star salesmen of the National Broadcasting Company. He says that he is going to put the proceeds of whatever broadcasting he does into making a success of his hobby, the Y. A. A. There are already over a thousand members of this club, and they hold a weekly mass-meeting at the Chanin Building Little Theatre, and ground school meetings every Friday night in the various public libraries. The object of the club is to teach every one of its members how to fly.

Colonel Reiniger organized the now widespread and powerful Reserve Officers' Association of the United States. He started that organization in a small way as the Reserve Officers' Association of Western North Carolina.

Colonel Reiniger has had a colorful career beginning with his education at the U. S. Naval Academy, his service as a Major of field artillery during the war, and later for three years as a member of the general Staff of the Army in Washington under General Pershing, then two years preparing for and serving in the diplomatic service of the State Department, and finally with NBC.

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Tom Lewis "Jimmie"—Waldo Pooler as "Joe Peno" and Warren Munson as "Eddie"
KNX—Hollywood, Cal.

JOYCE COAD, little movie star, featured each Tuesday in an interview about the movies, and extremely popular with the KNX audience, whose name conjures visions of the success which lies in wait for hundreds of boys and girls in radio and in pictures. At the age of nine Joyce won a contest conducted by the Los Angeles Express for the best physical and mental child, and went immediately into motion pictures.

From the time she was nestled under the protective wing of the KNX executives, she has advanced steadily in her many endeavors. She has appeared in parts opposite the most outstanding screen stars, including Lillian Gish, Lionel Barrymore, Clara Bow and others.

She is a studious little person, particularly fond of history, and art, being quite proficient in oils and water colors. She manages to find time always for swimming and for fencing, in which she is an apt pupil. Having been born in Wyoming on a ranch fifty-two miles from Cheyenne, she has always been a splendid horsewoman and she has owned all sorts of pets, from kittens to baby pigs.

WOR—Newark, N. J.

GUY HUNTER, whose songs at the piano are heard over WOR every Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 P.M., has been blind since his birth some forty odd years ago. As a little boy he was registered at the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts. Later on, when he had outgrown kindergartens, he attended the Perkins Institute for the Blind in South Boston. There, in addition to a liberal education he was taught to tune and repair pianos, as well as to play them. The possibility of his becoming a professional pianist seemed very remote to Guy Hunter at the time. But he was not content with any particular trade, and so, early in 1910, he made his first public appearance on any stage at an amateur night at Miner’s old Eighth Avenue Theatre in New York. There he met with unexpected success and was brought to the attention of Joseph M. Schenk, at that time booking manager for the Marcus Loew vaudeville circuit, who booked him for a ten weeks’ tour of the Loew Theatres.

The radio adopted Guy Hunter early in its career; he has been broadcasting since 1922 and claims that it has been an invaluable aid to him. After hearing a song broadcast two or three times he can play it perfectly. And it is interesting to note that he can memorize a song, words and music, in fifteen minutes. For his own radio appearances he is always careful to select a program suitable to all types of listeners, and his baritone voice is always a refreshing treat.

WRVA—Richmond, Va.

CHILDREN’S radio features seem to come and go throughout this broad radioland, but a few of the old standbys keep going on and on, like Tennyson’s brook, in unceasing popularity. Among the latter, it would appear is Mrs. Sandman’s Radio Playhouse, an every evening feature for the children heard over station WRVA in Richmond, Down Where the South Begins. Mrs. Sandman is nearing the close of her third year as a dramatic story teller for children of all ages—from three to seventy-three, according to her mail—and the secret of the appeal of her programs would seem to lie in their imaginative qualities.

For over a year, now, Mrs. Sandman has been ably assisted by “Jimmy,” which is not the young man’s real name, and whose popularity runs a close second to that of Mrs. Sandman herself. Perhaps another secret of the popularity of this children’s feature is the variety of the programs. There are at least three dramatized fairy tales produced weekly, and then there is a trip on the magic carpet by Mrs. Sandman and Jimmy and Wampus (the dog), and Okacheeka (the magic carpet monkey), every Wednesday.

The other two nights must be devoted to telling stories and singing the songs children of the radio audience insist upon being told. Very often Mrs. Sandman and Jimmy must interpret from five to nine parts in the dramatized stories and magic carpet journeys.

Mrs. Sandman’s program originated on station WTOC, Savannah, Ga., nearly three years ago, and something over a year ago moved to WLBG, Petersburg, Va., from which, after a few months, it was taken over to WRVA, nearby in Richmond, where the feature is now in its seventh month.

In private life Mrs. Sandman is Patti Hiatt Stephens, a graduate student in dramatic expression at the University of Kansas and former director of student dramas there. “Jimmy,” outside the studio, is known as Robert L. Pulley, a native Virginian and talented musician.

Joyce Coad, sweet seventeen, who delights KNX listeners, in a weekly broadcast feature interview.
PROMETHEUS: there was a man went around making models of clay, and then animating them with fire! Kay M. Grier, of Los Angeles, is more or less, the living counterpart of this gay Greek blade. Fourteen years ago, he created a lifeless character, with nothing but the name of Peanut Pietro for identification. Then, with the livid sparks that flew from a broken-down typewriter, he imbued this inanimate with the wit, humor, virtues and shortcomings of a human being, whose greatest ailment was the mastery of the English language.

Today, the radio character, Peanut Pietro, and the author, Kay M. Grier, are so fused, so completely an integral part of each other, that it is sometimes difficult to determine which is which.

Originally, Peanut Pietro made his ap-pearance in the newspapers of the country. With mangled grammar and disfigured English, he philosophized on life ... he commented on politics, until the whole countryside knew and loved him.

Recently, the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company was looking for something different for radio entertainment.

So, one fine day, Grier went to his trunk ... gave Pietro a nudge ... awakened him from his sleep, and said, "Boy, you're going back to work!" Peanut Pietro had never been on the radio before, but after one evening in front of a microphone, this beloved character of Sunny Italy was a veteran.

Grier has given Pietro many friends, and not so few enemies. Joe, the Cop ... the epitome of any "City's Finest" is constantly keeping him out of trouble. "Telephones"—his dog, is a pleasant fixture. You'll love little Julie Finnegan ... you'll laugh at Levinsky and hate Old Man Skinner, who dotes on throwing cold water into the happiness of Peanut Pietro.

Nine Forty-Five P.M., Eastern Standard Time, over station WLW is all the information you need to become a friend and lover of Peanut Pietro. Next month Radio Digest plans to print pictures of Pietro and his friends.

Snapshots of part of the luxurious facilities of KARK, Little Rock, Arkansas. This is one of the finest equipped broadcasting stations in the country.

Alice McCortkle, Gene Llewellyn and Virginia Miller, the So and So Trio, who cut classes at the Pennsylvania College for Women, to enter the Pittsburgh Paul Whiteman Youth of America contest and sang their way to first choice are being featured on station KDKA.

A PROGRAM originating in the studios of WJR, the Goodwill Station, and broadcast every Wednesday night at 12:30 A.M. over an NBC-WJZ network of stations, gives to listeners throughout the country a half hour presentation by the best talent which the city of Detroit has to offer. Broadcast from studios atop the Golden Tower of the motor city's famous Fisher Building, the program is entitled Half an Hour from the Golden Tower.

A regular feature of the broadcast each week is the music of Benny Kyte and his orchestra of fifteen pieces. Kyte came to Detroit seven years ago and with his orchestra made a phenomenal record of more than five years consecutive running on the stages of Detroit theaters. Two years ago he became associated with WJR and in a short time had duplicated in radio the success he had enjoyed in the theater. In his radio orchestra he has assembled musicians who are outstanding in Detroit.

Canadian Pacific Four, CKLC, male quartette, serenade the famous locomotive number 8000, of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
WJW—Mansfield, Ohio

LOCAL artists, it seems, sometimes do not go over so big in their home stations, regardless of their ability. Naomi Hammett at WJW is, however, an exception to this general rule. Perhaps the above picture explains the reason, but as though her attractiveness weren’t sufficient reason for popularity Miss Hammett possesses considerable ability as a pianist. In addition to being staff pianist, Miss Hammett carries two programs by herself—one a daily feature, consisting of popular selections in which she occasionally adds to her popularity with a vocal chorus, and another program of classical piano solos, which is on the air bi-weekly.

WGN—Chicago

FRED JESKE, The Monarch Melody Man and Uncle Remus, heard over radio station WGN, Chicago, is one of the old timers of radio. He has been heard on the air since 1923, first, as staff artist on radio station WBBM, then staff artist on radio station WDAP (the old Drake Hotel station). Jeske was studio director and Colonel Nutt of the famous Nutty Club of radio station WBBM. He was artist and studio director of station WSOE of Milwaukee, in 1927, program director of radio station WMJ of Milwaukee, for a year and one-half, and staff artist and M. C. for all radio stations' WIBO regular and television broadcasts, for two years. Later, Fred went to radio station WGES as studio director. He has been with radio station WGN for about a year now, and has earned for himself two commercial accounts. Jeske has done much for the station, and his deep baritone voice has caused hundreds of his feminine audience to write to him.

WCKY—Covington, Ky.

Radio Digest Goes on the Air With a Double Trio

By Jack Snow

WCKY planned a weekly radio program for Radio Digest. The program must be newy, entertaining and the music must be the best. Getting the news was easy—a current issue of Radio Digest solves that problem quickly. But there were so many good musical features on WCKY'S program schedule from which to choose that Maurice surely two trios were twice as good as one! It was a comparatively simple matter to match two trios out of twelve, and the result is the WCKY Radio Digest Sextette, really a combination of two trios, the Debutantes and the Plantation Players.

The Debutantes made their debut on the air waves of WCKY last January and since then have been heard in a weekly quarter hour program. They are also featured in WCKY’s presentation of Southern Symphonies, which is broadcast every Friday night from the WCKY studios by the nation-wide chain of the National Broadcasting Company. When television comes along and picks up the visual charms of these three young ladies, Radio Digest will be named as having "the best looking program on the air."

"Off the Air," the Debutantes are Ruth Herbaich-Best, Maray Hartwell and Na-delle Schupang.

The other half of the Radio Digest Sextette is the trio of Plantation Players, composed of violin, piano and cello, played respectively by Eleanor Brandt, Winifred Hazelwood and Russell Henderly. It is this same Russell Henderly, by the way, who produces the novel arrangements for the Debutantes' crooning blue harmonies. The combination of the weird blue melodies of the Debutantes, their occasional solos, and the string melodies of the Plantation Players as they offer popular and semi-classical selections, is a most pleasing one.

The other portion of the program consists of news selected from the pages of Radio Digest. Each week a feature story is discussed and items of general interest mentioned.

Set your dial for WCKY on 1490 Kilocycles next Wednesday night at 6:15, E.S.T., and hear the Radio Digest program.

Naomi Hammett

Fred Jeske

Frank Grasso
Radio Digest Sextette on the air at WCKY. Left to right: Winifred Hazelwood, Russell Henderly, Eleanor Brandt, Nadelle Schuping, Ruth Heubach-Best, Mary Hartwell.

WFLA - Tampa, Fla.

STATION WFLA of Tampa and Clearwater, recently voted in Radio Digest as Florida's most popular station, has a host of friends in Cuba. A frequent visitor to the Tampa studios is Ramiro Ortiz Planos, Chancellor of the Cuban Consul, who recently sketched his impressions of Frank Grasso, musical director, at left bottom, inside column page 38, and Bert Arnold, program director of station WFLA, facing him.

KGKL, San Angelo, Texas

THE San Angelo Lions Club Cowboy Entertainers, recently selected by International President, Julian C. Hyer, as his official band, had its inception in 1927, with only four members, J. T. Houston, Louis R. Hall, Harold W. Broome and J. C. Springer, when they combined their musical talent to pep up the meetings of the local Lions Club. Grew in popularity and numbers until 1929 when it had eight members: Fred Wilson, Henry Rogers, Jim Hislop and Lloyd Groves having been added. In the early part of 1931 Wilson, Springer and Roger having withdrawn from the club, their places were filled by Frank Meadows and Joe L. Haddoon; the organization being composed now of seven members and all are active in the Lions Club of San Angelo, Texas.

While the Cowboy Entertainers, all of whom have had a great deal of musical experience, are proficient in semi-classical, Spanish and eccentric popular music, they are featuring the old-time cowboy songs, ballads and music. Coming from a ranching portion of West Texas, they have selected those tunes that have such a peculiarly appealing quality that they are rapidly being revived and becoming popular all over the United States.
Perkinscribba
(Continued from page 13)
of the lot behind the hi-board fence only to find come Thurs. that they've all
cleared out to the firemen's picnic—some
place. That first snow storm is far off
today . . . "

One lady, it seems, had sent her hero
her portrait done in oil or pastel. She
writes:

"And I might just as well have used
a picture of Greta or Marlene, or the
Great Gate as the one I did. I resem-
ble one as much as the other. My face,
you see, is one of the durables. Even
my husband thinks it's cute to pinch my
cheek, look surprised and say in awed
hallowed tones, 'It's Armstrong—pure
cork linoleum.' And it was swell of
Miss V— to take one painted look at
my mug, screw her eyes up tight and
draw something that I might have
looked like if I didn't look like what I
do . . . Here's the picture. The scene,
the garden of Baron R—'s English es-
tate; the moonlight streams through the
trees, a nightingale sings, the air is
sweet with the flowers, golden candle-
light streams out from the mullioned
windows . . . I, dressed in draperies, fit
about entranced, intoxicated, my gypsy
blood (or maybe it's sprite) surging up
and dominating the good Anglo-
Saxon. I dance, I flit, I sniff at the
flowers (and probably get a touch of
asthma), and suddenly music floats from
the mullioned windows . . . I look up to
heaven, my face is transformed, the old
cork linoleum effect fades, and there.
THERE in its place is Miss V's concep-
tion. And there as I stand with the
moonlight on my new face, my Prince
of Pinesapples comes through the mulli-
oned windows . . . Perhaps I had bet-
ter stop. He probably fell and broke
his neck."

Practically all of the letters have some-
thing to say about the product of Per-
kins' sponsors. A Georgia lady comments
how she had raced around the dials for
days until she found him, then:

"Now that I have found you I have
a season ticket, front row, aisle seats,
and armed with my trusty bottle of
Jergens I shall attend every perform-
ance . . . Privately, regarding all this
blab about soft white hands holding
hearts—it does pretty well as a theme
song but when a woman reaches my age
and weight, all the hearts she holds are
contract bridge, Jergens or no Jergens."

A New Jersey matron writes with a
problem; should she or should she not
join a so called Ray Perkins club?

"No, I haven't got my programs
mixed. I know you are not a Sister of
Skillet but I have a problem that needs
you, just you. (Here, I go into my
dance.) For some time I have consid-
ered writing you and complaining that
you, among your many other attain-
ments have taken up a great disappear-
ing act. No sooner do I grow to feel
that all's right with the world because
I can hear you on several programs, and
have these highlights to look forward to
through the daily grind of household
duties, bored (that's spelled right)
meetings and overwhelming domesticity,
then you vanish like Houdin's elephant.

Blue Ribbon
WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week
(Daily except Sunday)
7:45 a.m.—WJZ—Jolly Bill and Jane (July)
8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn (August)
9:45 a.m.—WEAF—Our Daily Food (July)
12:00 noon—WEAF—G. E. Circle (July)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (August)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Stebbins Boys (July)
7:45 p.m.—WJZ—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare (August)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs (August)
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers)
7:00 p.m.—WABC—Tito Guizar (Mon. and Wed.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (Tues.)
7:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell (Tues.)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins (Tues. and Thurs.)
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby (Mon. and Wed.)
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Georgie Price and Benny Kreuger's Orchestra
(Chase & Sanborn) (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Bath Club Program with Irving Kaufman
(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) Willard Amison (Tues. and Thurs.)
and Roger White's Orchestra
8:15 p.m.—WABC— Abe Lyman's Orchestra and Guest Stars (Tues.
and Thurs.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam the Barbasol Man (Mon., Wed.
and Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC— King Smith La Palina Program (Mon.,
Tues. and Wed.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Gloomchasers—Colonel Stoopnagie & Budd
(Mon. and Wed.) (Dixie Network—8:30 Tues.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC— Joe Palooka (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet (Tues. and Fri.) (July)
9:30 p.m.—WABC— Eno Crime Club (Eno Fruit Salts) (Tues. & Wed.)
9:30 p.m.—WJZ— Jack Benny, Ethel Shatta and George Olsen's Or-
chestra (Mon. and Wed.) (July)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Musical Fast Freight (Tues. and Thurs.)
10:30 p.m.—WABC— Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra
(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Irene Beasley (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
11:15 p.m.—WJZ—Cesare Sodero and the NBC Concert Orchestra
(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

Sunday
11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Capitol Family
2:30 p.m.—WEAF—Moonshine and Honeysuckle
2:30 p.m.—WJZ—Yeast Foamed (August)
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—International Broadcast
5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert (Sat., 9:15 p.m.)
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Three Bakers (July)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Lewisohn Stadium Concert (Sat., 8:30 p.m.)
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Goldman Band Concert (July) (Tues., 9:30 p.m.—
August) (Thurs. and Sat., 9:00 p.m.—July and Aug.)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Enna Jetick Melodies
9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Bayuk Stage Party
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Pennzoil Parade
9:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Gem Highlights with Jack Denny, Ed Sullivan
and Guest Stars
**Selections**

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Experimental Dramatic Laboratory
10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Seth Parker

**Monday**
7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Surprise Package
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—D'Avery of Paris
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Sinclair Wiener Minstrels
9:15 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Bourjois, An Evening in Paris
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—National Radio Forum
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—The Country Doctor (July)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Modern Male Chorus

**Tuesday**
3:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle Choir (August)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story (July)
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bern'sie's Orchestra (Blue Ribbon Malt)
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ed. Wynn and the Fire Chief Band (July)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Hour with Walter O'Keefe and Police Dramatization (Thurs. with Walter Winchell and Walter O'Keefe) (Sat. with Bert Lahr and Walter O'Keefe)

**Wednesday**
7:15 p.m.—WJZ—Royal Vagabonds (July)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Time
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost Melody Moments (August)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Sherlock Holmes (August) (Thurs., 9:30 p.m.
WEAF—July and August)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatelo Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert

**Thursday**
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour — Rudy Vallee
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra (July) (Friday, Aug.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (July)
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Thompkins Corners (August)
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Hour

**Friday**
4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Week-End Hour (Eastman Kodak)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Friendship Town (August)
9:30 p.m.—WABC—To the Lads (Woodbury Program)
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pond’s Program, Leo Reisman and his orchestra
9:45 p.m.—WABC—Gus Van (Van Heusen Program)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Erno Rapee
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman and his Pontiac Chieftains (July)

**Saturday**
3:30 p.m.—WEAF—Chautauqua Opera Hour
5:00 p.m.—WJZ—Pacific Feature Hour
8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Concerts Service
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—K—?
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dance with Countess D’Orsay
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—First Nighter
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Public Affairs Institute

(Pardon the smile but you are IMMENSE.) Then she states her problem and explains that she shrinks from ‘public exploitations’ but ‘if this membership helps you, to b—— with how I feel.’ On the other hand, ‘if it just means signing my name to a list of maudlin females, ugh-um! I’d love to meet you after or between shows and run you out into the Jersey countryside in the old yellow roadster for some lunch or such; or send gardenias to the stage door, but the very sound of a ‘fan’ gives me shivery flutters. Yours with something far more substantial than a fan——”

Instead of killing the patient, the Perkins treatment, when correctly and judiciously administered, cures the listener of yellow jaundice, spots before the eyes, a run-down-at-the-heel appearance, sinking spells, inability to see the funny side of life and general mental and constitutional debility. For further information and directions, tune in on NBC Stations WJZ and WEAF or address the Perkins Laboratories, Ltd., 357 Madison Road, Scarsdale, New York. Here in his immaculate Barbasolarium, Perkins, the Mirthmaster, sits in unrubbed Barbasolitude weaving witty ditties to glorify the great American chin and advising how to keep it hairless happiness.

**Thanks R. D. Readers**

I OWN KINGSON, of Chicago, who wrote a letter to our Voice of the Listener department, stating that she “knew Wayne King,” was surprised to receive letters from listeners in all parts of the country asking for further information. Now she has decided to “tell all” in a book which will be published soon. She writes in part:

“At first I gave very little thought to them (the letters) but since they are still coming to me I find there is a sense of duty upon my part to indicate some appreciation toward my new correspondents who came to me through reading Radio Digest.

“Were I to answer the many questions which are asked of me it would take a book . . . and right here let me say I am now working on a book which I am dedicating to Wayne King. I think all of his admirers will enjoy reading it.

“I am happy in dedicating this book to him because of his active, beautiful and dauntless mind . . . so everlastingly seeking unfoldment through his music . . .

“To all who have given me pleasant thoughts and kind considerations, and to those who have written me whereby the Radio Digest was the medium. I thank you most sincerely. IOWN KINGSON, 2000 McLean Avenue, Chicago, Ill.”

Miss Kingson does not state whether her book will contain some of the interesting letters that Wayne King must inevitably receive from his many fair admirers. Wouldn’t “Letters to a King” be a swell title for it?
AUTOMOBILES operated by executives of WOR, New York, are equipped with radio. The reason? Because no matter where the executive may be he can tune in this station. The call letters sent out every fifteen minutes are in reality a code—that is the manner of broadcasting the letters constitutes a signal. Each executive thus can be summoned to headquarters in a hurry . . . Russ Tarbox, brilliant young American composer and conductor, heads the Song Makers, new program heard Thursdays, 8:15 P.M., EST, over WOR . . . Lawrence Tibbett's voice exceeds in volume the noise of a boiler factory or a riveting machine. The test was made in the Firestone Tire plant.

Another station finds a place on the honor roll of those who have served listeners for a decade or more. WDAE, Tampa, Fla., is the station. Neither call letters or ownership have changed in that time . . . C. Gordon Jones, latest addition to the staff of the Yankee Network, headquarters in Boston, will supervise improvement of sustaining programs from a technical, musical and production standpoint . . . Radio Audition Studios have opened at 1680 Broadway, under management of Hal Tilston. Purpose is to audition artists and rehearse programs for advertising agencies and sponsors and development of new radio ideas.

Under the head of unusual broadcasts is that of a flea jumping, recently aired by WPAP, New York . . . Joseph H. Neebe is in charge of Detroit offices of Essex Broadcasters, Ltd., which operates station CKWO, South Sandwich, Ontario . . . K T A R, Phoenix, Arizona, has sending out a handsome booklet filled with statistical data about the station and the market it covers . . . An error in this column last month, gave credit to Sam Wilson, of WLW, for the continuity of the new program "Highlights of Yesterday." E. A. Cleland, new to the continuity staff, who has hailed from station WLV, Lynchburg, Virginia, is the lad who wrote the show.

WLW, New York, has just celebrated the fortieth weekly anniversary of the "Meet the Composer" program. The station started the program in August 1931, and since then has brought to music lovers the work of our own contemporary composers and artists. The composer directs the air program of his own compositions.

Gordon Baking Company and Deelatone Company are two new sponsors at WGN, Chicago . . . 17,000,000 homes in this country have receiving sets, it is estimated . . . WFCF, Chicago, has been granted a construction permit by the Federal Radio Commission to increase its power from 1,500 to 5,000 watts . . . Synchronization experiments conducted by WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut, and WBAL, Baltimore, with NBC, have been discontinued, due to unsatisfactory results.

The call letters of the Petersburg, Va., station have been changed from WLBD to WPHR. Nelson T. Stephens is manager . . . Shortwave station W6XK, operated by KDKA, Pittsburgh, has been moved to the ultramodern plant at Saxonburg, Pa . . . KOB, Albuquerque, off the air since May, resumes broadcasting this month (July) . . . WCLO, Janesville, Wis., has installed two new modern transmitters and the largest broadcast organ in the state . . . Headlines is the name of a new program heard from WGN, Chicago. Atlas Brewing Company is the sponsor.

Wrinkled and grey-haired, an 87-year-old woman, made a try for radio fame at WJR, Detroit, recently. She won out and succeeded in making her radio debut in a program of "Old Songs." . . . WGY Schenectady, N. Y., is offering two of its program features twice on the same day, afternoon and evening.
PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

Women Listen Because—

By MARIAN S. CARTER
Assistant Program Director, CBS.

WHAT do women like to listen to and why? This is the question which I am most frequently called upon to answer.

Frankly, when this question is asked by an important executive, I am appalled, for if one tried to interpret the reactions of the many millions of feminine minds, one would certainly be attempting to deliver a very sizeable order.

As a matter of fact, and fortunately so, for those of us who participate in the production of radio programs, we are aware, through experience, that there is no such thing as a particular type of program, or types of programs, which exceed all others in feminine acceptance and popularity. In my radio experience I have discovered no program structure in which quality does not determine the program’s popularity.

Who can say, for example, that programs specifically designed to obtain the maximum of feminine appeal exert a more effective influence than Amos ’n’ Andy, Myrt and Marge, Jessica Dragonette, Kate Smith, or the glorious music of Leopold Stokowski? I feel that each of these in its time and place awakens a response which may be called universal. Quality will invariably dominate, irrespective of the guise in which it appears.

In the radio workshop, and be assured it is a workshop, we have but one fundamental and guiding principle. To be effective either as a sustaining or a commercial feature, a program must be entertaining. This last statement should be qualified. We must establish an acceptable definition for the word “entertaining.” We regard the word “entertaining” in its broad aspect. To be interested, we believe, is to be entertained.

For instance, take a woman who finds her hair losing its lustre, becoming dry and brittle. Authoritative instruction over the air as to how this condition can be corrected is obviously interesting, and if you don’t believe that listeners who have found this information interesting are also entertained, you should read some of the thousands of letters which are received in response to such broadcasts. I sincerely believe that all types of programs are effective in exact ratio to their entertainment value. True, the appropriateness of the time and the circumstances under which they are presented are equally important.

For example—as to time—to remind a woman that her hair needs attention during an evening hour, when she is, perhaps, entertaining guests, is possibly not as effective as to remind her during a morning hour when she is planning her day’s activities. Yet, if that reminder be adroitly surrounded with elements of a purely entertaining character, she will enjoy and appreciate the program.

On the other hand, if such suggestions and instructions are presented to her during her daylight hours at home, they may not require any embellishment whatsoever.

Granted that the subject matter has a close relationship with her physical and aesthetic welfare, and that the voice and personality of the individual broadcasting are not unpleasing, she will still be entertained. It does not require a Paul White man or a Morton Downey to hold her attention at these times when she is not seeking recreation. It all comes back and impinges upon one’s definition of the word “entertainment.”

(Continued in next issue)
UNTIL recently I knew but a few studio people and practically no radio artists. But with my assumption of a radio column I came in contact with the artists of the air and was convinced of two things. One is that radio is tremendously interesting; the other that radio people are even more so.

In meeting the people who face the “mike” I studied them individually to learn their personalities, eccentricities, likes and dislikes. Some of them appeared to possess no unusual traits, but others gave me food for thought and material for my column. In this latter class was B. A. Rolfe, the well-known orchestra leader. I found Mr. Rolfe most unassuming and seeking none of the glamour that surrounds radio stars.

I first met the orchestra leader when he returned from his trip to Hawaii about January 1, last. It was at the Hotel St. Regis and, as I stepped into the Rolfe suite, I was struck with the likeness the noted maestro bore to an old friend of mine, the late Will A. Page, publicity man. Mr. Rolfe greeted me with a hearty handshake and a smile.

“Glad to meet you, Dudley,” he said.

“What do you play—a horn or contract bridge?”

On a table nearby was the faithful Rolfe cornet, which serves to keep its owner from being lonely when he is alone.

“Only a mouth organ,” I replied.

“Well, that’s something,” he said.

“Have you got one with you? We might play a duet. The harmonica should blend well with the cornet.”

We both laughed. Then he invited me to sit down and have a smoke. Before I left I discovered that B. A. Rolfe is a stay-at-home, in fact, probably radio’s most prominent homebody.

“I guess you’re sorry your trip is over,” I suggested.

“Not at all!” he replied. “Oh, the trip was pleasant, but I’m glad to be back. I like to stay at home. Would you believe it, I have been a guest at a night club only twice in my life—and on both occasions I was dragged there.”

“What is your aversion to night clubs?”

“I wouldn’t call it an aversion,” said Mr. Rolfe. “I just have no desire to spend my time sitting around in them. Night club life is more or less superficial. To me it seems unreal in the main. People go to such places to be seen and I have no desire to bask in the public eye.”

“Well, what do you do for recreation?”

“Just two things. I either stay at home and play bridge or go out and shoot golf.”

“So you’re a bridge expert, eh?”

“I GUESS I’m the most consistent bridge loser in New York,” said Mr. Rolfe, his smile broadening. “But I don’t mind losing. It’s the game itself I like. What if I do lose if I have a good time? Why, I’m so easy for good bridge players that they seek me out just for the fun of licking me. The line usually forms to the right.”

He laughed and continued. “And as for my golf, well I’m just as bad at that game. They all want to play me merely because I’m such a dub at it. Why anybody should want to beat me at golf I don’t know. It surely is no feather in the victor’s cap.”

Here Mr. Rolfe went further into his likes and dislikes.

“I am very fond of real people,” he went on. “By real, I mean the genuine. Affectations bore me; they get nobody anywhere. If I want to sit at home playing contract bridge in my old carpet slippers I do it. Life is too short to permit foolish conventionalities to get in your way.”

The unusual always interests Mr. Rolfe. He once went to Chinatown with Willie Hong, of the Palais D’Or, where his orchestra was playing, at the Chinaman’s suggestion. Several other people accompanied them. Suddenly, as the party was traversing a very dark and narrow street, it was found that B. A. Rolfe had disappeared. His friends immediately became apprehensive. Hong smiled blandly.

“You wait. I find him,” he said. Then Hong disappeared, too. Finally the Chinaman returned.

“You come with me,” he ordered.

They followed him to a Chinese theatre and there, seated near the stage, was B. A. Rolfe, all by himself, smiling and applauding vigorously, although he didn’t know what the play was all about.

“Sit down, folks,” he said. “It’s a great show.”

“He like good show,” said Hong.

And it took the orchestra man’s friends just one hour to drag him away from that weird theatrical performance.

Mr. Rolfe owns a couple of wire-haired terriers that are impalpable. One he calls Trouble; the other Bum. (See photo on page 18.) Trouble is a vocalist, but Bum, it would seem, knows something about music, too. His master taught Trouble to “sing.” Commanded to warble like Singin’ Sam, Trouble growsl deeply. Asked to croon, he makes a shrill noise. It is then that Bum goes into action. He does not like crooning and, when Trouble “croons,” Bum gives one agonizing look of reproach at his canine friend and rolls over on the floor “dead”.

Mr. Rolfe is a great believer in the value of purely American music. He hopes to see bands, orchestras and choral societies formed in various cities among amateurs some day to give programs of real American music.

“The old masters are all right,” is the way he puts it, “but I am sure ninety per cent. of us Americans would rather hear a good arrangement of Stephen C. Foster’s “Swanee River” well rendered than any sonata that ever came from the old world. Some day America will get over its subserviency to the works of the old masters and make it possible for us to have a standard type of American music, typical of American life.”

He’s a quaint and interesting fellow, this homebody, B. A. Rolfe, of Radio-way.
Betty White, although she is a very grown up young lady, always takes the part of the little girl when Rin Tin Tin is the hero in the famous dog feature series over the blue network.

Rin Tin Tin

For more than two years this famous dog has been taking the part of the hero in the Rin Tin Tin Thrillers—a series of radio melodramas. He creates his own sound effects and many a tear has been shed over his direful adventures.
ONE of the most unique programs ever heard by Western radio listeners was recently presented by Police Chief William J. Quinn, when he made an unusual test and demonstration of the San Francisco Police Department radio system. This program was picked up and broadcast by NBC-KGO.

KJBS, San Francisco, has made a real discovery in Miss Lea Vergano, accompanist for Kebern Ahaern, Irish tenor. Miss Vergano is an accomplished pianist, as well as being possessed of a charming singing voice.

KFWB, Warner Bros. station in California, has added another full hour's program that promises to dial in a lion's share of the radio audience. It is the Minstrels of 1932, broadcast Thursday evenings from 8:00 until 9:00.

The hundreds of visitors that regularly visit the KNX studios in Hollywood to see and hear the Arizona Wranglers, are going to have to be good now. The Wranglers have all been made sheriffs.

The oldest radio announcer in the world! Ever wondered who he is? Well, he is Harrison Hollway, manager of KFRC, although he is only 31 years old! This incongruous fact is qualified when it is explained that Hollway has been announcing since November, 1920.

Marsden Brooks, KYA, San Francisco, staff artist, besides being a 'cellist of unusual ability, is, by trade, an instrument maker. Many of the violins and cellos of his fashioning are being used by members of large symphony orchestras.

San Diego has a program well worth listening to. It is Jay Eslick's orchestra. He is a well-known San Diego boy, heard regularly over KGB.

KHJ, Los Angeles, has a smart new feature, 'The Blue Ridge Colonel.' He is actually from Ole Virginny, and some day his true identity may be announced by the station.

More than five thousand boys and girls, and eight hundred and fifty adults witnessed the gigantic KFOX Radio Revue held by that station in the new Long Beach Municipal Auditorium.

The old "Vagabond of the Air," of KLS, Salt Lake City, is now on KFRC, the Don Lee station in San Francisco.

Miss Eddy Adams, late Mistress of Ceremonies of the Dorsay Club, New York City, is the young lady that is heard daily from 12:00 to 1:00 over KYA.

The popular KFRC evening programs are now to be heard regularly over KDYL, Salt Lake City.

Some people say that when big Eastern concerns go hunting for a Western maestro of Nat Shilkret's excellence to conduct their Coast program, they always choose Raymond Paige, musical and program director for KHJ, Los Angeles, the Columbia Don Lee key station on the Coast.
THE MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

CORPORATION SERVICE


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1000—BUSINESS CARDS, card case, $.50. Miller, Printer, Narberth, Pa.

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15 COMMEMORATIVES FREE If you ask for approvals. Hasselbaink, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIRST FLIGHT COVER FREE To Approval Applicants State wants. Ernest Kohl, Newton, New Jersey.

PERSONAL

QUIT TOBACCO easily, inexpensively, without drugs. Send address. Martin Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

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SET OF TWO BINDERS to hold 12 copies of Radio Digest, $2.00. Single binders 85c.

OPPORTUNITY:

WRITE FOR RADIO!

Have your scripts critically and constructively analyzed by writers thoroughly experienced in radio continuity writing and production. Prices: 15 min. program.............. $1.00
30 min. program............. $2.00
Specimen Continuities of four types of actual radio productions 90c each

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Gentlemen: Enclosed is remittance to cover my subscription to Radio Digest for one year. ($1.50 in United States. Canada, $2.25; Foreign, $3.00.)

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And that's no idle boast. Just "ask the guests who stop here."

Not only the newest hotel in New York but the most centrally located.

1000 ROOMS
Each with a RADIO, a PRIVATE BATH and SHOWER, Circulating Ice Water and Large Closets. Many Other Features.

1000 SUITES
Alternating Current 1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

The New

EDISON
47th St. West of Bway, N.Y.C.
When Rum Breaks
Love Bonds
(Continued from page 23)
Grover home on the eventual evening of January 10th, with the engagement ring in his pocket. Jean's mother and mother received him at the door and requested an interview before he saw the girl. At this interview they conveyed the appalling news of her condition and explained their plans for Rowena's sojourn in the dry climate of Arizona. Zook received the news man-fashion and declared that he would co-operate in every way. He delivered the ring and spent a blissful evening with the girl. She departed very shortly for Arizona.

While she was away the defendant wrote to her frequently, giving her a good deal of helpful instruction concerning the best way to combat the disease. He also sent her books and pamphlets on the subject. She returned in April, improved in health, and it was agreed that the marriage should occur in June. Very shortly after her return, however, she was stricken with appendicitis, and operated upon. She was confined in the hospital in a precarious condition until May 16.

The shock of the operation and the drain upon her vitality had been so great that when the wedding date arrived marriage was quite out of the question. The date was changed to some time in the fall. The couple agreed that they would marry and go to the World's Fair in St. Louis on their honeymoon. When September came the girl was quite eager to wed and to set forth on the honeymoon—World's Fair and all.

No World's Fair Honeymoon
ZOOK, however, expressed fears that she was not yet well enough to risk matrimony. He magnanimously offered to wait and to marry her when she was well. Did this generous offer appeal to the defendant? She regarded her lover with consternation and amazement that he could find any fault with her alluring plan. If she had entertained any misgivings as to its wisdom, those misgivings vanished at the first hint of reluctance on the part of her lover.

She argued, then passed from argument to reproaches and from reproaches to tears of rage that her parents joined in the affair. To the reproaches of the girl they added their own, with the quite natural result that the young man, who had called in a mood to delay his own happiness out of tender regard for his sweetheart, left the house so filled with angry emotions that he was ready to renounce her and her family forever.

There was no World's Fair honeymoon. While Zook called a number of times theretofore there was a marked coolness all around. In December of that year the young man wrote to the girl that all things considered, it would be a great mistake for them to marry. At the trial for breach of promise the jury apparently believed that Rowena had no rights unless it could be proven that Zook knew of her tubercular condition before the engagement occurred. The gallant twelve accordingly decided that the engagement did not occur until Zook returned with the engagement ring for which he had been given measurements by the girl herself four days previously.

When the case was carried to the Supreme Court the appeals court declared that even if the defendant knew of the girl's tubercular condition at the time of the engagement he would have had a right to break his promise because of the nature of her disease. A portion of the luminous opinion in this case is interesting. "Onspring are the natural result, and oftimes the chief purpose of marriage. *** If the child born in health and with a body of vigor be a matter of deep concern to a parent, what must be said of the advent of a babe burdened with the hereditary plague of consumption? *** That a mother seriously ill with that disease and a father with a hereditary taint thereof in his blood could bring forth a child exempt therefrom is unbelievable. *** The dictates of humanity demand that no human compact shall be upheld that has for one of its principal objects the bringing into the world of helpless, hopeless, plague cursed, innocent babes. The defendant had a right to break his engagement and was not liable in damages.

Jean Removes Mask
(Continued from page 7)
at the time she came in. He was trying out various applicants to sing the great torch song of the production. He looked at Jean and estimated her worth at a glance.

"Just the type," he said, "can you sing?"

Jean gave him her own interpretation of the St. Louis Blues. Further auditions were suspended for the day. That afternoon Jean was presented with a contract to sign. Again she felt the final gasping twinges of the old mask. Her fingers shook as she affixed her name on the dotted line. But now the mask was off. Her mother came to stay with her during rehearsals.

"We did everything to conserve our good luck," said Jean. "We kept old things around. Never threw away anything that might bring bad luck. We wore black chiffon nightgowns until they were in tatters."

All the omens must have been good because it was not long before she came to the attention of the Great Ziegfeld who was pleased with her comeliness and named her as his first discovery of a "radio personality girl." You will hear more of her when the program is resumed in the fall.

The Answer Is—
Where have Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver gone?—Mrs. H. W. Morgan, 81 Colfax Street, Providence, R. I.

ANS. Paul Oliver, otherwise known as Frank Munn, sings on the American Album of Familiar Music program every Sunday at 9:15 over WEAF. The Palmotive program has been a feature of the year. Frank Munn is a bratuta, medium height and plump, does concert work, is single and was born February 27, 1896. Olive Palmer is not doing any radio work at present.

"Will you tell me how Hilda Cole looks and all about her?—Mrs. May Sears, North Adams, Mich.

ANS. Hilda Cole is a bratuta, five feet, four; with well defined features and very striking eyes, and she is both graceful in manner and speech. She possesses a charming personality and sells her fiction. She has attained distinction not usually reached by the average girl of twenty. Hilda is at present writing and acting for Columbia Broadcasting Company.

What has become of my favorite radio entertainer, Ray Perkins?—Mrs. Scott Gardner, 245 North Euclid Avenue, Saint Louis, Mo.

ANS. Ray Perkins is on the Old Topper program, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. over WJZ, he can also be heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P. M. (EDST), over the NBC-WEAF network on the Barbasol program. This program is supplied with orchestral selections by Peter Van Steeden's musicians.

Would you please tell me if Station KGMB in Hawaii belongs to the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Mrs. Henry Arth, 11 P. M., 94-44 121st Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

ANS. Radio Station KGMB is owned and operated by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Can you tell me over what broadcasting station and at what time I can hear Ethel Merman—Jack Lansky, 34 South 7th Street, Easton, Pa.

ANS. Ethel Merman was heard over CBS twice, but we do not know where she is at present.

Please answer the following questions about Pat Barnes, Bill Hay and Everett Mitchell. Are they blonde, brunette or brunette? What are their hobbies? Age?—Betty Jeanne, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANS. Pat Barnes is tall, slim, dark and about 37. He is married and his hobby is golf. Bill Hay is 5 ft. 11 ins. and blonde; and like Pat Barnes is also married and favors golf. Everett Mitchell is a bratuta, 5 ft. 10½ ins. and is 33. He is also married but his favorite hobby is making amateur movies.

Who are the Sylvanians? Who are the members of the Vermont Lumberjacks?—Mrs. Millie Sage, 304 West Hall Street, Sandwich, Ill.

ANS. The Sylvanians are conducted by Ernest Golden and also known as the Ren-dollers. Singly they are all soloists of repete and have filled either operatic or light opera roles on the musical stage. The members are Fred Wilson, first tenor; Royal Hallee, lead tenor; Hubert Hendrie, barytone; and George Gove, basset. Their pianist and arranger is Charles Touchette. The names of the Vermont Lumberjacks are withheld by request of the sponsor of the program.
Clem and Harry

Representatives on WLS Chicago, of

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Saves the Clothes and
Saves the Hands—and

KITCHEN KLENZER

Hurts—Only Dirt!

Every Saturday night from 10:15 to 10:30 Chicago Daylight Saving Time, listeners to the 50,000 watt Radio Station WLS are entertained by Clem and Harry—purveyors of mirth, melody, and cleanliness, as representatives of the manufacturers of Kitchen Klenzer and Automatic Soap Flakes.

These two products are lightening the work of countless housewives all over the country, as Clem and Harry, with their good-natured chatter, their close harmony, and laugh producing jokes, are lightening the cares of their listeners.

Clem and Harry invite you to listen to them each Saturday night—and to remember when doing so that "Kitchen Klenzer hurts only dirt, and always leaves the hands soft and white".

The Prairie Farmer Station

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
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All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.
“Hop aboard our ’Magic Carpet’ for a thrill-ride round the globe”

LONDON • PARIS • ROME • MADRID

Just turn a switch and— zap! we’re off on a world tour via radio. Because it’s a new Scott All-Wave Deluxe there’ll be no fussing and fumbling about—only one dial to tune, no coils to plug in, no trimmers to adjust carefully. Just use the convenient log furnished with the set and the foreign station you want—maybe 10,000 miles or more away—comes in on the dot.

Let’s Start to Merric England!

Let’s try GSW, Chelmsford, England. Get it any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear peppy dance music from the Hotel Mayfair in London (Yes, those Britishers furnish music that’s as “hot” as any orchestra in the States). Then there are world news broadcasts that tell listeners all over the far-flung British Empire the news of the day in the homeland. At 6:00 P.M. (Midnight London time) it’s thrilling to hear “Big Ben,” in the House of Parliament, strike the hour of midnight in a sonorous voice.

Foreign Reception Every Day in the Year

Tired of the English program, eh? Like something French? That’s easy—let’s go to Cary Paroo.

Here’s Radio Colonial, Paris, France, and it is on the air for the Scott All-Wave Deluxe any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear those dulcet tones of a sartorial Mademoiselle? What, you can’t understand French? Never mind, here’s an orchestra and a song. Music is a universal language. This is Monday—that’s lucky, for there’ll be an hour’s talk in English today about the encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to be held in Paris in 1935.

10,000-Mile Distant Stations Guaranteed

Unusual to get such reception? Not at all for this receiver. This new Scott All-Wave Deluxe is guaranteed to bring it in like that—yes, absolutely guaranteed to bring in foreign stations 10,000 miles or more away, every day of every week in the year, with loudspeaker volume.

How can they make such a guarantee? Well, chiefly because the Scott All-Wave Deluxe is a custom-made receiver. It is built with as much care and precision as a fine watch. There’s skilled designing and engineering behind it too—as well as parts good enough to carry a five-year guarantee against failure.

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Want to hear some more? Sure! Where do you want to go? Germany! All right. Here’s Zeessen. It can be Scotted at any morning between 9:30 and 11:00. From it you will hear about the grandest symphony concerts put on the air any place. You’ll be glad your Scott All Wave Deluxe has such exquisite tone. And it is exquisite tone! So perfect that, in a studio test, observers were unable to distinguish between the actual playing of a pianist and the Scott reproduction of a piano solo from a broadcasting station when the set and the pianist were concealed behind a curtain.

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1932

COVER PORTRAIT. Marilou Dix, plays straight for Fred Allen, CBS. Charles Shelton

HE LOVES MOUNTAINS. Lawrence Tibbetts passion is climbing. John Rock 6

SINGING SISTERS. They come to radio in droves and trios. Rosemary Drachman 10

CHERIO and the DRAGONS. He fights them in the morning. Leonard Stewart Smith 16

PRICE OF A LAUGH. But it cost George plenty worry to get started. Earle Ferris 19

BE A BARBER, and See the World. So Johnny Marvin was and did. Peter Van Seden 20

PLEASING THE PUBLIC. Baton cracker gives his personal slants. H. S. Cole 21

LOVELY LADY. Catherine Mac- kenzie married the editor and has own column. Marshal Taylor 22

DARK TOWN HARMONIZERS. Special "Colored Supplement." Marcella 24

MARCELLA. She bears all and tells all for benefit of listeners. Ted Deglen 25

CBS MAESTRO AT 17. Buddy Harrod tries to look older than he is. Rudy Vallee 28

VOICE OF THE LISTENER. Takes pen in hand and writes things. Ray Bill 30

TUNEFUL TOPICS. Review of song hits by our own expert. Nellie Revell 33

EDITORIAL. Current view of the broadcasting picture. Charles R. Tighe 37

LOIS BENNETT, portrait and a word picture of a charming singer. Helene Handin 44

STATION REVIEW. Flashes of news from broadcasters everywhere. George Rector 47

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RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.
TWISTS and TURNS
With Radio People and Programs
BY HAROLD P. BROWN

HAVE you heard the Maxwell Showboat program? Of course you have, and you liked it. It's one of the best please-everybody programs yet produced, thanks to the sponsor and thanks to Tiny Ruffner who knows how to stage a radio show when he has the money with which to do it. And it's going to keep going for 52 weeks. It marks a trend toward the longer programs and greater variety.

Lanny Ross is the hero of the story, and Lanny Ross is the hero's real name. Tiny Ruffner, however, did something with the character, and with the character of the sweetheart, which nobody else ever thought of for radio. He used two specially trained voices for the same person, and that was real artistry in radio dramatic character building.

Lanny has been winning popularity by leaps and bounds. His voice is superb and he has a likable personality that gets over. All who participate in the program are genuine artists—and there are 58 on the list. Pick Malone and Pat Padgett as Mollases and January are great favorites in the East and now they are getting their chance to become great radio characters nationally. Charles Wininger, as Captain Henry, and Jules Bledsoe, and the Hall-Johnson Singers are great and made-to-order for a showboat program. At the premiere everybody was in costume. The picture in the center of this page shows Lanny Ross as he appeared that night when the photographs were taken.

"HOW do you get all those complicated ideas for the Snow Village sketches," I asked Arthur Allen one night after his broadcast. "Want I should tell you 'bout that?" responded Mr. Allen who is much better known to you as "Uncle Dan'l." We were in the press relations department of NBC in New York. To look at Allen you never would suspect he is the visualized sep-

tuagenarian in Snow Village. In fact he appears slight and dapper, neatly but not flashily dressed. You'd say he might be a junior banker or a bond salesman. But the minute he speaks you hear "Uncle Dan'l" himself from the inside.

"Why don't you get the man who writes the script to write you how he does it?" he asked. He volunteered to put it up to William Ford Manley. And now we have just heard from Mr. Manley so that you will read all the low down on Snow Village in your next Radio Digest. And you'll be surprised to learn that it's not all just imagination.

TALK about spreading education by radio—let's take off our hats to that grand old school master of the air, Walter Damrosch! It's nine years since he first stepped before a microphone. Now he has just resumed his fourth year teaching a class of 6,000,000 young Americans how to understand and appreciate the best that is in music. It was a real "first day of school" when he spoke to his class Friday, Oct. 14, at 11 a.m., EST., "Good morning, my dear young people." He has the capacity to envision this great panorama of school rooms before him as he speaks. The mechanics of the studio are all blurred out. He is the enthusiastic and devoted schoolmaster before his pupils.

In many western cities where the program comes before the regular school day begins children come an hour early to hear him and the NBC Symphony orchestra under his direction. Damrosch as a personality has become an American institution. Children who have come to know him as the voice of a great man will be proud to speak of him to generations yet to be born.

ONE of the most salutary social benefits of radio is the abatement of race prejudice. Color or creed seems to make little difference to the listener so long as he is getting what he wants from the program. Take the case of The Three Keyes recently given a place on the NBC schedule. G. W. "Johnny" Johnstone tells me that he happened to hear them over some small station in Pennsylvania which he had tuned in at his home by accident. He was convinced they were worthy of network attention and sold his office on the idea. So the Three Black Keyes stepped ali the over night from obscurity to national fame. Did it turn their heads? Not a whit. Major Bowes booked them in October for his Capitol theatre on Broadway. That was just something funny for The Three Keyes, nothing to be excited about. Old timers who have been on the stage for years building stage personality stood in the wings and fairly gasped at the nonbalance of these humble sons of Africa. With absolute simplicity they stepped out and did their bit, and the way in which they did it brought the house down in the most prolonged applause of the whole show. Their instantaneous acceptance seems to rival that of their predecessors, The Mills Brothers, on the Columbia network who also have triumphed in a tour of stage presentations. Radio is giving unknown and undiscovered colored its first opportunity.
Young women who live within the golden circle of the gilded social set have cast aspiring eyes toward the radio studio. Parents frown on the theatre. The concert and operatic stage are in such a rarified atmosphere that a young girl must make very elaborate preparation if she hopes to carve a career in these arts.

But radio is different. And now the debs with really fine talent are being heard on many of the most popular stations. Among the recent aspirants in this line is Miss Nancy Mills Whitman of Brookline and Boston, Mass. She is one of those on the select list who have been heard with the Jack Denny orchestra on his Debutante Hour, which resumed broadcasting at the Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 27.
Here is a good life-like portrait of Lawrence Tibbett the Californian who went East and made good with the Metropolitan Grand Opera in New York, and subsequently became world-famous as one of the greatest of baritones. He is now busily engaged in rehearsing for the new opera, "Emperor Jones."
Tibbett night was ladies night on the air last season when the great operatic baritone served the Firestone hour so handsomely and expensively. But you'll never get a Firestone to say he wasn't worth the money. Hook up that Tibbett voice and that Tibbett personality with a classy tire in the public mind and you have something deluxe in radio selling.

Although the blondes and brunettes preferred Lawrence Tibbett the mere male in the audience was not unhappy. Tibbett is a regular he-man, masculine through and through. His boundless energy, his voice, virile physique, his typical American spirit of independence gave him that something which centered the dial on the hour set for his arrival. He has climbed to the heights just as he used to climb the mountains that he loves.

Well, the opera season is almost here again. The success of last year's presentation of Metropolitan Opera by radio has assured its return to the air again this year. And Lawrence Tibbett will be heard therewith.

Since his return from Europe a few weeks ago he has been applying himself to rehearsals of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" which, as you probably know, has been set to music on the grand scale by Louis Gruenberg. By "applying himself" we mean applying himself in the Tibbettian manner, which is nothing short of 97.44 application. Tibbett is a terrier for persistence in following through on what he sets out to achieve. He had his little vacation across the sea, yes call it honeymoon if you like; then he came back ready for business. He was, of course, deluged with calls by phone and in person by his too fond admirers from the day he checked in at the Savoy Plaza. Now, a leading baritone with a brand new opera on his hands can't literally be everywhere and do everything at once, ardent biographers to the contrary notwithstanding. And a Lawrence Tibbett with the traditions of pioneering Americans for his background can't and won't turn high hat, even for grand opera.

But rehearsing is a job, just as much of a job as plowing a field—and some who've tried both say it's even more. You have to watch the furrow and keep your hand on the plow handle, even though the plow is a prop and the furrow is a dingle of footlights along the front of the stage. That's why the Tibbetts checked out of the Savoy Plaza and moved into a quiet little apartment over on West Fifty-seventh street. (Don't think we're going to give their secret away by revealing the exact number.)

Lawrence Tibbett always knew he could sing. The World War interrupted his plans for a little while but he persisted in his determination to climb, and then he was suddenly—over night—up the grade and on the pinnacle of fame. He has kept his head level through it all and remains the typical American as he was born.

Now if you want to know a little more about the Lawrence Tibbett background, conceding, of course, that if you are a genuine Tibbett fan you probably know more details than we do. He's a regular Westerner. His forbears trekked the ghastly trail of the covered wagon during the Gold Rush of Forty-nine. His father, William Tibbett, was sheriff of Kern county, California. Lawrence was born in Bakersfield, November 16, '96. Before Lawrence had become more than a really small boy his father was shot down and killed while in pursuit of an outlaw. His grief-stricken mother gathered her small brood about her and moved to Los Angeles. It became the passion of the mother's life to give her children greater cultural opportunities. She sang, and she taught her three boys and a girl—to sing. All children had exceptional voices, a definite inheritance from their mother.

As for young Lawrence his voice was the strongest part about him. Physically he was somewhat handicapped. But he had a fierce and determined will. He made up his mind that he could make himself strong by plenty of exercise, and plenty of outdoors. He made good progress, and as he grew older he acquired a fondness for the mountains, and mountain climbing. Pinnacles were his delight. Three times he has climbed the 10,000 feet to the peak of San Jacinto, near Palm Springs. It's an all-night hike to reach this peak in time to see the sunrise. He loves a horse and today he reckons among his fondest memories the time he served as a cowboy on his uncle's ranch in the Tejon mountains. And still, while we are with Tibbett on the mountains, it is worth mentioning that when he sings for the sheer joy that is in his soul he asks for no better place to do it than on the topmost crag of the highest mountain around. Give him an echo from an opposite peak and his joy is supreme.

Naturally someone wants to know when the Tibbett chap began to have operatic yearnings. It began in his adolescent youth when he looked with longing pride upon his older brother, Jesse, who was a star in a local musical stock company. Ah to be a star with a musical stock company! Why must some people have all the luck! Just to be born with a singing voice—that was luck! He might have a voice himself. Well? And then a stranger who heard him singing with the other children in school said, "That Tibbett boy should have his voice trained. It's getting good." The teacher told Lawrence and Lawrence said, "If you really think it's worth training I'll train it." And that was how it started.

His first conception of a good voice was one that would produce the greatest amount of volume. Quality was taken for granted. To pour his soul into his voice gave him an intense feeling of exaltation. He would become great, an actor, a composer, a writer . . . he would conquer the world one way or another. A great magnetic force generated within

(Continued on page 48)
SINGING SISTERS

THIS is a hard year for the families who only have one or two sisters, because it takes three to have a harmonizing trio and harmonizing trios are sitting on top of the world. People like to hear them and there should be more of them because so far all the trios do pretty much the same stuff, following the astonishing success of the Boswell Sisters.

While only three Sister trios are shown in the pictures here do not take it for granted that there are no more. They are heading for the key stations in New York from all directions, even hoping off the boats just in from England, France, Germany, Russia, Spain and South America.

But no matter where they come from the most of them have to stand to one side for the soft voiced sisters from the Southland. It's born in them, a plaintive sweetness, engendered by growing days under sunny skies where Jack Frost never comes to harden the vocal cords with his icy breath.

Pickens & Pickens & Pickens

"We lead a happy life, we 'slim Pickens', as someone has dubbed us," said Jane Pickens, recently. "We are happy because we can sing. We have been singing ever since we were old enough to coo. It was part of the plantation life down in Georgia where we lived. It seems only a little while ago that we were children tagging along behind the negro workers in the field as they wielded their hoes in rhythmic unison through the cotton rows. They would sing and rock their bodies in time with the leader who worked ahead of them: 'Rock, rock, rock, jubilee!' was a phrase they would repeat over and over again." In spite of training by the best of teachers the Pickens Sisters still go back to those early impressions when they make their arrangements for broadcasting over the NBC network.

Jane, Patti and Helen—a row of Pickens I'm Gawja.
Connie, Martha & Vet

THESE pioneering Boswell Sisters have become so well known to practically all radio listeners it seems superfluous to biography them. Their dad did not bring them up to be harmonizers—he had them booked for high-brow classics. But one day he had to leave New Orleans for a trip to Florida. And while he was gone these torrid little daughters hopped over the fence and with the aid of a saxophone browsed on the luscious hot tunes of the levee. Nothing in music was ever written just right for them so their familiarity with academic music made it possible for them to do their own arrangements. Then they were invited to sing at WSMB. After that they found other engagements and when their dad got back from Florida he was the most astonished man you ever saw. But he surrendered and they went from one success to another—North, West to California and finally to New York where they scored their greatest radio triumph. They still do their own arranging and have a repertoire of about 400 songs. You hear them in Chesterfield programs.

Martha, Vet and Connie, and every one of ’em a Boswell (up till now, anyway). That name “Vet” stands for Helvetia.

X & X & X

IF YOU know your algebra you know what that “X” stands for—the unknown quantity. For some reason or other these “Three X” Sisters don’t want their names published. The question as to whether they can harmonize or not is pretty well known, as they had not been on CBS a week before they were sought for records and movies. But they had to go to Europe to gain their first recognition. There they were acclaimed in a whirlwind tour of harmony and cross-fire chit-chat. Reading from left to right they are: X, X and X. You’re welcome to the information. X is the prettiest.
Cheerio and
By Rosemary

S

EVEN years ago out in California a certain man was walking down the street to his office. On the way he dropped in to see a friend.

"How are you, old man?" he said.

"Hope you're feeling better."

And he stayed to chat a few minutes, and when he left the friend said he did feel better and thanked him for the visit.

Nothing remarkable in that, is there? The certain man went on walking towards his office, feeling a glow because he'd been able to do some one a kindness. It came over him that there must be a lot of sick persons in the world, and not only sick persons, but sorrowing persons, lonely persons, down-hearted persons, worried persons—all of them in need of just such a boost as he had a little while ago given to his sick friend. He wished he could by some magic means reach all those persons, give each one of them some comfort.

Nothing remarkable in that thought either. At times we have all wanted to be knights to the rescue, have all wanted to go out and save distressed damsels from the dragon. The remarkable thing is that this certain man did something about it.

He went to talk to his friend, Ray Lyman Wilbur, then President of Stanford University, and now Secretary of the Interior. Probably the conversation went something like this:

"You know, Ray, there are a lot of folks in this world who can't make physical daily dozes every morning but who need mental daily dozes to start their day so that it will be easier to go through it."

"More than that, as we physicians know. (Dr. Wilbur is a past president of the American Medical Association.) When a doctor goes to his patient he has to carry something with him that isn't in his black bag, and that he didn't learn in medical school. But it isn't only his patients that need what we're talking about. Lots of persons, in good health, are what we call 'sub-normal' on one morning or another. They need some outside spur."

"Why can't I reach those people by radio?"

"You can. And I will help you. It would do an immense amount of good." (There is a legend abroad that Cheerio instituted this program in memory of his mother who had been an invalid. The facts are that when this interview with Dr. Wilbur took place, Cheerio's mother was in good health. Before the first program actually went on the air she had been stricken in her last illness, and thus became, by a dramatic turn of fate, the most important member of that audience for whom he had conceived his service.)

And so, to the air! The rescuing knight on a new kind of steed. Have at thee, dragon! Every morning over a California station that certain man was there to send out his message of cheer and comfort and courage to the "somebodies somewhere" who had need of what he had to give.

"Cheerio," he called himself. "Cheerio"—meaning "Good Luck" and "Aloha" and "Keep a stiff upper lip." and a whole lot of other heartening things like that.

The program was simple. A few inspirational poems, some wise sayings, some sound and simple philosophy—the whole strung together by a chain of gay nonsense and delivered in a voice that was sympathetic and intimate. The response was immediate. Thousands of letters proved how needed was this daily mental dozen, these sword-thrusts at the dragons.

After he was well started, another friend, no less a person than the then Secretary of Commerce and Chief of Radio, Herbert Hoover, heard this good will broadcast. At once he said to Cheerio that he, like any successful business man, should have a wider market for his goods. It made no difference that his goods were for gift not for sale. He should have a larger field. He should be on a national hook-up, reach hundreds of thousands where he now reached thousands.

With Hoover's encouragement, Cheerio came to New York. He got to the high officials of the National Broadcasting Company.

Said Cheerio, "I want to kill dragons." Oh, no, he didn't say it in just those words. But he told them about his idea, his program that would reach the shut-ins, the sick, the down-hearted, the afflicted. He explained it all very carefully.

What puzzled the broadcast officials was that this certain man wanted to give his services and wanted to remain anonymous.

"What," they asked, "no cash, no glory?"

CHEERIO told them he wanted neither, that his salary would be the letters of his listeners, that his fame he'd receive as Cheerio and not under his own name.

"All right," they said, "put on your program. We'll give you fifteen minutes over one station, WEAF." They were surprised that he wanted early morning time. They said no one listened early in the morning. But Cheerio knew that the time for mental daily dozes was the first part of the day.

He got together several artists who were willing to be fellow dragon-slayers. There was Russell Gilbert, a business man who had at one time been in vaudeville, and who said he thought he might manage to sing a few songs and tell a few jokes every morning on the
the Dragons

Drachman

program before he had to be at his office. There was Geraldine Riegger, the deep-voiced contralto, a pupil of Madame Sembrich.

On March 14, 1927, quite unheralded, the three of them went on the air in their little fifteen minute program from 8:30 to 8:45 on just one station.

That was over five years ago. The original group of three has grown to sixteen. The soprano, Mrs. Russell Gilbert joined her husband during the first week. There is Pat Kelly, the tenor, and Harrison Isles with his orchestra of seven—the "Little Peppers" as they are called—Miss Elizabeth Freeman and her two singing canaries, and Loyal Lane who works the controls. Dr. Crumbine, general executive of the American Child Health Association, comes in every Thursday to give a talk on child health. For years his association financed the office expense connected with the Cheerio program for the sake of the good that comes to children from the inspiration given to their mothers during that quarter-hour.

The time has been increased from fifteen minutes to a half hour and the stations from one to thirty-five, taking in practically the entire NBC network for the eastern and central zones. From Canada to Florida, from Maine to Texas, at 8:30 every week-day morning, listeners may tune in to Cheerio for help against their particular dragons.

And what dragons Cheerio scotches! Anyone who listens to the programs and hears some of the letters read knows that.

Little dragons that are more annoying than harmful. For instance, the dragon called "Oh what drudgery housework is!" Writes one woman: "I don't mind doing the dishes now. I carry my loudspeaker into the kitchen every morning."

The dragon called "That tired feeling." "I am a busy night nurse and I hurry home every morning to hear you, and feel so cheered up after the strain of the night," writes another.

The dragon called "The blues." "I used to get so low that I'd be clean in the cellar before hubby came home. Now he gets a pleasant 'hello' instead of a grunt."

The dragon called "Never having any time." "If it weren't for Cheerio my family would be running around with safety pins holding up their pants. That's the time I darn and sew."

The dragon of loneliness. "I live in the house for old ladies in Atlanta, Georgia. You should see me getting up early so as to have my room in apple pie order when you enter. For I play like you all come to see me and I like to have my room ready to receive you all."

The dragon of ill health. "When I was eight years old, Old Man Infantile Paralysis paid me a visit. I was left with two legs, one side, and one arm paralyzed. But thank the Lord he did not get all of me. I have still got one good arm and my head left."

The dragons of great affliction. "Twenty years ago this Thanksgiving
Day a son was born to me. Then in August, 1921, when not quite three years old, the boy was kidnapped. In all the years since I have never found him.” And from another letter, “I have lost my wife and little girl and have been unemployed for eight months. Do you wonder why it is so hard to smile? But I always turn in now before I go out looking for work.”

Those are only a few of the letters that show the work that Cheerio and his Cheerio family are doing. Hundreds of thousands more have come in to prove how needed was that spiritual pick-me-up that is now available on the air every weekday morning at 8:30.

And no one can guess how many dragons are killed with the mere writing of those letters. It’s a method of “getting it out of one’s system,” a method approved by both doctors and psychologists.

The letters are answered, too. Perhaps not with a mailed reply. But over the air comes a message in Cheerio’s clear, understanding voice. “I am speaking to you,” he says. And happily “you” in the English language, is both singular and plural. Each listener may take his words personally.

Cheerio takes no money for his services. It is a labor of love. NBC furnishes the network and is now paying the artists, although for a long time the Cheerio studio family worked for no pay or for very little pay.

Nor will Cheerio let the program be sold to a sponsor. The Cheerio hour is meant for “somebody somewhere” who might need help in starting the day right. The commercial element is kept out of it. Cheerio believes that the sincerity of purpose which started this service is the rock upon which it continues to stand—the freedom from any other purpose whatever is the ever-present guaranty of that sincerity.

For the same reason Cheerio wants to be known only as “Cheerio.” Not because he wants to build up a great big mystery about himself, and so gain a sort of reverse publicity, but because the ballyhoo which is a part of any publicity—what he eats for breakfast, where he buys his ties, what he looks like, what his hobbies are, etc., etc.—would, in his opinion, interfere with the good that the program is now doing.

The reason for his impersonality is as simple as that, although many have tried to find a catch in it.

As Cheerio has said himself over the air, he is a man who is fortunate enough to have been blessed with all the resources of comfort and courage can flow to innumerable somebodies somewhere. Just as some other men have become channels through which a grand piece of music, or a fine painting, or a great book reaches innumerable persons. The musician, the painter, the author would all fight against anything that would spoil their work. So Cheerio fights to retain his impersonality. He knows he does most good that way, is more helpful to more people by being just a voice.

As one woman says, “I have such a fine picture of you in my heart I don’t want it spoiled. Every day I see you in a different way.” And from another letter: “My good husband is a sea captain, and each morning when you say, ‘Be happy all day long,’ then, Cheerio, it seems my good husband speaks.” And from still another: “You seem a Peter Pan. I imagine you dressed that way with a beautiful dark blue velvet cloak thrown around you, the cloak covered with silver stars, the border of misty ermine clouds.”

Naturally there are many rumors about him. “They say” he is a very wealthy retired business man. “They say” he is a minister. “They say” even that he is a prominent politician who will some day reveal himself and run for president. And a little girl writes, “Mum says you are Santa Claus and that when you leave the studio you hurry to your office to make me toys.” Cheerio never affirms or denies such rumors, although it is likely that the one about Santa Claus tickles his vanity.

The scheme of the Cheerio hour is the birthday breakfast. To this imaginary birthday table are invited all those whose birthday is on that day. The special guests are the famous ones of the past and present and they are honored by having their works read, or their songs sung, or their compositions played. But not only the famous are at this birthday breakfast. Every “somebody somewhere” whose birthday is on that day is sitting in spirit at the birthday table. And those birthday guests whose age is ninety or over are given special mention.

The “Gay Nineties,” Cheerio calls them, and over the air goes greetings to “somebody’s dad in Canton, Ohio,” and to “somebody’s grandmother, ninety years young, in Brookline, Massachusetts,” and to “somebody’s uncle, a Civil War veteran, in San Antonio, Texas.” Only the birthday guest’s residence is given, but as each city is mentioned, one can see the birthday guest beaming with joy and pride.

For those who attain the grand age of one hundred the name is given. “Our guest of honor, Aunt Martha Hopkins of Newcastle, Maine, is quite a remarkable youngster of one hundred today. Three rousing cheers. Hip, hip, hooray!” That’s another dragon that Cheerio is scotching, the dragon of old age. Listeners of sixty and seventy feel like two-year-olds after hearing so much about the gay nineties and the hundred year youngsters. As some one wrote, “We used to think our mother was old, but now we’ve taken her down off the shelf, dusted her off, and told her she’s nothing but a chicken.” And another woman wrote, “I’m sixty. I was feeling old but when I heard your birthday party for hundred year old Granny Wilkins, I said, ‘Old, my goodness, I’m just a little more than half her age and she’s young yet.”

Anniversaries are celebrated, too. “The Honeymoon Special,” Cheerio calls his list of those who have been married for fifty years and over. Those who have been married sixty years and over are mentioned by name.

And there is a horoscope, too, and a special birthday wish in which everyone joins. “Ready. Concentrate. Everybody wish,” says Cheerio. A gong is struck, and over the land in thousands and thousands of homes listeners are sending out their good wishes. Who can calculate what that wave of good will is doing?

And another dragon nailed to the mast is the dragon of selfishness. Wrote a listener: “The first day I wished for happiness for myself, the next day for my family, the next day for the whole world.”

Of course there are those who do not have, or think they do not have, any dragons to be scotched. And to these Cheerio is nothing more nor less than the bunk. What they don’t write in and call him “Pollyanna.” “Soh sister,” “Professional cheer-up.” “The complete bore,” “Peddler of palpum.” “The hot-air king.” “Nothing more nor less than a dull aching sensation in the neck.” “Someone adoring the sound of

(Continued on page 48)
Queen of the Air

JESSICA DRAGONETTE continues to reign supreme as the best loved singer in the Realm of Radio. Portrait shows her as she appeared on the Edison Fiftieth Anniversary program in the frilly-frillie's of the Seventies.
PAUL WHITEMAN has again established his leadership during the current season and by the time this reaches you he will have launched his new program, the Buick Travelers from WEAF over an all-nation network. With him will be his charming entertainers including the especially charming Irene Taylor who joined the NBC in Chicago last year. Paul met her there and upon his return to New York succeeded, only a few weeks ago, in having her annexed to his staff. The three Sundays that Whiteman left the air for his rehearsals in Carnegie Hall brought an avalanche of mail from protesting listeners in all parts of the country. The new Buick Travelers series will take up the period formerly utilized by the General Motors for their Parade of the States, which concluded Oct. 17th with the forty-eighth and final tribute of the series. The program begins at 9:30 p.m., EST, every Monday night and will continue along the high standard maintained by General Motors on all of its programs.
SAX ROHMER himself came over from England to make sure that his famous characters in the mystery stories of Dr. Fu Manchu should have the best possible interpretation in their radio dramatization over the Columbia network. John C. Daly, veteran British actor, is taking the part of Dr. Fu Manchu by personal endorsement of the author. All other characters are equally well chosen. Miss Sunda Love who has been assigned the part of the beautiful slave girl.
Once upon a time," said Georgie Price, between bites into his curried chicken a la Sardi, "I used to love to see my name in lights over a theatre. But not today. I'd much rather see it in the 'Today's Best Programs' box on the radio pages of the newspapers."

That was Georgie's way of answering the adulations which were being heaped upon him as we sat in the famous New York rendezvous at luncheon the day it was announced that Georgie Price had broken the house record for the season at the Paramount Theatre. The management announced that a total of $68,000 had been paid in at the box office during the week by persons anxious to see Georgie Price.

During the luncheon everybody in the place stopped by the table to congratulate Georgie. But it didn't seem to make any impression on him. So I remarked:

"How can you keep from getting swell-headed after the marvelous things all these people are saying about you?"

He laughed, and so did his radio representative, attorney, and adviser-general.

"It doesn't mean anything," said Georgie. "Once upon a time it would have meant a lot. But now they shouldn't be congratulating me. I haven't done a thing. The radio has been responsible for it all. That box office record should be credited to radio, not to me. The thing that gives me a kick out of it all is this: It confirms the rumors that I have achieved success in radio. And for was the fact that he, like a lot of other stage stars, had purposely kept clear of the ether. But he soon convinced me that I had heard rightly.

"It was a picture no artist could paint," Georgie went on. "Imagine if you can a man ducking out through back doors at his home and his office to avoid theatrical managers pleading for his services, only to go sit on someone's doorstep and beg that person to let him in. That was me trying to get into radio.

I won't go so far as to say that they had never heard of me. Oh, no. They have some real showmen in radio. But they knew me only from the stage. They knew I could sing a song, do comedy, do impersonations, or go into a dance. They admitted—those that did talk to me eventually—that I was sure fire on the stage. But, for radio, that was a different story. To radio, Georgie Price was just a pest who was liable to be waiting in the reception room when they came in in the morning, went out or in at lunch or when they went home at night. I was to them what the theatrical managers were to me.

"Well, that went on for a year. Oh, several times I almost clicked during that time. I gave several auditions. After one, several of my auditors came to me and assured me I had the contract easy. That was the last time I ever heard from that would-be sponsor. An artists' representative who happened to be in the studio.
that day told me I had nothing to worry about. If this program didn't come through he could get me 501 radio contracts, and that was the last time I heard from him until after I had been on the Chase and Sanborn coffee and tea programs, and then it was to drop into the studio and tell me he knew I would be a success on the air.

"It was all very funny how I finally broke in. It was right here in Sardi's. My manager and I were having lunch. He is Cantor's and Jessel's radio manager. You know Cantor, Jessel and I grew up in show business together. But we'll come to that later.

"I asked my friend to give me the answer to the riddle. How was it, I wanted to know, that Cantor and Jessel could have such an easy time getting radio listeners and I couldn't. And at the same time I admitted to my friend that I had as much talent as either one.

"Well, you never saw a man blow up so quickly."

He paused to smile at the manager, who interjected:

"All I asked Georgie was how he could mention himself in the same breath with Cantor and Jessel."

"That's all," Georgie continued.

"Then he told me I was handling myself all wrong, that I was a pretty good business man, but that radio didn't think a business man was worth what I was asking for my services as an entertainer.

"Well, we ended up bad friends. I was insulted, and deeply so. Never before had I been cut so badly. We parted in a terrible huff. I know I never wanted to talk with him again, and I guess he was of the same mind.

"We didn't meet again for several days, until after I had had another slap from radio. I never felt lower in my life. I went for a walk in Central Park. I had tried to see several radio executives that day without success. Almost unconscious of my movements I had left the park and was walking down Broadway until I found myself in front of the Paramount Theatre building where my friend has his offices. I went in. I guess he was as much surprised to see me as I was at being there.

"'I admit I was all wrong,' I said to him, 'now you go ahead."

"And he did. Within two weeks after that I was signed for the Chase and Sanborn tea program. That is Georgie Price was signed up, but it was a far different Georgie Price than I had ever known."

The manager laughed. It was not, he explained, an unusual case. Georgie was not the first star of the stage to find he had to change himself entirely to make good in radio. He didn't seem to think it strange that Georgie had met a stone wall, while within two weeks after the walk in the park, he was set for the air.

"He should have taken that walk a year ago," was the manager's only comment.

"Speaking of taking a walk," went on Georgie, "reminds me of the first time Eddie Cantor ever sang a song."

Of course he was going back quite a few years to the days when Georgie, Eddie and Jessel were growing up with Gus Edwards shows. Georgie was like a son to Edwards in those days. Their association even today still is more of the father-son relationship than that of former employer-employee.

LIKE most stage stars Georgie Price couldn't understand why he was not acclaimed at once when he tried to get himself a radio program. It took him a year to find out he had to start out all over again. But once he had humbled himself to that state of mind it did not take him long to climb to the top.

THIS season the act was a kid party in honor of Georgie and Lila Lee, Cantor was a waiter in blackface, spilling things and doing general blackface comedy.

"But Gus didn't think he was doing enough," Georgie said. "One day he took Cantor aside and said 'all the other kids are doing specialties, so you'll have to.'"

"'What can I do?' asked the bewildered Cantor.

"'Sing a song, Gus answered."

"'What, with my voice. Why they'll throw things at me.'"

"'If you keep moving fast enough they'll never hit you," Gus told him.

"So Eddie went out to do a song. I'll never forget it. The title was 'Start the Victrola' and from the first lines of the verse till the last line of the chorus Eddie kept running back and forth across the stage. Well, he had some catch lines in the chorus, and one day he heard some one laughing when he sang those lines. So he stopped his running and listened to the laughter, almost forgetting to finish the song. That was how Cantor developed his style of singing, running up and down during the most part and standing in one place while he renders the catch lines. He's never changed from the first time he sang until today, except, of course for the microphone."

Georgie has made a study of how the various artists he impersonates got their styles. He has gone very deeply into the subject, especially regarding the 20 stars he can take off in a moment's notice. He found, he said, that the styles are not original with the present day users in nine cases out of ten, but merely adaptations of styles they had liked when they were starting out.

There is probably no one in show business who knows the fabulous brothers Lee and J. J. Shubert, as does Georgie. He told me his favorite story about these two, who though brothers and partners sometimes go months without speaking to each other and even try at times to get the best of one another.

The Shuberts, besides owning shows and theatres, have several excellent apartment house properties in Manhattan. It was in one of these that Georgie desired to reside several years ago. He went to the renting agent and was shown just the apartment he wanted. But the rent—$300 a month—was out of the question. He went down to the Shubert offices. Here is the way I reconstruct what happened.

Georgie—Good morning, Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee—Hello, Georgie.

Georgie—Say that renting agent at the Jolson apartments certainly has a nerve asking $250 for an apartment.

Mr. Lee—You bet he has, Georgie. Tell him I said to give it to you for $200.

Georgie—Thank you, Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee—Not at all, Georgie.

(Curtain is lowered for 30 seconds (Continued on page 48)
BOBBY BENSON

Soo... You thought all that talk about Bobby Benson, being the youngest member and the hero of the H-bar-O Rangers was the bunk! You thought it was just story-talk that you hear over the CBS broadcasting system from Buffalo every Monday, Wednesday and Friday right after you get home from school. Well, looka this! What?

That's Bobby Benson himself a-settin' on the fence, and that beside him is his trusty steed, Silver Spot! So you wouldn't believe it, huh?

Well sir, you know how the story goes about him bein' the heir to that H-bar-O ranch, and how the villains are a-tryin' to beat him out of it. And boy oh boy, does he have adventures! Look at him! Why that little bunch of chaps and sombrero is only ten years old. But don't he look like a regular Tom Mix in the bud! Course you shouldn't know this but up where he goes to school in Buffalo the teachers and all call him Richard. But some of the boys call him Dick and that's really just about as good a name if not even better'n Bobby. His whole name is Richard Wanamaker. Course you can't tell how that name Wanamaker stacks up out there where the Indians 'n' cowboys are. Which would you rather be a Benson or a Wanamaker? But what's that got to do with this radio program? You wanna listen to it. Comes on at 5 o'clock. Hook 'em cow! Hey, Hat, don't you get fresh when a breeze blows up an' drag the little Boss off that corral palin'!
Be a Barber and See the World

Says Johnny Marvin

By Earle Ferris

Radio has a singing son of the plains, a barber who bought a ukulele and started out to see the world. His career might match that of the leading character in Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" or the leading character in the motion picture epic "The Covered Wagon." He is Johnny Marvin whose vocal tricks and agile guitar and ukulele strumming carried him many a long mile and now have made him one of America's best loved singers.

Neither his mother nor his father know exactly where Johnny Marvin was born because he was brought into the world in a covered wagon on a pine tree trail somewhere along the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas. His mother to this day says that he was born in one state and his father, in the other, so that when he gets a passport to go abroad, as he did once to sing before the Prince of Wales in London, he merely fills in his passport, Johnny Marvin, United States.

After his family had settled in Butler, Oklahoma, and he had started out life very prosaically as a barber in a small Oklahoma town, he began to play the guitar and for many nights his father and he rode twenty-five miles and back to play for square dances, earning the magnificent sum of two dollars and a half between them for playing five and six hours at a clip. One day he heard that a Hawaiian who was playing in a Hawaiian musical act had died at Clinton, Iowa. He hurried to that city and took his place, playing the guitar and the mandolin in Culligan and Hawkwell's Royal Hawaiians, in which they were all Hawaiians except Marvin. He gave that up later and returned home only to feel the lure of the wanderlust again, and working at his trade as a barber he made his way to St. Louis. While he was in St. Louis he was offered a job taking care of a trainload of mules that were headed for South Carolina and he accompanied the mules from St. Louis as far as Washington, D. C., watering and feeding them. With his old guitar tucked under his arm he played it in Washington, to make his way to New York. He had four dollars and bought a round trip excursion ticket for three dollars and a half, selling it for two dollars and a half when he got to New York.

In two days his money ran out and although he had a room at Fourteenth Avenue and East Third Street, he sang on the street corners with his guitar to get enough money to eat while he answered ads for barbers.

Each time he applied for a position they looked at his youthful face and decided he was too young. But finally a hairdresser on Eighty-sixth street in New York offered him a job shampooining ladies' hair. In a year's time he saved five hundred dollars on a salary of ten dollars a week and his tips. He sewed all but twenty dollars of the money into his vest and expressed his clothes ahead to St. Louis.

With four sandwiches and two bottles of pop and wearing overalls over his new blue serge suit, he worked his way on trains to St. Louis, getting a job there as a barber until he saved up enough money to pay his way back to his old home in Butler, Oklahoma. There with the three hundred and fifty dollars he had left he bought the town barber shop.

But the wanderlust still called—another Hawaiian troupe needed a Hawaiian, and since he played a guitar, he became one and traveled with the troupe for a whole year getting twenty-five dollars a week and expenses. He went back to Butler, Oklahoma, again and joined the navy in 1918, spending thirteen months at San Diego where he doubled as a member of the band and as the company barber, at old Balboa Park for the duration of the war.

After the war he went to San Francisco and got a job as a barber next door to Tait's Cabaret, a place largely famous to musical circles as having been the spot from which Paul Whiteman was fired.

It was in San Francisco that he met Charlie Sergeant, who had also been one of the many four Hawaiians with whom Marvin had played. And together they organized a vaudeville act, known as the Serpent Brothers, which they played in until 1921. He played vaudeville steadily until 1924 when he met the famous vaudeville act of the Four Camerons and was booked on the same bill with them over a long while. On Christmas day in 1924, playing on a bill at Erie, Pennsylvania, he met a prima donna in an act owned by Frank Richardson, the old motion picture star. She was Edna May. Two months later she became Mrs. Johnny Marvin.

Later the Marvins left the Four Camerons and Johnny Marvin took his jazz band through the middle west, starting a tour in Omaha, and in two months he was flat broke. He scraped enough money to send his wife on to New York, and instead of paying the band, he gave them his old (Continued on page 48)
IN PREPARING a program which shall prove pleasing to the greatest percentage of his listeners-in, the radio dance orchestra leader must keep foremost in his mind the fact that he is playing not for a group of musicians, but for a number of people whose occupations may run the gamut from butcher to candlestick maker.

In order to give them the sort of music they really want, your leader must therefore know people, not merely as indefinite "members of an unseen audience," but as living, breathing human beings. No matter how wide his radio experience, it is insufficient unless the orchestra conductor has made a large number of personal appearances, during which he has watched various types of people respond to varied selections at different hours of the day and night.

"But," you ask, "won't his fan mail give him a definite indication of what the public wants?"

The answer is: It affords only a slight indication. It isn't nearly as definite a sign-post on the road to public preference as you would naturally expect. Here's why.

There are, generally speaking, two types of fan letters. One is written by people who are really interested in the program, and who try to help the broadcasters by making pertinent suggestions as to numbers they wish to have included in future presentations. Sometimes the writers of these serious letters tell us which selections they liked, or did not like. Their letters are always very welcome.

The other type of fan letter comes from the "souvenir hunter." This person writes a letter very similar to the one I have just described, and usually requests an autograph of the conductor.

Now, if the serious-minded individual particularly likes the broadcaster's program, he too may request a photograph. So there is really no way in which the leader is enabled to tell whether the writer of a "fan letter" is expressing an honest preference, or is just prefacing a request for a picture with a few polite phrases.

Because fan mail is not a reliable barometer of public preference, a background of stage or dance work (preferably both) is required in order that the radio dance orchestra leader may please the majority of his audience, during the greatest part of his program.

By way of illustration, let me quote a bit from my own observations. When I played in Whyte's Restaurant, I kept carefully collated statistics on the ways in which patrons at various hours reacted to my music. I found, for example, that people prefer slow, dreamy waltzes or languishing ballads in foxtrot tempo around dinner time. As the evening progresses, they like to have their music grow faster and "hotter," until in the late evening hours we are interspersing a far greater percentage of torch tunes in our programs than we do at the start of the evening.

The way to do it is to give them plenty of "blues" and what might be called "jungle jazz." I don't know whether it's the tricky flutter of the brasses, the over-accentuated rhythm of the drums, or the use of the special mutes that fills the late listeners full of pep, but I do know that when they're listening after midnight, they want their music cannibalistic.

This is even more true of the radio audience than in the case of the other types for which I have played. You see, the radio listener has all sorts of music at his finger-tips. If he wants slumber music, it's readily available at the twist of a dial. So it's my job as a dance orchestra leader to provide the sort of dance music that will keep the greatest number of listeners contentedly tapping their toes at any given hour I go on the air.

Of course, a program, even though early; is seldom without one or two fast numbers, or if late, without a couple of dreamy selections, for the taste of the minority must be considered too. But, as a general rule, the basis just outlined enables the orchestra leader to please the largest proportion of his public.

That's all based on the old rule for success in any line of endeavor: In order to please people, you must know them from personal observation. And if you are in doubt about knowing the audience to which you are playing--it is time to check up and find out just the kind of a listener you do know and understand. When you have arrived at that conclusion figure that there are many thousands of other listeners of the same type. Then play your very best to satisfy that kind of a listener. Keep him in mind, think of him (or maybe it's a her), imagine this known listener tuned into that loud speaker. By this maxim you will find at least one public that is pleased.

This is the first of a series of articles by Peter Van Steeden. In his next, the NBC dance orchestra leader will give conductors who are just getting their start, a few tips on how to "break into the big time."
**Lovely Lady—**

Catherine Mackenzie Called on an Editor to Sell Him an Article—and He Married Her—now She Does Air Column in CBS

IF YOU glance at her picture, you will know at once that Catherine Mackenzie is exceedingly attractive. Novelist, newspaper woman, commentator and conductor of the women's air column (Catherine Mackenzie Entertains) over WABC-Columbia, one of the most captivating speaking voices of radio belongs to her. She has that rare gift—disarming informality, a sense of humor that won't subside, lavish charm, and a genius for choosing the right subjects for her audience. She will interview anyone from an eminent actress to an eminent senator's wife in such a way that you feel both Miss Mackenzie and her subject are sitting in your parlor and sharing their interesting viewpoints.

But now—meet her more specifically. As accurately as words can do it. She is slender and gracious, with carefully shod feet and expressive hands. Her hair is brown. The eyes are grey-blue, direct and humorous. The smile is slow and broad.

She was born (she will tell you proudly) on Cape Breton Island, of sturdy Scottish Highland ancestry. She arrived on her father's Election Day, which was quite a coup d'état, considering. He held political office, and the family was a prominent one in Baddeck, the Shiretown of the County.

As a literary lady, Catherine Mackenzie published her first opus at the age of nine. Once, she was paid three dollars for a poem, and promptly purchased additional copy paper and a large box of candy. Vanity, however, was whaled out of her by three "interested" brothers, all older than herself.

Scholastically, she made her mark at Baddeck Academy, later at boarding school. She wanted to go to Cornell University, where her oldest brother was an instructor. That was in 1914. She wanted specialization in history and English. The world war snapped short her schooling.

Three brothers, stalwart, handsome youths, joined the Canadian colors, went overseas with the kilted Cape Breton Highlanders, C. E. F. All three died in heroic action.

Catherine Mackenzie turned to profitable pursuits for life work, became associate with Alexander Graham Bell's experimental laboratory in Canada, displayed unique abilities, won the approval of Alexander Graham Bell, became his experimental assistant and confidential secretary.—All this at the mature age of 18!

For eight years radio's first woman "columnist" toiled at Bell's side. Her days were packed with research, experiment, writing. At night she read current events, works on politics, philosophy, the arts and travel to the bearded veteran whose name flies on the white and blue flags above every building of the five billion dollar American Telephone and Telegraph Company (Bell System).

While with Alexander Graham Bell she wrote all his personal and business letters. (Although she knows no shorthand.) Knows far more about Bell than many of his business associates. Considers him an outstanding genius, a great humanitarian, lovable friend.

DURING this service, Catherine Mackenzie's pen traced authentic notes on the outstanding career of her distinguished employer. After his death she wrote the life of Alexander Graham Bell—a volume replete not only with detailed observations, facts and chronology, but a penetrating and unbiased judgment on the man and his work. It won her instant fame.

"I traveled with Mr. and Mrs. Bell wherever they went in those years," she related, "and always worked feverishly. Mr. Bell was a dynamo for work. Anything from twin-bearing sheep to submerged hydro-surfaces. On trains, ships, houseboats or in the Dupont Circle home of the Bells in Washington—he kept eternally busy, and so did I.

"In Scotland our party went to Inverness so that I could see the Highlands. There I fought, bled and died from one end of the country to the other. This was the more generous of Mr. Bell, since we had a standing feud on the subject of the Highlands and the Lowlands. (The Bells are a Lowland family.) He insisted that Highlanders were barbarians. I maintained the Lowlanders were little better than the English!"

"The peak of my career came when (in Scotland) I addressed a native in Gaelic and he replied, 'Ah, you're from Lewis' (in the Hebrides). I had been taken for an American in England, and I almost died of joy."

Catherine Mackenzie's first writing "job" in New York was with Bruce Barton. Subsequently she received an assignment to do publicity for a Canadian province. Wrote all her own copy, did the typewriting, sat up all night captioning photos, mailing, stamping them. Aside from this she wrote feature articles—she calls them "pieces," for The Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, New York Sun, New York World and other leading newspapers. Has written for National Geographic Magazine and other travel periodicals.

Approaching Edward Hale Bierstadt, her favorite editor, critic and author, one day with a travel story, she discovered herself loved and in love. Bierstadt, member of a fine old New York family, was then editor of the magazine, Travel. They were married shortly thereafter. After six years, she still says her husband is "the most charming and gifted man I ever met."
Radio's Dark Town

"H A-D E-H O-de-dee-ummm-um—waddly-daddly-doo—" sing the black chanter of the air and all America is amused, North, South, East and West. It's the 1932 edition of the songs the black folk sang when brutal white traders snared them like wild animals from their ancient homes in African forests, brought them to America and made them slaves to hew wood and till the soil.

Tunes that the negroes sing of their own contrivance today are actually traceable back to the folk songs of the jungle which have been handed down from generation to generation. The tune rhythm, even what may have been words from old Guinea are woven into the weird strains and tom-tom rumble so popular in Harlem of New York, South State street, Chicago, and dark town rendezvous in metropolitan sections all over the country.

Cab Calloway, slim, willowy, clean-cut features with some of the graces of the Caucasian aristocracy that blended into the blood of his ancestry showing in his eyes and nose and brow, is the king of this new fad of "scat" singing. In fact he is said to have originated the name "scat" to designate it. He has the ever-present good nature of his race, and he is capable of drowning himself in the ecstasy of the rhythmic tooting and drumming of his band.

He was one of the first of his race to achieve fame over the radio. But the Mills Brothers who first were heard from WLW at Cincinnati and then over the Columbia network, last year, really brought attention to the peculiar adaptability of negro harmonizing to radio broadcasting through their amazing vocal imitation of a jazz band. They really are very young men and although they jumped almost over night from porters and bootblacks to the two and three thousand dollar a week class they have kept their heads and their money through the sage advice and cooperation of good management. They were the first colored entertainers to win real sponsorship on a national network. Their tour of the theatre circuits has been surprisingly
Harmonizers

successful, because of the air fame that preceded them.

Latest of the species to win fame is the trio recently discovered by the NBC and called The Three Keys. An official of the National Broadcasting Company was browsing around the dials at home one night when he came suddenly on a small station in Pennsylvania which had picked up the three colored boys playing in a black and tan resort in Chester. They had gained considerable local reputation so the broadcasters had decided to give them a fling on the air. The NBC man recognized at once that this trio were key singers to a new fad and it was not long before they were brought to the studios at 711 Fifth Avenue. Their promise was immediately fulfilled.

The next step was to Broadway where they played in the Capitol theatre and stopped the show. They were a sensation on the stage, and doubtless will duplicate the success of their colored predecessors.

CAB CALLOWAY who originated what is called "scat" singing so far as it is known to radio listeners. He was born in Baltimore but rules the night gaiety of Harlem.

THE MILLS BROTHERS: Left, Herbert (saxophone), Donald (hot licks), Harvey (trumpet), and John (tuba).
“Hears All
Tells All”

Editor Lee Writes

JUST as Marcella was pondering over the many requests for information on fan clubs, whom do you suppose lit on her windowsill, all dressed in beautiful autumn feathers?—why, Marcella’s Little Bird and under one of those beautiful wings she carried a letter.

Together we read it through and decided it was just what some of our friends have been watching for, and we had better quote some of it. Miss Jacqueline Lee is the author, who stated she was “twenty years of age, with a high school education, and very much interested in writing. At present I am running a fan club, and putting out a little monthly paper.” (She enclosed one for our inspection, and I am going to quote some interesting things from that too.)

The name of the paper is “Buddy Rogers News Monthly,” and the copy we received was Volume 1—Number 5, October, 1932. Here is the Editor’s Column—“As you can see, I am inaugurating a new system this month—or rather, trying it out. That is having the papers facsimile-type-written. This should eliminate the possibility of their being so late in reaching you. The time I spend in typing them all has not recently been planned right, and you have received your copies very late, for which I am exceedingly sorry and I express my apologies. However, I hope you will give me another trial. Under the new system I hope the papers will be out by the fifth.

“I must admit that I was disappointed at the response (or, rather, lack of it) to my plea for new members. Not a ‘prospect’ did I receive from one of you. However we will forget that, and I’ll hope you will keep trying. A monthly increase in our membership is absolutely essential for the success of our organization.

“Comments on the paper in its new form will be appreciated. If you don’t like it, don’t hesitate to say so. This is your club and I want it to be to your liking.”—Jacqueline Lee.

Miss Lee has a story in the paper on an interview she had with Buddy, backstage at the Valencia Theatre, at Jamaica, Long Island, which will be concluded in the November issue. Also, there are two columns of “This and That,” including such items as Frankie Parrish possibly joining the Vincent Lopez orchestra while Buddy is on the coast; Buddy’s purchase of a new Cadillac, and his decision to send his DuPont out to his Mother, which, sad to relate, was smashed beyond repair on its journey there; Buddy’s pride over a letter received from a fan in Oklahoma, which was written on linen and enclosed in a linen envelope; and other items, which Little Bird is trying to tell me I cannot mention because there will not be room to answer all the inquiries she has been working on. There is a “Birthday Column” in the paper too, and a list of some of Buddy’s foreign fans. Jacqueline’s address is: 33 Park Boulevard, Malverne, New York, and I am sure she will be most happy to hear from you.

I thought my Little Bird, Toddlers, hopped off that window sill rather quickly—of course, it is rather cold there now, but the speed used was just to snap this letter from the mailman. Well, here is the letter:

Everything’s All Right

“Please extend my sincerest apologies to dear Toddlers. I really had no intention of hurting her feelings. I like her, but s-sh—I thought she didn’t like me, the way she stared at me that day I rumbled your hair—

I felt she disapproved of me. (The former letter had knocked Toddlers for not getting out some information fast enough.) Also give her my thanks for trying so hard to get me what I wanted—and I’ll want.

“Have made up my mind that—short of hiring a detective—it is useless to try to find out anything about Leo Reisman. However, I know he receives and reads his fan mail, so he must be real. I’ve also seen a cartoon made of him while ‘in action’—that is, conducting his orchestra. I also know he won’t go near a ‘mike’ unless he is paid in advance for his performance. Beyond that I can only guess—and as one guess is as good as another—I’ll guess that Leo Reisman is something of a hermit-crab, part Jew, part Scotch, with all the canny secretiveness of both races—who has a secret hideaway to which he scurries after each brief visit on the ‘air waves.’

“Yes, Marcella, I did see and read that story (as you call it) in the April issue of Raño Digest. It is that particular article and the picture accompanying it that caused me to pester you and dear Toddlies with all my questions.

“How do I know Mr. Reisman reads his fan-mail? I’ve written to him. Asked him for his photograph and a brief biography of himself. Do you know he won’t even send me his picture—the ‘ol meany!’ After I had called to my command all my resources of wit, flattery, and what—not—even tried to bribe him for a picture—what do I get—a telegram saying: ‘You interest me strangely. Send me a picture first, then I will think everything else over. To a fan of mine—from a fan of yours’”—signed—Leo Reisman!!!

“What would you have done? Being of a very obliging nature—at times—and wanting very badly what I wanted of Mr. Leo Reisman, I did the best I could. Not having any photographs of myself (I’m camera-shy), or the price of having my picture taken—I did the next best thing. I propped up a mirror on the table in front of me so that I could see my face in it, took a pencil, drawing paper and a trusty eraser, and proceeded to draw my own ‘mug.’ The result was a fair counterfeit of my face, if I do say so myself. Sent it to the exclusive Mr. Leo Reisman—but he evidently didn’t like it ‘cause he let me down—gee! Isn’t the floor awfully hard when you hit it unexpectedly?

“Could you or Toddlers find out anything about Miss Lee Wylie (?) about the spelling) and Madame Marcus—the two women on Leo Reisman’s program?

“If wonder could you give me the lowdown on Phil Dewey? A short biography, making sure of the height, weight, age, and the color of those eyes. Do his children number two or three, and what are their sex, names, and ages? And—where is that little brute? He was with the Revelers, but he hasn’t been with them for some time now. Isn’t he doing anything now, or is he really the baritone of the Men About Town or Round Towners—what do they call themselves—anyway, the trio that has Frank Luther as one of its parts, and did have Woodyard (another one for spelling) as the baritone? Did Dewey and Woodyard change places, or what? Honest—I’m puzzled! (It’s “Men About Town” and Darrell Woodyard.)

“As for your answering my questions through the Raño Digest, Marcella darling, I send you stamped, self-addressed envelopes for your answers because—I am a little impatient at best—I want my questions answered as soon as possible, and next month, and, if you don’t answer as soon as I think you should, please don’t blame me if I try to have my

(Continued on page 46)
YOUNGEST RADIO MAESTRO ON NETWORK ONLY 17
By Ten Devlin

CAN you remember back—not so terribly long when the world suddenly was electrified by the news that a World War was on? That was in the summer of 1914. Now, along about Christmas when blood was flowing like water all up and down the lines Mr. and Mrs. Al Harrod of Little Rock, Ark., announced the arrival of a baby son.

That baby, born under the regime of President Wilson, is none other than the same Buddy Harrod whom you now hear announced daily as conducting the Cardinal orchestra from Broadway over a CBS-WABC network. Well, you veterans, the younger generation certainly is growing up!

Buddy tries to make himself look much older than he really is. In fact he thinks just because he will be 18 next December 24, he might as well be called 18 now. His father, now deceased, bequeathed to his son a natural understanding of music. The senior Harrod formerly was trombone player with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sousa's Band, and Arthur Pryor's Band.

Buddy actually began to play the violin at the age of four. By the time he was in high school in Little Rock he not only was director of the high school band but also was assistant director of the 153rd Infantry Band.

Getting on in years and experience he thought before it got too late in life he would go to New York for a little study and look-see. He proceeded forthwith and promptly introduced himself to the celebrated instructor, Karl Andrist. That was way, way back in 1930. Would you believe it, he is still studying with Andrist! But eventually his palm began to itch for the old baton that he used to swing with the regiment in Little Rock so he got himself an orchestra of a dozen men and now they're keeping the crowds happy in one of those swank Oriental restaurants on Broadway in the theatrical district.

People began ah-ing and oh-ing about him and his Cardinal orchestra, so last September Columbia signed him up for a daily broadcast at noon—12 to 12:30. Then, besides that, he is on again every Friday night from 1 to 1:30 and on Saturday night from 1:30 to 2:30—a rather late hour for a younger. But you must realize that Buddy Harrod is really quite grown up and sophisticated now. He is holding down a man's job.

Buddy Harrod the 17 year old Broadway maestro.

But this jazz stuff is only a passing phase for Buddy Harrod. He'll tell you that with apologies. He says to the interviewer, "Along with my violin study I am taking a course of legitimate orchestra conducting."

ALTHOUGH young Buddy Harrod may speak of his present style of conducting as something not quite legitimate he does not feel that radio won't figure in his plans. No matter how ultra or classical his future style of conducting may become it will be acceptable to radio listeners.

"We are all looking ahead to the better things in music," he said, "and radio is just the thing that creates this interest. The flashy, temporary things come and go over night but the worth while music endures. It is fundamentally great in its appeal. The general mass of the listeners comprehend that. They welcome and enjoy music of the better kind today which they quickly would have tuned out three or four years ago. By the time I am 30 it may be that the whole idea will be so radically different we will all look back to the music of today as something distinctly of a by-gone age."
RADIO HER LIGHT

WHEN I wrote to you (Nellie Revell) some time ago, saying how much I was enjoying your programs on Wednesday nights, I had not yet begun taking Radio Digest, but the more I heard about it, the more interested I became and so finally purchased a copy. Though I was not able to read it myself, as I am without sight, my sister, who always shares the use of her eyes with me, read me the articles and told me about the pictures. Both of us liked the magazine so much that we have been taking it right along since February. I would appreciate having it mailed directly to me, and so am writing one year's subscription.

Being very much of a radio fan, I have learned to recognize many of the announcers by their voices and now, thanks to Radio Digest I know from description what they look like. That section of the magazine devoted to letters from listeners is very interesting.

I am glad that some of the winter programs are coming back on the air. I like the Chase & Sanborn Hour, the Parade of the States, the "Cop and Robber Stories" on the Lucky Strike Hour, Sherlock Holmes, the Goodyear program and many others. The Revellers are just great, and I never miss any of their broadcasts.

Radio is something for that Q. & A. box. I would like to know if there is any regular program at present on which James Melton is soloist (not regularly). I think he has the most beautiful voice on the radio, one would like to hear him more often. Wish we might have a picture of him in the Radio Digest. (Oct. 1932.)

We have finished with the Summer issue, and are eagerly awaiting the next one.

With thanks and best wishes for the future success of this worth-while magazine.—Marie Thibeau, Bangor, Maine.

ARE ALL CROONERS MALE?

THIS is my first try at Vol. and I hope it is a successful one. I got quite a kick out of Vol. in the Summer edition. It was unusually interesting.

First of all, I would like to correct an impression that a certain Pittsburgh R. D. Club seems to have, that all male singers are crooners. If anyone on the Pacific Coast should hear Donald Novis called a crooner, I am sure there would be a battle in store for the person who made so erroneous a statement.

I would like to compliment Miss Winifred Stabler on her excellent suggestion of starting an Orchestra Gallery when the Announcers' Gallery is concluded. If it is not possible to present pictures of the full orchestra, I think it would be a great stunt to print photos of the leaders and their featured vocalists.

Please let us have an article on Isham Jones and his outstanding orchestra. Excluding the Lombardos, Isham Jones is incomparable, and I sometimes wonder if even the Lombardos are as consistent for good entertainment.

In closing I would like to give my idea of the All Star Orchestra:

Piano—Eddie Duchin
Banjo—Harry Reser
1st Trumpet—Clyde McCoy
2nd Trumpet—Lebert Lombardo
1st Saxophone—Wayne King
2nd Sax and Clarinet—Ted Lewis
3rd Saxophone—Carmen Lombardo
Trombone—Abe Lyman
Bass Violin and Tuba—Isham Jones
Violin—Joe Venuiti
Guitar—Eddie Lang
Drums—Isham Jones

Vocalists—Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Eddie Stone

Leader—Isham Jones

Yours for that Orchestra Gallery.—Tom Hennion, Ventura, California.

LET'S BE BROAD

I FEEL so sorry for the poor Mr. William E. Bryant who wrote to the general manager of the CBS. Why did not the manager change all the programs for Willie? Surely the other fifty million listeners who like Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Ralph Kirbery, and others, would like to please him. What is wrong with some people? There are always two types of programs, and if a person does not enjoy one, he is free to tune in another. I, too, like both kinds of music, and enjoy hearing Lawrence Tibbett, but I also like Bing Crosby.

I would like to see a big write-up for Donald Novis and Paul Whiteman. Donald Novis, I believe, deserves more credit at this time than any other singer.

How about giving the California readers of Radio Digest a little more information on their own stations. KHJ has very good programs and some of the most popular. May we have some information and a picture of Lindsay MacHarrie, KHJ's production manager. It seems that all station letters in the Radio Digest start with W—let's have a few WS.

Just one more thing. Surely a large percentage of Radio Digest readers like music. Can we not do as Rudy Vallee suggests? Let us buy more phonograph records, and more sheet music. And as for Mr. Bryant, he could buy some Victor Red Seal records. I am not "over" wealthy, but I do manage to buy three or four records a month, and at least two Red Seal. After all, the song writers must have some encouragement.

You might publish Radio Digest twice a month. It is inexpensive and very interesting, especially "Tuneful Topics." An interested R. D. reader.—Ervin Atkins, Fresno, California.

ASK COL. STOOPNAGLE

I HAVE waited as long as I can. I have read Radio Digest constantly for a long time, and never have I seen a word concerning Sam Herman, xyophonist. There is an artist who gives a program that is really different and worth-while, and whose appearance we anxiously await.

Xyophonists are very few and far between down here, and a great audience awaits a good one. We have heard Sam Herman a great deal, and would like to know a little more than just his being a great xyophonist. I hope you will think a picture and write-up will be an asset to your magazine. Yours sincerely,—F. M. Mason, Houston, Texas.

OKEH, MR. OSBORNE!

AS AN ex-radio-writer, may I congratulate Radio Digest on its fine features and excellent and capable material. It gives us each month a bookful of novelties and worth-while reading, combined with plenty of pep.

I want, too, to add my voice to the clamor on the Vol. pages. First, may I nominate the ace headline of the air for the winner of the Male Beauty Contest—suggested by your readers—namely, Will Osborne. He is the only band leader now conducting who is truly "kind to the eyes."

My only sore spot toward Radio Digest is the fact that nothing appears about this truly worth-while maestro. He and his ace musicians go unnoticed in the Digest, while others of lesser merits are applauded—and fan letters to the editor prove of no avail in securing what many want. I sincerely wish some of these ardent fans could handle assignments—interviews with these idols, and after a few months they would agree with me, that to date Will Osborne was the only one found worthy of the praise and admiration bestowed upon him.

My very best wishes for Radio Digest, and a long printed life, cheerio.—R. Moriarty, Plattsburg, N. Y.
SHOULD FEEL BETTER

I HAVE been reading the Radio Digest during the February, and find it quite interesting. I like seeing the pictures of the announcers, but find the Voice of the Listener pages most interesting. I like to see if other folks like the same voices and programs that I like.

I regret to know that the McCravey Brothers programs are not at present on the air, and miss them very much. I think their voices and songs are just lovely. And they are so helpful and inspiring that everyone who hears them should feel better. Hoping to hear the McCravey Brothers back on the air soon.—Melissa Bennett, The Glares, N. B.

ANOTHER “ALL STAR”

In the last issue of Radio Digest there was submitted to VOL an All Star Orchestra. However, it did not appeal to me, so I am sending in my All Star selection: Saxophones—Guy Lombardo, intact 1st Trumpet—Victor Lombardo 2nd Trumpet—Ernie Birchell of Wayne King.

Trombone—Mike Durso of Rudy Vallee String Section—P. Whiteman’s violin and bass

Pianos—W. Gross and C. Burwell of R. Vallee Banjo—Harry Reser Drums—Joe Plote of Maurie Sherman Leader—Rudy Vallee Co-Director—Wayne King Soloists—Ethel Shatta and Fran Fry, in addition to Rudy Vallee, Ernie Birchell, Carmen Lombardo, and Joe Plote.

In my opinion, a sweeter combination could not be named. Every member of a finished musician and the singers are something to rave about. If it was possible to bring these artists together, waitzes, semi-classics, and light, popular fox trot would be the predominating types of music played.

Mr. Vallee and Mr. King have similar tastes in music, both preferring the slow, sweet kind, so this would assure co-operation between them. All in all, I would like to see anyone pick a more perfect combination.—H. A. Nelson, Rockford, Ill.

LOGS 580 STATIONS

Since writing to you before, I have increased my log to 580 stations, with about 300 verified. On a Majestic, Model 23 Superhet, I have heard every state in the Union, 17 stations in Cuba, 15 in Mexico, 22 in Canada and 1 in the Bahamas. My verifications include 10BQ (7½ watts) Brantford, Ontario; 10AK (15 watts) Stratford, Ontario; 10B P and 10AB (both 25 watts) Wingham, Ontario, and Moose Jaw, Sask., respectively; KFPM (15 watts) Greenville, Texas; WNBW (10 watts) Carbondale, Pa.; WHBC (10 watts) Canton, Ohio; VAS, Glace Bay, N. S.; VPN, Nassau, Bahamas; 51 verifications from the Pacific Coast, I5 being stations of 100 watts or less.

I would like to see many letters in the DX column, and would like to hear from Mr. Paul McAfee and Mr. Frank Howell, also any others who would care to write. Yours DXingly.—J. R. Pratt, Shelby, N. C.

HALL, NEXT MONTH

CONGRATULATIONS on the Radio Digest. I have been getting it for a long time, and would not miss it for the world. I do wish, though, it were larger, as Tuneful Topics and the VOL are great.

I would like very much to see pictures, and, if possible, articles on George Hall and his Hotel Taft Orchestra, his vocalist, Glenn Cross; Isham Jones, Harold Stern, Freddy Martin, Noble Sissle. They are my favorite orchestras. As for announcers, Fred Uttil and Ted Husting.

One more request—how about Tito Guizar—that delightful chap who sings Spanish songs over the CBS network? Would like, too, to see an article about him. (Oct., 1932.) Does Bing Crosby broadcast any more? If so, please tell me when. (Only occasionally.) My friends and I think the CBS has the best programs. Not so much classical music. In my opinion, popular music makes a bigger hit here. Hoping you print this letter, and I wish Radio Digest all the luck in the world.—Kay W., Marshalltown, Iowa.

NAUGHTY DOLLY DEARBORN!

I HAVE been a constant reader of your interesting magazine for many months, and should count it a distinct loss to miss a single copy of it. However, I have not found but one reference to my favorite radio personality—the inimitable Ben Bernie, and I am writing for a little information regarding him... We were just a little peeved at the clever Dolly Dearborn’s reference to him in your June edition, under the heading “Blue Ribbon Mal.” She not only has a “perverted” sense of humor, but she lacks imagination as well. Has it not occurred to her that when he repeats song titles, he is playing the request number for which the title may have especial significance to the person who requested it? He, therefore, emphasizes it by repeating it one or more times, with particular emphasis, on a certain word or words. As for his laughing at his own jokes, don’t you think it will do quite a bit of unnecessary laughing in the course of conversation, not because we think we have said something funny, but just to make the conversation seem lighter and more pleasant? I like to hear him laugh, but think he is too intimate, infectious sort of chuckle, which is altogether delightful. As for his orchestra, we consider it one of the best, if not the best, on the air, and he has more good soloists than any other single orchestra in the country. We have only one criticism to make, however, and that is he does not feature Frank Prince often enough. His voice is by far the most appealing and his singing apparently effortless and, therefore, the most pleasing to his radio audience. Pat Kennedy has a fairly good voice, but he sings as if he is straining every vocal cord to the breaking point, thereby succeeding in making the ether waves sound like troubled waters with his quavering.

At any rate, Ben Bernie is the radio feature, and we have missed his Tuesday evening broadcasts immeasurably. He has been an ever welcome guest in our southern home for many months.—Telza Smith Miller, Suffolk, Va.

LEAPING SCRAPBOOK

Just a line to let you know that my enthusiasm for radio has not waned. Nor has my radio scrapbook been put on the shelf. It is growing by leaps and bounds. Just received a letter in German from the Rundfunk-Gesellschaft of Berlin, Charlottenburg, Germany, together with five lovely photos—one of a studio in Frankfort, one in Flunxenburg, and two of Berlin; the other an air plane view of the city, showing the Broadcasting Building. I am mighty proud of my collection of photos and letters I receive from the artists and stations. Hope to receive many more in the future. Sincerely, a Radio Digest Reader.—Mrs. Frank M. Taylor, Westfield, N. J.

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU

Since the days when it was considered “the thing” to wear head-phones every night, I have been a reader of Ranno Digest, and in all that time I have never made a request for anything, but now I am going to ask you for a favor.

There is a young lady on the “Evening in Paris” program—Miss Alice Rensen—who is, to my mind, about as lovely a contastro as there is on the air, and I think she deserves a write-up in your dandy magazine. Ray High, Sellersville, Pa.
Tuneful Topics
By Rudy Vallee

Isn't It Romantic. Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, gentlemen of the
elite school of songwriting, that is to say the Park Avenue "class"
crowd, who are best known for their
"And Then My Heart Stood Still" from
"The Connecticut Yankee," and subse-
sequently "Here's How," have been
shipped to the Coast to write music for
various great personalities, one of their
first being that great Frenchman. Ev-
everyone who has seen his picture, "Love
Me Tonight," seems to feel that the boys
have done a great job in giving him the
type of song he needs to best express his
very unique personality.
The song, which is played continuously
throughout the picture, and is intro-
duced in a very unusual manner, with
various persons in the picture each tak-
ing a phrase or a few measures of the
song, is Isn't It Romantic.
The first night I sang it on the
 Fleischmann's Yeast Hour I was un-
aware of what the second chorus had in
the way of lyrics, and was into them be-
fore I realized that they were extremely
humorous. I could not hear it, but I
was told that the audience was con-
vulsed with laughter as I came to the
lines about scrubbing my back and hav-
ing a troop of children, but it is a cute
song, and one hears it everywhere. Mr.
Chevalier may be very thankful for his
assistance from Messrs. Rodgers and Hart.
Larry Spier, of Famous Music, Inc.,
publishes the song, and being of the type
best suited to being played slowly, we do
it in that manner.

Three's a Crowd. Warner
Brothers, in their effort to drama-
tize successfully in a photoplay, Rian
James' indictment of orchestra leaders
who sing softly, supplied Donald Novis,
(who really does the singing in the pic-
ture, "The Crooner," while David Man-
ners raises the mezzo-soprano in a way
which would antagonize most anyone,) 
with three or four songs, none of which
I thought were really outstanding. Iry-
ing Caesar sent me one of them months
ago, and the first time I would have
sung it was when I was in the throes
of laryngitis in Baltimore. It was
"Sweetharts Forever."

Outstanding from the picture, evi-
dently, from the requests which phono-
graph dealers have received, is
THREE'S A CROWD, which is sup-
posed to imply the plot of the story. I
did not care very much for the song as
it put me very much in mind of "Oh,
Baby, Where Can You Be," published
by Irving Berlin, Inc., some years ago,
and which was one of the first songs
with which we identified ourselves.
However, the Columbia Phonograph
Company felt that in view of the de-
mand from dealers, that I record it, which
we subsequently did. Our ar-
rangement by my good friend, Elliot
Jacoby, was one we enjoyed recording,
and which I think made a danceable
record. All the tunes in the show are
published by Witmark & Sons, who are
publishers for Warner Bros. We play
THREE'S A CROWD quite brightly.

Me Minus You. Paul Francis
Webster and John Jacob Loeb,
with whom I wrote "Two Little Blue
Little Eyes," and who are two of the
most energetic, college-type of boys dab-
bbling in music-writing and doing a good
job of it, surprised all of us with their
very lovely "Masquerade." And now
they have gone for mathematical ob-
vaisations in music—a song which is
really a successful attempt at injecting
something relative to numbers and fig-
uring into melodies and thoughts.
Rarely does the use of anything of
such an abstract nature in a song turn
out successfully. This is one that did.
Abel Baer, who wrote part of the song
with the boys, is evidently helping them
on the high road to success.

Let's Beul Felst are the publishers (it
is also one of our recordings), and we
play the song about as brightly as we
play THREE'S A CROWD.

Nightfall. Peter de Rose,
Charles Harold, and Sam Lew-
is...

The old King of Jazz, Whitman
himself, selected this song and is really
responsible for its introduction to the
rest of us in the profession. It had
something to do with inspiration un-
der the Whitman banner, but has taken
the name of NIGHTFALL under the
banner of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.,
the publishers. It has one of the loveliest
verses it has been my pleasure to sing in
a long time—a story which leads to a
chorus in which the lovely one is
compared to nightfall, beautiful settings
of scenes, and all that is lovely.

While the verse may be played bright-
ly, the chorus should be slowed down,
due to a few phrases where someone saw
fit to inject many words in one measure.
Yet with all its hasty rendition by many
of the bands, the tune is a lovely one,
and is constantly heard.

Shanty in Old Shanty Town.
A little late again in dis-
cussing the outstanding song of the
moment. I am very happy to see Little
Jack Little and Ira Schuster, whose
nom de plume of Jack Siras fools no
one along Tin Pan Alley, finally get a
good song. Ira Schuster was formerly
associated with Witmark, Inc., and
and teemed up for years as a sort of Damon
and Pythias with Bob Miller of the
same firm, and was finally let out by
Warner Bros., subsidiary of Witmark.
Whether or not he placed the song with
them before he left I do not know, but
I do believe that Witmark are very
happy that they secured the song from
the man who once worked for them, as
it has been their chief claim to fame
during the past several months.

Joe Young has always been associated
with so many hit songs that I feel it
hardly necessary to place another feath-
er in his cap. He seems to go from
one hit to another, demonstrating his
right to an executive capacity in the
songwriting world and American So-
ciety of Composers, Authors and Pub-
lishers.

I am very happy that Little Jack Little
has come into his own after the writing
of many songs, including "Jealous"
with this, a real hit for these times. It
is the type of song that the big mass
public, especially in its ballroom danc-
ing, really enjoys, the type of song that
Master Downey does best of all.

We can take little or no part of the
bow for its popularity, as we have
scarcely done it. I am very happy to
see that a waltz can climb to that out-
standing prominence; when most bands
will not play them.

Something in the Night.
There are men in the "back row"
of the music world who never bask in
the glory which they so richly deserve.
They are the arrangers, the men who
take the melodies and harmonies and
elaborate on them so wonderfully as to
make the tune almost another tune. One
of these young men is Helmy Kresa,
who has been associated with Irving
Berlin, Inc., for many years. "Hiding
In the Shadows Of The Moon" was one
of his first and best tunes, and he has
followed it by another tune. He seems
to lean toward the hours after dark for
his inspiration, hence SOMETHING IN
THE NIGHT, which might lead you
to believe a sort of spooky tune.
When in reality it is a beautiful, slow-
moving burst of love, a song that grows
on you as he hears it on nearly every
radio program.

Again Joe Young, and Paul Weirick
must be included in those who helped
Helmy complete the song.
IF YOU WERE ONLY MINE.

Isham Jones has been turning out the rhythmic type of tune as one turns out Fords in a Ford factory for the past several months. I am happy to see him finally lean toward the beautiful, smooth-moving type of melody.

With Charles Newman of Chicago, with whom he also wrote "The Wooden Soldier and the China Doll," and several other tunes, he has given Robbins one of their best bets, one which they have been hammering on for the past several weeks—IF YOU WERE ONLY MINE. Ever since "I Wouldn't Change You For The World" Isham seems to have started the vogue for the rhythmic type of song, which has given us so many others of its ilk, songs such as "My Extraordinary Girl," "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," "I Can't Believe It's True," and so many others.

but he shows his versatility by shifting to this type of song which, personally, I enjoy doing best of all.

MUSIC FROM "FLYING COLORS." I am sorry that I cannot pay these tunes the musical tribute I would so much have liked. After their wonderful score of "The Band Wagon," I really expected that Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz would give us something unusually good. They attempted another "Dancing in the Dark" as they wrote ALONE TOGETHER, which is unquestionably the best song of all their songs from the show, although I would like to hear them as they are performed in "Flying Colors," where I could see and hear the development of each tune. Certainly, however, LOUISIANA HAYRIDE and SMOKING REEFERS will never reach first base in mass popularity. SHINE ON YOUR SHOES makes a fine rhythmic dance tune, but it is ALONE TOGETHER which will achieve what little prominence the music from the show eventually attains.

Bennie Krueger's beautiful saxophone rendition of it a few evenings ago on the Chase and Sanborn Hour showed me more than ever the tonal beauty of the composition. The show has a mixed chorus of white and colored girls, and I am very anxious to see it because with such a cast as Clifton Webb, Charles Butterworth, Tamara Geva and Paul Kelly it should be another Max Gordon success. At least, it has my best wishes.

The songs are published by Harms, Inc., and we play ALONE TOGETHER slowly and SHINE ON YOUR SHOES brightly.

ALL AMERICAN GIRL and ANYBODY'S COLLEGE SONG. With the coming of the football season come America's Tin Pan Alley writers to give us the college type of tunes. Two of them deserve hasty mention in passing.

ALL AMERICAN GIRL by Al Lewis, who with Al Sherman wrote '99 Out Of A Hundred," "My Heart Belongs To The Girl Who Belongs To Somebody Else," and so many others, borders very closely on another song that Peist published some time ago in which I had a hand, "She Loves Me Just The Same," but its melodic construction is entirely different, although the girl has the various football players at all the various colleges. It is nothing really outstanding, but it is a cute little song for the season.

Herman Hupfeld, however, really steps forward with one of the cutest songs for the college season that I have seen in a long time. We are playing it next Thursday on pseudo-all American program. It is called ANYBODY'S COLLEGE SONG, and in it he burlesques and kids the idea of college and college songs. He has the boy running the wrong way with the ball, everyone getting hoarse at the football games and asking each other what they have on the hip—really a cute song and a cute idea, and one which I know we will enjoy doing.

ONE LITTLE WORD LED TO ANOTHER. Renick, Inc., have a song for which I am sure the Lombards are deeply grateful—ONE LITTLE WORD LED TO ANOTHER. It is their type of song first, last and always, and although others of us may attempt to do it, the Lombards will really play it as it should be played. I had it on tonight's program, only to have it crowded out as the program went on. Where it would have been followed by Mr. Hoover's speech, it remained unsung and unused. We will, however, do justice to it some time in the future, as I think it is one of the best rhythmic type of songs that Isham Jones and Charles Newman have written in a long time.

It has a tricky middle part which gave me some worry before I finally mastered it, but its rendition last night by the vocalist in Johnny Johnstone's orchestra in Baltimore as we drove away from the city heading toward New York, with the radio in our car going full blast, was exceedingly fine and "sold me on the tune" 100 per cent.

This concludes our discussion of songs for the month. As the boys buckle down for the winter season we will probably get something really outstanding. I regret that we did not have anything in that class this month. So long!

RUDY VALLEE'S comments about the current songs in Radio Digest are considered important as an indication of trends in music popularity. Mr. Vallee makes no claim to being infallible but his average of selections for winners stands high. If you are interested in music at all Tunesful Topics, appearing exclusively in Radio Digest, should be read regularly.—Editor.
ROXY has a vision. When Roxy has visions the bankers, the contractors, and the stone masons get into a huddle. Roxy's visions have a miraculous way of turning into tangible realities. And now Roxy is brooding over the debut of Radio City, which he states will take to the air about December 1st. At least that part of it will become reality over which he has already visioned and which he will dominate, the Roxy Theatre, RKO International Music Hall, and the Roxy broadcasting studios.

Roxy's latest vision is the new style of radio entertainment which he hopes to create for a world of listeners—and when he says “world” he means world, as this Earth, planet with its own private music of the spheres. To a representative of Radio Digest Roxy (less intimately known as S. F. Rothafel) stated that he hoped to bring to radio entertainment a definite style which it has never known to date. He was not specific as to details, perhaps he has not clarified his own thought entirely on that subject. However, he stressed the fact that science has opened up new possibilities for refinement. New transmitting and other devices have been perfected. Out of past experiences new and more effective methods may be employed. In the course of the interview he stated:

"These new ribbon microphones give us so much greater latitude in perfecting the thing to be presented. The artist does not have to worry about the mechanical details of just where he is to stand, and just how far he must have his mouth, or his instrument, from the sensitive diaphragm of the mike."

"These new microphones are veritable mirrors for sound. They can be placed anywhere within reasonable distance and they will reflect just exactly the sound that is created, the same as a plate glass mirror reflects an image. That is one of the new gadgets that will be very helpful for us to design and style our radio to programs. Of course we will have the greatest of artists, great voices, great instrumentalists performing for a world of listeners. These international concerts will be held every Sunday at 12 noon, New York time, with Leopold Stokowski conducting. Facilities will be provided so that they will be heard in both hemispheres.”

Thus we have a glimmer of the new cycle that is to carry radio entertainment out of the somewhat bewildered condition of its present phase, and signs of what is to come are already apparent. There is a praiseworthy trend toward dramatization, also a slight abatement of the prolonged and exaggerated plug, and there seems to be a ready desire on the part of all concerned to go along toward the new style which is about to spring into flower from the fertile brain of Mr. Rothafel.

JACK DENNY who has been something of a rebel against the accepted trends on the part of broadcasting orchestras returned a few days ago to his post at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where he will resume his debutante programs. Mr. Denny has New York's Four Hundred with him, because it affords many a charming bud of the social set to try her artistic leanings and un doubted talents before a great cosmopolitan audience without brushing elbows and with skirts persons not considered desirable by anxious dowagers. If the young thing demonstrates unusual genius before the radio audience there will be time enough to consider the possibilities of a career. Miss Gloria Braggiotti, a Boston blueblood, has sailed for Rome and other European capitals to bring new candidates to the debutante program.

NOW and then in the editorial columns of some of our great newspapers we find pungent letters from readers who slam at radio with the most amusing though idiotic tirades. Some interested person sends us a clipping of such a letter published in a Chicago newspaper which reads in part as follows:

"It is said that some of the announcers gag at the flapdoodle they are compelled to chant at the behest of the radio advertiser. A large section of the public shares this nausea. One of the potentes of broadcasting tells us that the sale of a radio set is the sale of a seat in the theater of the air. Picture that gentleman's reactions if he bought a ticket for a stage performance and found it heralded, interrupted and concluded with advertising patter! If actors took such liberties as do the broadcasters the audience would wrack the box office. Yet this is precisely the radio owner's grievance under the grotesque conditions that now obtain. He feels that he was gypped when in buying his radio he bought his seat in the 'theater of the air.'"

Such argument is almost too ridiculous to notice. The writer assumes that once he has purchased a radio receiver the world owes him endless amusement. By the same token if he should buy a piano the world should send him its greatest musicians to sit down and play for him without further compensation. Otherwise he has been "gypped" by the piano salesman. How unhappy such a disjointed mind must be in a universe where so many millions of his fellow beings find so much to enjoy from their "theatre of the air"! To think of fighting the institution of broadcasting by such methods is like trying to sink a battleship with feather darts. But for all of that, there is no doubting that the vociferous critics of advertising on the air have done much to force the pace for program excellence and true refinement in what may be termed "the technique of advertising on the air."

ARMSTRONG PERRY is blustering and making faces at the American Plan of Broadcasting again. At this writing he is in Spain sending his barbed cablegrams right and left from the international conference on radio at Madrid. Mr. Perry likes European travel and he picks out the most interesting spots from which to inform the set sitters back home how much better European radio is than American. For example he says in one message: "European governments are gradually taking over the operation of their radio broadcasting systems after unsatisfactory trials with private systems... The primary purpose of broadcasting in all these countries is to raise the educational and cultural level of the people. A comparison of the prosperous condition of broadcasting in Europe with the American slump is a convincing case against the American system."

These expensive junkets about the globe are on behalf of the National Committee on Education. If Mr. Perry can work it right by getting his messages printed in mediums hostile to radio there is a hope so much dissatisfaction can be stirred up, and so much pressure brought to bear the present American plan will be disrupted and broadcasting will go back to its chaotic condition of a few years ago. Then the government will take control, the educators will be able to force through their bill to grab 15 per cent of all American broadcasting channels, and a bureau will be established in Washington, with a lot of soft jobs for politically minded pedagogues. Peter P. Eckersley, former chief engineer for the British Broadcasting Co., who has declared recently "I do not hesitate to say that the American programs are the most amusing, most varied, most interesting, the most diverting and the most educational of all."

RAY BILL.
The Country Doctor

(Phillips Lord, NBC)

PHILLIPS LORD is a real “Country Doctor” whose soothing voice and kindly philosophy bring peace to millions of listeners. Here he is compounding new “medicine” at his country home on Long Island.
LOIS BENNETT

LOVELY LOIS BENNETT known to radio fans all over the country as the Armstrong Quaker Girl. She appeared on Nellie Revell's "Voice of the Radio Digest" program NBC-WEAF and Nellie felt poetic about her, called her "like a Dresden China Doll," or "bric-a-brac."
I Would Describe Her as a Dresden Doll

Says Nellie Revell

"The Voice of Radio Digest"

EDITOR’S NOTE.—Picture this scene: A small studio on the fourteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth avenue, New York. Nellie, plump and motherly, sitting at a reading desk near the window of the control room. A microphone is on the desk. Before her is George Hicks, a bright young man, well-groomed, especially fond of Miss Revell as his mentor and friendly advisor. He announces the program, and in another chair sits Lois Bennett, comely and attractive just as she is described later by Nellie to her audience. Others are in the room. And now you are listening to The Voice of Radio Digest:

I’LL TELL you, George. I’ve got inside information. The next President will be a man with two ‘o’s’ in his name.”

“Oh, Oh!” George exclaims.

“And his name also has a ‘v’ and an ‘e’ in it. Yes, and an ‘r’.”

“Hoover!” guesses George.

“Roosevelt!” laughs Daly. Thus Nellie adheres to the best traditions of the Oracles. Then she explains that she has ideas on how to conduct a campaign.

“I would take a very beautiful singer with me,” she says. “One that would be such an eyeful she would hypnotize the customers. I’d have such a singer as Lois Bennett. You remember her, George, on the Arm-strong Quaker program?”

“Indeed I do!” George snaps right back with a sideway smile toward Lois who is blushing a little and looking in her lap. Nellie crooks a finger for Lois, who glances up just in time to note it, and introduces her to the listeners. Lois sings “The Moon and I” from the “Mikado.” Then you who were listening heard Miss Revell describe the charming young woman:

“There were so many inquiries about Miss Bennett while she was away on her vacation I have seized this opportunity to have her on my program.

“Lois Bennett has been on radio nearly four years. * * She was born in Houston, Texas, but raised in Oklahoma City, and went to High School there. * * Her parents still reside in Kansas City, where her father is a contractor. * * She came to New York to study music under Percy Rector Stevens. * * Made her first professional debut with Carrie Jacobs Bond in a vaudeville vehicle. * * Then she joined with the Winthrop Ames opera company singing Gilbert & Sullivan roles. * * She received an offer to go on radio and has been on it ever since.

“And now I expect that you are all wondering just what the lady with such a charming voice looks like. * * Well, if I were less of a reporter and more of a poet, I would describe her as a Dresden China doll. * * Or a dainty piece of bric-a-brac. * * She has the prettiest red hair . . . not fiery red . . . oh, I should say sort of bronze-like. * * And she has brown eyes. * * And the pinkest complexion. * * And she’s only five feet two in height and weighs about . . . how much do you weigh, Lois?

“Oh, I guess about 120, Nellie,” Lois replied. Miss Revell cast a roving eye over the singer and continued:

“Lois is wearing black and white tonight. * * But with her coloring she is lovely in brown. * * You know, the red hair, brown-eyed girl who wears brown so beautifully. * * Well, Lois is one of them. * * Has a little bit of a foot . . . encased in a dainty little slipper and a chic hat with the very latest silk which is tipped down in front and tipped up in the back . . . and she really does look like, as I said before, a piece of bric-a-brac. * * How did you come to go on the stage, Lois?”

The singer seemed a bit flustered recalling her first experiences and said:

“And mother had promised the committee of church women that I would sing a song for them . . . so I was all dressed up in sashes and curls, and rehearsed for weeks in front of a mirror. * * And the eventful night came. * * Mother stood in the wings with me. When my turn came . . . she just pushed me out on the stage and told me to do my song and dance number.”

“And were you scared?” asked Nellie.

“Was I scared! * * Oh, I was terrified. * * And then suddenly everything went into oblivion and I found myself singing and dancing perfectly oblivious of the audience and I got so interested that I forgot to stop. * * They had to come out and get me.”

“Not with a hook, I hope,” Nellie smiled.

“No, it wasn’t with a hook. * * But I can still hear that applause.”

“Well, you’ve had plenty of applause. * * I’ve heard you sing at the Gilbert & Sullivan opera . . . and you got plenty of applause.”

“None that ever sounded as good as that did.”

“Well, did you continue on the stage then?”

NO, WE always called that mother’s debut on the stage. * * Mine came later after I had studied for some time . . . and was invited by Carrie Jacobs Bond to sing her song on a concert and vaudeville tour.

“What kind of songs do you like best, Lois?” Lois thought a moment.

“Well, of course,” she replied. “I prefer the classical and semi-classical . . . like the Gilbert & Sullivan roles . . . but I also like ballads because I know my public likes ballads . . . and naturally we can sing better if we know we are pleasing our public. * * But I really like ‘Look for the Silver Lining.’”

“Will you sing it for us?”

“With pleasure.” And Lois sang “Look for the Silver Lining.” Miss Bennett sat down and Nellie said:

“Thank you, Lois. * * Well, I don’t
blame you for liking that lovely song.

Then Miss Revell takes the modest little singer by the hand and leads her into your home where in all likelihood she had hitherto been known simply as a name and a voice.

THE next week all sentimentality was cast aside and Nellie presented Ray Perkins whose wilful wit was a good match for her own. This she staged as a man’s program and chose a live subject for her theme—an election campaign. She’s the candidate and explains things to the New York Gazette on the telephone as the scene opens:

“Oh, hello ... good morning ... sure I expect to be elected. Why not? I’ve got a good campaign manager ... Why, his name is Perkins ... Of course he’s got a first name ... It’s Perkins ... Well, he says Perkins isn’t his last name ... He says he was a Perkins six weeks before they named him Ray ... So Perkins was his first name ... Yes, he’s the man on radio ... that one-man show ... Raymond Lamont Perkins ... Born in Boston in 1896 ... later came here and was graduated from Columbia ... was always a musician. Yes, that’s the same one ... the one who was on the Three Bakers ... Fleischmann’s Yeast ... and the Pineapple program. Yes, he’s the one they used to call the Old Topper. Yes, that’s why I selected him for campaign manager ... I think he’ll be a great asset ... He’s already got a high hat ... and a gardenia ... and a cane. Looks like a fashion plate and can make fine campaign speeches ... Certainly you can have pictures of him ... either with or without the hat ... How tall is he? Oh, he’s five feet five ... and he weighs 150 ... and he’s got the bluest eyes and very blonde hair ... He’s married and lives in Scarsdale and has a boy and a girl. Oh, you’re welcome ... good-by.”

“So RAY PERKINS is to be the campaign manager,” observed Mr. Hicks.

“He sure is,” answered Nellie, looking down at the announcer. “Any man who has been in radio since 1925 and always on a sponsored program must be great.”

“Ray was once in the advertising business, wasn’t he?”

“Yes ... and later he was the head of the Music Department of a film company. He has been playing the piano since he was six years old. You know Ray writes most every song he sings on the air.”

“The whole Perkins family is clever,” mused Hicks.

“Yes ... one sister, formerly on the stage, has married and retired ... but his other sister, Grace, keeps on writing best sellers ... You know, she wrote ‘Ex-Mistress’, ‘Good Night, Nurse’, ‘No More Orchids’, and several more of the lurid literary type just what you’d send to a maiden aunt ... if you wanted to kill her.”

The door opens softly and red-haired young man enters. Hicks says:

“Here’s Mr. Perkins now.”

Perkins continues his chant about being kind to your foes when Nellie stops him.

Nellie Revell, as “The Voice of Radio Digest,” has won a distinctive place for herself on the NBC programs. For more than two years she has been heard every Wednesday at 11 o’clock p. m., EST, over a WEAF network. Her three weeks vacation this past summer caused thousands of fans to write inquiring what had become of her. There were even a few indignant telegrams demanding an explanation for her absence.

Next month you will read an article in Radio Digest by Miss Revell about her two very dear friends, May Singhi Breen and Peter DeRose.

—Editor.

“Don’t you dare say Barbasol on this program!” she commands.


“I don’t care. Radio Digest is my sponsor—it’s America’s greatest radio authority ... full of pictures, stories and news of radio stars—but I’m not going to mention it on this program. This is a political campaign.”

“Oh yes ... you’re running for Congresswoman At Large or something,” smiles the sorrel-top.

“Yes, and you’re going to be my campaign manager.”

“Well, what’s the first thing to do?”

“The first thing we have to do is to raise funds.”

“That’s easy. I’ll get you a tin cup and some lead pencils. And as a last resort ... you could sell apples.”

“Not me. Even Eve ... a much better-looking and younger woman than I am and with no competition at all couldn’t sell them ... she had to give them away. Your job is to raise the funds ... I’m only the candidate. I spend them.”

“Won’t we have funds? Now the next thing you have to do is to make some good speeches.”

“I couldn’t make a political speech. I wouldn’t know what to say.”

“Well, sister, you don’t have to say anything ... they’re campaign speeches.”

“No, you’ll have to do most of the speaking. You have a flair for hooey.”

“You’ve got a marked talent along the line of hooey yourself, Nell. Especially Ballyhooey.”

“No, you’ll have to be the hallyhoogin in this campaign. You do the worrying. I’m just the candidate.”

“All right. I’ll call myself the Happy Worrier.”

“And wear a brown derby!”

“I don’t like derbyes. Suppose I wear a beret?”

“You’d look cute in a beret. You’re not the type.”

“Yeah, all my friends would give me the razzerberet.”

“We have to have a campaign slogan.”

“I’ve got one, if you don’t vote for Revell, you ain’t done right by our Nell.”

“We have to hand out campaign cigars.”

“Sure we will. What this country needs is a good campaign cigar.”

“What this country needs, Ray, is a good campaign. And somebody’s got to kiss the babies.”

“What for? Babies haven’t any vote.”

“Oh, you gotta kiss babies, young man, every candidate does.”

“All right, Nellie, you kiss all the young babies ... and I’ll kiss all the girl babies over 16.”

“What is this ... a kissing campaign?”

“Here’s another thing, Nellie, be sure in your speeches to promise to do something for the farmer.”

“Yes, and I think we ought to do something for the farmer’s daughter, too ... it’s about time she got a break.”

“And be sure to denounce any pork barrel bills.”

“Sure, anyhow, some of my listeners don’t eat pork.”

“Well, make it kosher pork. You’re going to be everybody’s candidate. This campaign is going to be different and satisfy everyone. In other words, whenever an issue comes up you’re going to take a stand on both sides of the question.”

“I might even hold debates with myself.”

“And talk on both sides.”

“Like a phonograph record, Ray—Listen, am I a Republican or a Democrat?”

“No—neither—I mean both. You’re a Republican or a Democrat.”

“Can’t I be a Democ—”

“All right, Nell. We’ll start a new party. And we’ll call it either the Republican or the Democratic party. I haven’t decided which.”

“Well, meanwhile we’ll just refer to it as that certain party.”

“There’s nothing certain about it yet, sir.”

“Sounds to me like a wild party. I
don’t want to get mixed up in any wild parties.”

“Don’t worry, Nell, I’ll see that you get home all right.”

“Why not make this a singing campaign . . . and you sing . . . ‘Seeing Nellie home’ . . . or something like that.”

“Or sending Nellie Home, you mean.”

Whereupon Mr. Perkins gave his inimitable interpretation of the Nellie Revell theme song. He was quite pleased with his efforts and said:

“Now, Nellie, that ought to be a sure vote-getter.”

“Sure,” replied Nellie who was less optimistic, “for my opponent. Whose campaign manager are you?”

“Say, your election’s in the bag.”

“Yes, that’s what I’m afraid of . . . and maybe they won’t untie the bag.”

“Now you have to have a campaign committee. Let’s put on the forgotten man first.”

“All right, Ray, I was hoping you would be him.”

“Oh, I won’t let you forget me, Nellie. I’ll tie a string ‘round your finger.”

“No sir, this campaign is going to have no strings attached.”

“Do you think we could dig up a forgotten woman?”

“Well, I’m the kind of a woman that men forget.”

“You may be gone, but you’re not forgotten, Nell.”

“Let’s get on with this campaign committee, Mr. Manager. Who else have you forgotten?”

“We got to have George Hicks and Art Daly on the list.”

“Absolutely.”

“Hey, fellows, come on . . . wake up, old tops, you have a guest on your program.”

“My program, if you please,” corrected Miss Revell with emphasis.

“You’re on Nellie’s campaign committee, boys.”

“I don’t want to be in politics,” whined Daly. “It would simply kill my mother if she found it out.”

“We’ll let you do all the clean work. I’ll do the dirty work.” Ray argued.

“Is there any clean work in politics?” asked Nellie.

“I’ll go in under an assumed name,” suggested Hicks.

“Who else have you got on this committee?” asked Nellie.

“How about Mickey Mouse?” Ray considered.

“Oh no . . . I’m afraid the opposition would bribe him with a piece of cheese,” objected Nellie. “Anyway, I prefer Wallace Beery.”

“If you pick Wallace Beery . . . then I’ve got to have Constance Bennett,” argued Perkins. To which Nellie replied:

“Tell her to bring Dick Bennett, her father, along. Who else now?”

“Ed Wynne . . . the Fire Chief . . . how about him?”

“Sure, and his fire horse, too,” agreed Nellie.

“This is the only campaign committee that has a horse on it. We’ll have to give a big horse-warming.”

“That’s great. If I lose, I won’t have to walk. I’ll ride the horse back.”

“And say, Nellie, you’ve got to spruce up a bit if you expect to get the male votes.”

“Listen here, young man, are you insinuating that I’m not a perfect 36?”

“Well, Nellie, you will admit that you are what they would call a stylish stout. And I really think if you dyed your hair blonde you’d get more votes.”

“No, I’ll just stay off the gold standard.”

“You ought to use a lipstick, too, Nellie.”

“All right, what do they cost?”

“I don’t know. I was never a lip-sticker.”

“Well, the first bill I’ll introduce will be to cut the tax on cosmetics,” Nellie proposed. “What this country needs is a good nickel lipstick.”

“What this country needs, Nellie, is a good nickel,” corrected Ray.

“Well, all I’ve got so far is a headache,” observed Nellie.

“That comes of your trying to think.”

“You’d better sing a song, Ray.”

Once more the dapper Mr. Perkins lifted his best yodeling crouch. A frown gathered on his brow as he concluded,

“Say, it looks to me as though I’m doing all the work. Aren’t you going to do anything?”

“Sure, I’m going to recite a poem,” said Nellie. And she concluded her program with one of those epics, which she finds to fit any occasion.

HERE you see Nellie Revell as she appeared at the microphone while describing her guest artist, Lois Bennett, as “A Dresden China Doll.”
Rita (Burgess) Gould, RKO headliner and musical-comedy star generally receives her share of those four lucky stars when mentioned in the critic's columns; and judging from this picture why shouldn't she? She warbles the popular songs and has a way of putting that charm right through the air and out of the loud speaker into the living room. Rita premiers soon on a new commercial hour. Her air record includes such programs as "Vitality Shoes" and "Evening in Paris" over the CBS network; also "Shell Oil Hour" on KPO in San Francisco. She has had a considerable run of programs through the WEAF net, but is best known to the listeners for her 153 broadcasts on the RKO Theatre of the Air while on tour.
WOC Looks Back

Pioneer Station Developed Into Great Institution in Ten Years

By LYLE FLANAGAN

WOC began as a plaything ... the dream of a visionary, and has grown to be one of the greatest institutions in radio broadcasting in the United States today. About ten years ago, this "visionary," Dr. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, became interested in radio through one of the men in his office. He sent emissaries to visit the broadcasting studios of the then existing station 9-BY at Rock Island, Illinois, and these emissaries reported back to Dr. Palmer that they thought radio might be used to broadcast entertainment as well as lectures to those people who had graduated from his school of chiropractic. The doctor immediately became interested, but his thought went farther than mere interest, and, as he, himself, expressed it, on the occasion of the tenth "birthday party" of the station at the time of the dedication of the new studios of the sister station WHO, Des Moines, last spring: "We have always concerned ourselves in utilizing the air as a community organization for community good, believing that was the only legitimate excuse for being on the air."

So, AT the outset, Dr. Palmer decided that, should he purchase the station then for sale, he would give the listeners only the best in every line of talent that could be procured. Thus WOC began with a good start, when it was purchased from Robert Karlowa of Rock Island and moved to Davenport.

With the purchase of WOC began a long list of "firsts" of which the Central Broadcasting Company is justly proud. Under the old call letters of 9-BY, this station can be considered among the oldest stations in the United States. Robert Karlowa broadcast by voice just twelve hours after the ban was lifted by the government following the war, and continued to broadcast weather reports and phonograph music on a regular schedule. The call letters WOC were granted February 18, 1922, just a few days after the call letters KDKA were granted to the Pittsburgh station. Nevertheless, because of the 9-BY broadcasts, WOC maintains that she is the oldest station in the United States.

The sale of WOC from one man to another and its removal from one town to another, and, more than that, from one state to another could not be consummated until some one in authority had sanctioned the act. Since this sale of a radio station was the first of such sales to be made, and the move was the first to be accomplished, the action was the first to test the power of the United States government in regulating radio broadcasting. The government, here-tofore, had granted licenses, but no test had been made, until this time, of whether or not the Department of Commerce, in whose hands authority had rested until recently, could or could not regulate the sale of a radio station. The sale of WOC brought one of the first tests of the government's power in controlling radio.

In March, 1922, the sale to Dr. Palmer had been consummated and sanctioned, and the removal of equipment was begun. At that time, WOC had a very "spacious" broadcasting studio, as studios in those days went, for the entire equipment, that is, transmitter room, control room and broadcasting studio were all placed in a room 14½ feet long, 5½ wide and 6 feet high in the Palmer School Building. It was not long before Dr. Palmer realized that this was all wrong, and that, if the best programs, which he had promised himself and his public, were to be sent out from WOC, they must have ample space and refined surroundings. Consequently, he began a series of developments which ultimately resulted in the excellent broadcasting equipment the Central Broadcasting Company now has.

With this progress, new ideas sprang up, and the station improved almost faster than the visions of its founder could be made and realized. One of the first of these new ideas, which originated in the fall of 1923, was a series of broadcasts given by Gilson Willets who called himself "Radio Rex." He gathered material for a Home Economics program, and told women listeners just what they could do to lighten the tasks of home making. Early in 1924, Faye Hough-McCarthy was called to take over this department, for it was felt that, with her experience both as a home maker and as a home economist of note in the middle west, she would have more of an appeal to housewives than a man. So this was the beginning of the first radio home economics period, and Faye McCarthy, better known as Aunt Jane, the first and original Aunt Jane, has the longest record of any household expert on the air, for she is still at WOC.

Then there was "Pat" Flanagan, better known, now-a-days, as the sports broadcaster for the Cubs, who was a pioneer in radio work, and the first to put on the "daily dozen" regularly at any station, when he began the series over WOC. There was the special news editor who called and edited the news flashes for those who were too busy to read the newspapers. WOC was the first station west of the Mississippi River to broadcast a chain program when it hooked up with WEAF in 1925 before National Broadcasting Company came into existence.
Last spring the Federal Radio Commission granted a permit for a 50,000 watt station, the transmitter for which is being erected at the time of writing just east of the city of Des Moines. New studios have been constructed for station WHO at Des Moines and modern broadcasting rooms will be erected in Davenport for WOC in the spring.

WGY—Schenectady

Gray McClintock

It is not an easy task to write a story of Gray McClintock. It should be, for he is manifestly interesting. Of the millions who have heard him through the facilities of WGY, Schenectady and the NBC, all have been struck by his sincerity, and the authority in which he handles his subjects. The one great reason is that his stories are not imaginative tales; they are cross-sections of a life as he, and other pioneers of the Great Northwest, lived it. For thirty years, this quiet man was a part of the emergence of a lone desolate land into a populated, completed civilization.

Gray McClintock went into the West thirty years ago, to seek health, and another chance to carve out for himself a future. His assets were a willingness to take the chances, and the desire to further his one great ambition, to be a naturalist, a student of nature, and to touch the edge of the Beyond. When he searched for health, for a restoration of a pair of lungs, that study and athletics had impaired, he went out into the North into the cold and the life that calls for courage and endurance, and got back his health. When he desired a first-hand knowledge of the wild life, he went where he could meet the killers, the wild animals of the sub-arctics, the foot-hills and the prairie. When he wanted to perfect himself in the skill of tracking, he worked with the master trackers of the police. When he became interested in the Indians, he went into their camps and counsels, sat at their fires and studied, and he lived and enjoyed them. When he was asked to study the wolves and send out definite information regarding their habitats, a study of their habits and a way for their extermination, he spent two full years in this study alone. For seventeen years he lived a lonely isolated life, so much alone that the habits of those awful days have entirely unfitted him for the present. He does not know people, and fears them. He has always been fighting conditions, and too much of the spirit of rebellion remains for him to be more than he is,—a quiet man whom few know, or can know.

It was the cruel, hard, adventurous life that McClintock lived, and because he has lived it with a courage and stamina known only to himself, those who listen to his stories over the air and are controlled by his sincerity are being educated, interested and blessed. His is a wonderful mission. He is a most wonderful character, but one cannot write wise-cracks about him. One cannot look into his eyes and discover even the semblance of a smile. The sorrows and tragedies of the lonely land, and a lonely life are back behind the keen glint that tell of a fast working brain, and shrewd deductive thinking.

Miss Sarada Gray, the North-country girl, works with McClintock and entertains from the same platform.

KMBC—Kansas City, Mo.

Dick Smith, Kansas City announcer of the Columbia staff, calls himself a real radio fan. It's his work, his hobby, and his ambition. Dick was born and educated in Iowa and received his A. B. degree in Iowa State University. In his college days, Dick made use of his fine tenor voice traveling chautauqua and appearing in amateur theatricals. In summers, he developed his singing voice, yodelling to the coyotes while driving a water tank on a Montana ranch.

For three years, Dick Smith was head of the Department of Commerce in Montana State College and Montana Wesleyan. Leaving this, he practiced accounting and banking in California. His singing ability led him to some radio work in Los Angeles where he also learned the tricks of announcing.

Three years ago, Dick Smith joined KMBC as program director. On the air he has served as triple threat man, as announcer, dramatist and singer. In sports Dick turns to the more robust activities such as hunting and fishing and, so far, he has managed to retain the athletic figure of his football days in the University.
KGO—San Francisco

The day when radio heroines need not be young and lovely so long as their voices convey that impression, is definitely passing, judging by the manner in which NBC producers now are picking casts whose individual members can actually look the parts they play before the microphone.

Here's the Barbour household of "One Man's Family," domestic serial, by Carlton E. Morse, which is broadcast Wednesday nights over the NBC-KGO network, 8:00 to 8:30 o'clock P. S. T., and an outstanding example of the new trend in ether casts. Minetta Allen and J. Anthony Smythe, who play the mother and father in the domestic serial were chosen for their ability to look like the parents of this group—though it took some skillful make-up to add years to their countenances.

But their "children"—Bernice Barbour, actually is fourteen years old, and a high school student, like Jack Raffetto, who plays Paul, the war-crippled aviator, and eldest son of the family, was too young to enter the regular army during the world war, but was a member of the Students Army Training Corps, at U. C., and is a keen student of social conditions and an active sympathizer with Paul's generation. He and Bernice, who plays Hazel, the elder daughter of "One Man's, Family" attended the University of California together. Barton Yarborough, who plays Clifford, went on the stage at seventeen, and played a season in London with Sir Gerald DuMaurier. Kathleen Wilson, who plays Claudia, Clifford's twin, is just about the same age as her ether character, but has done a number of interesting things in her brief career, since she spent two years in Europe with her Uncle, J. Stitt Wilson, lecturer and writer, who took her on a campaign tour with J. Ramsey MacDonald, and then to Florence, where she studied painting and lived in an ancient palazzo for a season.

Minetta Allen made her microphone debut as Mrs. Barbour, but found it not at all novel to be mothering Raffetto and the others, since she used to play mother parts with the University of California Players when he and Miss Berwin and Yarborough were student-actors there. Then she joined the Fulton Theater's stock company—and her very first part was opposite J. Anthony Smythe, the pater familias of the Barbours. Smythe belongs to an old California family, and made his stage debut here. He has played in stock in most of the large cities in the country, and has been heard in numerous NBC dramatic offerings, including the recent mystery serial "Dead Men Prowl!" in which he had a major part.

WNAC—Boston, Mass.

The original intention of Irving Clive Cowper, popular Yankee Network announcer, was to study for the ministry when he entered the Boston University of Religious Education, but after a year of study he transferred to the University's College of Liberal Arts from which he graduated four years later.

Born in Montreal, Quebec, he received his early education in the schools of Montreal, London, Ontario, and the Brookline, Mass., high school. He has a natural bent towards dramatics as was evidenced at the age of three when he made his first public appearance in a recital. During his four years at college he was active in the school dramatics.

While working his way through college, Cowper served as elevator boy, night clerk and switchboard operator, waiter, coacher, plays, and did some newspaper reporting.

Cowper joined the announcing staff of the Yankee Network in December, 1929, since that time he has appeared in many popular programs.

KDKA—Pittsburgh

The Brone Busters, Chief Sanders a member of the Cherokee Indian tribe; Hy Allen, the Eiffel Tower of the trio, and Charlie Springer, the handy man, all cowpunchers from Oklahoma, broadcast daily except Sunday, from Radio Station KDKA at 6:45 o'clock in the morning and quite frequently at 12:00 o'clock midnight.

The boys from the Oklahoma ranges are good musicians; Hy Allen, the left handed banjo player is a sensation on the strings—and how he makes the banjo talk! Chief Sanders plays the fiddle, and Charlie Springer is a wizard on the guitar and added to this, their close harmony on old time tunes heard on the ranch has made a big hit with radio listeners.

Their stage performance is a clever act such as may be seen when the cowboys gather at the postoffice after a round-up. Chief Sanders displays his ability in the art of fancy rope spinning and his accuracy in marksmanship by shooting the fire off a cigarette held between the lips of Charlie Springer, as well as other delicate shots with the rifle.
The Tyler Hill Billies, and "Pat" Binford, who make things merry for the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, in their weekly broadcasts over the WRVA, Richmond, network. The Pipe Club, which broadcasts the Edgeworth Tobacco programs to WEAF, New York, and a coast to coast network, each Wednesday at 10:00 p. m., has a large following, and has become popular for its barnyard music. The male quartet is so well liked that its fan mail floods the studios.

**WINS—New York**

JOHN McCORMICK was born in Peoria, Ill. His mother was an amateur singer and actress—in fact she played the church organ at Emden, Ill. McCormick's father was a travelling salesman—which resulted in John being educated in the grammar schools of Watseka, Ill. and in the Austin High School in Chicago. When the war overtook John he found himself in the quartermaster depot... after the war he discovered he had a decent baritone singing voice while plowing corn in a field near Emden, Ill. first public appearance was with a mixed quartet in a small Chicago church... went to Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Ind. and became a Sigma Chi... next became chief statistician for the general superintendent of transportation of the Illinois Central R. R. polished his voice by coaching with Arthur Van Eweyk and and Herbert Witherspoon... left the Windy City for a turn at the Gay White Way... got only as far as Hoboken where he appeared in productions with Christopher Morley during the season of 1929... broke into radio the same year... joined the WGBS staff in 1930... left in three months to do "Rambles in Erin" on WOR... rejoined the WGBS staff in 1931 and finally became director of programs... remained until WGBS became WINS and is still in the same capacity with WINS... is thinking of getting married but the details are still a mystery... which is another way of saying he is still single.

**WICC—Bridgeport**

THOMAS WALL, concert and radio artist, continues his Sunday evening song recitals at 7:15 P. M., EST. Before becoming a regular sustaining artist on WICC, Mr. Wall was a well-known favorite of the musical comedy and operetta stage. It is his custom to present on his programs every week one song that he formerly introduced over the footlights, a favorite ballad and a sacred request song.

Familiar to WICC audiences are the Melody Boy and Girl, Frank Reynolds and Felice Raymond, who now offer a noon time program of popular songs and duets. Marcia Lee Robinson acts as accompanist and piano soloist of this program. Frank and Felice have been very popular with local and Metropolitan audiences for the past three years.

**WLW—Cincinnati, O.**

THELMA Kessler, nationally famed radio soprano, is the most recent addition to the vocal staff of the WLW studios here. This artist comes to the Nation's Station following a meteoric rise to radio stardom over both the NBC and the CBS chains. Her selection for the important post of staff soprano for the powerful 50,000-watt Crosley station was made by Manager Clark, along with William C. Stoess, Musical Director, and Grace Clauve Raine, Vocal Director, of WLW, following a series of auditions held recently in New York.

Miss Kessler was chosen from a group of more than twenty-five of the country's leading radio and stage sopranos heard during the auditions.
KFOX-Long Beach, Cal.

Almost nine years ago, KFOX took its first bow to its unseen audience with the call letters KFON. Hal G. Nichols, president and general manager of Nichols & Warinner, Incorporated, and his cousin, the late Earl C. Nichols, organized and started the station that today is known to thousands, as KFOX, the “Home Station.” Neither were unknown to the radio field, having operated Station KDZQ in Denver, Colorado, which was the ninth station to be licensed in America and one of the first in the West. The fundamental policy of the station was determined prior to its opening. It was to be a home station, an intimate and informal entertainment force, a straightforward advertising medium. KFOX has never wavered from that basic establishment of policy.

KFOX became identified first as the “Piggy Wally Station” and in 1928, took the name of the Hancock Oil Company Station, under a long term con-

tract. In 1929, the Federal Radio Commission, revising station call letters and wave lengths, assigned the new call to the pioneer Long Beach KFOX.

Outstanding among the programs broadcast during the past year has been, the “KFOX School Kids,” a program written and presented with a child audience in mind.

During 1931 KFOX attained the name of the “Play Station of the Air,” offering listeners perhaps the most frequent presentation of plays in the country. There were at least three plays, both dramatic and comedy, offered daily, all enacted by professional talent.

Attesting to the large following of KFOX, is the result of a “children’s club” in conjunction with the KFOX School Kids’ Program and embodying the sponsor’s name. The Markwell Taffy Chewers Club, started less than ten months ago, offering boys and girls special club privileges, aside from receiving with a purchase of the sponsor’s product, a membership card and a picture button of their favorite member of the program, grew beyond the fondest hopes of the station management.

Part of the working plan of the club was to invite as many members of the club each night as the studio would accommodate, to witness a two-hour broadcast. In less than three months, the membership had grown to more than ten thousand, making it necessary for the station to stage a radio revue in the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium to care for those boys and girls whose positions on the membership list indicated that it might be five years before they would be called to the studio.

There was little slack in the popularity of this club and today the membership includes more than twenty-five thousand boys and girls from all over Southern California. Another radio revue is being planned to care for one or two thousand of those whose wait for invitations will be a hopeless one.

WBT-Charlotte, N. C.

With hundreds of letters from radio listeners in practically every Province of Canada, the west coast of this country, the Hawaiian Islands and the British West Indies, expressing surprise and astonishment at the reception of programs from Station WBT, it is evident that the Carolinas’ high power transmitter will be a favorite even beyond the nation’s borders.

KFAB- Omaha, Neb.

In The new KFAB Studios in Omaha, Nebraska, a beautifully appointed audition room has been constructed. The only audition room west of Chicago, it has been decorated with walls of matched walnut and with Italian Renaissance furniture and tapestries.

You “Wind” This Pen

You turn the knurled end of the barrel to fill or empty the new Conklin Nozac (no sack). There is no rubber sack in this new pen. The ink capacity is 35% greater than sack pens. Here is the greatest student’s pen ever made.

And there is a transparent section in the barrel through which you can see at all times how much ink is in the pen and be reminded to refill it. Made in beautiful new colors at $5.00 and more. Pencils to match $3.00 and more. Another outstanding pen is the Conklin Endura at $5.00 and more— the peer of the best of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir.

Please support local businesses.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Toledo Chicago San Francisco

TO GET YOURS, THE NEW CONKLIN NOZAC, WRITE TO:
THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

LOYALTY
LOYALTY
LOYALTY
WEXL—Royal Oak,
Mich.

Another Knight of the air . . . not as famous yet as the other two Knights whose name he shares . . . but as possible no doubt with Michigan listeners who hear him from Station WEXL in Royal Oak, Michigan . . . where he is chief of the announcing staff . . . C. Kirk Knight was recently chosen the station's most popular announcer by an audience representing metropolitan Detroit and its suburbs . . . They think he is one of Michigan's finest announcers . . . possessing a pleasing radio voice that Mr. and Mrs. "Listener in" seem to enjoy . . . Kirk Knight started out on a journalistic career . . . first at the Michigan State Normal . . . Ypsilanti . . . and later at the University of Michigan and Wisconsin . . . somehow journalism didn't suit and before long was eclipsed entirely by radio . . . a newer and more promising field with greater possibilities for the young man with ideas . . . and the ability to see them thru . . . shelving journalism did not mean that education should not go on . . . so Kirk continued with a modified course and found himself a part time announcing job on a small local station . . . summer came . . . school ended . . . the station moved to Detroit . . . Knight with it . . . This time a step forward was made . . . he was the new chief announcer . . . His experience has covered practically every type of program from sports events to symphony concerts . . . Recently he made several transcription programs and industrial talking pictures . . . his ambitions are not limited . . . he has several . . . not to be a chain announcer particularly but to know all possible about radio.

WIP-WFAN—Philadelphia

Ezra MacIntosh, veteran announcer of WJZ has joined the announcing staff of WIP-WFAN. The biography of MacIntosh reveals how a college education directed this quiet, efficient son of Scotland into the ranks of radio. MacIntosh, after finishing Creighton University Law School in Omaha, became chief announcer at WOW. He held that post for three years and then left his native city to teach school at the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack-On-Hudson, N. Y. Following a short term at Nyack he became associated with NBC and announced over WEAF for several years. During this time he took a leave of absence for six months and was manager and program director of the Toccoa Falls Broadcasting Co., Athens, Ga.

MacIntosh was identified with some of the largest commercial and special events on the air while he was in New York. His commercials included the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, McKesson & Robbins, Cream of Wheat Corporation, General Foods Corporation and many others. Some of the outstanding special events that the versatile announcer officiated at were—The New York Beer Parade, Reorganization of "Old Ironsides," Christening of S. S. Akron, Akron, O., Army Air Manoeuvres over New York City, Arrival of Premier Laval of France, Program in honor of King and Queen of Siam, New York vs. Georgia Football Game (last year).

KNX—Hollywood

The authority of Eddie Holden's "Japanese" accent, as put forth in his skit with Reg Sharland, "Frank Watanabe, the Japanese Houseboy, and the Honorable Archie," over KNX, in Hollywood, was recently illustrated by an incident, both comical and pathetic. A Japanese visitor to Los Angeles heard Eddie's voice as Frank Watanabe. He forthwith wrote Eddie a reproachful and implicating letter, asking him why he hadn't written to his old mother and father in Japan, who were sorrowing because they had not heard from "Frank Watanabe" for several years!

KNX, in Hollywood, resumes on November 15 its frost warning broadcasts by remote control from the United States Weather Bureau at Pomona. Heard every night at 8 o'clock, until February 15, these warnings will be broadcast by Floyd Young.

In giving these frost bulletins over the air, KNX is rendering an invaluable service to ranchers and growers.
To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. Isn't it any longer? As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with. You have no alibi whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument—entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 100,000 people have learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano 
Violin 
Guitar 
Saxophone 
Organ 
Ukulele 
Tenor Banjo 
Hawaiian Guitar 
Piano Accordion

Or Any Other Instrument

Send for our Free Booklet

Demonstration Lesson

If you really do want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 18311 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

The U. S. School of Music, 18311 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

SEND ME YOUR AMAZING FREE BOOK, "HOW YOU CAN MASTER MUSIC IN YOUR OWN HOME," WITH INSPIRING MESSAGE FROM DR. FRANK CRANE: ALSO FREE DEMONSTRATION LESSON. THIS DOES NOT PUT ME UNDER ANY OBLIGATION.

Name
Address

Have you Instrument... What instrument...?

Returns to Chicago and "family" early in January, 1930. He then began playing in NBC dramatic productions. Continued to do this throughout the year, playing in every commercial dramatic broadcast originating from NBC Chicago studios. In the fall of 1930 he created his first network feature, "Junior Detectives," sold through NBC to Blue Valley Creamery. Betty by now had become well-known for child characterizations—she was featured in "Junior Detectives" as "Girl Detective." In November of 1930 began "Little Buster Circus Parade" series, during which time—March 30, 1931—second son is born, Bradley Reynolds White (Skippy). Betty, who has been playing in "Little Buster," is out of show for just three weeks! Life is created—and moves on.

SUMMER of 1931, Francis X. Bushman is discovered by Mr. Turner to possess radio talent. Program of "Radio Talkies" is created for Armour and Co.—(who sell hams!) Bushman is feature of "Armour Hour" throughout summer, with Mr. Turner playing part of Bushman's valet in the sketches, as well as writing them. Fall of '31, Mr. Turner joined staff of station WMAQ as continuity writer, producer, announcer, and what have you. Played in fifteen dra-
“So This Is Harris?”

Helene Handin, the Truthful TROUPER,
KFI, Los Angeles, Gives You the
“AWFUL TRUTH” About Phil Harris

GREETINGS and salutations, Gal friend:

Well, old dear, am I excited, or am I excited? I've just met Phil Harris, and "I'm his'n", to paraphrase a famous saying. Of course I can't expect an "old "dyed in the rayon" New Yorker like you to enthuse about me, but I'll wager you'll get "all het up" about him too.

No doubt you're saying "you've met Phil Harris—so what?" And you're wondering who the Hector he is maybe. Don't remember my writing you when I first arrived here in May about my first visit to the famous Cocoanut Grove and my going "ga-ga" about the new (to me) band leader there, who did things to songs that was nothing short of marvelous—Well this "here now" Phil Harris is the mean singing papa who sent me into that "rave."

Of COURSE Marcella, when I say "I'm his'n" I mean figuratively speaking—y'know me—I don't go for orchestra leaders, no matter how fascinating. Maybe it's because they don't go for me—but anyway we'll skip that. I'll take a good staid business man who has a few hours each evening to devote to just me.

Who cares what I fall for, get back to my story, did you say? All right, all right—I was just telling you.—Well then, when I took it into my common-place brunette head to make poor defenseless Phil the victim of my first interview I called his secretary for an "apartment" as we say in dear old Brooklyn, and the following day hied it (that's a good word, I must use it more often) hied myself to the Hotel Ambassador and bearded the lion in his den, so to speak. Rather after running hither and yon, thru subterranean caverns and hallways and asking about ten people I finally discovered his den; there should be green lines and arrows there.

However, it was a very nice den after I discovered it, piano, nice secretary, big windows and everything. Mr. Harris was waiting for me—well, at least, he was waiting—and after the usual "chawmed to meetcha" which we exchanged we got down to business. You wouldn't know, but Phil is noted for his smile, or maybe he would be more correct to call it "grin" and the way he puts over numbers. Don't misunderstand me, as an orchestra conductor he's not to be snuffed at, but as a singer of songs is where he steps out ahead of them all, and when I say ahead, I don't mean at the rear of the procession—and you know how I like Rudy, Crosby and others, but Phil is different.

He HAS a real "he-man" voice, not such a wonderful voice as that but how he can characterize songs, popular, comedy, and torch: but where he shines is during intermissions when he's up on the platform under a "Mike" and does the Bert Williams type of number. The dancing ceased but the dancers stare on the floor and sort of sway back and forth on their toes, or someone's else, to the rhythm of his music. It is a sight I never saw anywhere else—and I've been around, you know that old dear. In fact there is no place like the Cocoanut Grove in little old New York and there is no one like Harris (there either). I suppose he'll be grabbed off before we know it, as he had his first Lucky Strike program this week and after a few more coast to coast hook-ups he'll be known in the "yeast" too.

To GO on with the "strange interview" Phil has a pleasant smile and manner off stage also, and we were soon chatting like old friends and when I started firing questions, he came right back with the right answers. He was born in Nashville, Tenn. I that I detected a slight Southern accent, went to school there and started his musical career playing the drums in school and amateur shows. He later drummed his way across this continent, thence to Honolulu, then on to Australia and back to the little old USA: and that's pretty good drumming says I, and remember I don't mean travelling salesman! To be more explicit, "our hero," left the old homestead in 1923 to go into vaudeville and from then on he cavorted from dance band to recording band to presentation acts and as I told you to other continents even. This boy was just a travelling fool, if you ask me, but, strange as it may seem to you, he has never been to little old N. Y. yet! Doubtless that's your cue to say "He ain't seen nothin' yet" maybe so, maybe so, we won't ar

(Continued on page 46)
matics productions per week and wrote five until January, 1932... when exhausted.

New year began with new business. RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE came into being with Bob and Andres Selkirk as partners. They sell a swell program to Household Finance Corporation—which finances new business—(the program, does not the company). Life and new business move slowly... Oh yes, our hero continues to act in "Rin Tin Tin" thrillers, which began on NBC two years before. By this time Bob has played a different character every Thursday night for over one hundred weeks. Spring of '32, RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE sells another program, "Lane Reporter," on CBS for eight weeks. Otherwise, business is tough. Eddie Guest joins Household program.

 Came the summer of '32. RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE sells three programs in one week! Two of these to Standard Oil Co. of Indiana... "Brown Stone Front," the "street scene" of radio, and "Si and Mirandy" fashioned after the characters in Opp's famous comic strip, "Maude the Mule."

And he plays the part of the English Dr. Petrie in Sax Rohmer's mystery series, "Fu Manchun," on a coast to coast hookup of the Columbia chain.

Bob is the only actor-author in Chicago who produces his own shows!

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<td>MARGARET M. MURPHY, the Ukulele Lady of WPG recently celebrated her one hundred and fiftieth program over that station... Francis Craig and his orchestra returned to Radio Station WSM, Nashville, early in October, opening a nine months' contract, coming from the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas. Since the completion of the 50,000 watt transmitter WSM letters are coming from all over the world attesting to the clarity of the programs, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan are included. Beasley Smith, band leader in charge of the WSM orchestra has completed three song hits in three weeks; his latest is &quot;Unfinished.&quot;</td>
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MARIO COSTA, Argentine baritone heard over WMCA, New York, Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, is known to music lovers in Europe and South America. He also gained great popularity in the films in Argentina... Roxanne, platinum blonde and her male orchestra broadcast over WMCA regularly... Chico 'n' Peppina, formerly heard over WCKY in Cincinnati, now go over the ether from WMCA Tuesdays and Fridays at 4:45 P. M.

FOLLOWING in the wake of the radio stars who trekked across the East River to appear in "The Big Broadcast" at Paramount's Astoria studio, five frontline radio announcers reported at the studio for their scenes in the picture of radioland. The five announcers were Norman Brokenshire, William Brenton, Don Ball and Andre Baruch from Columbia Broadcasting Company and James S. Wallington from the National Broadcasting Company... Scenes from "The Big Broadcast" involving Vincent Lopez, Arthur Tracy, the Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, Cab Calloway and the Mills Brothers were filmed in New York after Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen had appeared in Hollywood. Clifford Carson-Jones, leading man with the Crosley Players of Station WLW, Cincinnati, dodged the laundry business of his father to go into the show business, winding up on the air.

KELW—Burbank, Cal, has gone Spanish in a big way these days! Senor Pedro Gonzales, exponent of Castillian melodies, directs three programs over the Burbank station six days in the week. One of these comes on the air at 12:30 p. m. with a half hour of Spanish songs including, of course, plenty of instrumentation in the form of solo and ensemble work. Then, at half past seven in the evening, another Spanish half hour brings more twinkling tunes of sunny climes. The third period is a two hour one between 4 and 6 o'clock in the morning. Senor Gonzales brings a scintillating array of Spanish pulchritude on these three broadcast periods. There are dazzling senoritas for fandangos, vocalists a-plenty and string instrument players. Mere male naturally is not forgotten and they, too, help to round out the concert and dance aggregation.

ONE of the clearest voices ever heard on the air, according to long experienced listeners reporting from Australia, is that of James Hayward, who at 85 has been Master of Ceremonies for several unique programs in which only septuagenarians participated before the microphone of Station 2BL, Sydney... He introduced a 93 year old tenor, T. W. Cummings, who sang "Annie Laurie." Another singer was John Fullerton, a Scot, who used to warble as he sat at the throttle of high speed trains. C. F. Howes, 75 has played the clarinet, double bass and saxophone the world over.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find remittance for $1.50 for year's subscription to Radio Digest, starting with the __________ issue.

Name........................................ Street........................................
City.......................................... State....................................
questions answered by somebody else—though all my sources of information seem to have failed me in regard to Mr. Reisman.

"I thank you again for your efforts in trying to get the information I sought. And give my love to Toddlies."
—Lucille Bolinger, Kankakee, Ill.

Well, Miss Bolinger, to get down to business you probably have had the October R. D. by this time, and if you have not, you must surely must get one, for there is a very nice picture in it of Phil Dewey, together with a resume of SOME of his fan mail, but, because your letter came in so late, the biography will have to wait until next month—and don't be too impatient, we'll write you, just to use the three-cent stamp you sent us.

Marcella
(Continued from page 24)

and after all his years of troup ing he should be "human" and is, and I believe he's the type that will stay that way, statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. I asked him, with my usual nerve, if he thought he'd ever become "tall minlery" high hat to you, and he rather naively replied, that he didn't think so. He's one of the few men radio singers that men seem to like as well as women, and that is the height of something or other.

Phil's main hobby is Polo and he's crazy about it, as are most of the men out here who can afford it. And here's the low-low down on his food complex; he hates vegetables of all kinds and species and refuses to eat them cooked or uncooked—so there! Page those balanced diet cranks. I said "You must be a meat eater then" and he retorted "100% meat eater." He looks the picture of health so I guess he'll last a while longer despite his diet. He doesn't even care much for sweets or pastries.

—Hot radishes, wouldn't he be easy to cook for (him) gal, just toss a steak on his plate and that should be forgotten.

He recently made a batch of electrical transcriptions and is starting a Talkie soon, a musical talkie rather, and it is to be called "So this is Harris"—and if that's not a title, I'm an infuriated earth worm! Phil rather ingeniously told me that he had been very nervous and fearful about his first picture, but that Mark Sandrich, the director, after talking it over with him, man to man, made him feel so easy that now he's all set for the shooting—I mean of the picture. Dope! Funny thing—the Lew Brock Comedy unit of RKO is making the "picture" and he's that same "fellar" I worked for in the first short I ever made in N.Y. It was called "Strange Interview" do you remember? Lew is very interested in bringing radio personali ties to Talkies, so here's hoping! For one will be anxious to see it as I'm wondering how Phil will picture. He's tall, nice physique, dark curly hair, blue eyes and teeth that would grace any toothpaste adv.—heaven forbid, so he ought to photo well—but it's such a gamble—and how I know!

He has never had to diet as yet, he says, no doubt he works too hard to take on weight. He lives in a cozy house in Beverly Hills, but I won't tell you the number or you'll be writing him fan mail—oh yeah? And that, Little Widget, closes my "peeking thru the keyhole" at Phil Harris for this session. Write me after you hear him and tell me if you don't agree. I'm enclosing some pictures of him, but you really have to see him in person and at work to appreciate him. If I meet and interview any more western (radio) celebs, I'll write you about it.

So long old thing and happy nightma res.

Helene.

Be a Barber
(Continued from page 29)

automobile and started for New York as a hobo. He joined a carnival, singing in one act and operating an old concession known as the Country Grocery Store, which he finally sold for enough money to get to New York on.

He reached New York the first of October and there was a great depression in show business at the time. He couldn't find a partner and he had never thought of working alone up to this time. On the first of January he finally got a week's work in a night club and was paid off with a bad check. Later he went to sing at the Old Yacht Club in New York and it was there that he got a fifty dollar tip singing "My Wild Irish Rose" for Walter Chrysler the automobile magnate and Harry Frazee then a noted theatrical magnate.

There followed a long series of night club engagements in which he played at the Caravan Club in the Village, at Barney Gallants and The Silver Slipper. Meanwhile he was beginning to make phonograph records for every company except Victor. One of his phonograph records came to the attention of Eddie Dowling when an alert Irish showman was planning his great success "Honeymoon Lane." Marvin was offered a part in the play and after the first night's performance Eddie King of the Victor Company came back stage to see him and offered him seventy-five dollars to sing a vocal chorus. Before long he had entered into a royalty contract with the Victor Company and became one of their best selling artists.

Marvin is one of the few recording stars who ever made fifty records all of which sold over five hundred thousand copies. The American public bought six hundred and fifty thousand copies of his records "Just Another Day," "Wasted Away" and seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of his "Tip Toe Through the Tulips.

It was after his appearance in "Honeymoon Lane" that John F. Royal, now vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company booked him for his first single vaudeville engagement at the Palace theater in Cleveland. Then there followed several years of vaudeville headlining which ended abruptly more than a year ago when he was taken ill with pneumonia and physicians despaired of his life. But by rising at dawn and spending most of his time at his island, Lancaster Island in the St. Lawrence river, he regained his health and returned to singing with his voice in even better condition.
I NOTICE by newspaper reports that Corse Payton, the old-time actor, is appearing in dramas on the air. I will be mighty glad to hear him, for Corse was one of Rector’s favorite patrons, and a great fellow.

He is indeed a veteran actor, having played many one-night stands in tank towns. He had the habit of giving waiters a free ticket to his shows instead of a cash tip. One afternoon he was out of free papers, so he wrote a pass on the waiter’s shirt front.

That evening the waiter presented the dickey at the door and it was honored and taken up like a regular ticket. But—five minutes later the waiter came flying out of the theatre at the end of a boot. Payton had kicked him out—for not wearing a shirt!

Corse Payton was the creator of the famous 10, 20, and 30 cent stock companies, known in the profession by the shorter description “ten, twent’ and thirt.” He would tackle any show ever written, from burlesque to Hamlet. A fine looking man he was, very well groomed, with the voice of a tragedian. I remember how fond he was of making speeches in Rector’s. Once he stood up in our place and announced, “there are good actors, and there are bad actors, but look upon me—I am America’s best bad actor.”

By the way, here is a recipe for one of Rector’s specialties, and a dish of which Corse Payton was very fond:

**OYSTERS POULETTE**

Heat 12 oysters in their own liquor 5 minutes. Remove oysters with skimmer to hot serving dish. Add ½ cup cream sauce to oyster liquor and reduce by cooking over moderate flame for several minutes. Season with salt, a few grains of cayenne and a few grains of nutmeg. Thicken with 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten with 1 tablespoon of cream. Bring to a boil, remove from fire, add 1 tablespoon of butter and 1 teaspoon of strained lemon juice. Add ¼ cup sliced mushrooms and pour sauce of the oysters.
He Loves Mountains
(Continued from page 7)

him. He began to climb the mountains of his ambitions, but he did not lose faith in his voice. At 18 he concentrated on his singing and considered himself well started when he accepted an engagement with a church choir at $35 a month.

Then came the World War and Tibbett joined the navy where he served honorably and well until the close of the war. After that he drifted about singing wherever he could at small concerts, churches, picture theatres. He tried acting and combined this experience with the rekindled ambition to go into opera. His first adventures in New York brought favorable notice from critics as the result of a concert in which most of the audience came by passes.

Subsequently he achieved the coveted audition for the Metropolitan Opera and his great success as Ford in Falstaff. The audience called for him. He could not believe his own ears that it was Tibbett they wanted. He was compelled to return again and again for the ovation. In the morning he was a first page sensation.

Sound pictures, and radio followed. And that in brief is the story of the great Tibbett as he comes down to new triumphs that seem to be in store for the forthcoming "Emperor Jones" and other great productions in which he will appear during the forthcoming season of grand opera.

Cheerio and Dragons
(Continued from page 12)

his own voice." "So silly I have to shut off the radio." "Concentrated good will for somebody somewhere—Bologny!" Yet even some of these scoffers have become converts, have written in and said that they didn't understand but that now they do.

Letters of criticism are but a drop in the bucket to the thousands of letters full of praise and gratitude. And this praise and gratitude can take a concrete form, too...

"Early in 1929 Cheerio asked his listeners if they wanted the broadcast to continue. Within the month 51,000 letters were mailed to NBC asking that the program be kept on. (Incidentally, this was the Mail Room record at that time.) A group of thirty-two blind veterans in a Canadian hospital offered, "If it is a question of money, we haven't got much, but we can spare ten dollars a week, maybe more, if there's a shortage."

And in 1930 came an even more dramatic proof of the loyalty of Cheerio's listeners.

A certain manufacturer wanted to advertise his product on the air over eleven stations in the central zone. The sales manager who made the deal—and who probably hasn't forgotten it yet—said, "Why, of course. Now here's the time for you, between eight-thirty and nine." "Fine," said the manufacturer, and the deal went through. The new program went on the air cutting out fifteen minutes of Cheerio time.

Well! The first thing the manufacturer knew thousands of letters were pouring in to him. Letters of praise for the new program? No, indeed. Letters like this: "How dare you take away our Cheerio?" "Your program is an insult to any Cheerio fan." "We'll boycott your products; we'll tell all our friends to do so." "We'll never buy another so-and-so."

There was now shuffle very quickly. The manufacturer gladly took another hour. The central zone had the Cheerio hour in its entirety. All was quiet on the radio front. Which goes to show what it means to tamper with this kind of a broadcast.

That great circle of Cheerio listeners which so loyally stands by Cheerio, has its loyalty to individual members also, even though the members may not be known to one another. Contributions, entirely unsolicited, pour in to Cheerio whenever he tells of some needy case. Many a radio has been placed in the homes of the under-privileged by the Cheerio radio fund.

A year ago last March was founded the order of the Red C. Perhaps you saw those red C's set in windows, pasted on the windshields of cars. There was one in a window of the White House in Washington. It seems that a listener wrote saying that she would like to know who in her town also listened to Cheerio, and suggested that during the Cheerio anniversary week—March 7 to March 14—all Cheerio fans should put a red "C" in their windows. Cheerio read the letter on the air and the result was that all over the country thousands of homes came out with red "Cs." Do you know of any other broadcast that would bring forth this response?

A wonderful work Cheerio is doing. There has been abundant testimony thereto in the press. Perhaps no words sum him up any better than those of George Matthew Adams: "He has enriched and beautified the lives of thousands upon thousands and brought new life to many."

And he does good not only for his listeners, but for the whole radio industry. For radio has its own particular dragon. The dragon of popular opinion that there is too much commercialism on the air, too much blah-blah, too much mediocrity.

Granted, but there is also Cheerio.

Give Me Air
(Continued from page 17)

(Continued from page 7)

to allow Georgie to get across the hall to J. J.'s office."

Georgie—Hello, J. J.
J. J.—Georgie, my boy.

Georgie—Say J. J., Mr. Lee said I'd have to pay $175 for an apartment I've been looking at in the Jolson apartments.

J. J.—He did, eh? Georgie, you can have it for $50.

Georgie—Yes, but I didn't want to go above $137.50.

J. J.—All right, Georgie, you tell the renting agent I said $137.50 was o. k.

Georgie—Couldn't you call him up now and tell him?

J. J.—No you call him, I'll talk to him.

Georgie—Thanks J. J. Hello, operator, get me — o. Hello. This is Georgie Price. Mr. Shubert said I was to have the apartment I was looking at for $137.50.

Voice—(on the other end of the phone)—WHAT?

Georgie—Just a second, you can talk to J. J. Here J. J. you tell him it's o. k.

J. J.—(always in a rush) Hello, hello. Sure I said it was o. k. $137.50 (hangs up receiver.)

(Business of Georgie rushing out to sign a two-year lease at $137.50 a month.)

Georgie also delights in telling a story on his secretary, the very capable Joe Bronson. Joe is a Brooklyn boy, who used to be a gallery worshipper of Georgie's. No matter where Georgie was playing in the metropolitan area, Joe was sure to be in the theatre. Until he became an assistant manager for one of the Fox theatres in Brooklyn. Then one day Georgie got a telephone call.

"Hello, Mr. Price, this is Joe Bronson, assistant manager of the — the— theatre. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Such calls became frequent. For twelve years Joe admired Georgie from a distance, ready to do any favor Georgie might desire, until five months ago, Georgie put him on the payroll.

"Some day I'm going to find out just what kind of office hours Joe is keeping," Georgie said, "I can never beat him down to my office in the morning no matter how early I get in, and no matter how late I leave he is always busy."

But about the radio. Three nights a week he entertains for Chase and Sanborn Listeners, with a fourth program for the same sponsor in the making.

"And to think," he concluded, "a few months ago I couldn't GIVE my services to radio. I offered to work for nothing, but they wouldn't have me. And today it has helped me break house records. Maybe you can give me the answer."
DO you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paying industry in the world? Do you want to earn big money—more than you ever dreamed possible before? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

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**Greatest Opportunity in Broadcasting**

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers more opportunities for fame and success than perhaps any other industry in the world today.

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Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you can qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money?

But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcasting—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos 'n' Andy Stars, Graham MacNamees, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbons—why not be among them?

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Radio Digest

CONTENTS for DECEMBER, 1932

Cover Portrait, Jane Vance, sings while they dance.

Grofé in the Sun. Great composer meets dawn of fame.

Denny's Debutantes. Society introduced to the listeners.

Family Honors. Major Bowes celebrates decade of radio.

May and Peter. "Sweethearts of the Air" at home.

Sincerely Yours. Kate Smith is genuine in her good deeds.

Don Bestor Goes East. Chicago maestro of light fantastic travels.

Western Stars. Mildred Bailey and Donald Novis win laurels.

Cowgirl. Margaret West is right from the Texas range.

Uncle Dan'l Lives. Author of Snow Village Sketches tells facts.

Irish Eyes. Tommy McLaughlin looks at fair interviewer.

Tuneful Topics. Review of bits by chief Connecticut Yankee.

Editorial. Conflicting angles on radio educational.

Voice of the Listener.

Marcella. She answers questions about the radio celebs.

Watanabe. That California Air Comic.

Pacific Coast Echoes.

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RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.
TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

SOMEHOW, in some intangible way, the Paul Whiteman concert at Carnegie Hall a few nights ago brought to this humble soul a thrill that was almost ecstasy. It was a fruition of a great life drama. A happy ending to a true story that involved all those elements so important to the dramatic—suspense, surging emotion and a smashing climax. But in this story there was no woman angle. It was all about two men—Paul Whiteman and Ferde Grofé. They are truly two souls with but a single thought, one conceives the thought, the other expresses it, and it is all through the medium of music, the finest and greatest of modern American music.

Not so very long ago a dark miserable cloud arose between these two gentlemen. What it was all about doesn’t greatly matter now. But our understanding is that Mr. Whiteman had planned to give the Grand Canyon Suite, Grofé’s masterpiece, a spectacular premiere. The misunderstanding prevented it. Sadness prevailed. For years they had planned, schemed and played together in the development of a great idea—a distinctive refinement of a truly American style of music. Grofé had worked behind the scenes dreaming and writing the cadenzas and melodic flourishes that must be transferred from the imaginative mind to paper. He gave Whiteman the orchestrations that made Whiteman famous, but Whiteman, not unlike all other band leaders, took all the bows. It was not customary to go behind the scenes and bring out the individual who had conceived the idea. The glory was for the individual who presented it to the public.

Finally came an estrangement and the two men, so vital to each other, drifted apart. Paul Whiteman’s plans for the premiere of the Grand Canyon Suite failed. Both men played it, and Ferde Grofé became really famous, although he had already become known for several other notable compositions. There was no downright hostility, and mutual friends tried to bring the creator and translator together again. Eventually this came about. Grofé even wrote some Whiteman orchestrations. But it needed something big, something overwhelming to overcome all that had seemed and scarred their friendship the few months that had passed before.

The concert at Carnegie Hall, arranged by Whiteman, served that purpose. As the centerpiece for his presentations was The Grand Canyon Suite. In a box near the stage sat the composer. For many of that elite throng that filled every seat in the house, this unspoken, unwritten drama was waiting the climax.

Paul Whiteman was key to his greatest pitch of intensity. He enthused every member of his orchestra, and he lifted them like magic into the fantasy Ferde Grofé had dreamed as he wrote. They played as they never had played before. It seemed to close observers that the maestro himself was almost overcome with his own emotions as the storm portrayal subsided and the last bars ended. He bowed, apparently in a daze. Then suddenly he stretched an arm to Grofé in the box; who also was trembling. The audience thundered applause. Grofé bowed, smiled and merged back into shadows. They called him back again and again. What a thrill! What a thrill!

It is the fervent hope of those who know and admire these two great men that they will continue with this renewed mutual understanding to create and portray together the superb musical masterpieces that can reach the highest approach to perfection only through the complementary genius of each to the other.

DICK GORDON, deputy sheriff in a Connecticut town, and “Sherlock Holmes” for a million or so listeners on the NBC Etheria modestly gives a great deal of credit for his success to the young lady who writes the scripts, Miss Edith Meiser. We were honored by a call from the eminent sleuth a few days ago and he said, “So much depends on the script when it comes to radio drama. The tendency is to write in too much of the obvious. It only takes a word or two to present the scene, like ‘Stop! Stop! Another step and you’ll be over the precipice.’ You don’t have to put in a lot of words about the precipice. The scene instantly flashes before your eye with dramatic emphasis. My wife has a script with two pages on which scarcely anything else is written but ‘Yes’ and ‘No.’” Mr. Gordon proceeded to demonstrate the many different ways by which a telephone listener can say “yes” and “no” and still be interesting. Try it out to yourself sometime. When he is not broadcasting or sheriffing Dick gives himself a treat by sawing and hammering together heavy timbers in the basement of his home. Next to being an actor he would rather be a carpenter or a cabinet maker, and he’s not sure but he’d rather make carpentering first.

JUST as we go to press with this December issue of Radio Digest we are in receipt of a letter from Jack B. Price, President of the International Radio Club of Miami. Jack conceived a great idea for cooperative publicity on the part of several radio stations affiliated with the I. R. C. On the evenings of November 2, 3 and 4 through Station WIOT at Miami he paid back the nice compliments that had been paid to Miami through a hundred other stations in the United States, and in Latin America, during the year. It was called the Third International Radio Party, for it represented the third season that the scheme has been successfully worked out.

“The broadcasting has developed a closer relationship between the commu-
nities," said Mr. Price. "And in the foreign countries there is a better feeling toward the United States as a result of the international character of the programs. This radio contact comes down as a spirit of good will between the different countries. We have found the other nations very gracious in joining us in this enterprise."

Among the entertainers who came to Miami for the occasion were the Lyrical Troubadors from CMK at the Hotel Plaza, Havana; Senorita Violeta Jimenez, talented pianist and feature artist of the Havana Symphony Orchestra, and Senorita Aurora de Almar, vocalist, daughter of the Consul of Costa Rica.

IMAGINE writing and broadcasting a fifteen minute program six days a week for three years and missing only two days out of that time! That's the record of Amos 'n Andy, otherwise Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. The days they missed were the days they were on the road to Hollywood and back. Now they are going to have their Saturdays off like other human beings. It must be a tough job keeping a thing going like that and still remain on top of the heap, as recent surveys show that they still are. They have probably entertained more people than any other two persons who ever lived, not even excepting Charlie Chaplin of the movies.

ONE of the favorite gags of current comedians is to say unkind things of crooners and saxophone players. But there is one saxophone player who owes his life to his good playing of the instrument. He is a convict who was under sentence of death at the state prison in California. Anson Weeks, the maestro, knew the man when he was in California and greatly admired the murderer's saxophone playing. Because Weeks was known for his good work in prison charity he was able to have the death sentence commuted and now the sax-playing lifer is teaching other prisoners to play the instrument.

JAMES MELTON, the great NBC tenor, owns 35 hats. He finds it hard to pass a hat store without looking in the window. And if he sees a hat that strikes his fancy there'll have to be another peg to hang it on when he gets home. He can't resist buying.

Next month, according to one of our mutual friends, Eddie Doherty who has "covered" the United States from coast to coast as representative of New York and Chicago newspapers, and who has written several thrilling novels based on his personal experiences, will become a microphone artist. According to presents plans he will broadcast thrill incidents and accounts of famous trials over a Columbia network extending from coast-to-coast.

Here's a happy thought from Hendrik Van Loon, famous author on the GE period over NBC. He says the whole human race, numbering about two billion persons could be put in a box measuring about half a mile in each direction. The box could be dropped in the ocean without making any more commotion in its 140,000,000 square miles of water than a box of matches dropped from an ocean liner. So, who do you think you are? It may be well to remember that whether you are or are not the two billion figure still stands.

MAJOR J. ANDREW WHITE, one of the founders of the Columbia Broadcasting System who sold out to the William Paley regime, doubtless had a profound influence on the life and career of Ted Husing. In those days Major White was the first and greatest of sports announcers. Ted was on the Major's staff as assistant to the president. When the new order came in Ted requested the privilege of following in the Major's footsteps as a sports announcer. The request was granted. Perhaps if he had gone on remaining only assistant to the president he would still be an unknown. Incidentally there's a rumor that Major White will soon become a considerable factor in a new radio enterprise.

Speaking of Major White reminds me of Lew White, Roxy's pet organist, who often travels the subway like the rest of us mundane creatures. We were going over to Teaneck and Lew stepped onto the escalator gleefully. "Gee," he said, "I just love these escalators."

Stopped to chat with Madam Sylvia at NBC the other day. She sort of made Hollywood blush by writing "Hollywood Undressed." It seems she mas-sexed excess adipose off all the fair ones out there then told the naked truth. (In collaboration with James Whitaker). "I like New York very much," she said. "I don't think I'll ever go back to Hollywood." She twined a nervous eye toward the door as she spoke.

"Seth Parker is the greatest living evangelist today," declared C. C. Dowell at the Homecoming of the First Evangelical Church in Des Moines, Ia., recently.

Allen Prescott who spoofs the "lonely housewives" with his NBC program, "The Wife Saver" recently received a gift from a fair listener of a set of hand painted clothespins.

Frank Crumit is shepherd of the Lambs Club in New York.
FERDE GROFE is writing the music that portrays American life and the American scene as it exists today. He knows his subject for he too has lived under all conditions from the itinerant piano player to the maestro and composer acclaimed by the elite in the highest musical circles in the country. Recently he was appointed official composer and arranger for Radio City, New York.
By John Rock

FeRDe Grofé's grandfather and his father played with Sousa and Pryor. He was born to the world of music. But there had been times of doubt and disappointment. It was early decreed that Ferde should become a business man. The efforts in that direction failed. In spite of all he followed music. He wandered about the West playing in music halls and inglorious places where there was a tune and a cheer to pass an idle hour.

One evening I met him at the conclusion of a Lucky Strike program in the NBC studios. He was formal, sedate, and the old German music master who had just finished direct-
ing a symphonic orchestra. A rotund man, gracious but dignified. So many were crowding around him it was hard to form an estimate. Later I received an invitation to meet him at his home in Teaneck. N. J. With Lew White, the Roxy organist; and Hal Tillotson, I visited him there.

The three of us wandered through narrow, dark streets until we came to his house, a three story brick of old English design. The house was nearly dark. A young man in a gray sweater met us at the door and ushered us up to the workshop. There I saw a far different Grofé. He too was casually dressed, a house sweater and shirt collar open at the throat. He looked ten years younger than he did in the NBC studio, and infinitely more human. I liked him instantly for a regular jolly human being, the president of the Grofé real estate company of Teaneck, in appearance the personification of Mr. Babbit in Sinclair Lewis' book.

"Sit down and make yourselves comfortable," he said, indicating convenient lounging places. "I have to finish a couple of bars to 'How Deep Is The Ocean' for tomorrow's recording and then I'll be at liberty. Go right ahead and talk as much as you please, it won't bother me."

He sat at a long flat top desk in one of the dormers of his studio. Near the door where we had entered was his piano. At the opposite end was a great fireplace with a picture of his grandfather on the mantel. We mumbled among ourselves in an undertone so as not to disturb his thoughts. But Grofé cut right into our conversation, full voiced, and went right on with his work at the musical score before him. I asked him how he could write under such circumstances. He replied that it was all in his head anyway and he

(Continued on page 37)
AFTER five years away from the center of radio and broadcasting, Jack Denny returned from his Canadian hide-away to play at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and on all sides he heard the same wailing chant—"Radio Needs Something Different"—"Radio Needs Something New." The reverberations of these wails found their way under the Denny crust and Sir Jack set himself to thinking.

Here he was, playing at the "World's Finest Hotel," surrounded by those people who have everything to their heart's content. Jack was singularly impressed by the bored nothing-to-do feeling they all seemed to manifest. Especially the young debutantes. Speaking to some of them, he discovered that their musical background was, as a rule, extensive.
Debutantes
Rabiner

Studies under the best vocal teachers both in this country and abroad seemed to be as common an educational equipment as spelling is to the average man's daughter.

It was during these conversations that Denny would sometimes ask them what they thought of radio, and in every instance the response was highly enthusiastic with a glimmer of new light coming into the eyes of the girls while they spoke about how "ga-rand" a thing Radio was. But that light would be dimmed when Denny asked them if they ever tried singing into a microphone. The invariable answer was negative and the cause was equally common. Their parents objected to their going to any of the radio stations and applying for auditions.

(Continued on page 10)

Mr. Denny congratulating Miss Jean Peeples and Mrs. Robert T. Ash as the two winners of the Washington, D.C., Denny Debutante Auditions. Both were rated as "first class" for radio and given their chance on the air.

Miss Quay, Jennie Lang, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Magor, and Miss Kountze. Miss Gloria Braggiotti, "flying ambassadress" (panel).
That was all Denny needed. Here was a wealth of material, which if good, radio could very well utilize. So he immediately started a pleasant avenue to the realm of radio for those girls by himself giving auditions in the Waldorf.

After hearing a few girls, the response became so great that Denny called in the talented Gloria Braggiotti, socially prominent throughout the East who had made her debut in Boston. Miss Bragetti was asked to take complete charge of the Waldorf auditions with Jack Denny listening and picking those who showed the greatest ability.

ONE of the very first of these "finds," was Mrs. William R. K. Taylor, Jr. The wife of one of the foremost and important brokers on Wall Street. Mrs. Taylor had a voice that was made to order for radio. Her qualities of sweetness, her range and her shading were so fine that Denny used her as his vocalist the very next day on the Lucky Strike Hour. All of last summer she sang and broadcast with Denny from the Starlight Roof Garden of the Waldorf, giving up a Summer's vacation in Europe to be with the Denny Debutantes.

Another who has blazed her way with Jack Denny is Miss Beatrice "Tiny" Dobbin's, a Baltimore debutante, who was visiting in New York and gave an audition. Miss Dobbin's is the great-grand-daughter of Francis Scott Key, the composer of "The Star Spangled Banner.

The Denny Debutantes are not without their sister team. The Kountze Sisters, Mimi and Natalie, daughters of the senior member of the famous Bankers and duets to the tune of Denny's music. "Teddy" Lynch, conceded to be the most beautiful debutante in Green- which is another Denny Debutante who can be heard singing with Denny now in the Empire Room. Others who have sung with Jack were the Misses Elizabeth Quay, Gwendolyn Fisk and Ruth Magor, Little Jeanie Laang, a St. Louis Debbie has proven to be one of the outstanding successes of the season. Critics have hailed her as the next leading star of the air-waves.

The success of the New York auditions soon reached other cities and the papers from Boston, Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Philadelphia all carried editorials about what the enterprising daughters of New York society were doing and why couldn't their young ladies do something similar. In answer to these, Jack sent Miss Gloria Bragetti to those sundry cities and had her give the girls of those towns radio audition. Miss Bragetti did all her traveling by plane, thus acquiring the title of "Ambassadress of the air."

In Boston the lovely Miss Nancy Whitman was the winner and she came to New York and sang with Denny for a week. In Washington, D. C., Miss Bragetti put them into a problem. At the audition, two contestants were equally outstanding and poor Miss Bragetti was in a quandry as to just what to do. Imagine her surprise and relief to see Mr. Denny walk in at the propitious moment he had driven to Laurel for the horse-races and had decided to "take-in" the Washington audition. Miss Bragetti had the two girls again sing for Mr. Denny and he also feeling the same as Gethro, he chose both Miss Jean Peoples and Mrs. Robert T. Ash.

In addition to Miss Dobbin, Balti- more has another representative in the Denny Debutantes in the person of Mrs. Campbell Coleston, wife of the famous Maryland Dr. Coleston. Mrs. Coleston won the audition given in Balti- more.

And now, not satisfied in giving audi- tions in New York and in the surrounding cities, Mr. Denny has sent Miss Bragetti to Europe. She sailed on October 12th, and will hold auditions in the leading Capitals of the continent. A wire, yet un-confirmed at the time of this writing, stated that Marchioness of the world and historically famous Medici Family had won the audition in Rome.

History tells stories of men who fight fate, men with new ideas trying to change the course of the political tide, idealists fighting with fervor for the adoption of their ideas. Such is the tale of Jack Denny, the high hat harmonic of jazz.

Denny from the very first, staked his all on a hunch. Or perhaps it wasn't a hunch. Perhaps it was just a good idea waiting for the chance to break. Anyhow when Denny played at the Frivolity Club in New York six years ago, he was just another band leader with a lot of queer ideas about the way jazz should be handled. Denny's band did not blast out "sock" choruses. They didn't blare specialty "hot" tempos or jump up and down jugg- ling brass hats. They just played reg- ular dance rhythm which somehow made you want to get up and dance, not clowned around. But that was wrong. The Collegiates were holding sway in the ball-rooms and society was aping the Peabody variations. Fast fox-trots were the order of the day. Duke Ellington, Vincent Lopez, Ted Lewis and the other disciples of hot jazz were the reigning potentates in the world of pop- ular music. No band was complete without a well-developed and versatile brass section. Denny didn't have any. He relied on strings, reeds and rhythm instruments. He insisted that a band was not a combination of vaudeville trumpet and trick trombone players, but a unit of dance music. He was right at that time as he is now. But the world was dance-mad. To proclaim Denny's heresy was suicide. So he re- mained where he was.

Then the manager of the Mount Royal Hotel dropped in on Denny's orchestra. He had heard of the gentle-mannered, debonair sophisticated dance leader who could play Gershwin as well as he could Berlin. The continental swing of Denny's orchestra set the manager thinking that his British and French patrons in Montreal were beginning to be fed up on the blast-furnaces which were posing as jazz bands. He made Denny an offer. Denny figured it would do no harm to switch. He was tired of battling against the overwhelm- ing tide of Harlem-worshippers. He was a trifle weary of being called "ec- centric" and "high-brow," So he de- cided on the Montreal engagement.

With a heavy heart he bade his men pack up for Canada. Denny felt as though this were an admission of defeat. It was voluntary expatriation, which he abhorred. But Denny knew that all the men had these things in their minds. But he still clung to his ideas. "It has to change my way," he thought, "this brass lungs jazz baby will die an early death from the sheer exertion of it. It is only a fad now but when the people wake up and come to their senses they will find that civilized dancing should be a gentle en- joyable form or recreation, not a mad whirling orgy."

Whether it was the soothing effect of real music after a season of low-down jazz, whether it was the new environment or the new audience, suffice it to say that Denny very shortly had the Mount Royal Hotel on its dignified ear. Old dowagers who had said farewell to their dancing days long ago, elderly gentlemen with rheumatism and wall- flowers of both sexes found themselves swaying to a rhythm that spelled danc- ing with ease. Once Jack Denny caught on, he spread like wildfire. His reputa- tion mounted. He was given a spot on a Canadian net-work. For five years Denny remained in Canada, building himself a reputation which grew as the popular taste in music advanced. The continental flavor of his music and the universal appeal of his unostentatious rhythm gave to Denny's band the distinct effect which characterizes au- thentic and well-orcheistrated jazz. Every man in the band was a thorough musician, every orchestra which Denny wrote, a piece of real musical composition.

It wasn't long before the big Ameri- can net-works began casting longing eyes across the St. Lawrence River, One Saturday night the Lucky Strike Hour switched in Jack Denny's band. (Continued on page 46)
Mary Livingstone

THIS is the saucy dark-eyed beauty who patters along with Jack Benny who is aleing with Ted Weems on CBS for Canada Dry. Now don't get your Dennys and your Benny's mixed. Mary Livingstone is Mrs. Jack Benny, and on Sunday night, November 13th she ran the skit by herself while hubby preceded the show to New York.
GATHER round, Family. It's time to celebrate. Just think, it's been ten years now that we have been hearing radio programs from the Capitol theatre in New York! How time flies!

Yes sir, ten years it has been since you first heard the genial voice of Major Edward Bowes speaking to you from across the ether wave on a Sabbath day. Sunday could not be quite complete without this Capitol Family gathering. For many it has a genuine meaning of family gathering—a sitting-together in widely separated parts of the country of relatives who know that at this hour their own flesh and blood, by rearrangement and established custom, are attuned to the voices and words of the friendly host at the Capitol theatre.

"All right, Maria—" He has just introduced Maria Silveira, the girl with the vibraphone voice whose picture faces you on the opposite page. He has perhaps told you that Miss Silveira has been creating something of a sensation with her rippling voice and original inflections which give personality and charm. You may remember a few Sundays ago he said he wanted to interview her for your information but Maria balked at telling her age although she really is a very young thing.

But everything is "all right" with Major Bowes as he introduces the various members of his family who are on the stage with him at the time of the broadcast. You feel that you know the individuals, he makes them human, makes them talk to you, and it's almost like seeing them.

And there's "Little Hannah Klein." Can't you almost see her as he tells her to climb up on the piano bench and play her piece for you. Of course Hannah is by no means a child. And the piece she plays may be a very difficult concerto, but anyway she's just little Hannah Klein to you, not a sophisticated young lady who has been playing at the Capitol, a Broadway theatre, for the past five years. Little Hannah Klein—you just want to step up and pat her on the head and tell her yourself what a sweet child you think she is.

Major Edward Bowes

"Little Hannah Klein"

Anywhere else the name of Yasha Bunchuk would probably make you straighten your tie or powder your nose because you were about to hear something very ultra-ultra by one of those high-brow foreign musical geniuses. But to Major Bowes and the Capitol Family at noon time of a Sabbath day he's just—

"All right, Yasha—"

So Yasha turns to the boys in the orchestra (as you may imagine) and with an inaudible tap on his music rack leads them off in something sublime and restful to the soul! And if your religion has been slipping a little it all comes back to you. God is in his Heaven and loves us all.

Only Yasha remains of all those who have come and gone since the first program ten years ago. Roxy—you remember when Roxy brought together his gang at the Capitol and for two and a half years led all others with his marvelous Sunday shows on the air? Here was the real beginning of the showmanship that has come to radio as it is known today.

LATER during the day when Roxy came on the air over the National Broadcasting Company with his new Gang he paid glowing tribute to Major Bowes and extended birthday greetings. George B. McClelland, assistant to the president, was present and extended felicitations on behalf of the NBC organization. The new Mayor-Elect O'Brien of New York was also present to express the good will of the City of New York to Major Bowes.

And there's Westell Gordon, the lyric tenor. What a voice! And the lovely songs that he sings. There always is something special for somebody everywhere every time. And on the Anniversary you heard Waldo Mayo with his wonderful violin; Tom McLaughlin, the baritone, who has been making such a name for himself during the past year; also Nicholas Cosentino, the operatic tenor—all combined to make a wonderful day of that Tenth Anniversary.

Blessings on Major Bowes, say we of the radio audience! And let us not forget the excellent collaborator whose voice presents him each Sunday and sometimes substitutes when the Major leaves for a well earned holiday—Milton Cross. God bless Major Bowes and may we hear him call his Capitol family together each Sunday for many years to come. We'll be listening to hear him say: "All right, Maria, let's hear 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot—'"
YOU hear her every Sunday with Major Bowes and the Capitol Family over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. There is a silvery ripple to her voice, and a trick inflection that charms and delights. She's the Maria that you hear Major Bowes address when he says, “All right, Maria.”
**May and Peter**

*By Nellie Revell*

“Somebody loves you—I want you to know...”

“Longs to be with you wherever you go...”

(Peter’s voice) “Good morning—that was May.”

(May’s voice) “Hello, Everybody—that was Peter.”

**THEN** for fifteen minutes, everything stops in the homes of thousands of radio listeners. There’s no use trying to call a friend on the telephone during one of May-and-Peter’s broadcasts. Save your time—and your nickel. No one answers the phone. Everyone is listening to May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose—those universally loved “Sweethearts of the Air.”

’Tis said that love begets love, and it must be so, for May and Peter’s love for each other has become all inclusive. Everyone whom they contact comes under its spell—and reciprocates it.

And were it not for their youth, they would be called “Mamma and Papa” to the whole radio world; for everyone on radio, especially in the East, knows and loves May and Peter. More than one announcer, musican, page, hostess, and production man, and even a glittering star of radio, owes his or her first opportunity to May and Peter. Whenever one meets them dashing hurriedly out of a

**NOT** long ago Miss Revell had the pleasure of presenting The Sweethearts of the Air on her NBC program, as The Voice of Radio Digest. Then a great many readers requested that we publish pictures of them. So Miss Revell visited them at their home and discovered that they really did have a barrel of letters. Pictures were taken showing the barrel but owing to space limitations we had to cut Mr. Barrel off in order to get a good close-up view of Peter and May.

—**Editor.**

**IT BEING** Sunday, I was sure of finding the Ukulele Lady and her composer husband at home answering fan mail... The elevator shot up to the tenth, and top floor. In a few seconds I was standing before the door of Suite 1010-20. As I heard May’s infectious laughter ring out, I quickly pressed the bell.

I entered the spacious living room, and almost stumbled over the curly-headed, plump little Ukulele Lady seated cross-legged on the floor, with fan letters scattered all about
her, which she seemed to be reading and sorting into neat little stacks. And as fast as she sorted them, Daddy Singh pulled others out of National Broadcasting Co. envelopes, and from his comfortable place, on the divan, tossed them down to his daughter while hubby Peter, at the baby grand piano, was evidently jotting down songs requests which May handed him. Seated at a hand-some mahogany table nearby, May’s sister Carrie was rapidly addressing envelopes.

The room fairly breathed an atmosphere of welcome. One could not possibly feel like an intruder. There was an intimacy about it that made one feel at home—possibly it was the “feminine” touch—pillows placed invitingly about—odd lamps glowing in corners—novelty cigarette lighters to amuse—and last, but certainly not least in May’s affection, the goldfish.

“This is certainly what I’d call a lucky break,” I greeted. “Why right before me, I see the answer to my questions . . .

“And it’s lucky for us, too, that you dropped in, for we certainly are up to our necks . . . Just toss off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and treat this as you would your own fan mail,” May invited.

“Do you mind if I throw my coat on that beautiful orchid bed in the next room?” I had to see it—my curiosity was getting the best of me.

“Go ahead—have a good look at it—that’s the bed May was born in,” Daddy Singh proudly informed me.

I went investigating. Never had I seen such a massive mahogany bedroom suite. The dresser extended at least a quarter of the length of the room. Its glass top was a huge frame for photographs of radio and stage friends which May and Peter had slipped under it.

In the little anteroom, adjoining the living room and bedroom, a huge cabinet caught my eye. On its top were scattered sheets of music, and closer inspection disclosed numerous drawers all alphabetized. This, obviously, was part of Peter de Rose’s music library of songs—many of them contributed by radio fans.

“I’m sure you’ll find much more interesting things out here,” May coaxed, as I delayed.

And sure enough I did! Right in the middle of the floor, the maid had placed a barrel, overflowing with letters. Maybe that was her idea of a barrel of fun on a Sunday afternoon—but I just couldn’t see it that way.

“There you see the source of our programs,” Peter volunteered. “They say one has to dig for knowledge—so here’s your chance, ye Inquisitive One!

“It would take more than a barrel to stop me now,” I bragged . . . but I’m not saying what two would do. Well, here goes . . . ” and I pulled out a handful of letters.

“If you come across any requests for ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ please put them in this large envelope,” directed the Ukulele Lady. “Of all Peter’s compositions, including our popular theme song ‘Somebody Loves You’ and the number he wrote on our first wedding anniversary ‘When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver,’ this ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ has brought the most requests for copies, and letters of appreciation. So we’ve concluded that it is the simple ballads which have a universal appeal. Folks like to keep alive their ideals through song. And that’s the observation of Phillips Lord, too, with whom I collaborated on the lyrics,” May commented as we glanced at one letter after another.

FROM everywhere came these letters some postmarked Massachusetts, Florida, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, and Colorado, and apropos of May’s remark I’d say that there are still many people who cherish Sunday School, throughout the country. Also that Silver and Golden Wedding Anniversaries are not uncommon. Here is a request, from a minister’s daughter in Colorado, for you to sing ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ as a surprise on the nineteenth wedding anniversary of her father and mother. And here is one from a crippled lady of seventy-five, who was a member of a Methodist church choir for forty years. This one is from a farmer’s wife, who says she listens in every Saturday to the ‘Sweethearts of the Air,’ while she does her baking, as that is the only time she has to listen to the radio. She wants you to sing ‘Under the Old Umbrella,’ and ‘The Little Old Church in the Wildwood’ on her nineteenth wedding anniversary.

Now here is a bit of thoughtfulness—a daughter is asking you to sing ‘Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet’ as a surprise on her mother’s twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. And, believe it or not, here are a couple married thirty-six years, who would like to hear the ‘Sweethearts of the Air’ sing ‘Silver Threads Among the Gold’ . . . Mmmmm, the ministers who joined them together must have used cement—too bad more of it isn’t used today.”

With a sigh and a smile May glanced up from her sorting to remark: “It’s surprising the slant on human nature that Peter and I get in our letters. It is truly inspiring—for it reveals that those sterling qualities of unselﬁshness, faith, and love have surmounted the evil effects of the world war—the Jazz Age—the bootleggers—and the depression. We have daily evidence of children’s thoughtfulness for their parents in requests for their favorite songs on their parents’ birthdays and anniversaries; mothers asking for children’s songs; sweethearts sending messages to each other. Why a man wrote that he and his sweetheart had been separated for years because of a serious illness, but that they were to see each other again for only a few hours, which would be made more happy if we would sing ‘Paradise’ for them at that time. Then there is the chap in prison who asked us to sing a certain song for his wife, and her request in return. And there are the deserted husbands, wives, lovers still holding fast to their dreams . . . their letters always pleas for us to sing especial favorites in the hope they will awaken memories and bring the straying loved ones back again. These radio friends tell us their faith in romance is kept alive by the duration of our romance, for they’ve been hearing Peter and me on the air for a good many years now; and believe in us.”

Her words recalled to me the inception of the Breen de Rose romance. May and Peter had been singing love songs together for a good many years, when Mr. and Mrs. Public decided to play Cupid by writing letters to each saying that they knew the ‘Sweethearts of the Air’ must be engaged or married or they could not put so much feeling into their songs. And then an admiring listener, Dr. David Minot, wrote and asked if he could meet them, and when he did so, the “two” were made “one,” and for the last three years

(Continued on page 37)
Sincerely Yours,
Kate Smith

By Mildred Miller

Don't ever let any of the New York smoke eaters hear you say anything against Kate Smith. And you better watch yourself if you make any insinuations about her motives for singing for the war veterans around where the veterans get their hospital chow. And that goes for all those who think they know it all down Broadway and have an idea that nothing fine or good is done without a selfish motive attached.

For whatever else she does and is Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South, is sincere. Don't ever forget that.

Now she is seeing California for the first time. And California is looking at her through camera eyes that will carry a story woven around her robust figure for all the world to see and hear. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Radio Listener your Kate Smith is going places and seeing things.

But the reason her friend Pat came up to Radio Digest to see the editor was because somebody had been making cracks about Kate not being on the level in all the nice things she has done for the boys who came out of the war minus parts and parcels of their anatomy, the same which has kept them confined in hospitals. Kate is all for them. When she gets paid for singing she gets paid plenty, but she's not crazy about money. She gets a lot more fun singing for people who enjoy seeing her and hearing her and it doesn't cost them a cent. Kate really sings for love and likes it even better than singing for money. Let's have that settled now and forever. We must in order to satisfy her friend Pat on that score. Pat insists, not only for his friend, Kate Smith, but for 573,000 firemen of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of Greater New York. Pat was bitterly aggrieved although he had considered the men who wrote pieces in the New York papers about Kate refusing to sing at a certain benefit as among his friends.

"Now I'm not particular about quarrelling with these boys," he explained, "because they are sorry for what they said and have apologized, but I'm afraid harm has been done and will you please put it in Radio Digest that Kate is the finest, grandest young lady that it has ever been the pleasure of us to hear. And, Miss, you know yourself how she goes about the country singing in the hospitals for the sick and the afflicted, and it isn't once in a hundred times that ever a thing about it gets into the papers, so why could anyone be sayin' it is for publicity she seeks. No, not at all, at all.

Kate visiting the boys at the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn
"I'd like to tell you about the campaign for the eight hour day for the New York firemen. It started about the same time that Katy began singin' on the radio for the Columbia Broadcasting System—and it was a hard time she had getting started just the same as anybody else, if you must know—and Jimmy Chambers, excuse me, I mean Mr. James F. Chambers, Executive Secretary of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of Greater New York (please put all that in the story) he was head over heels in the campaign when of a sudden one night his boss, Vinny, I mean Vincent J. Kane, president of the organization, turned the dial, and whist, he heard a voice that made him think 'twas sure enough an angel singin' down to the earth from the pearly gates of heaven. Well, Miss, who should it be that he heard but Katy, I mean Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South.

"So Mr. Kane, calls up Mr. Chambers and says he to Mr. Chambers. 'Did you hear that girl, Kate Smith singin' on the rad-dio?' And Mr. Chambers says, 'No, who?' and betwixt them it happens to Mr. Chambers to try and make a call to Miss Smith by telephone, and he asks would she be singin' a song for the firemen in their campaign for the eight hour day. And what do you suppose she says? She says 'Sure, she'd be glad to.' And in less than a week it was every single one of those $73,000 fire fighters knew that Kate Smith was a friend. And they lost no time adopting her into their organization as a regular buddy.

"Well it was grand. Kate was all for them and they could not do enough for her. Then came the grand ball at Madison Square Garden and the largest dance ever held there—26,000 tickets were sold—and Kate was the guest of honor. There was plenty of grand speech makin' and Kate was presented with a gold fireman's badge. The rafters of the great hall trembled with the sound of their shouts and applause as Kate received the badge."

Pat submitted something written by one of his newspaper friends which was about as follows:

Through her association with the smoke eaters Kate was brought to hospitals where were quartered former buddies of these firemen when they were in service. Would Kate sing for the audience its every wish. She developed the idea of Service, and she gave Service. This she maintained when she attained the heights of a salary and carried it to the stage of the houses on Broadway. The letter again appeared as the beginning of Success and it also begins her name as well as her billing "Songbird of the South."

Kate's greatest failing is acknowledged in her inability to pronounce a monosyllable, the shortest in the English language. Many others have the same difficulty to utter that identical word, NO. Will you appear for a benefit at our church? Sure. Will you sing for our Legion Post? Sure. Will you come over to the crippled children hospital? Sure. Thus Kate, because of her inability to pronounce two letters became the world's greatest benefit artist.

EVERYwhere the call was for Kate Smith for any and every benefit, and there is an average of one a night and some times five. Most are worthy but the benefit game has resulted into one of Broadway's finest rackets.

Many interesting occurrences arise in the course of these transactions. The invited artists have but little time to learn the worthiness of some of the benefits. Many times the artists are called on to do the promoter or manager a favor. Kate refused. She calls one such affair. It seems that a certain newspaper man made a reputation for himself with the boss by turning benefits promoted by the paper into success. He would put it up to Miss Smith as "one Irishman to another" to help put the dinner over. Kate came and sang. Then, one day, a call came for her help. She was too ill to go. The writer chap said he'd get her. But he didn't. Then he circulated the yarn that she was insincere. Did that burn the firemen up? It did. That's why Pat visited the Radio District. He wants all you listeners to know that Kate Smith is always "Sincerely Yours."
Don Bestor

CLICKS in the EAST

By Gene Gaudette

"'THE LEXINGTON', why tha 'the'? Isn't Lexington some place in Kentucky?"

That was Don Bestor's first question when his manager informed him he had been booked for The Lexington. Of course if the manager had said "The Lexington" in Chicago it would have been different. Don said, "I would have packed up and headed for a hotel on the South Side in his old home town. But it did not take him long to learn that "The Lexington" toward which he was turned with his band was "The Lexington Hotel" of New York—one of smart hostelries of Manhattan.

Don makes himself at home anywhere. He has been playing at the very luxurious William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, and that last night of his engagement was one long to be remembered. Distinguished guests came from East and West in his honor to make it a very gala gala affair. A flock of aviators flew into the town to help Don celebrate a very successful season.

And now he is doing it all over again in the very nerve center of the broadcasting networks of the country. He is writing new music, and giving the NBC listeners thrills right from the Lexington dance floor. He has Art Jarrett with him. Art is the youngster who had to go West from his native town of Brooklyn to find fame in Kansas City, Chicago and Cleveland.

Two important sponsors have already sought the Bestor orchestra but nothing can be done about it until the Midwestern boys have been in New York for six months in a row when they will be eligible to membership in the local musicians' union. "Why can't you use the local musicians until your own men are eligible?" asked one of the advertising representatives. "What? I should say not!" explained the young maestro. "We stick together whatever comes or doesn't come."

There is a deep burr in Bestor's voice and if he hadn't turned out to be a top grade band conductor he might have qualified at the microphone as the world's finest announcer.

Incidentally it is an interesting fact to remember that Don Bestor was sharing Chicago honors with Isham Jones in much the same manner as Paul Whiteman was winning his first popularity in New York. Bestor orchestras were in demand in all the Midwestern cities in a new wildfire vogue for smart dance orchestras. And it is said that Whiteman and Bestor were the first two orchestra leaders ever to receive radio fan mail.

Don went into records for the Victor company. Last Spring he decided to head for New York and was booked at the Hotel New Yorker. He was only supposed to stay two weeks but he stayed all Summer. His departure for the Pittsburgh engagement disrupted his continuous engagement in New York and prevented him taking the commercial programs that were offered.

Now he has made up his mind to stick. He is on the air over an NBC-WEAF hook-up four nights a week and it is possible before this comes into print he will have a Sunday night program over WJZ. He is recording again. And you'll remember this old song he created some years ago, "Down by the Vinegar Woiks." His latest hit is "Contented" just released a few weeks ago.

Now let's turn to the other member of the new air combination, Arthur Jarrett. Three years ago he was the featured vocalist of a dance band. Then he became one of Chicago's most popular air vocalists. And today, he stands among the leaders of his profession with national fame. Young, clever and retiring, he could easily pose for a collar advertisement. Or one of those artist's conceptions of a collegiate.

Several years ago, while listening to a band in the Muelebach Grill, Kansas City, he fervently exclaimed, "Some day I'll have that band!" and that accompanying me during my broadcasts. That orchestra was Don Bestor's and today Art Jarrett has his wish. NBC wanted to give the public something new in sustaining programs and combined the two stars.

The singer's father is Arthur Jarrett, Sr., the actor. His uncle is Dan Jarrett, the playwright and director. Dan Jarrett goes out to Hollywood to direct for Fox Films next month so Art will lose one of his best pals.

Art attended Fordham and sang in a New York orchestra to earn his own spending money. Left education for music when he quit Fordham to join Ted Weems. Stayed with Weems for four years and was a sensation. Had them standing in the aisles in Chicago. When Weems left Chicago, Art remained with three good radio contracts. His fan mail was most satisfying during that period. Then he joined Earl Burtinett and played into Chicago theatres.
BUT they do not call her Betty in the story of Omar Khayyam as you hear it over the CBS-WABC system from New York. On the air she is the seductive dusky beauty known as Nur-Ulan. She is from the stage, including three Broadway successes. Her Omar is enacted by Stuart Buchanan, famous in featured Hollywood pictures.
PAUL WHITEMAN has come back to the fore with his remarkable band and swept all question as to his regal supremacy beyond the last reasonable doubt. His remarkable Fourth Experimental Concert at Carnegie Hall during the past month proved that, with Ferde Grofé "keeping score," there is a type of American music that can do the nation proud. Paul's radio programs with Soloists Jack Fulton, Irene Taylor, Ramona and Jane Vance (whose portrait adorns this Radio Digest cover) are adding new luster to his fame.
HERE you have an excellent close-up of Ted Weems and his All-American Band. Don't say you do not know what “All-American” means! That means every member is a college graduate, and the colleges are scattered all over America. For these college youths Nature in the Rah is seldom mild, so that's why they seem so hilarious at the moment. They are just getting settled down to their new locale in the Pennsylvania Grill in New York after a happy season in New Orleans. Jack Benny skit-daddles along with them in their ginger ale program.
THE studio elevator swooped down the shaft with sickening speed. I was tired. And behind the barrier of the velour cord and brass posts on the ground floor there waited, ambushed, the usual ordeal of fans with dripping pens and open autograph albums foisted forward, milling, shoving, jostling to get closer.

My head ached. I had scarcely recovered from a severe case of the grippe. To go on the air at all I had drawn on my reserve of emotional energy until I seemed sapped, empty. I felt limp, crumpled, ready to drop with fatigue. But there wasn't anything to do but face these people who had been waiting to see me.

"Miss Bailey, won't you mention my name on your broadcast next week?"

"Miss Bailey, I'm collecting autographs. I have a Russian grand duke's and Fatty Arbuckle's and even Al Capone's —"

"Miss Bailey, I would like to interest you in these Italian lozenges. They improve your voice. They keep you from getting a cold. The formula was prepared especially for Caruso. They are only fifteen cents a box. For you maybe I could get a special price on twenty-four boxes —"

"Won't you sign something in my book, Miss Bailey? Say something real nice. Say I'm your best friend, and we —"

"Miss Bailey, up at Brooklyn Central High School we're trying to buy soccer suits for the team, and we thought if we could get you to sing at a benefit so we could sell tickets, and —"

"Miss Bailey, I got a song I wrote. And, boy, oh, boy, is it a wow! If you'd just sing it two or three times on every program, kinda make it your theme song, I'd make a pile of dough, and I'd let you in for a cut, see? It goes like this, 'They called him knock-kneed Abey; And he had a cross-eyed baby; Dum Da Dee Dum Dum —'"

I could have shrieked at them or sobbed, pleading with them to leave me alone, let me go home. But I happen to be supersensitive when it comes to rebuffs and humiliations myself so I couldn't be unkind.

(Continued on page 47)
I DON'T believe I’m exaggerating when I say that I had to sing.

Some people arrive as musicians because they’ve had a musical objective in mind through the years. I guess I’ve gotten into radio largely through the encouragement of my family, my friends and my teachers. If I had had my way about it, I am sure that I would now be a teacher of physical education. Perhaps I’d even be coaching some high school or junior college team out in California, my home state.

Be that as it may, I’m here and I hope to remain as a singer for years to come.

So many people have asked me how I got bitten with the radio bug and how I happened to win the National Atwater Kent radio auditions over the NBC in 1928 that I’ll set it down here briefly.

Perhaps I ought to go back to Hastings, England, where I first saw the light of day on March 30, 1907. That is a bit important because it has a bearing on my present singing career.

My father was Welsh. He came of a long line of singing people. The Welsh airs were as thoroughly ingrained in his make-up as the thick brogue of old Wales was stamped early in life upon his speech. He often said he could not remember when he first learned to sing. Welsh people don’t learn to sing, I guess. They just do it as naturally as breathing or eating. So, with this tradition behind him, my father just had to sing, too.

By day he was a cobbler and on Sundays he raised his rich baritone in the choir of that quaint little English church which you will see today if you visit the historic spot where William the Conqueror defeated Harold II in 1066 in the southernmost section of the “tight little Isle.”

Of course I don’t remember anything about Hastings or my sojourn there. My very first recollections are bound up with my family’s crossing to Canada. I never shall forget those earliest impressions, the big ship, the towering waves and the wide deck where my father took me walking. That was an awesome experience, and not easily forgotten.

(Continued on page 46)
That Broadcastin' West Gal

By Marie-Louise Van Slyke

WHEN Margaret West, or "The Texas Cowgirl" as she's known to you dial-twisters, sings her cowboy songs, or plaintive Mexican love tunes she knows whereof she sings. Because if ever anyone ever had a right to the title of "Texas Cowgirl," Margaret West has that right.

She's not the drug store variety of cowgirl like so many alleged sons and daughters of the West who have visited New York, in their ten gallon hats and chaps and who have never been on a horse, and rarely been farther West than the west bank of the Hudson. For these "professional" cowboys she has nothing but disdain, and rightly.

Because she was born on a ranch, lived there all her life, and is truly a daughter of the plains. The famous Rafter "S" Ranch, owned by her father, George W. West, one of Texas' most prominent ranchmen, was her birthplace.

By the time she had cut her first tooth, and, incidently she did her teething on the handle of her grandfather's pistol (no pink celluloid teething rings for her, thank you) she could ride a horse. From that time on she's been as much at home on a horse as New Yorkers are in a subway.

She's grown up with the legends and stories of early Texas, told to her at an age when most children were learning Mother Goose stories. The famous legends of the old Texas cattle trails, used by the early ranchmen to drive their herds to the markets have been handed down to her by her grandfather, Sol West, who was an early settler, and one of the most famous trail-drivers.

Margaret has punched cattle, branded them, roped them, herded them, like a true cowboy. At times, when her father was called away, she has managed the ranch for him, and once, put over a big cattle sale, that he had been trying in vain to negotiate. Despite his chagrin at being bettered by his daughter, in his own business, he was justly and duly proud of her.

Going out to camp on the ranch, away from the ranch house for days, is one of Margaret's chief joys, when she's in Texas. Hunting, fishing and rounding up the cattle with the rest of the men, is life as it should be lived, to her. Although they carry a cook on these trips, Margaret is chief supervisor of the "chuck wagon," or kitchen, to you. She describes it as a covered wagon, the door in back folding down, to form a table when meals are being prepared. The inside is lined with shelves, carrying all the cooking utensils and supplies.

And when the day's work is over, and the evening meal has been dispensed with, which doesn't take long for a lot of hungry men of the open to accomplish, then they all gather round the campfire and Margaret, to the accompaniment of a guitar, sings her cowboy songs and the men exchange anecdotes of prairie life and the Lone Star State.

On one of these trips, she had one of the most thrilling experiences of her life. It was just sundown, and as she was heading toward the chuck wagon, she saw a rattler, coiled not more than a foot back of one of the men, poised to strike. Without saying a word to him, out came her revolver, she sighted, and fired, and when the smoke cleared, the snake lay writhing, minus his head. It was a close call, she admitted. But she knew she would hit either the rattler or the man's foot, and luckily for him, she was a good shot.

Once a week, on Friday, at 12:45 she broadcasts over station WINS, in a program of cowboy songs and stories. She wants to bring the true picture of the West to Easterners, because she feels they have no idea of the real West, as she knows it.

And when she sings her songs and tells her stories the West is truly brought East, in an enjoyable and unusual program.

She sings with a dash and spirit that is inimitable. She enjoys singing the songs of the range because it takes her back to Texas, just as surely as it brings Texas to her listeners.

THEM'S not just stage clothes you see on Margaret West. She wears 'em every day like that back home on the big ranch where she was brought up. Her dad owns the famous Rafter "S" Ranch in Texas, she's herded on the range, loaded cattle and sold 'em to the market. Now she sings for New York broadcasting stations.
NEITHER luck nor pull is necessary for a dance orchestra to succeed. What you really need is plenty of patience and lots of hard work. Don't wait for success to come to you. It won't—you'll have to struggle to reach the top, and then keep right on working to stay there, for music is the same as any other business, and it takes a long time to build up public acceptance.

In this article, I shall try to erect a few sign-posts along your path to success. The first one is: Don't expect fame and fortune to come over night. Practically every dance orchestra leader of any consequence is over thirty years old, and there are some who did not reach the top of the ladder until they were nearly fifty.

You will get your share of bad breaks and hard knocks. Don't let them discourage you. They are part of the game—a part that makes it worth the playing. Success is something that one must strive for. If it is too easily achieved, it lacks its savor.

Of course, the first thing you will need is a good band. If you can afford only three really first-rate men, let them be a trumpeter, a saxophone player, and a drummer or pianist. You can build your orchestra around them.

But, no matter how fine your musicians are, you cannot depend upon them to make your orchestra a success. The real responsibility rests upon the conductor. He must have a thorough grounding in music, preferably having the ability to make his own distinctive arrangements. If he is unable to do this, it is at least essential that he be able to explain his requirements to an expert arranger, and to see that his orders are followed.

The music should always be completely arranged before the rehearsals are held, or, if the orchestra has not yet reached a point where special arrangements are required, the orchestrations supplied by the publishers should be re-routined. By this I mean that you should have the selections carefully planned, with a few variations in the opening and closing passages, to lend a flavor of distinction to your work.

Once you have laid out your musical plans in advance, as a general map out a battle, you are ready for the rehearsals. Too many young dance orchestra leaders are inclined to skimp on their practice hours. Remember that the top-notchers rehearse their bands for at least six to eight hours a week, and that your band needs at least as much practice—if not more.

When it comes to playing in public, insist upon your musicians being neatly dressed, and, if possible, uniformly. They must also look at ease, and only rehearsals will enable them to do so. As conductor, in addition to doing these things, you must use enough showmanship to put over your personality. Develop a pleasant, confident smile, and a few characteristic gestures. But don't overdo it; it is not necessary for you to toss back your flowing locks, or to jump up and down in time to the music.

Another of your duties as conductor is that you devote a great part of your free time to study. While you need not be a master on any instrument, it is essential that you play at least one, say, the violin or piano. You must be able to read music and understand the problems of your men. It is also a good plan to buy phonograph records of your favorite conductors' music, playing them over and over again, until you find out what techniques they use. The chances are against your being able to originate a style of your own until after you have had years of experience, so

(Continued on page 46)
IN the course of a career which has pretty nearly covered the most active years of radio's span of life I have written, I do not know how many programs: to try to remember would be a little frightening. I have run the gamut, from the old Biblical Dramas, through melodrama, musical-comedy, and wise-cracking farce. Because it is the fate of the radio dramatist that, unlike the playwright for the theatre, he cannot always follow his whim or inspiration: What he writes must more often fit in with the advertising policy of a great industrial corporation; must please not only himself and his audience, but a board of directors, and their wives.

But in one program I have followed my whim, for better or for worse; I have had no interference; no pressure has been brought to bear; no line has ever been changed, or added. In the Snow Village stories on the Soconyland Sketches I have no alibi. I have done what I wanted to do.

And I wanted to write the chronicle of a New Hampshire village because it is the soil from which I came; they are the people I knew best. Why Uncle Dan'l still lives, not two miles down the road from me! Time has dealt gently with him, as it has with all of Snow Village. I suppose that is why I like to set down their story. There is something timeless and eternal in a village which in the rush and chaos of 1932 still preserves within its quiet boundaries the slow moving pace of the last century. It has few houses, but how they have resisted the encroachment of the years! New York has leapt skyward in turrets of steel; to the west cities have been born on the empty prairie, and where fifty years ago there was nothing but a huddled collection of dingy shacks you can now find a Chamber of Commerce, a Radio Station, and an Art Museum. And in all that time Snow Village has seen two or three houses burn down, two or three houses built: and a Rip van Winkle, coming down to the village from a fifty years' sleep on Foss Mountain would see no particular change in the sleepy village street.

A restless people, we cling to the few things in life that do not change; and I imagine that is why I love Snow Village, and hope they never lay concrete between the elms on its only street.

Is there a Snow Village, an actual place on the map? There is. They call it Snowville now, in deference to the United States Post Office's demand that the village name be one word for convenience and efficiency's sake. (How much I wonder did it cost the tax-payers to support that particular efficiency expert at Washington whose function was a ruthless assault on a name revered and mellowed by time?)

So if you set forth to find Uncle Dan'l's home, you will have to look for Snowville. You will find it, looking as it has for a hundred years, on the edge of the White Mountains, in the township of Eaton, halfway up the State of New Hampshire, almost on the Maine border. And if you are not able to get there for another fifty years, I am sure it will still be there, and still unchanged, a back-eddy and a refuge in the remorseless sweep of time.

The actual writing of a Snow Village story is a matter of some excitement to me, and sometimes it is excitement that becomes apprehension. Sometimes they leap to mind fully formed, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and the work begun at morning on my ancient typewriter is finished by night. At other times they have the elusiveness of a half remembered phrase; by evening there is nothing on paper but a dozen false starts, and a hopeless feeling that the Mss. is due on Monday. Because we people in radio are always writing against time, like the columnists in the newspaper. And the Snow Village stories are material that refuses to be rushed.

Fortunately for me there is no great rush. For the last three years I have never done more than two in any one month, a tremendous contrast to the pace necessary when turning out a five-a-week program! I am thus able to let ideas lie fallow, until they are ready to be written, until some little incident that I remember, or some character, assumes proportion and dramatic meaning.

I mentioned above certain disadvantages of the radio dramatist, as compared to the playwright for the theatre. But there is one important item which is vastly to the advantage of the radio-writer, (aside from the all important fact that he knows he is going to get paid for what he writes!) and that is the advantage of knowing with a thoroughness difficult in the theatre the men who are going to act his manuscript and give it life and meaning. In the theatre a play is written, and the author waits and worries, hoping with an uncertain hope that most of the important parts will be properly cast. In the Snow Village stories I know they are going to be cast right, because Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly are Uncle Dan'l and Old Neville, and vice versa. The dependence of writer on actor and actor on writer works both ways; but although I can conceive of Snow Village stories written by some other hand, I cannot conceive of any other two actors who would give such life and vitality to what is after all merely 30 odd pages of manuscript paper with some 5000 words on them.

But I hope I keep on writing Snow Village stories, while the impulse and memories are still fresh. In the heterogeneous and somewhat frenzied life of a radio writer they have been for me a quiet spot and a refuge.
Just Gabbin' About

Tommy

BY HILDA COLE

I knew the minute that Tommy McLaughlin looked down at me with those roguish Irish eyes he had the makings of a story in the background of his life. He's the shining star in the baritone sector of the CBS radio heaven just now. There's impish devilment in his manner, and a good looking boy with that kind of a disposition is born to adventure—and adventure is what makes life thrilling. Almost without thinking I asked him when he had begun singing with that wonderful baritone voice.

"When did I first sing baritone?" he repeated my question, "Why 'twas the very moment that I quit singin' soprano. Aye, the very second it was, Miss Cole, for I was eleven years old and warbling away like a little bird before the school when suddenly in the midst of 'Silent Night' the silvery coloratura of the wee lad cracked and vanished forever and in larrups the baritone which, God grant, will stay with me until I have no further use for a voice at all. It's a strange fact that a lad of eleven should have that change in his voice, but that was my own experience."

It was on the morning of September 11, 1909, that the young Tommy McLaughlin vociferously announced his arrival in this vale of tears. The place was Los Angeles; but his mother came from Donegal in Ireland, and his father from Belfast.

"And did your parents sing?" I asked the smiling Mr. McLaughlin.

"Neither one of them could so much as carry a note in a basket," he replied. "But my mother had the rhythm of music in her soul, and the five of us children all could sing fairly well. I am the only one who carried it through professionally. The rest had better sense."

There's a legend in the McLaughlin family that Tommy at the age of three had a repertoire of three songs which he did surprisingly well for one so young. The favorite was, "You Got To Quit Kickin' My Dog Around."
The others were: "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy."

Tommy's mischief manifested itself early as he attended the parochial school in Los Angeles. His older brothers in graduating from the same school had carried away the coveted prize for elocution. Tommy had a reputation to sustain. They couldn't resist giving him the prize when he chose for his rendition "Guilty," which starts off, "Yes, I'm guilty. . . ."

Then there is the time that Tommy, still very young, borrowed the family car without the formality of parental permission. The car went much faster than he intended it should, and he found himself at school with a ticket in his pocket. Came time for his appearance in juvenile court and the necessity of obtaining leave from his classes. He had to hurry to keep his appointment with the judge, and borrowed a car to get there. By the time he arrived he had two tickets to dispose of. By liberal use of his glib Irish tongue he escaped punishment in both cases.

His early acquisition of a baritone voice earned him a billing at KFI, Los Angeles, as "The World's Youngest Baritone." He studied baritone, attending concerts wherever possible and by the use of records of eminent singers. At fifteen he sang at the Pacific Coast Radio Show for his first professional appearance. His selection was "Torero." He was a sensation.

The family moved to Detroit in 1926, and he therefore enrolled at University of Detroit. The students presented a show, staged and directed by John Harwood and Max Scheck, of Broadway, in which Tommy had an outstanding part.

Thereafter, he renewed radio connections and not only sang but did some announcing at both WMBC and WJR. He studied for a short period with Irene Bonstelle, known to many stars of stage and screen as "Bonny."

A serious illness interrupted his work, and after a great struggle in which he finally regained his health, he came to New York to search for a suitable teacher. He found one in William Whitney, who suggested that he take a complete course at the New England Conservatory. Tommy assented, and his profession was determined then and there. While a student, he gave many concerts, sang for both President Coolidge and President Hoover, and made a tour of New England Colleges.

Having completed his course, Tommy sang with Vincent Lopez in New York and accompanied him on tour. Returning, he joined Major Bowes at the Capitol Theatre. After an appearance at Roxy's, he learned of the sudden death of his favorite brother, and returned to Detroit to sing his Requiem. This was naturally a disheartening experience, for he had idolized this older brother since childhood. Returning to New York he busied himself with musical studies.

A short time ago, Jim Doan became his manager and obtained for him an audition at Columbia Broadcasting System, WABC. He made good and is now featured in "Threads of Happiness" each Tuesday night.

Tommy McLaughlin is grey-eyed, good looking and, girls, he's a bachelor.
**Tuneful Topics**

By Rudy Vallee

**Brother Can You Spare a Dime.** It has not been my good fortune yet to be able to see "Americana." This is Mr. McEvoy's, (in conjunction with the Shubert Brothers) third and most successful attempt at producing a musical revue. His first two "Americana", even after the pulmotor of other money and complete division were applied, did not seem to survive, but this one has a good chance of surviving, at least for a short run, and let us hope, longer!

This is due in no small measure to the staging in the second half of the show, with a masterful scene around a more masterful song, BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME, by Messrs. E. Y. Harburg and Jay Gorney. It is a composition which at first would seem to be out of place in these times, and I would have doubted that anyone would dare sing it. However, this is only another case that proves the time-worn statement that one cannot predict absolutely what Mr. and Miss Public will "go for".

In these days of millions of unemployed actually "standing in line for bread," it would seem almost a sacrilege to write a song about it, and then to sing it in a revue where people sit in comfortable seats, in most cases after having enjoyed a delicious repast, warm, snug, and completely relaxed, when out on the streets, not so many blocks from the theatre, there is actually a bread line, with none of its individuals singing a song about their condition.

I understand that Rex Weber, who sings it in the show, is a ventriloquist in other parts of the performance, and an excellent one. This is his first real break in a revue, having been in vaudeville all his life. It reads like the usual burlesque type of story, where the vaudevillian family realizes his life's dream. They say that Mr. Weber makes the most of it. He steps out of the breadthine and sings a song which tells of the glorious things he did in the past, building a railroad and a tower, and his services in France, and now he is like the poor maniac in the insane asylum, who imagines he is Rockefeller, more than content with a paltry ten cent piece.

The melody fits the thought as though it were tailored to it, as I imagine it was. Yours truly has had the audacity to record the song; I listened to our Columbia record of it last night, and although I felt I was stepping a bit out of character, the recording company feels that I have done justice to the recording; let us hope so.

The number is published by Harms, and should be played majestically and yet brightly.

**Maori.** Here is a tune that is a keen delight to play and discuss. Another one of those tunes that has lasted down the years, proving it must have something. It was written by Harold Creamer and William Tyers, both colored, who wrote it as a tango back in 1915-1916. The tune is about a dusky maiden named Maori, from the tropical isles, and it has all the atmosphere of its name and locale. Why they wrote it as a tango I do not know, because as a tango it is a most uninteresting and colorless composition; and by the same token just why Edward Wittstein, an orchestra leader in New Haven, Connecticut, who has supplied the Yale proms with his own thirty-piece orchestra for the last twenty-odd years, as well as furnishing fine dance music for most of the country clubs and exclusive girls' and boys' schools of New England for that same period of time, should have felt the urge to change MAORI so completely, yet keeping its original idea, is a mystery. Nevertheless he did rewrite the composition, stretched it out and made it almost twice as long, and a composition which, to my way of thinking, is grand dance music.

While Mrs. Vallee and I were enjoying Buddy Rogers' music at the Pennsylvania Grill, Buddy played a tune which, according to Fay, was one that Gus Arnheim, of the Coconut Grove in California, always played when holding dance contests, as he so often used to do at tea dances for the young folks of Hollywood. Fay was in ecstasies about this piece, written by Joe Gold, formerly of Lopez' band, a tune called "Egyptian Shimmy." It is very much on the same order of MAORI, building like a maelstrom, chromatic, up, up, up in tempo and volume, repeating, repeating, using the same idea as the "Bolero."

Remembering MAORI as it used to be played in New Haven by bands that had learned it from Wittstein, I immediately told Fay that on our next broadcast I would program a tune which would put "Egyptian Shimmy" to shame. Cliff Burwell and I immediately got busy and arranged Wittstein's tune in a way to bring it out in all its value. We seem to have succeeded, judging from the many complimentary letters received. I imagine that if Mrs. Vallee's honest criticism that it is the best thing she has heard of its type, although my enemies will be sure to say that she is "slugging" me. Tune in and judge for yourself some time if you catch us playing it.

Mills Music, Inc., has the old tango copy as originally written, and of late it has been recorded by several bands in Marimba style and tango style. I predict that eventually our idea, based on that of Wittstein's revision, will make it a dance tune that dance lovers will come to know and like.

**How Deep is the Ocean.** I'm reminded of those smart aleeaks along Tin Pan Alley and Broadway; the type that Mr. Winchell referred to, when he said "He puts you on the back while feeling for a spot to plant the knife," that type of person that seems so anxious for everything to come to an end, the type of person who seems to be unhappy that anything unusually successful should continue, but thinks it is a forerodined conclusion that what goes up must come down quickly. I often wonder how that person feels about the continued success of Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Toscanini, Miss Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, John McCormack, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, and many others who have gone on through the last eight or ten years, still in the big money and doing excellently.

Such a person had Mr. Irving Berlin already in the class of has-beens because Mr. Berlin has either not really so desired, or, possibly due to lack of concentration, has not had any terrific outstanding hits in the past year or so. His "Face The Music" score was excellent, though nothing in it could have been called a real popular hit. Here he comes along with not only one smash hit, but two! SAY IT ISN'T SO we discussed in last month's column. It has been in the air these last expectations, and I must admit that it even surprised me, as I predicted at the time of being asked for my opinion by the publishers, that owing to its unhappy strain and what seemed unusual range at the time, that it might be played and sung a great deal, but that sheet copies would be pur-
chased. It has been the best seller.
Berlin has had in a long time, even
outselling "Lullaby of the Leaves!"
Which goes to show how easily, as
the columnists would say, "Your
humble scribe" can be wrong!

HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN is
unquestionably, aside from its musi-
cal value, a lovely poem. Certainly
Berlin was touched by the Muse in
writing this one. A study of the lyr-
ics convinces one that Berlin is a
poet, and this time the beauty of his
poetry is equal to that of any of the
poetry I studied in college! The me-
locic counterpart is one of his best.
That the song has attained the popu-
ularity it has reached in this short time
is not to be wondered at.

There are those who will point out
that he did himself harm by writing
the two songs at the same time—that
they buck each other. Personally I
fail to see this viewpoint, as to my
way of thinking, if people enjoy two
songs, they will purchase both, unless
of course they should be so limited
that the cost of both would be impos-
sible.

Surely by this time every reader of
Razo Dicks has heard the song,
and there is no need of a further
"rave" on my part. Its construction
is nearly all whole notes and quarter
notes. We play it quite brightly as I
believe it suffers if played too slowly.
Berlin, Inc., are the publishers.

PLEASE. I have no knowledge as
to who selected the songs for
"The Big Broadcast," but I rather
suspect that Mr. Crosby himself had
something to say about the songs he
would sing. At least, PLEASE,
seems to be the type of number he
would be smart enough to select as a
song worthy of a reprise in a good
spot in the "Big Broadcast." It is a
dandy song, having no particular mis-
sion in musical life, and no particular
thought in its chorus, except the us-
ual plea on the part of the male lover
to reassure him that he is loved as
well as loving.

Two gentlemen on the Paramount
writing staff, Mr. Ranger and Mr.
Robin are the composers. I can pic-
ture Leo Robin in his little cell-like
room on the Paramount music lot in
a building devoted to the arranging
and writing of music and songs, which
building was erected when Para-
mount musical features were in their
hey day. Robin evidently has some-
thing to have been retained by this
big corporation so long, and he and
Mr. Ranger have done an excellent
job in the writing of PLEASE.

The song is well introduced in the
picture, with Crosby leaning on a
piano, putting on his coat to go out
even as he sings the chorus. The
nonchalance of his manner takes
away any awkwardness that might
otherwise have been there as he in-
troduces the song. Eddie Lang, his
famous guitarist, who accompanied
him to the Coast, sits, back to the
camera, playing the guitar as only he
can play it, and lending the inspira-
tion to Mr. Crosby for the proper
rendition of the number. Its reprise
at the end of the picture does not
hurt any, and I found myself, along
with others of the audience, hum-
ing it as we left the theatre.

It is a chopped-up thing, going
from a high B down to a low B. Quite
uniquely, in our recording of it last
week on a new Columbia record, our
own guitarist was unable to be with
us, and Mr. Lang recorded it with us,
which probably made him feel very
much at home.

We play the number about one
minute to the chorus, and it is pub-
lished by Famous Music, Inc.

I'LL NEVER HAVE TO DREAM
AGAIN. A waltz by Mr. Isham
Jones and Charles Newman. Mr.
Newman, whom I had the pleasure of
meeting yesterday, appears to be a
very genial Chiciagoan, quite unlike
the typical songwriter, and yet a fel-
lo who has demonstrated an unus-
ual ability to write lyrics; at least. I
assume that he did the lyrical job, as
Mr. Jones has always been best me-
edically speaking.

Here is a waltz of the chopped-up
type of melody, which is sure to be
popular in the public ballrooms,
which seems to be about the only
place where waltzes are played these
days. Why the bands that play in
our elite type of places, the exclusive
roofs and grills of New York, feel
that the public would not enjoy danc-
ing to a waltz is more than I can im-
agine. Some of our best receptive ap-
plause was after the playing of waltzes
at the Penn Grill. Personally I know
that music in 3/4 time is extremely
popular with all ages and types of
people, and I am always looking for
the finer type of waltz. This is a
good one, with the usual story, though
it is really told in excellent
fashion, a summary of the story being that if the lover could wake up and find his fair one's arms entwined around him, and her kisses on his lips, he would not have to continue a dream. Feists are the lucky publishers, and I think the song should be played as a slow waltz.

UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson are the proud publishers of UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON. I understand that one of the finest renditions of this number is that of George Olsen's very lovely wife, Ethel Shusta. I have not heard her renditions myself, but enough people have commented to me on her outstanding performance of this particular song, and there must be something truly fine about the way she does it.

Several weeks ago we had a young colored lady on our program, and if time had permitted, she would have sung UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON. That was my first opportunity to hear this much talked of song; I have also heard a very fine record by the capable Calloway, in which he hi-de-hi's and ho-de-ho's all over the place! It seems to me that that type of song would be especially adapted to his type of performance. Although I have done "Minnie the Moocher" myself, and according to some people fairly creditably, I sometimes feel that I am a bit out of character singing such a number unless it is of the soothing type. My recollection of UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON is that it is a stimulating coon-shouting type of song, best fitted to the great Calloway, so unless enough requests come for yours truly to do it, I will leave it to a young man whose work in that direction is unparalleled. To my way of thinking it should be done in typical stomp blues manner. Not too brightly and not too slowly, but in a steady four beat rhythm. Such a chorus usually takes about fifty seconds of one minute.

I am a little alarmed at the craze for negro songs and the negro style which seems to be sweeping the country. While I believe the style is refreshingly different and extremely full of life, yet I would like to feel that the happy medium is always to be preferred, even in appreciation of popular songs. As a program balancer, I believe that the show type of music, the odd number of popular music, the beautiful and serious type of popular music, combined with the coon-shouting type, should all be blended in equal proportions. However, no one can lead the public to water, and the public will decide what it wants. At the present time it certainly indicates a decided liking for the styles of Louis Armstrong, the Boswell Sisters, Mr. Calloway, Mildred Bailey, and others, who are un- doubtedly the most extraordinary, ex- onant, lazy, dreamy, yet exhilarating and exultant style which seems to be typical of the negro.

I'LL FOLLOW YOU. One of the better popular songs of the month from the pens of Messrs. Turk and Ahlert, who evidently have been freelancing as all the publishers seem to have something written by these two boys. I was rather surprised to find them writing with other writers; that is cause for wonderment, and perhaps some misgivings, as it is always fine to see a team turning out hit material and always writing together. I was very surprised and somewhat unhappy to see the team of Ager and Yel- len break up. I really believe that when two men each with a flair for songwriting get together, they should, unless they fail to produce anything outstanding, remain together. Two boys from Park Avenue, who have written such excellent operetta mu- sic, and only lately the music for the great Chevalier picture, "Love Me Tonight," Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, are another successful team.

However, I believe Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert will always write the most of their music together, as they have shown over their past record the ability to get something really good.

While I'LL FOLLOW YOU lyric seems to be patterned on another song which was a terrific hit, "If I Had You," in its vow to cross the desert or over the snowcapped Him- layas, its melody, which I believe is written by Ahlert, is one which comes back hauntingly to the mind. Its in- tervals are spaced in such a way as to make the beginning of the melody the attractive part of the composition. With the Robbins organization be- hind it, you can't help but hear con- siderable of it. We play it quite slow- ly, taking about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Jack Robbins, Inc.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE. More and more and day by day are music publishers beginning to realize that their tremendous organizations in the days when sheet music and records were big sellers, must go. I say this not only because of the real dearth of the music profession when copies sold into the millions, and records into many millions! Then it was that Feist, Berlin, and all the big houses had an organization which read like the roster of the Crane Co., or the Eastman Kodak Co., with big representatives in every city, staffs of some two or three hun- dred employees; a weekly cost of such an organization used to run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now it would appear with the new radio set-up that such large offices and a small staff are quite as satisfactory. That brings such small publishers as Phil Kornheiser, who directed the big firm of Feist for so many years, almost on a par with the big firms which were.

Phil was one of the shrewdest pick- ers of songs that ever directed the affairs of Leo Feist, Inc. I will be extremely happy when he secures that much needed and much to be desired hit, for it is a matter since his incor- poration with his own firm he has had many fine songs, though no outstanding hit.

Now he has "THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE" an excellent song, the melody quite reminiscent of "O Mr. Dooley." Enric Madriguera, of whom I have spoken in conjunction with "Adios," and who seems to have teamed himself up with a New England Yankee, peculiarly enough, one George Brown, who has unquestion- ably lyric writing ability—this same Enric Madriguera has written a mel- ody that is really fine. Whether or not he realizes that his opening strain is just a slight bit like "O Mr. Doo- ley's" opening is unimportant. He has carried out the song from the day to the first to the 32nd measure in expert fashion. And George Brown, in an attempt to give me a novelty song along the lines of "Let's Do It," has given me a lyric which, though typi- cally madriguera, in the style of a trav- elogue, is a dandy.

Mr. Kornheiser was doubtful whether the song as constructed would please orchestra leaders, and is having revised, with a bit more of romance thrown in. He has a feel- ing that lyrics such as "From Zanzibar, to Panama, to old New York" are a bit too much like a Cock's tour listing. What I suggest is that he keep it at least as a second chorus, because I personally enjoy a song that is not over-romantic, and I believe the boys have done an excellent job of the thing. At least, when I reprised it last week on the Fleisch- mann's Yeast Hour, everybody in the studio, and your humble servant in- cluded, found the melody haunting, and haunting and haunting me for days afterward. I know Phil would be happily surprised to see the song written, and how it was a hit, and I think he will get that hit yet.

We play LANGUAGE OF LOVE quite slowly, yet not too slowly.

MY RIVER HOME. Last Mon- day I had my first demonstra- tion of one of his own compositions
by one of Tin Pan Alley's oldest, greatest, and most respected songwriters, Joe Young. With the same Young Lady who collaborated with him in the writing of "Lullaby of the Leaves," Joe has written a new song called "RIVER HOME."

Seated in Irving Berlin's private office, near his famous piano with the shifting keyboard, which gives him the various keys by a mere twist of a handle, Max Winslow, Irving Berlin's mentor and guide in his early struggles, on my left, and several other executives of the Berlin firm on my right, Dave Dreyer at the piano, himself composer of "Back In Your Own Backyard," "Songs For Sale," and many other tunes, listened to the newest Berlin catalogue. Irving himself dropped in to listen to some of the songs as he had just returned from Europe, and of course is keenly interested in the doings of his firm. There is an air of happiness about Irving which unquestionably has come from his two recent smash hits, "Say It Isn't So" and "How Deep Is The Ocean."

But the surprise for me was the unique demonstration, vocally speaking, by Joe Young. I had always thought of Joe Young as strictly a writer, an executive of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and, as I have said many times before in these pages, the Samuel Johnson of the noon time Kaffe Kloches at Lindy's, but I had never thought of him quite in the light of a vocalist. He possesses what probably 15 years ago was called a typical Broadway type of voice, a vibrato style of singing, persuasive movements of the body (which heighten the rhythmic value of the song) all of those things so typical of the average demonstration of a popular song by the true dyed-in-the-wool denizens of Broadway's song sections.

Joe stood at the piano, and sang the songs with all the gusto at his command. Broadway songwriter have an uncomfortable way of fixing their eyes on their prospective listener or victim, which usually, at the end of the rendition of the song, leaves said listener very embarrassed as the triumphant air of complete conquest and of work well done, which is expressed in their complete make-up makes it very difficult for one to render other than a satisfactory opinion of the song. I suppose that is rather akin to the gesture that Holson makes at the end of one of his good effects, when he stamps his left foot forward, with both hands outstretched, somewhat in the manner of the acrobats at the finish of one of their unusually skillful performances. The act seems to say, "There, now, give me that applause!"

Joe has so much volume the walls shook, and it was necessary at times for Max Winslow to restrain his robust vocalization. But one thing I must say, Joe certainly knows how to sell his songs, and even if "My River Home" has no value in itself, Joe would have made me believe that it had.

Both Bernice Petkere, with whom he wrote "Lullaby of the Leaves," and Joe himself, have tried to incorporate in this song some of the idea of the same construction of "Lullaby of the Leaves." My humble opinion is that the song, while not another "Lullaby of the Leaves," will be a very popular one, with those who are constantly looking for something a little bit different, something out of the ordinary. The story is the same as in "Lullaby of the Leaves"—the Southern boy or girl in the big town up North, sighing for the shores of the Mississippi, where the steamers, the darkies, the cotton, the light through the pines, all seem to be calling the straying one home. It is a mighty good song and I sincerely hope that Joe's terrific vocal efforts on that afternoon, and I suppose on succeeding afternoons for all those who likewise must be convinced of the merits of his song, will not have been in vain. We would play the song quite slowly.

I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU AND AH BUT I'VE LEARNED. This evening on our Fleischmann program we have a spot of two excellent songs, I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU, and AH BUT I'VE LEARNED. The former is by Charles O'Flynn, George Meyer and Pete Wendling, and it should be a hit on the strength of the writers' names alone. Wendling has been writing songs for ages; in fact, one always thinks of Wendling when he thinks of Walter Donaldson, as they have both been writing hit songs for some time.

With O'Flynn, Wendling wrote "Swingin' In A Hammock," which to me is one of their outstanding contributions. George Meyer is one of the pillars of Tin Pan Alley, and the boys have a very unusual song. Unquestionably they have been influenced by the terrific success of Harry Woods' "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," only this time the dog and the cat are comparable to the clock on the shelf in the middle of the "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" song. This same dog and cat in this case, "don't know where they're at, they're yearning for your company, and the cat bow-wows, and the little dog meows, without you Pet they're all upset the same as me." A comparison of the middle parts of these two songs would show that the boys realize the value of these homely similes to bring home to the listener just the feelings and atmosphere of everyone concerned at the moment.

The song, musically, is a dandy, very rhythmic, and one that the Lombardos will seize upon and play with glee, and as I look it over now, the phrase, "There's welcome on the doorway, and 'Home Sweet Home' upon the wall," I am more than ever convinced that the boys have accepted Harry Woods' method of expression as one that must inevitably lead to success in this type of song. Keit Engle are the publishers, and what with "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" a Keit Engle song, this looks as though it might be a really good follow-up, though I doubt whether it will achieve the outstanding heights of its predecessor. Rarely does a junior type of song reach the same step of success that the pioneer inevitably does.

A song built to order for Mr. Crosby! I am trying to recall whom I first heard do it, and I believe it was Bing, though just how he could have done it is more than I can fathom, as I have not heard him on the air, nor has anyone for that matter, as he has been out on the Coast making that excellent picture, "The Big Broadcast." Somehow, however, as I humbly sing the song, I feel that I am treading on hallowed ground, and that a song of it's type really belongs to Bing. At least I am sure he will do more justice to it than we’ve seen to it.

There is little to say about it except that it has a haunting type of melody, and an unusual type of phrase which is reprinted enough times throughout the length of the song to bring it home to the listener. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson are publishing it, and we play both of these tunes at about one minute to the chorus.

MAKE IT A

Merry Christmas

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Radio Digest

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Subscribe for a gift
CHRISTMAS holidays and Christmas music soon will be flooding the earth with peace and good will toward all. For some the radio will bring a sense of comfort, cheer, and a feeling that it’s not such a wicked old world after all. To others it will bring memories of days that have gone, never to return again, broken families, distant loved ones, and an overwhelming sense of loneliness. For these Radio Diogenes suggests a plan by which radio may be used to link the distant hearthstones. Let the separated families consult the Christmas programs of certain of the chain stations. Then, by previous correspondence or telegrams, plan for all to listen to the same program at the same time. The voices and music over the air will bridge the gap, thoughts may commune, and some little compensation may thus be gained for the miles of distance that stretch between.

IT MAY seem a little late to discuss elements of the recent presidential campaign, but it is worth while to note that never before have the issues been so thoroughly placed before the voters en masse. Some professed to be bored by the flow of oratory, but those who know will tell you that the greatest radio audiences of the year were the ones who listened to the speeches by the presidential candidates. It is hard to tell, however, whether the average listener was greatly influenced by what he heard; whether he was swayed more by the thought of beer, or economic problems. Judging from the demonstrations in the theatres which showed sound pictures of the candidates making their campaign talks it would seem that beer raised the loudest clamor. Just as the experienced broadcasters have often pointed out, the radio listener is not greatly interested in deep and perplexing problems. He wants, in the main, to be entertained. And that is why there seems to be such a divergence of opinion as to how radio can be utilized to carry on educational features.

CAPTAIN PETER B. ECKERSLEY, former chief engineer of the British Broadcasting Company, in an interview with an American newspaper man upon his return from a trip around the world studying broadcasting in all countries, declared: “I have become an enthusiastic convert to the American idea, which as nearly approaches the ideal as I have encountered in my travels. I do not hesitate to say that the American programs are the most amusing, most varied, most interesting, the most diverting and the most educational of all. While the rest of the world has been practically at a standstill, America with characteristic foresight and action has pushed ahead, building up here, tearing down there, until they have achieved an approach to perfection which is a revelation and an inspiration.”

For those who have endeavored to make a political football of the educational phases of radio Captain Eckersley’s comment is an effective answer. Satirical writers have elaborated on the superiority of the English system of broadcasting; others who use the networks when they can get a chance have waxed oratorical over the pitiful state of affairs in which “American broadcasting has gone to weeds.” Oh that they could scissor out just 15 per cent of the ninety-six available wavelength allotted to this country with which to set up a bureau in Washington and use those wavelengths to carry education pure and simple into every home!

No doubt many of those who advocate this plan are really sincere and think it feasible, but they are largely in the hands of schemers who really know that, as an engineering feat, the plans they contemplate are impossible. They should know, as a psychological fact, you cannot purvey education in the schoolroom academic manner over the radio. Captain Eckersley is right when he says:

“I don’t think you can teach people over the radio that twice one is two or that twice two is four. It simply doesn’t work; they don’t take it. I think the service only to be intrinsically educative. People want to hear something new, I believe.”

Professional educators, unless they are familiar with the business of broadcast entertainment, should as a rule serve radio mainly as consultant experts, not as administrators. The broadcaster himself must go through a certain curriculum of training to know how to sell his program to the listener. He must know the art of appeal that holds the dial in the home on the spot he has created.

For example one of the most successful organizations to engage in the educational phase of broadcasting is the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, which for one line of achievement recently inaugurated a series of Saturday night programs under the general head “The Economic World Today.” The program comes from 8:30 to 9:30—the very best period of the day—and goes to 45 stations over the NBC-WEAF hook-up. This organization has assisted in many other programs over both the major networks. “Great Moments in History” and “Roses and Drums,” the former on NBC and the latter CBS are dramatized incidents of history and both have commercial sponsors. These programs hold young and old alike in the interest they create, and there is satisfaction on the part of the listener in knowing that the incident is based on fact. “The March of Time” dramatization of current history over the Columbia network. These are worthy examples of what can be done in extending education by radio.

JUST twelve years ago, KDKA the first regular broadcasting station in the world sent out its first program. A recent survey by R. G. Dun & Co. shows that today approximately $1,800,000,000 is invested in the radio industry in the United States. This investment is divided as follows: $150,000,000 in radio manufacture; $25,000,000 in broadcasting facilities; $25,000,000 in commercial radio stations, and $1,600,000,000 in receiving sets. Frank Arnold, in his book, “Broadcasting Advertising” estimates that the total amount of money paid out for sets during the twelve years of broadcasting has been $3,500,000,000. The gross receipts for American broadcasting stations last year was $777,588,048. The revenues of the two major companies rose from $10,252,497 in the year 1928 to $37,513,383 in 1931.

In a recent report on broadcasting published in “The Index” of the The New York Trust Company this statement is made: “No other industry in the history of the United States has developed so rapidly as the radio broadcasting industry. . . . Few realized, twelve years ago, the tremendous possibilities of broadcasting or the enormous market that would develop for receiving sets, the manufacture of which has necessitated the employment of millions of dollars and thousands of men.”

And it’s still an infant industry.

RAY BILL.
Audrey Marsh

THIS charming young singer is the latest radio sweetheart of Lanny Ross on the Maxwell House Showboat. The program is one of the most elaborately staged variety shows of the year, and is typical of the modern trend. Miss Marsh replaced Mabel Jackson who was on the program for the first few presentations. Miss Marsh has been identified with broadcasting several seasons.
WHO COULD PAY IT?

I HAVE a stack of Radio Digests on my radio. It is my radio library. I have a sign up over them reading: “No Radio Digests Loaned to No One No Time No How.” It is my radio library and reference book. I want the September number. How can I get one? (Sept. and Oct., were combined.)

Here is something else: First, let me tell you that I have been in printing and publishing for forty-two years. Instead of cutting down the size and the price, could you not maintain the old standard by increasing the price? Personally, I would prefer to pay fifty cents per copy, and have it as it was. Sometimes back it was thirty-five cents, then twenty-five cents, and when you cut to fifteen cents you cut the size. I would not have minded that so much, if you had cut off Rudy Vallee, but he still has his grin in every way. I suppose you must do that for the benefit of the kitchen mechanies. Of course, you know better than I do where you are selling your magazine. But, still, I cannot help but feel that you will develop just one constituency that your paper calls for. However, I get it because you have a lot of valuable information, outside of the hams.

Personally, I am interested in people like Rubinoff and his violin, Irma Glen and her organ, and people like that. Even enjoy some of the jazz hounds.

Read this letter again, tell me about the September issue, and think over the rest. I have had practical experience enough to authorize me to talk, and I believe that magazine can go over with an increased price. Of course, you have cut down to fifteen cents now, and that makes it worse. The price should have been increased before the cut in size was made.

Thanks for that picture of Irma Glen in October. I must coax her for one of them. And give some Rubinoff—Billie Moore, 10 Second St., South, St. Charles, Illinois.

“LISTEN GRAHAM!”

The October issue of Radio Digest especially interests me because it contains in “Voice of the Listener” compliments to my great favorite, Graham McNamara. It is the other hand for a full-page picture of him.

We hear so many beautiful organ recitals over the air, would like to see pictures of organists at the consoles. Art Brown at the console of the mighty Wurlitzer organ at the Byrd Theatre, Richmond, Virginia, is called the premier organist of the South, a protégé of Lew White. He plays brilliantly. Would be more than pleased to see a picture of him at his console.—Mrs. A. H. Scott, Vinuta, Va.

SOON AS POSSIBLE

I HAVE read Radio Digest for two years. Do not think it is as good as it was—it is so much smaller and we miss some of the things that were in it—but, it is oké for fifteen cents.

Have wondered for a long time if you would not publish a good picture of the Seth Parker neighbors. Think it is one of the best thirty minutes on the air. Was glad to find a good picture of Richard Maxwell, the “John” of the skit, in a recent number. Keep right on now, until we have the Captain, Lafe, George, Fred, etc.

Would also like to see a picture of Cheerio of the National Broadcasting Company. (That’s impossible.) Perhaps you could tell us where to get the pictures, if you cannot publish them.—Mrs. I. A. Pratt, Sand Creek, Michigan.

HOW ABOUT IT, WDEL?

I HAVE been a reader of Radio Digest for nearly a year, and enjoy it very much. It is a great magazine.

I am a radio fan and am interested in listening to the many programs that come over the air nightly. This is our greatest pleasure. I tune in all the big programs, and many of the smaller ones coming from stations not on the network, many of which at times put on mighty fine programs.

For the past two months I have been listening every week to a new voice on the air, coming from station WDEL—El Thompson, singing numbers from the various New York shows. To my way of thinking, this fellow has a great radio personality and I would say is a “find.”

You have at your own disposal a great deal about the big station artists—how about telling us something about Mr. Thompson.—P. H., 599 Broadway, Everett Mass.

CHEERY MESSAGE

I HAVE just finished October’s Radio Digest and it was fine—all of it, but I particularly liked tuned Topics and V. O. L. My favorite artist is Rudy Vallee. No matter how many new and good artists come on the air, I can still hear Rudy, as it were. I enjoy the stories, too, more. I also like Jack Turner, and would like to see a picture of him, as well as a story: also Julia and Frank Crummit, Gene and Glen, Pie Plant Pete, Tony Wons, John Fogarty, Vaughn DeLeath, Myrt and Marge, Lucky Strike’s (Tuesday) program, and most of the orchestras.

I enjoy my radio very much; also Radio Digest.—Mrs. Fred Crans, Middletown, New York.

HERE ‘TS, “SPARKS”

I HAVE been reading your magazine since April, 1931, and this is the second time that I am writing to the VOL department. The first letter which I wrote in May, 1931, you never answered. Probably you couldn’t read the writing. Anyway, I’ll try again.

When you reduced the size and price of your magazine and printed it in brown ink, we became discouraged and thought it was going on the “rocks.” The pictures were “awful”—the paper worse. About that time another radio magazine came out on the stands, the price of which was only ten cents, and much better than your magazine. Everybody in our family decided to get the new one instead of your magazine. The Digest went out the new one. But one day I brought home the October number of Radio Digest—and we were surprised to see such a change in your book!! Well, you know the answer. The new magazine went out—and the Digest came back, with its new white paper, black ink and better pictures. In other words, a wonderful magazine.

We hope you continue to keep OUT of your magazine the following articles: “Blue Ribbon Selections,” “Chain Calendar Features,” and such articles that you had on beauty and household hints. And, why do you want space for such articles as Gleason L. Archer’s? These articles are not for any good radio magazine such as yours.

I know a lot of radio fans would like to see an illustrated write-up on the two “Stebbins Boys” and the “Goldbergs.” How about them?

I hope the future numbers of Radio Digest will be like the October, 1932, edition.—“SPARKS,” Medford, Massachussets.

JOHN ROCK BLUSHES

I HAVE just read your “write-up” about Lawrence Tibbet, and it is one of the finest things to appear in the columns of the Digest. To us who are readers there are a lot of things appearing in print that are poor reading—the subjects themselves are poor material. It is difficult to make an interesting column about one who is of himself uninteresting.

Now, the write-up about Tibbet is well done—the subject had a lot of background. There is a lot of popularity connected with Mr. Tibbet, and you, Lawrence, have done a good job of it. You have given us something real and definite about a real and definite personality. It has not been just a word play with you.

There is another person who is almost constantly on the air over the Columbia network, and of whom I wish you might write. This party is none other than Vincent Sorey, violinist. Perhaps he has been written up heretofore, but not to my knowledge. Vincent Sorey is one of the real artists of the violin world, quiet and retiring, and never willing to talk about himself. He has a musical background that is extensive and interesting. Ask him about his early life, the early training in Turin, Italy, the travelling in Argentina, etc. If you are not already acquainted with this young artist, you will enjoy meeting him. If you can get him, you will be intensely interested. I hope I haven’t intruded with this letter.—Marion R. Powers, Stevenson Building, Fort Madison, Iowa.
EAST GOES WEST TOO

Perhaps you Easterners don't know that the people on the West Coast are alive and very much interested in radio. Here's a little tip: we are still kicking and feel as important as anyone.

Yesterday I read my first copy of Radio Digest, and don't mind admitting that it piqued my curiosity. You say that I have no complaints coming because I've only read one?—Well, I don't agree with you. Here's the trouble: There were pages and pages about artists from the Eastern sections, but I almost had to use a magnifying glass to find out about any of the Westerners. Way back in the book were a few short notes—two columns. Did I see red?—You bet!

Surely, what is in the book is very interesting—it should be to those in the East, but where do the Westerners get off, especially those of the Pacific Coast? Why not divide your book, taking artists from each section so as to please everybody? Of course, there were some that I had heard about—Rudy Vallee, for instance, but I have heard and seen so much of him that I have to look at a picture twice before his face disappears, and the one on the paper is clear. He actually pops from behind books and a dictionary. He is a nice person, alright, but why not give some of that advertising to Western artists?

We do have some good announcers, crooners, musicians, and the rest. From the Don Lee station, there is the Happy-Go-Lucky "gang": Al Pearce, Mack, the fellow who sings on the records "Big Rock Candy Mountains": Norman Nelson; Charley Carter, California's Maurice Chevalier; Cecil Wright, Walter Kelsie, a master violinist, Honny Harris, Edna O'Keefe, whom you mentioned and gave us a picture of, and several others.

From Seattle, KJR, those best known are: Al Schuss; Chet Cathers, who rivals Phil Harris; Grant Merrill; Homer Sweetman; Casey Jones; Elmore Vincent; and Thomas F. Smith; Vic Meyers, orchestra leader, and by the way. Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor plays almost nightly over KOMO. He is a man of interesting character, and would make a good interview. One of the best of orchestra singers was with him until a few months ago. His name is Billy Ullman, and he is still in Seattle. Ken Stuart and Ivan Ditmars are two very important members of KOL, Seattle, Pardon me, but I forgot to mention Abe Rashman (or something like that) and his talking violin, of KJR. They are plenty good enough for anybody's magazine. Dick Sharp, the current announcer, who has broadcast from KNA, Seattle, is one of the best ever.

Here is hoping to see a Western Section in Radio Digest soon.—A Miss Washington.
WELL! Of all things! Why! Who ever would have thought of that? This is Marcella speaking, and not knowing just how to take the unexpected and very happy news which her Little Bird just carried in to her. Of course, one can't scold a bird for promoting a "match" which evidently is just what Toddlies has done, although, until now, we had no idea that our Little Bird was also playing the role of Cupid. And just to show you that we are not "spoiling" about the affair, we are going to let you read for yourself a few paragraphs from a letter which just arrived.

"I just got my new issue of R. D. Now I'm going to tell you 'sumpin'. Remember, 'way back in March R. D. that VOL. ran a letter from Mr. Eugene Walter Cain of Chillicothe, Ohio? Well, I was one to answer that letter. As a result, I am Mrs. Eugene Walter Cain today. Grandest man in all the wide world. Too handsome for words, and oh, so good. We are just two radio fans made one; so just address me now Mrs. Gene Cain (isn't that a nice name). R. D. could mean Romance Delivery!

"Again THANKS for Radio Digest and all it means to the happiest couple in all this world!!"—Betty Cain, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

Little Bird, we believe is as happy as that couple appears to be, and we fear we will get little work from her this afternoon.

Well, dear Mr. and Mrs. Cain, we extend to you here our sincerest congratulations, and best wishes for many years of happiness together. And, of course, a big cheer for Toddlies, for she did do some good through her messages!

Cora Snyder of Curwensville, Pennsylvania, has asked us where she can locate the McCravey Brothers on her dial. Sorry, Cora, but the McCravey Brothers are not now on the air, and it is not known when they might return. They will probably surprise us sometime soon. You are right, Mary Livingstone is the wife of Jack Benny.

Hello again Bob (from Minneapolis)!: Here is something about Al Sheehan: He is WCCO's most popular announcer (of course you knew that, or at least you guessed it). He is thirty, single, has blue eyes, light wavy hair, and we understand, looks well on the stage, as he is an excellent master of ceremonies, and therefore, makes many personal appearances. Famous—for his vocabulary and his ability to handle difficult situations with a great deal of tact. Hobbies—writing poetry, and astronomy, with the stars a little in the lead. By the way, better keep your ears tuned for Walter Winchell; expect him back on the air this month—with a beauty lotion company too.

To all those who have been inquiring about Charlie Reinhardt's orchestra: Our latest information is that he is located in Milwaukee, but at present is not broadcasting. We are advised they hope eventually to get a break on the air.

Here is the honorable Pat Binford, of radio station WRVA, for whose picture we have had numerous requests. Wonder if Pat realizes his most likable voice has made him so popular, and that this picture is going to make happy many of his ardent listeners.

We had a double page story, and a good photograph, of Vaughn De Leath in the November, 1931, issue of Radio Digest, Melody Circle Fan, and hope you will be able to secure a copy, because we are sure you will enjoy reading about her.

Dear Mabel Newcomb: Is not the following what you have been patiently waiting for? The characters in the Sunday at Seth Parker's program include:

Phillips H. Lord.............Seth Parker
Phillipina M. Lord...........Lizzy Peters
Effie Palmer...............Mother Parker
Bennett Kilpack.............Cefus Peters
Raymond Hunter.............Capt. Bang
Gertrude Forster............Mrs. Hooper
Richard Maxwell............John Norman Price
Edward Wolters.............A Neighbor
Mary Merker.................Jane
Muriel Wilson..............Musician, Arranger

To That N. U. Sorority

DEAR Members of A Sorority at Northwestern University: We want to express here our thanks for your kind words about Radio Digest. We believe Bob White is worthy of your praise and admiration, as he is still a very young man—twenty-nine years of age. As an item of interest, he played one hundred and twenty-eight different characters in "Rin-Tin-Tin." And if you have been ardent listeners to that program, you have also heard Mrs. White, "Betty," who plays child parts on the same program. She must have great fun playing with her own two sons too, Bob White, the third, age three and one-half; and "Skippy" White, age one and one-half. Bob (Sr.) is five feet, eight and one-quarter inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds; Mrs. Bob is four feet, eleven inches, and weighs eighty-nine pounds. Mr. White, who, by the way, has the distinction of being the American to play "Raleigh" in the English war play "Journey's End" although there were sixteen companies on the road, was born in Philadelphia. He attended Penn Charter School and University of Pennsylvania, went into the theatre ten years ago—stock, production and road shows, and married during the run of the road show "Three Wise Fools." He is now producing and writing two dramatic programs "Brown Stone Front" and "Si and Mirandi" for Standard Oil Company.

At last!!! Betty Jeanne C, Bob, and others, you will find on this page some interesting facts about Thomas Dunning Rishworth. Thomas, known to all children listeners of station KSTP as Uncle Tom, has developed the largest birthday club for children in the history of radio. Uncle Tom has had extensive parties for children too, inviting them not only to visit him at the studios while presenting his broadcast, but also asking them to sing, dance, and what-not. Thomas Rishworth also conducted the program entitled "The King's English" over the same network. He is tall, has dark hair and eyes, is twenty-five years old, being one of the youngest men on the KSTP staff, and is unmarried, so far we now know. He is English and prides himself on everything English. From the University of Minnesota, where he received his training in dramatics, he started as an announcer. He distinguished himself as a playwright, while at the University, when he received second prize in a university playwriting contest in which David Belasco was one of the judges; a burlesque called "Radio Reforms."
May and Peter
(Continued from page 15)

have been domestic partners as well as professional ones; while Dr. Minor enjoys the distinction of being a minister who is regarded as "one of the family" by the couple he joined together.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. de Rose dare not sing about parting, for as sure as static, the next day the mail man will be offering his protest along with hundreds of others he delivers from folks all over the country.

I could not help but think that May and Peter had unofficially become Radio's Romance Department—and were taking their job seriously, as evidenced by all this activity on Sunday.

Though the audience really dictates their programs, I learned that May is responsible for the continuity, and the unique way of presenting them in rhyme.

And upon Peter falls the job of keeping up their huge library of songs, over 10,000 in all; as well as constantly composing new numbers. And it was plain to see that next to May, the piano is Peter de Rose's grand passion. He plays entirely by ear, though possessing a thorough musical background, having studied abroad for several years. I was told that he comes of a family of ten musicians, and is of Italian parentage, though born in New York.

While May, I discovered, has written quite a few of the lyrics of her husband's melodies, and in addition, dashes off ukulele arrangements of popular songs for some twenty-five publishers; and instructs a large class in the art of ukulele playing. Trying to get students to carry on with the uke after the easy preliminary lessons, and discover for themselves its possibilities as a real musical instrument, she considers her only "tough" job.

May learned to play the piano when she was but four years of age. She also is a born New Yorker, but has spent much time studying abroad, and would probably be playing the piano exclusively today instead of being the foremost exponent of the ukulele, if it were not that a department store refused to exchange musical instruments, and she had to keep the "ukule" which had been given to her as a Christmas present.

Miss Breen's spirit of not letting anything get the best of her made her learn to play the then despised instrument, which is today, perhaps her most prized possession, for it has brought her love, fame, and fortune.

After tricking the Ukulele Lady and her pianist husband into having a picture made by the barrel of tan mail—I felt I had done quite enough for one Sunday afternoon... and slipped out the door quietly as the Sweethearts became absorbed in a new melody at the piano....

Grofé in the Sun
(Continued from page 7)

could put it down without much thinking about it.

He brought cider and cigars. And went on with his work and soon it was finished. He stepped to the piano, put the music before him and rambled over the keys. Then he rolled up the script and gave it to the boy who rushed away with it.

"What happens next to that particular bit?" I asked.

"It goes to the extractor, who probably will spend the rest of the night on it," replied mine host.

We talked about border days before the World War when he played in small amusement halls haunted by the soldiers who were camped along the line. Then how he had been impressed with the grandeur of the Grand Canyon. These were impressionistic days for him. Finally he came to California, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The flu had driven him from the former place, but in San Francisco flu masks were the vogue where people had to dance.

There he played in the Portola Louvre, the only place open at the time. People wore their flu masks even to dance. Paul Whiteman was in the Fairmont Hotel. Grofé had picked up some tricks from the Dixie Jazz band records and enlarged upon them. It was amusing, much more amusing than it had been playing trombone in the Tom Ince rube band at Los Angeles. There were saxophones in this new jazz idea, and that was a chance for trick arrangements. Just as it seemed that Grofé and Whiteman were going to make their first acquaintances Whiteman was taken down with nervous prostration. But Whiteman had heard the Grofé trick playing and he did not forget. Later they were in Los Angeles and Whiteman sent for him. Whiteman was playing at the Hotel Alexandria and Grofé at Roma Cafe.

"I can use you very well as a pianist," said Paul.

"Thanks, how much is there in it?" asked Mr. Grofé.

"The most I can offer you is $60 a week." "My price is $75," Grofé replied.

"I'll have to see my manager," Paul answered. Later they compromised on $70 a week and that was the beginning of a long period of association. It started during Christmas week in Los Angeles in 1919. They made an incidental business of playing around at the homes of the famous movie stars. The first tune played under the new alliance was "Dardanella." Saturday nights Grofé played extra in a symphonic orchestra.

There was a very critical period when Ferde Grofé might have ended up as a fancy chicken farmer just before the great and sudden rush to fame of the Whiteman orchestra at the Palais D'Or in New York. Grofé, Buster Johnson and Gus Miller were planning to go to Atlantic City from the West under telegraph instruction from Whiteman. They did not care to go, and worked out a scheme to remain in California. At last they hit on the idea and possibilities of a chicken ranch. It would be something more dependable than the uncertainties of musical engagements. They had it all figured out how Grofé still believes, they could have made a fortune. But then Paul arrived in town and sent them on their way to Atlantic City and they went to work in the Ambassador Hotel. From Atlantic City they went to New York and played at the Palais D'Or where Grofé kept working out the jazz arrangements which were played from his penciled scripts.

It was not until 1923 that Ferde Grofé's name began to be known as the Whiteman arranger. Then it appeared on the phonograph records in conjunction with the name of Paul Whiteman.

This information is all very much condensed from the conversation we enjoyed that evening at the Grofé home. There was no boasting, and only persistent and pointed questions brought out the main facts gleaned here. Not that the maestro was shy, he merely did not think of himself. He was fluent enough about incidents that amused him and such expressions as "we had more darned fun" at one place or another during those early days.

At times, as we sat there, he would go in to see Mrs. Grofé who had retired with their four-weeks-old infant, Anne Carlin. There also is a junior who is two years old. Just now, besides a great deal of routine orchestration Ferde Grofé, is working on two new suites, one of which will be called "Tablouir," and another "Rip Van Winkle." Recently he was appointed official composer of Radio City in New York.

With the opening date for Radio City close at hand Roxy sent for Ferde Grofé and had him appointed as official composer and arranger for this greatest of all show centers in the world. As these lines are written Mr. Grofé is just stepping into his new job.
RECENTLY selected as WLW'S staff soprano from a group of more than twenty-five of the country's leading radio and stage sopranos, Miss Kessler is considered foremost among America's younger lyric sopranos. Schooled for the opera stage, she made her radio debut two and a half years ago—while still eighteen years old—over an NBC coast-to-coast network. Four months after arriving in New York, Miss Kessler was awarded the Juillard Fellowship, in which institution she studied for the following three years.
Take an **Irishman named Sheehan**

By Elmer W. Peterson

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**THE Midwest, unfortunate in its modesty, doesn't speak any too often. When it does speak, it speaks well.**

When Al Sheehan, vocabulary specialist at WCCO in Minneapolis, was sixteen, he filled half the pages of a high school annual with poetry. He wrote it easily, naturally, and no one objected.

That was, well—say, fifteen years ago.

Today, the music of words still lingers in this genial, fun-loving young Irishman. The only difference is that he has a different medium for expression.

He walked into WCCO five years ago and asked for an audition. They gave him one, and the next day he was on the payroll.

Words, you must admit, come easier to some people than to others. They have always had an important place in the life of Al Sheehan. Someone, somewhere, taught the Irish how to talk. Al has been, in succession, newspaperman, actor, salesman, radio announcer.

The words have always been there.

In the last analysis, the public, the radio public, will vote for a voice that can interpret words; a voice that has life and laughter in it. There are voices that are smooth, like thin syrup. There are voices that are perfect in their inflection: too good to be true. But the public, at heart, is human, and wants a voice to be natural.

Welcome, Mr. Sheehan.

**FORTUNATELY, they take their radio programs seriously in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. There isn't diversion at every turn of the road, especially during the winter months. And the Scandinavian population is by no means the least, in numbers or importance.**

Drop in at the corner store in the small towns and they will tell you that Al Sheehan has learned to talk Swedish. Don't ask if it is good Swedish. Be satisfied that it is uproariously funny. Mix an Irish lilt and a Swedish nasal and you've got something.

It started when Oscar Danielson, who used to be a sausage maker, and before that a street singer in Stockholm, Sweden, assembled an orchestra and let the public discover that he was a born showman.

Al Sheehan, They Say, Surely Kissed the Blarney Stone.

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Al Sheehan announcing.

The first night there was a slip. The announcer signed off as “Al Sheehan—son.”

The second night Al Sheehan announced the musical numbers—in Swedish.

The third night the public wanted to know: “Is Al Sheehanson a Swede?” Since then the public has learned a lot about Al Sheehan (son).

Not long ago a remarkable trio went on the air, singing a Swedish song. Shoulder to shoulder stood El Brendel, movie comedian, Al Sheehan (son), and Oscar Danielson. Oscar did the singing. Brendel and Sheehan contributed the volume.

Sheehan is a personable young man, who, when the stock market was booming, sold securities by virtue of Irish blarney. He had almost quit writing poetry when he joined WCCO. Now he's at it again.

He is an amateur astronomer, can tell you a lot about the heavens. He is single, has light, curly hair and blue eyes, and looks well on a stage.

**H E is prodigiously happy when talking. When the Knights Templar held their international convention in Minneapolis last summer, he talked into a microphone for three hours without stopping, describing a parade that lasted that long. He reminds you of a pianist, lazily improvising. They give him personal appearances in Minneapolis theatres now and then, to hear an Irishman talk, and he's perfectly at home announcing.**
Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie

What are the men behind the characters of Frank Watanabe and The Honorable Archie like, (KNX, Hollywood)? Are they as interesting as they sound?

Eddie Holden, the creator of Frank, the Japanese Houseboy, was born in San Francisco not so many years ago, attending school there, majoring in astronomy while at College. He comes from a long line of musicians and artistic people. His father, E. J. Holden, left the Santa Clara University, where he was studying for the Priesthood, and entered the dramatic field, teaching elocution. From this he drifted very naturally into the theatrical business and as a producer won a niche for himself in the early days in San Francisco, achieving his first success as Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist." He numbered among his close friends and associates the great Theodore Roberts and John Drew. Mr. Holden met Eddie's mother in his first production, where she was a member of the company, but after their marriage Mrs. Holden retired to private life.

Wimsical, with a keen sense of humor, Eddie Holden is very reticent and rather shy. It is most difficult to make him talk about himself, but he waves most enthusiastically about Frank Watanabe and will talk for four hours on that subject. Eddie is tall and dark, with twinkling blue eyes and a deep cleft in his chin, denoting a great deal of mischief that lurks just around the corner of his sunny disposition. He confesses to being a great admirer of Lincoln, very fond of biographies of all kinds, a lover of good music and regular attendant at operas and symphonies, and does he like John McCormick, or does he like John McCormick! He is an ardent baseball fan and, whenever the opportunity permits, plays golf.

Young ladies, attention: Eddie Holden's first requirement of girls is that they be attractive and intelligent. Then they may be blond, brunette, or red head, he really doesn't care.

Eddie Holden served in the Navy during the World War. He did, he says, see some water—they permitted him to come across to the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Not being able to get overseas just about broke Eddie's heart as he was set on seeing the rumpus at first hand.

Eddie spent a number of years in the business world, traveling up and down the Pacific Coast for a commercial house. He was also engaged in the business of artistic window displays and stage settings which he and his partner designed and installed. At one time his firm created replicas of some of California's famous resorts for one of the larger exclusive stores in San Francisco, actually cutting and hauling down for their window display some trees from Muir Woods, and "local color" from each of the other resorts depicted.

The character of "Frank Watanabe" was created by Eddie while he was still attending grammar school, and during all his life he has appeared constantly before school gatherings, club luncheons, private theatricals, etc., in this portrayal. His first radio appearance was made at KFRC in 1923 and since that time he has made a host of friends in San Francisco and in Los Angeles.

Of Eddie's several other character portrayals, he likes Scudder best, feeling very much at home and at ease with that since Eddie's grandparents came from "Down East," Scudder's home.

In addition to his radio activities, Eddie Holden finds time to write short stories, and has from time to time conducted columns for newspapers, one syndicated article entitled "The Japanese Reporter."

Eddie's profession has enabled him to meet a host of most interesting personalities and he numbers among his close friends several Swedish sea captains whom he always visits on their arrival at San Pedro, and many, many Japanese people. Eddie is often the only American invited to exclusive Japanese affairs. Through these friendships with people of all nationalities, Eddie has come to know a great deal about foreign foods, and he says he thoroughly enjoys the Japanese foods, which are prepared to please the eye as well as to tempt the appetite.

In a most enthusiastic and sympathetic manner, Eddie Holden speaks of Frank Watanabe, whose character he would like everyone of his audience to understand. Frank Watanabe is Eddie Holden, writer of this popular radio act and chief actor in it.
is supposed to be a young man of about twenty-five, who was born in Japan but has come to America—having been here about eight years—to "get famous and learn American ways and enjoy the sunshine from the Statue of Liberty night and day." Frank was educated in the schools of Japan and is an inveterate reader and student, a typical Oriental, given to mimicry, extremely loyal, honest and faithful to his employer whom he adores. Frank hopes some day to get married and "have an enlarged family" and says that he hopes it will be preferably to a Japanese girl, but that as he has a broad-minded stomach and mind, he eats anything—also is very fond of children. Like a trusting child, he believes in everything and cannot understand that everyone is not good, believing that no one would hurt him. Anyone he meets one day is his chosen and bosom friend the next.

REGINALD SHARLAND, a distinguished and reserved English gentleman, is a product of the London stage, having played in all the important West End London theatres for a good many years, in drama, musical comedy and revue. He has the distinction of having played two command performances before His Majesty King George of England, one in the London Hippodrome and one in The Palladium.

Mr. Sharland was the first vocalist to appear with Paul Whiteman's Band in England, singing the song which introduced Whiteman to the London audience. He has played Shakespeare, and has appeared in practically all of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas. He toured Australia and New Zealand and then made his first visit to America for the Shuberts, accepting a role in one of their Broadway presentations.

Since making his home in Hollywood, Mr. Sharland has appeared in a number of talking pictures, opposite Gloria Swanson, Constance and Joan Bennett, Betty Compson and Sally O'Neill. His many radio activities have rather pushed the pictures into the background, but soon Mr. Sharland hopes to reappear on the silver screen.

During the war, Mr. Sharland served with the Durham Light Infantry, finishing up with rank of Brigade Major.

In portraying the character of The Honorable Archie, Mr. Sharland endeavors to show him as a human being, not as the spurious character so often palmed off on the American theatre-going public. Archie is dignified, quiet, reserved, with a huge capacity for affection but a horror of displaying emotion, whimsical and humorous, but very shy under his veneer of sophistication.

Reginald Sharland thinks California the sportsman's paradise, and this after having travelled around the world and visiting some of the earth's most fascinating places. Like most Englishmen, Mr. Sharland is a thorough sportsman, playing tennis, polo and cricket, and riding every day if at all possible. A member of the famous "Thespians," Reginald Sharland, C. Aubrey Smith, Anthony Bushell and Basil Rathbone, friends of many years' standing, formed a sort of reunion of the London club, and play cricket under the banner of The Hollywood Cricket Club. on the campus of U. C. L. A., attracting a great deal of attention and much favorable comment. The famous "Snowy" Baker, close friend of Sharland's, introduced him to polo here.
The Pickard Family comes back

“HOOP 'em up, Cindy, the chicken's in the bread pan pickin' out dough!”

The Pickard Family, nationally known radio artists, have returned to their first radio love, WSM, the broadcasting service of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company in Nashville, to present a series of typical Tennessee Mountaineer programs. Dad, Mother, Ruth, Charlie and Little Ann are featured on the new 50,000 watt station of WSM at 6:45 o'clock Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. They also are on the Grand Ole Op'ry of WSM every Saturday night.

During the past few years, the Pickards have appeared on many national broadcasts, including General Motors, Interven woven Stockings, Billiken Shoes, Lucky Strike, the National Farm and Home Hour, Socoxy Sketches and many others. They divided their time between New York and Chicago. From the time they started with the National Broadcasting Company, the Pickard Family has presented a sustaining program once each week, which was carried on a national hookup. As a consequence their radio friends number in the millions.

Specializing in the homespun tunes of the South's countryside, Dad and his family have touched a warm spot in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. America, to say nothing of the youngsters who are always delighted with Dad's yarns. They have two homes, one in Nashville and one in the country about twenty miles away at Ashland City.

Alvino Rey of KGO

ESTRELLITA”—the lazy throb of a steel guitar—moonlit nights in old Spain—Alvino Rey!

Can you picture a gay young troubador, with a gallant air, and black flashing eyes? You can? Well, you're wrong. Alvino Rey, sans microphone and guitar, becomes Alvin McBurnie, a tall blond Scotchan.

The pseudo-senor was born July 1, 1908, in San Francisco, and was educated in the east. He ranks among the pioneers of radio, having begun at the technical end by building an experimental station when just a child. He was only ten years old when he received his first station operator license, and soon acquired all commercial licenses that were granted.

During high school years, he studied electrical engineering. It was not until 1927 that he turned seriously toward the entertainment field. Then followed a more complete study of guitar, banjo, and other string instruments.

Alvino played with Phil Spitalny’s orchestra at Hotel Pennsylvania in New York from 1928 to 1930, and then took the westward trail after a ten year absence from his native State. Shortly after his return to San Francisco, he became affiliated with NBC’s KGO as featured guitarist.

Alvino is thoroughly air-minded, his chief interest next to radio being flying. He is a licensed pilot, and expects to own his own plane in the near future.
THE pioneer college radio broadcasting station, radiophonic WHAZ at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N. Y., celebrated its tenth anniversary "on the air" recently with a series of fifteen programs of varied character during the evening hours from 6 p. m. to midnight. The entertaining artists included some of the pioneer broadcasters. Among these were Irv Gordon and his Domino Club Orchestra, which furnished the first program from this station September 10, 1922, and has been heard regularly throughout these ten years as probably the oldest radio orchestra still in existence. Likewise the Campus Serenaders, composed of students of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute under the direction of A. Olin Niles for almost a decade, celebrated its tenth anniversary this Autumn. Although the personnel of this orchestra changes with every graduation and many of its hundred or more members who during the course of years have played saxophone, trumpet, piano or drums for radio listeners are now sedate alumni engaged in technical professions, the orchestra goes on like Tennyson's brook.

Many who have since become famous in broadcasting were first heard from this earliest college station in Troy. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith, who has stirred millions with his familiar voice on the air, was first introduced to the "radio" in the Fall campaign of 1922 in the studio of WHAZ by Rutherford Hayner, program director, who has continued in that capacity throughout the entire decade as probably the announcer longest in continuous service from any single station in the country. Another who had his earliest experience in this studio is Little Jack Little, that youthful veteran at the piano known to all radio chains, who whispered his songs into the WHAZ "mike" years ago. T. H. Barritt, who first introduced the musical saw in broadcasting, had an early try at the larger audience here.

Several accomplished singers now in national radio, in concert, on the stage or even at Hollywood overcome microphone fright in the attractive and acoustically correct WHAZ studio. And there are a legion of others, all pioneer radio volunteers who gained their early experience in the Rensselaer Tech broadcasts.

was riding the Hudson tubes train to his home in Newark.

He was thinking about the problem Belser had presented to him: where to find an outstanding guitarist for their WINS radio act? Then he saw another colored boy at the other end of the car carrying a guitar case.

"A guitarist in the tubes is worth a dozen in the open where they can get away from you," Erskine thought, so he made the acquaintance of the other chap, told him about Belser's radio program and induced him to unleash the guitar and provide some music for the passengers who were Newark-bound at that late hour.

"And how that boy can play the guitar!" Butterfield says of his discovery.

"I got him to play for Belser the next day and there never was any question about him being just the man we had been looking for. He'll give listeners in an earful."

The new guitarist is Walter Cornick, professional musician, now playing with one of the famous orchestras, a master not only of the guitar but the banjo, with that distinctive sense of rhythm and harmony so characteristic of the Negro race.

In honor of his three colored instrumentalists, Butterfield and Walter Bishop, pianists, and Cornick, Belser hereafter calls his new act "Jacques Belser and His Three Spades." They are heard on WINS every Monday at 11:30 a.m. in an entertaining program of popular music.

Is Harrison Holliway the Oldest Announcer?

HARRISON HOLLIWAY at the present time can lay claim to being the oldest announcer—and he is only 31 years old. He is manager of station KFRC in San Francisco, and has been since 1924. But he has had his finger in the radio pie since as far back as 1911, when he built his first receiving set out of a crystal detector, a loose couple and a fixed condenser.

In 1919 he built his first transmitter, with the call letters 60N, which he still retains. It was in November 1920 that he talked over his station and was heard way up in Vancouver, Washington, setting what was claimed at that time as a long distance telephone record.

It was about that time that KDRA at Pittsburgh made its official bow on the air as the world's first commercial broadcasting station. The original KDRA announcer has long since left the radio announcing picture, while Holliway has remained very much in it during all these years.

Yes, Mr. Ripley, Holliway identified himself with the first commercial station in San Francisco—KSL, 1922.

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Bob White

By Louise Dix

Bob WHITE'S first job was that of selling the "Standard Dictionary of Facts" from door to door. He worked five days, couldn't sell a single fact, and tried to return the sample volume to the company for the $13 he had paid for it. They bought it back, however, for $5 as "used" merchandise. Hardly a breathtaking example of salesmanship.

And yet this same Bob White recently sold two radio programs in one week to John D. "Brownstone Front," the "street scene" of radio, for the metropol-itan areas, and "Si and Mirandy," fashioned after the characters in Op- per's famous cartoon, "Maude the Mule," for the rural districts. Bob plays a character in each of these scripts—both of which he writes and produces.

In the Household Program of "Mu-sical Memories," of which Bob is co-producer with Andres Selkirk, he does the part of the "Mr. Listener." He also writes, produces and acts in "Mahdi's Magic Circle," a program for youngsters.

As Dr. Petrie in Sax Rohmer's "Fu Manchus" mystery stories, Bob is the only American born member of the cast. His English accent is so perfect that he was the sole American to qualify for the role of Raleigh in "Journey's End."

As an original member of the cast of the "Rin-Tin-Tin" thrillers, Bob has missed only three shows and has played nearly 150 different characters. One week he portrays a Civil War veteran, the next week a 14-year-old boy—and does them with astounding authenticity.

Although a veteran of the boards, Bob confesses to only one superstition. "I'm fearfully superstitious of playing thirteen shows in one day—or one year," he says.

Bob has had a busy life and he is moving ahead fast. He began the new year with new business. Radio Program Service came into being, with Bob and Andres Selkirk as partners. They sell a swell program to Household Finance Corporation—which finances new business—(the program does, not the company). Life and new business move slowly... Oh yes, our hero continues to act in "Rin Tin Tin" thrillers, which began on NBC two years before. By this time Bob has played a different character every Thursday night for over one hundred weeks. Spring of '32, Radio Program Service sells another program, "Lone Reporter." On CBS for eight weeks. Otherwise, business is tough. Eddie Guest joins Household program. Bob is the only actor-author in Chicago who produces his own shows!

John Wardle

JOHN WARDLE, better known to the New England radio audience by the title of "Ted" or "Ted and His Gang," one of the popular features of station WNAC in Boston, owes his start and large measure of his success in radio to a practice of taking advantage of spare moments.

With a few spare moments on his hands one day two years ago Ted, as he is called at the studio, strode into WNAC to watch the broadcasting. The longer he gazed through the glass panel doors from the reception room, the more he became convinced that he could become an announcer.

"How does one break into this radio game?" was his abrupt query made to Roy Harlow, then manager of the station.

When Mr. Harlow replied, "Well, that's it, it is simply a matter of breaking in," Ted grasped what he interpreted as an opportunity, and exclaimed, "Fine, I'll break in right now."

Although the conversation had been brief, Manager Harlow was impressed, and agreed to give Wardle an audition. He passed the test and was assigned to station WEAN in Providence. After a month in the Rhode Island city he was called to WNAC in Boston.

He studied music, voice training, and elocution at the Boston College of Liberal Arts. His chief hobby is traveling, although he also has a fondness for radio, dogs, and automobiles. His vacation last summer was spent on a 10,000 mile trip to Alaska. He took his departure 10 minutes after closing a program on the air, and returned just 10 minutes before he scheduled to open a program three weeks later.

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THE National Radio & Television School of Los Angeles has installed its own broadcasting studio. The inaugural program was broadcast October 27th, over station KNX of Hollywood. Freeman Lang, well-known transcription maker, gave the program his magnetic personality as master of ceremonies and introduced the music and talent of the evening. Naylor Rogers, manager of KNX, was heard during the ceremonies.

There is a group of NBC artists heard regularly every Wednesday evening 8:30 to 9:00 that you listeners of the West should turn your attention to. This program is one of the outstanding ones at present; easy to listen to and provide a much-needed diversion these evenings.

A little girl in love with the great outdoors is Merle Matthews, production director of KFRC in San Francisco. She's happiest when astride a horse in the mountain wilderness, armed with a rifle almost as big as herself, after the elusive deer or with a rod whipping the trout streams of California. She's made hunting expeditions to the almost inaccessible Iron Peak Ranger Station in Northern California's Hill country—Some Diane!

Presenting the haunting and exquisite "Isle of Golden Dreams" with its organ, vibra harp and steel-guitar combination, from 9:30 to 10:00 p.m.; KOIN, Portland, still maintains its mighty following.

Leaving the West for a moment—the "Great Moments In History" broadcast, October 23rd, over KDYL, impressed this writer very much. It was the dramatization of the Fall of the Alamo. "I am a Texan," and maybe that accounts for my liking this particular program.

Music of the beloved Victor Herbert, interspersed with operatic airs, featured the Inglewood Park Concert at Los Angeles with the famous Gino Severi, who was the baton wielder. Everyone attending was thrilled by the masterful rendering of the compositions of America's glorious composer.

Ardis Long, with KFOX three years ago, has returned to the staff and has taken up the all-encompassing position required of general staff girls at KFOX. The recent loss of "The Three Girls," Rolly Wray, Pauline and Christine Stafford, who left the station to begin a vaudeville tour, billed as the "Lamb Sisters," robbed the station of much of its female pulchritude. However, since Ardis Long's return, KFOX is able to uphold its reputation for staff beauties. Ardis is a tall blonde, with just that right grace and poise that goes with a smile that charms.

Team Mates, with Mary Wood as soprano; Irving Kennedy as tenor present a truly enjoyable half hour's program over the NBC Orange Network every Wednesday evening. They are ably assisted by the Snowdrift Quartet consisting of Gilbert Chick and David Bell, tenors; Joseph Tissier, baritone; Armand Girard, basso; Mynard Jones, pianist and director. Also heard on the program is the entrancing guitar soloist performances of Sam Moore. Meredith Willson is the unassuming but dexterous orchestra director.

The Air Edition of the Rocky Mountain News, heard nightly from 10:00 to 10:15 p.m. over KOA, Denver, Colorado, is an unique feature used to impart world occurrences to station dialers.

The radio audience's desire to see its microphone favorites "in the flesh" has prompted KFRC to book most of its performers on barnstorming tours over the weekends.

Miss Beatrice Hagen, sensational 15 year old Los Angeles school girl, who made such a hit with her soprano voice, continues her rise to stardom.

What does a radio singer warble when he sings for his own amusement? Armand Girard, NBC, Orange Network, basso, likes "Caro Mio Ben" better than any other single melody in his repertoire. Tom Mitchell, the melody man, prefers "Because." Irving Kennedy sings "Moon of My Delight" in his morning bath, and Gwynfi Jones, "Mighty Lak a Rose." Harold Peary lifts his baritone in "All Alone" whenever he is asked to select a song, and Captain Bill Royle admits that the ditty he really enjoys singing is "The Bird in a Gilded Cage"—preferably under a running shower so his wife can't hear it and protest.

John P. Medbury, gagster and master of ceremonies, MJB Demi Tasse Revue, KGO, Monday, 7:00 to 7:30 P. M., was heard as guest star on the regular Raymond Paige "California Melodies" presentation, 9:00 to 9:30 P. M., over the CBS network. Medbury should be on the air at least three times weekly.

Eva Gruminger, NBC contraalto, who was the soloist at the inaugural ceremonies which dedicated San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House and Veterans Building, participated in the first opera to be heard from there—"La Tosca," on October 15th, and also sang Maddalena in "Rigoletto," October 20th, and Martha in "Faust" on October 27.
Denny's Debutantes

(Continued from page 10)

It was like a cool zephyr after a sandstorm. The surprising response which followed on the heels of this broadcast led to another series of national hookups. In a few weeks Denny was persuaded to come to the states where he has made jazz history in New York, Boston, Washington and other great cities as well as over the air. Wherever Denny plays today, society jumps to its feet. At the Waldorf-Astoria where Denny has been a steady feature all year long, he has become a household word. Today there is hardly a person in the country who has not heard of Jack Denny. But very few people know that Denny had to wait a long time until he struck home. Such is the story of one who battled fate for a musical ideal.

But it paid. Whereas the scramble for refined music has caught other orchestras flat-footed, Denny was ready for the new era. The dawn of American jazz was breaking and he was not to be caught napping. Denny had stayed up too long waiting for the sunrise.

Denny had every advantage on his side when the storm broke. His early musical background was classical and complete. What is more, he wrote his own orchestrations and was satisfied with only one result. . . . perfection. Just as in the world of the theater, Elmer Rice, Marc Connelly and George F. Kaufman hit the top as playwright-directors, Denny rose because he knew how to weave a musical theme around a violin or saxophone and at the same time was enough of a musician to bring out the best in his band. His personality is of the happy type which can find itself at home in any land and with any group. Time and time again he has been known to be approached by figures high in society and politics while playing at some fashionable hotel. His latest achievement, "The Jack Denny Debutantes" is a natural outgrowth of his intimate and widespread society contacts. The social set in New York, Washington and Boston have taken him to their hearts like a long-lost brother which in truth he is. A long lost musical wanderer looking for a spot where he might be accepted as an insider. Today he has that. Not only this country but any of the capital cities of the European nations would like nothing better than a few seasons of Denny music. But the Denny-zens of the Waldorf refuse to let him go.

When he returned from the vaudeville tour covering Baltimore, Washington and other big cities, he opened on October 29th at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. This event was like old home week for Denny in New York.

Words of Advice

(Continued from page 25)

there's no harm in following in the footsteps of some leader whom you admire.

Finally, let me say that when you are playing professionally, keep it always in mind that the public is your employer, and must be pleased. It is the public who pays their dollars into the hands of the man who pays you, and the better your music, the greater your pay.

Take part of every week's pay and put it aside to pay for special arrangements and publicity. No matter how retiring you are by nature, you will have to step into the spotlight sooner or later, and a well-directed publicity campaign may smooth your road to fame. Like any other business, you must advertise. And if you are the type who is an artist rather than a business man, hire a good business manager on a percentage basis. Not only can he secure engagements for you, but he will also take a great deal of routine work off your shoulders, enabling you to devote more of your time to your music.

For this reason, if for no other, a leader must not shun the personal appearance, even though modesty may lead you to prefer staying as much out of the public eye as possible. It is part of one's job as an orchestra conductor to go where people congregate to listen to music—and to watch their reactions. As just as a doctor who wishes to succeed in his profession must continually study, in order to keep abreast of development so must the orchestra leader. Merely looking over the new songs as they are issued is not enough. The leader who wishes to serve the public the type of musical fare they crave requires statistics on the popular reaction to various tempos under varying conditions.

When an orchestra leader is analyzing popular taste, he has to do more than merely figure the amount of applause which follows each selection. He has to watch with an eagle eye, to see what tunes and what methods of playing them bring the most people to their feet with the irresistible urge to dance. More—he must watch the expression on people's faces, to see just how good a time they are having, and whether their animation increases when he plays.

There is a lot more to a popular dance broadcast than meets the eye. The next time you hear that some orchestra leader gets five thousand dollars a week for two or three fifteen minute programs, don't look at him enviously as you murmur "Pretty soft!" He's probably working eighteen or twenty hours a day to earn it. Yes—and sometimes twenty-four!

Donald Novis

(Continued from page 23)

The long voyage finally ended at St. Johns, New Brunswick, but the trip was not yet over. We went ashore and Father took us sightseeing in a strange land. There was my brother Edward, who was five years older than myself and Harold, who was three years my senior.

We boarded a strange looking train. It looked gigantic to me and Mother often reminded me that I cried when the hissing engine roared into the station and we clambered into the day coach.

Our ride was over after hours of travel. The Chapleau, a small town in the wild mining country of northern Ontario, was our destination. It looked pretty dreary to Mother, I know, and she used to tell us she didn't know how she ever could adjust herself to the rigorous climate and the rough life.

The town boasted some 500 souls, mostly miners and lumberjacks, but it was really an important outpost in the vast Canadian mining and lumber country.

Father soon set himself up in business and did a rushing trade. On Sundays he sang in the Chapleau church choir and on the long winter nights entertained the citizenry of the snowbound settlement with the songs of old Wales and far-away England.

My impressions of those cold nights are still deeply etched in memory. Father sang in a low-ceilinged, log hall to the bearded, rough miners and wood choppers. As his clear, strong baritone rang out in the smoky, raftered room, the silence was profound. When he had finished pandemonium would break loose. If the song happened to be sentimental, the quality of his voice and the manner in which he sang his song was so appealing, that many a homesick laborer would be seen to brush away with a horny hand a stray tear or two.

In such surroundings I began to grow up. One night Father lifted me to the platform in the smoky room and in my boyish soprano I sang a song of old England. I kept looking at Father and I could see that he was pleased, although the tears streamed down his kindly face.

One day an Episcopal clergyman came to our house from far-off California. He heard Father sing and told him that if he ever wanted a singing position in his church he could have it.
A few months later Father decided to accept the offer. He wrote to the man in Pasadena. A cordial letter urged him to go and we packed up our belongings. It was the third great jaunt of my career. First there was the voyage across the Atlantic, then the trans-Canadian ride to Chapleau and now this even longer journey to the romantic West and my first visit to the country that was to become my very own!

The years fled. Father established a comfortable business in Pasadena. Mother became interested in her concert piano work and my sister, Mary, born soon after our arrival, studied voice. My brother Edward was also interested in singing and Father was always singing in church choirs and for special occasions.

We all grew like potato sprouts. I was a normal, healthy youngster, interested in school sports. Baseball was my first love and at Thomas Jefferson grade school I was always playing baseball.

When I got to Pasadena High School I played basketball and football with great enthusiasm and energy and some ability. I decided then and there that I would be an athlete and finally an athletic director.

Then I went to Junior College at Pasadena and later attended Whittier College at Whittier. I played well enough, and I guess if I had finished school, I might have made a name for myself on the gridiron and on the basketball floor.

But something happened. One day at home Father heard me singing in the bath tub.

He talked sternly. I must study, he said. I had a voice that was too good to be thrown away, he argued, and he didn't intend that I should do otherwise than develop it.

What was I to do? I wanted to be a teacher of physical education. I loved athletics and all that goes with it.

But I heeded Father's advice. I'm glad now that I did. He died unexpectedly at Hastings, England, this fall during a visit to the place of his birth. Mother also left us six months ago, and it was her secret ambition that I should become a successful concert singer.

I studied voice eight years with Allen Ray Carpenter, mastered some French, German and Italian and have fulfilled, in some measure, my Father's hopes.

In 1927 I won the California Atwater Kent Radio Auditions, but missed out in the national finals. The next year, 1928, I was more successful and carried away the $5,000 prize. That was a thrill!

The rest is history. I made something of a reputation on the Coast with the Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, appeared in numerous radio programs and sang in the pictures.

When I received my chance to come East to sing for the NBC in New York somehow I couldn't resist. And I'm not sorry that I came. Everyone has been wonderful!

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Mildred Bailey
(Continued from page 22)

Fame is like that. Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, as Pope said, and deeper, deeper drinks are craved. Fame is like a narcotic, enslaving those who yearn for it.

Yet the little girl I talked to that winter night, myself, a hundred others who read this will not heed. Nor should they. Because they have been innoculated deeply with the toxin of stardust. They must climb the ladder or die in the attempt. They cannot be otherwise.

The little girl with the golden eyes had come from Kansas. Back home they had listened in open-mouthed wonder as she sang in the church choir, at high school class day, over the local station. Fame, fortune, glory waited her in New York. She would find Broadway paved with gold. She came. And found it paved with spikes and sharp splintered glass.

She hadn't come to ask me whether she should give up her ambitions and go back home to school. She had come to ask me whether she should remain in New York, continue to haunt hopelessly the offices of radio impresarios, or should she try a smaller town, some local station for a build up that would lead more deviously to New York.

She didn't ask me the first question, because she had put one foot on the ladder to stardom, and she wouldn't stop until she reached the top.

I told her to keep on trying in New York. Because I could look into her wide, young eyes and know she would get there someday. She would have to go on. She was that kind of a person.

I gave her this advice. Forget everything in the world, money, friends, parents, sweetheart. Cleave only to this image of success before you. It may be a mirage; it may be Heaven. Let every thought, every action, every dream you have center on this and this alone. Don't be swerved by love or even happiness. Let your mind be single-track. Think, eat, sleep, live only for success. Let not one thought pass through your mind that isn't tied up with this great goal you set before you.

Be courageous, ambitious, determined, unspiring of yourself. Believe in yourself. Know you will succeed, and all the world will know it. Make your job a twenty-four hour task. Before you move your little finger, or brush a stray lock of hair from your forehead, stop...
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For Broadcasting is growing so fast that no one can predict how gigantic this new industry will be in another year. Only four years ago no more than four million dollars were spent on the air—last year advertisers alone spent more than $35,000,000, or 9 times as many millions. Then add to this the millions spent by Broadcasting Stations and you can see that this new industry is growing so fast that the demand for talented and trained men and women far exceeds the supply.

Your Opportunity Now
Many more millions will be spent next year—more men and women will be employed at big pay. Why not be one of them—why not get your share of the millions that will be spent? You can if you have talent and train for the job you want.

Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how you can turn your hidden talents into fame and fortune. For if you have a good speaking voice, can act, sing, direct, write or think up ideas for Broadcasting, you too, may qualify for a big paying job before the microphone.

But remember that training is necessary. Talent alone is not enough. Many stage and concert stars failed dismally when confronted with the microphone. Why? Simply because they did not know Broadcasting technique. And at the same time others, unknown before, suddenly jumped into radio popularity—because they were completely and thoroughly trained for the microphone.

How to Train
Broadcasters and radio stations haven’t the time to train you. And that is just why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcasters—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons’ years of experience in Radio. Through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andy, Graham McNamees, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbonses and their future earnings will be enormous.

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A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique. How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knock of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

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An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. It shows you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2S61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Fortunate, these people of means and mode— their tastes keenly keyed to detect new enjoyments. It is these people who first detected the utterly unique offering brought into their circle by Spud— who sensed at once that cooler smoke meant a new, heightened tobacco enjoyment— that it would lift the old restraint on their tobacco appetite. And so, they instinctively accept Spud and 16% cooler smoke as today's modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.
These two sweet harmony singers who “live in darkness” bring gladness into the hearts and homes of thousands of WLS listeners.

Mac and Bob are presented each weekday morning at 9:15 by the Willard Tablet Company.

This is just one of the many popular features heard over this station.

MAC AND BOB

870 Kilocycles

50,000 Watts

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION
CHICAGO

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER
President

GLENN SNYDER
Manager
This special SCOTT-designed precision instrument, found in no other laboratory, matches oscillator coils with the antenna with which they are used. So delicate that each coil is matched to its antenna within ¾ of a single turn of wire.

The SCOTT Research Laboratory is constantly engaged in testing and experimenting to discover new ways and means of assuring SCOTT ALL-WAVE DELUXE owners better reception, finer tone and a higher degree of satisfaction with their sets.

Within a carefully shielded room, from which all outside disturbances are excluded, SCOTT meters are tested on signals sent within the laboratory from very latest type GR standard frequency generator and a GR audio oscillator.

Here is how resistors in SCOTT receivers are tested, to assure fine tone, fine tuning and super sensitivity. The delicacy of these testing instruments detects variations of ½ of 1% from proper rating. The SCOTT standard for acceptance demands perfection.

In this electric oven the “climate” is baked out of SCOTT transformers. After every grain of moisture is baked out, the parts are treated so that they will always deliver perfect service in any climate from that of the Arctic to the humid heat of the Tropics.

Round-the-world reception guarantee . . . unparalleled tone fidelity . . . super-selectivity . . . true single dial control on all reception between 15 and 550 meters . . . no plug-in or tapped coils . . . the whole radio-wise world is talking of the sensational performance of this new SCOTT ALL-WAVE DELUXE!

Perhaps you’ve wondered . . . perhaps you, too, have questioned how such performance could be secured.

To know, you must look behind the scenes. You must see the infinite care, the accuracy, the micrometer-measured exactness, with which specially trained craftsmen build these receivers in the way that all fine things are built . . . by hand!

Still farther back you’ll find super-careful selection of every part that goes into every SCOTT receiver. Tested again and again . . . coils, condensers, transformers—every single part must meet the most rigid specifications by trial on delicate instruments infinitely more revealing than any human judgment.

No mass-production methods here—no slap-bang assembly of “good enough” parts. Every step in the construction of a Scott receiver is one of care and deliberation, taken by an expert.

No wonder the completed receiver is a “world-beater.” No wonder more than 19,000 logs of foreign reception on Scott receivers have been sent to us since January 1st, 1932. No wonder Scott receivers have held world’s record distance reception honors for more than six years. The whole story of SCOTT laboratory technique in radio receiver construction is a fascinating one. You should have it, to know how fine things are made. And the more you learn, the more you will marvel that such quality can be had at such moderate cost. Send for the whole story NOW!

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Every Instrument Tested on Actual 1127 Mile Reception
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The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75-foot aerial, 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distance stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates the outdoor aerial along with the unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, lightning hazards, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Installed by anyone in a minute's time and is fully concealed within the set. Enables the radio to be moved into different rooms, or houses, as easily as a piece of furniture.
WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE. Notice: This instrument is for sale at all Gamble Stores, Neisner Bros. Stores or you may order direct.
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Send one F. & H. Capacity Aerial with privilege of returning after 3-day trial if not satisfactory, for which enclosed find $5.00 or dollar bill, or send $1.00 postpaid. No dealers' proposition.

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Fargo, N. Dak., Dept. 32

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest
Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor
Harold P. Brown, Charles R. Tighe, Henry J. Wright,
Managing Editor, Associate Editor, Advisory Editor

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1933

COVER PORTRAIT, Ethelyn Holt, first line beauty at CBS.
BLOOD WILL TELL. Authentic autobiography of the Prince of Prevaricators.
FIVE STAR THEATRE. Top notch of Program Achievement.
ROXY TAKES THE STAND. Cross-examined by "Voice of Radio Digest."
FRANK BLACK STEPS UP. New head of NBC Musical Department.
OPERA AT HOME. Second season of Metropolitan Opera well received.
SHOWBOAT, leads the way for the new era of radio variety.
LEW WHITE. It's always New Year's at his famous organ studio.
INCREDIBLE RIP. Globe-trotting with Robert L. Ripley.
TITO NIÑO. Romantic career of this famous singer.
ANDREA MARSH is a revelation as a "teen-singer."
COWBILLIES—the "London made" cowboy-billies make good.
CHANDU THE MAGICIAN. Who is who and what is what.
The ARCTIC LISTENS. First band story of one who knows from experience.
EDITORIAL. Late trends of the past season reflected in the new.
TUNEFUL TOPICS. Review of hits by Chief Connecticut Yankee.

Charles Sheldon 7
Baron Munchausen 8
Nellie Revell 10
Earle Ferris 12
J. Vance Bab 14
Miriam D. Light 16
Mark Quest 18
Anne Cooley 21
Hilda Cole 22
Hal Tillotson 24
Margaret Hastings 28
Ray Bill 30
Rudy Vallee 32

I will train you at home
to fill a BIG RA

Radio Job!

If you are dissatisfied with your present job, if you are struggling along in a rut with little or no prospects, try something better than a skinny pay envelope—clip the coupon NOW. Get my big FREE book on the opportunities in Radio. Read how quickly you can learn at home in your spare time to be a Radio Expert—what good jobs my graduates have been getting—real jobs with real futures.

Many Radio Experts Make $50 to $100 a Week

In about ten years the Radio Industry has grown from $2,000,000 to hundreds of millions of dollars. Over 500,000 jobs have been created by this growth, and thousands more will be created by its continued development. Many men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you in the N. R. I. course—have jumped into Radio and two or three times their former salaries.

Get Ready Now for Jobs Like These

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay up to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to $5,000 a year. Radio Operators on ships enjoy life, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employing service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay up to $100 a week. My book tells you about these and many other kinds of interesting Radio Jobs.

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The day you enroll with me I send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 jobs common in the neighborhood, for spare-time money. Throughout your course, I send you information on serving your neighbors, all of it practical. By the time you have made $200 to $1,000 a year for N. R. I men in their spare time. Money that you will not count as the course that pays for itself.

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Special training in Talking Movies, Television, and Home Television rayographs. Short Wave Radio. Radio's use in Aviation, Servicing and Merchandising Sets, Broadcasting. Commercial and Ship Stations are included. I am so sure that N. R. I can train you satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lesson and Instruction Service upon completion.

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Get your copy today. It's free to all residents of the United States and Canada over 15 years old. It tells you where Radio's good jobs are, what they pay, tells you about my course, what others who have taken it are doing and making. Find out what Radio offers you without the slightest obligation. ACT NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., 3AR3
Washington, D. C.

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in Radio

"I can safely say that I have made $10,000 more in Radio than I would have made if I had continued at an old job!"

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., 3AR3
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The Course That Pays For Itself

I have doubled and tripled the salaries of many. Find out about this tested way to Bigger Pay...

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Given Without Extra Charge

My course is not all theory. I'll show you how to use my special Radio Equipment for conducting experiments and building circuits which illustrate important principles used in such well known sets as Westinghouse, General Electric, Philco, R. C. A., Victor, Majestic, and others. You work out with your own hands many of the things you read in our lesson books. This 50-50 method of training makes learning at home easy, interesting, fascinating, intensively practical. You learn how sets work, why they work, how to make them work when they are out of order. Training like this shows up in your pay envelope—when you graduate you have had training and experience—you're not simply looking for a job where you can get experience.

With N. R. I. equipment you learn to build and thoroughly understand set building equipment—you can use N. R. I. equipment in your spare time service work for extra money.

The Famous Course That Pays For Itself

The Course That Pays For Itself

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., 3AR3
Washington, D. C.

Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities and how I can train for them at home.

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Address: ________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ___________________________
TWISTS and TURNS
With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

NEWSPAPER men are flocking more and more to the microphone. It may be an indication that a better understanding between newspapers and radio will result. Practically all newspaper men who have been on the air have made good with their listeners. Some have not only made good with their listeners but have made good with theexchequer, collecting handsomely from appreciative sponsors.

Floyd Gibbons, with the Hearst organization, has from the start commanded a very high salary for broadcasting as compared to what the average star reporter earns. He has also put tremendous energy into getting his material as well as putting it on the air. Heywood Broun who has been conducting a General Electric period over the NBC is of a far different type of newspaper man. Both men, so radically different in manner of speech, make friends easily. Both have been employed by the same sponsor. Both have increased their prestige enormously by their radio programs.

ANOTHER newspaper man of a sort radically different from either Gibbons or Broun has made good in a large way—and he is that master slogan-eer, Walter Winchell. Winchell creates new words and expressions every day, and these words and expressions soon become part of the language. He was the first to use the word "whooppee" and to exploit the phrase "blessed event." On the air he originated the call "Okay, Mr. and Mrs. America!" He lives at a killing pace. He finds out the news and publishes or broadcasts it before it happens. His so-called keyhole exploits have become legends and dramatized in film. As these lines are written he is talking on the phone to a representative of Rando Digest about his new program on the air. The night before he had fainted on the sidewalk, was taken home in a cab, revived, and returned to his all-night patrol of Broadway within an hour. A few months ago he told this writer that he was through with broadcasting because he could not keep up the pace of writing his column and doing two columns a week on the air. "Besides," he said, "what's the use if Uncle Sam takes half of it away for income tax. I couldn't keep up the pace and live." He went to California for a few weeks, returned, and now he is in his job almost as deeply as ever. He has surrounded himself with a sort of glamour that makes him a good air personality.

DEAN ARCHER'S educational talks, a series of which appeared in Rando Digest a year ago, have interested several prospective sponsors, and why not? The Dean certainly has a large following, and he knows how to put human interest into his discussions about the law. He is constantly active, directing the Suffolk Law School in Boston, preparing lectures, sitting in conferences with lawyers, statesmen, industrialists, and still he has time to write law books, and for idle moments he writes history books for children. He broadcasts over 40 stations on an NBC-WJZ network every Saturday evening.

HAD a little chat with Rudy Vallee the other evening and he's happy over the success of his personality shows which take the air every Thursday from the NBC Times Square studios, formerly the Amsterdam Roof Garden. The theatre is packed at every performance given for the radio audience. It seems a little strange to witness a show at this theatre where the visible audience always is secondary (and rightfully, of course) to the radio audience. About 800 people sit in the theatre. So far as the broadcast is concerned they are all part of the show, and the entire auditorium is only an extension of the air stage. Rudy, alert and agile, moves quickly here and there getting everybody in place and in order as he steps over the coils of cable leading to the microphones.

INTERFERENCE CUT OUT

Just fix a PIX in the aerial terminal and increase the range and clarity—permits knife-edge tuning—saves a million frustrated users. "PIXED" you're ready for distant programs.

PIX PRODUCTS

OFFICE, 50 TRIBUNE BLDG.
164 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

$100 PIXAPIX IN YOUR AERIAL

WINTER that is unbelievably bleak and cold has already settled down on the small trading hamlet of Hope-dale on the far coast of Labrador. There are only thirteen English-speaking persons present. They are cut off from the rest of the world by vast expanse of ice and impassable terrain. Cut off? No, entirely not, for they are able to hear the voices of Radioland that whirl around the sphere through the long, long Arctic night.

A message recently received by the National Broadcasting Company for the Flying Hutchisons states that these prisoners of the ice-locked North are among the most friendly communities the world has heard from. The Flying Family which came down to them from out of the sky in actual flesh and blood just before the harbor closed. The wireless message to New York was sent by the Rev. Perrett, head of the Hope-dale Moravian Mission. Signing the message with the Rev. Perrett were the names of Mr. Cobb, the manager of the Hudson Bay Company, and Mr. Stevenson, the operator of the Marconi wireless station. They all expressed great interest in the program. Even the Eskimos crowd around to hear the voices of the adventurer who were in Hope-dale when the plane crashed in their vicinity.

Others in the far and impenetrable North are also listening to the sounds that come from radio stations where there are cities and roads and trains, and where there is music and gaiety. As usual the Westinghouse company is sending messages through its powerful stations to winter-bound citizens who live buried in the woods and snow. Especially at Christmas time come the loved ones to the broadcasting stations to speak into the microphones or to have their messages read.
RADIO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Pull aside the curtain of secrecy and watch the wheels go around

Radio Art—Produced by the same group who are responsible for RADIO DIGEST, the oldest and greatest of all radio fan magazines, realized the need for a publication that considered the professional phases of radio—

Radio Art—Is a magazine that gives you information available from no other source.

Radio Art—Gives you intelligent reviews of new programs and other information relative to program production—from the writing of scripts until the “play” goes on the air.

Radio Art—Gives you the latest information about the artists and radio stations from Coast to Coast, as well as the behind-the-scenes people in Radioland about whom you seldom hear.

Radio Art—The magazine you can’t afford to be without if you are interested in any way in Radio.

Radio Art—The magazine that is read by artists, station operators, radio writers, advertising and show people because it tells them twice each month the important and vital news about radio printed in this publication alone.

Don’t miss another copy of Radio Art (The Blue Book of the Air) Issued on the first and fifteenth of each month.

RADIO ART IS NOT FOR SALE ON NEWSSTANDS—USE THE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK NOW!

Date.................................................................

RADIO ART,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for..............................................year to RADIO ART to begin with the current issue. I am enclosing remittance for same.

Subscription price $4.00 per year in U. S. Two years $6.00. Canada (one year) $5.00. Foreign (one year) $5.50.

Name...........................................................................

Street..............................................................................

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

RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.
HERE you behold the remarkable under-water picture taken of the great Baron Munchausen at the time he was working the Atlantic ocean as a pirate. He has just stepped into the saloon of a Spanish galleon which has been resting on the bottom of the ocean for well-nigh a thousand years. The Munchausen boot rests on a sold gold tabaret that had been the gift of Isabel to the captain of the ship. Note how closely the Baron closes his lips. That is to prevent the water leaking in while the picture was taken. He has remarkable capacity for holding his breath, but he nearly gave up after he lost his way walking back to the island from whence he had walked into the sea.
WE MUNCHAUSENS are a modest lot. But if you insist I shall endeavor to recall some biographical incidents that may be of interest to the readers of Radio Digest. Contrary to the popular notion, as to the place of my birth it happens that I first saw the light of day in little Old New York. It was in October, 1895, a snappy autumn day, although of course I did not get out much that first day, owing to the many calls by relatives and friends who seemed to take a great deal of interest in my arrival. I remember well, the exact day, as there was a large calendar advertising sewing machines pinned against the wall across from my bed. (My mother shared the bed with me.) And as I pulled myself up on the pillow my father was crossing out the date. It was the 29th day of October.

"That's a day you'll always remember, son," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" I said, and the old man fainted. Mother was asleep so I called the nurse and she poured some ice water in his face. I laughed, and then she fainted too, so I got out and drenched them both.

You will gather that I was indeed precocious, but it ruins that way in the Munchausen line and my father began showing me off to the neighbors. In a few days I was exchanging repartee with the best of them.

When I was one year old I was half way through Public School No. 62, which was about a mile from the house. My father had a very small bicycle made for me. I rigged up a piece of grocery string which I hung over the handle bars. It was one of my favorite tricks to tag on a kiddie car when I came to a hill and make the little dumb brats of two or three years old pull me up the hills.

On my second birthday I graduated from the De Witt Clinton high school with a perfect record. By this time my physique grew at an incredible rate. It was almost impossible to keep me decently clothed, for I would start from the house in the morning with a new suit, a size larger than the one I had worn the day before, and by night it was ripped and abbreviated beyond further use. My father had to hire a special tailor to follow me around until it occurred to him to make my trousers, waist and other clothes of elastic.

I'll never forget my first employment. We Munchausen's were living under a different name at the time owing to the fact that my father was working a shell racket that he had invented. He would use a couple of peas and a Fleeceworth pear in a quick shift under three oyster shells. You paid a dollar for your chance and if you were lucky at guessing you could have the "$100 pearl," which really cost my father 100 for a dollar. Well they got to calling us the Pearls, and I was Jack, Jack Pearl.

My first job was with the Shapiro Publishing Company which at that time published everything. I had acquired such a passion for reading by the time I was three years old I could not wait for new books to be published—in fact I had read practically everything that was printed, and used to hang around Shapiros' waiting for things to come off the press. One day the manager offered me a job of reading all the manuscripts that came into the place. It was in this way that I picked up my Broadway acquaintances who waited my approval of all the songs that were going to be hits.

Although I had never been on the stage Gus Edwards begged me to take a job from him at $1,200 a week. I turned it down. I turned it down cold. I said "Give me $1,500 or I don't go, see?" And Gus said, "Gee, Jack, if you pay me $1,500 I'll have to let Winchell, Eddie Buzzell, Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor, and maybe the Duncan Sisters go, you wouldn't do that to the Duncan Sisters, would you?" And I said to Gus, "That's your look-out, Gus. My price is still $1,500 a week." And poor old Gus, with tears streaming down his face, turned and left me.

So I passed my time away at the Shapiro's where they had raised me to $2,500 a week just to look at scripts as they came in. I guess I haven't mentioned that I was the one who started them in the music publishing business. Before I went there they were doing an enormous business in publishing books of all kinds. I read in the paper about Marconi, which gave me an idea, and I went over to see Edison about making a radio tube which nobody had thought of up to that time. Well, Edison puttered around with my idea, and I got into other things and the next I knew De Forest had come out with his radio tube, so I washed my hands of it.

Because of my youth it was a little hard to get the attention of people for anything serious. However, by pretending that I was considerably older, I inveigled Herman Timberg to give me a part in his stage production, "School Days." It was the character of a boy with dime novel and Wild West ideas. I wowed them and put the show over as the biggest thing old Timberg ever had his name to. There used to be a line waiting to get in wherever I was playing that started the day before. One severely cold night stands out in my memory. The next morning found 1,743 persons waiting to get to the box office who had frozen stiff in their tracks. This caused me to consider giving up the show business. But I was finally induced to join Danny Murphy who had established quite a rep as a German dialect comedian. Before we had been going long I was taking his place and the show immediately became a great success. I took it to London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome—everywhere it was the same—Jack Pearl, he kills them; they die from laughing.

It was while I was in Moscow that the Shuberts, who had been following me around from country to country, brought my contract for $1,300,000 and I came back to America to star in their Winter Garden shows each year until 1930. It was there that I trained Harry Richman and made him what he is today. Ziegfeld was (Continued on page 48)
THEATRE OF THE AIR

To THE Five Star Theatre goes the palm for the supreme radio achievement of 1932—and that also means of all time—so far as broadcast entertainment is concerned. No previous sponsor has presumed to cover the entire listener field so thoroughly and painstakingly. It is the final answer to the question of "What kind of an audience do you reach with that kind of a program?" It reaches every kind of an audience. From the sublime to the sublimely ridiculous the whole category of fun, amusement, soul stimulant and cultural development have been approached through an assortment of personalities and productions that are first magnitude stars for the five nights weekly on the two major networks over which this series is booked.

Maxwell House Showboat pioneered the way as a major production along the great variety avenue. Lucky Strike, now a little old fashioned, and a bit crude in the commercial aspects, also lent something to the idea with its police dramas and flashing changes via the Magic Carpet. The police dramas, in fact, peripateted the whole new popular trend toward radio drama. They brought out new technique in script writing and sound effects. It also happens that the creator of this technique, D. Thomas Curtin, has been engaged to write the thrillers that come on the Five Star Friday night climax of the five-day series. He is transcribing the attractions of both a particular and general interest during a week's presentation.

For those interested in comedy, there are the Marx Brothers, on the air over a WJZ-NBC chain at 7:30 P.M every Monday in a chapter of their latest nonsensical conception, the law firm of "Beagle, Shyster & Beagle."

Lovers of serious symphonic music have their turn Tuesday night in the programs of Josef Bonime and his 40-piece symphony orchestra, assembled from the ranks of the leading symphonic organizations of the world. Its soloists have included such dominant figures of the operatic world as Maria Jeritza, Feodor Chaliapin, and John Charles Thomas. These programs come from a Columbia network every Tuesday at 10 P.M.

The drama is represented in the

Feodor Chaliapin, one of the rarely heard stars of the opera appearing on this remarkable Five Star Theatre program.

Maria Jeritza, former Metropolitan Opera star, one of the scheduled features.

Ben Ames Williams, distinguished Saturday Evening Post story writer who appeared in person with dramatization of one of his stories.
Wednesday broadcasts. Short stories by leading American authors are dramatized and presented by a company of celebrated stage and radio players over a WJZ-NBC network at 7:30 P. M. every Wednesday. Each week, the author of the story of the evening steps before the microphone for a personal address.

Light music comes on Thursday evening in the light opera presentations under the direction of Milton Aborn. His company is heard from a Columbia network every Thursday at 10 P. M.

The week’s series comes to an exciting conclusion every Friday evening with an episode from the engrossing and mysterious career of Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective of fiction. Impersonated by Walter Connolly, the Broadway star, Charlie Chan goes on the air over a WJZ-NBC network Fridays at 7:30 P. M.

From the moment of their first appearance at the WJZ headquarters, the Marx Brothers have been turning a studio into hilarious chaos on every one of their rehearsal days. These programs are their first radio appearances, but even a debut before the formidable microphones did not sober the prankish Marx spirits.

While Groucho was running through the very important first sketch, he noticed Arthur Sheekman, one of the authors of “Beagle, Shyster & Beagle,” come into the room. In the midst of one of his speeches, the astonished ears of the men in the control room heard, “This goes for Art Sheekman—you whimpering bounder, you.”

Groucho and Chico Marx who made their first bow to the radio audience on the first performance of the galaxy programs.

Sophie Kerr, another Five Star Theatre celebrity, introduced to the radio audience.

The broadcasts present Groucho Marx as Mr. Beagle of “Beagle, Shyster & Beagle,” and Chico as his blundering assistant, Ravelli. Every week there is a new example of the astounding amount of foolishness that has lain hidden in the law profession during all the centuries before the Marx Brothers entered it.

A more sedate atmosphere, of course, accompanies the programs of Josef Bonime’s Symphony orchestra. Mr. Bonime’s name is a familiar one to radio listeners. Since the early days of symphonic radio broadcasts, the baton of this director has been guiding orchestras and smaller ensembles through programs. His latest orchestra, however, is the most imposing he has directed.

One of the rehearsal kibitzers who happened to have a pencil with him calculated that there were just about a million dollars worth of orchestral instruments in the Bonime broadcasts. The estimate was surprisingly large, but it is approximately correct. For example, nearly every one of the violinists uses either a Stradivarius or Guarnerius instrument, with an average value of $20,000.

The chair of the concertmaster in this orchestra is shared by Jacques Gordon and Michael Gusikoff, who formerly occupied the same position in, respectively, the Chicago and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

Probably no other radio program ever has been graced with such a set of literary notables as the Wednesday short story dramatizations are presenting. In the first three weeks, the authors were Rex Beach, Fannie Hurst and Sophie Kerr. It is announced that the programs will continue through the season with writers of the same standing.

The Milton Aborn light operas bring to culmination a project that has been begun several times. Mr. Aborn’s long career in both grand opera and operetta staging made him an obvious choice as the director of a light opera radio program. Repeatedly he has begun work on such a program, but in every instance he has withdrawn because he felt that the works were not being presented in a manner that would do them justice. This time he has been given a free hand.

Mr. Aborn has assembled a company including Gladys Baxter and Vivian Hart, sopranos; Roy Cropper, tenor; Edward Nell, baritone; and William Philbrick and Hal Forde, comedians; H. Cooper Cliffe, James S. Murray, Eric Titus and Laura Ferguson. The versions of the light operas were prepared by Mr. Aborn himself, permitting of their presentation without the interruption of announcers. The orchestra conductor is Louis Kroll.

The programs began December 1 with “The Merry Widow” and continued through the month with “The

(Continued on page 47)
H O W D Y, folks, you remember me, don't you? Well, I sure am thrilled tonight. I have an old friend of mine, and yours, too, who is here with us tonight. While it has been my privilege to present on this program celebrities of various types, this is the first time I have ever presented a gangster . . . that is, a convicted gangster. Maybe I may have had some potential gangsters, but tonight I have a famous gang organizer and law-breaker. He's the type of gangster that steals into our hearts, kills dull care and breaks every law of precedent.

And, like Robin Hood, of legend, he is famed for his courage, courtesy and generosity . . . doing it all in the name of humanity. It was he who made gangster famous. I refer to Roxy, the greatest gang leader of all time. Roxy, you will recall, is the man who developed the motion picture theatre from the peep show to a presentation in a palace.

He is the originator of the luxurious type of music and stage presentation in moving picture theatres. He is the High Priest in the Cathedral of Entertainment. And Roxy is also a pioneer in radio. He was the first theatre director to interest himself in air entertainment . . . and the first to broadcast programs from the stage of a theatre. Roxy put his theatres on the air and thus on the map. And that's better than putting them on the market.

Roxy's first venture with the movies was in the Pennsylvania coal fields. The customers sat on funeral chairs borrowed from a friendly undertaker. (When there was a funeral, there was no show . . . and Roxy was the chief mourner.) Six years later, Roxy first came to New York to manage the Regent theatre and introduced innovations which revolutionized show business. In succession, he went to the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli, Capitol, and Roxy's theatres . . . winning great glories and establishing world fame for himself.

Roxy's present position is the biggest of his brilliant career. He is the absolute ear in charge of the entertainment that is to be presented in the two theatres in the gigantic Radio City development. A son of the soil of America, Roxy is a simple soul. He hates ostentation and loves to cut through to the fundamentals, the root of things. Coming from way out West where men are men and women are for them, he didn't select a high falutin' term to describe his group of artists and entertainers. Not Roxy. He fixed on a word that all Americans know and understand . . . Gang. And what a gang!

Mr. Rothafel has discovered and developed, possibly, more talent than any other movie impresario. Every orchestra leader who ever conducted in a Roxy theatre has become internationally known . . . and the members of Roxy's gangs have become stars.

And, please, may I present S. L. Rothafel . . . who in my humble opinion is the greatest showman in America!

ROXY—“Now, now, Nellie. Good evening, friends, I hope you haven't taken too seriously that effulgent intro- press agents are never hampered by duction of Miss Revell’s. You know, Nellie is a press agent and you know facts. But that opening part of the introduction kind of had me scared. I expected every minute to see a sheriff come in with a pair of handcuffs.”

NELLIE—Well, the evening's still young—

ROXY—“But really, friends, you haven't any idea how glad I am to be back on the air. The late Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, eminent psychologist, once did me the honor of calling me a natural psychologist. It was back in 1914. I was then directing the Strand theatre on Broadway. One afternoon about 6:30, Prof. Munsterberg, a stranger to me, came into my back-stage office. He had come to the theatre for the same reason that all people come—for amusement, rest and relaxation. He got what he came for and wanted to know how the wheels back stage, mental and emotional, went around. He talked for a long time, forgetting food, hours and appointments. He was interested in me, he explained, because he was studying in theory, the mass mind and mass emotions, the same problems I was working out unconsciously in the laboratory of the stage. People go to the theatre with nothing more definite in mind than that they want to be amused. They want to be entertained and emotionally awakened without being emotionally exhausted. They do not go to be uplifted, reformed or converted. That is the province of the lecture hall and the church, and not the theatre. American theatre-goers will not support mediocrity. They will not accept shoddiness. They will not be talked down to, they will not be uplifted. They are very much aware of themselves and their time and they demand entertainment as splendid as their time.”

NELLIE—How did you get the nickname, Roxy?

ROXY—“I got that years ago while playing baseball. Rothafel was too long for my baseball pals, especially in the excitement of a game. One day I was rounding third base and started home. ** * ‘Slide Roxy, slide!’ shouted the coach, and I’ve been Roxy ever since.”

NELLIE—And sliding home ever since too. ** * Are you superstitious?

ROXY—“Well, not exactly, but I like to begin my ventures on a Friday.”

NELLIE—How about food? Any favorite dishes?

ROXY—“Hot dogs and ham-bergers are my favorites.”

NELLIE—How about sports? Do you get any time to play?

ROXY—“Yes, indeed. I play golf and hand ball whenever I can.”

NELLIE—Married, of course.

ROXY—“Very happily married, thank you. And have been since 1909 when Rosa Freedman honored me by becoming Mrs. Roxy.”

NELLIE—Any children?

ROXY—“Yes, a son, Arthur, aged
21, and a daughter, Beta, now nearly two."

NELLIE—Your "Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you" on the radio became a household expression. And I've heard any number of stories—all different—explaining its origin. What is the real story, Mr. Rothafel?

ROXY—"Well, Nellie, it was really an accident. I used it in my first broadcast from the Capitol theatre in 1924. I had prepared a fine sounding closing address to sign off the program. But when the time came to deliver, I couldn't recall a word of it—not a syllable. Of course, I couldn't stand there tongue-tied, so I said what I felt, 'Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you.'

NELLIE—And coming from the heart you couldn't have said anything better. You know, folks, Roxy is the typical executive, a man of quick decisions. I asked him for an appointment. "Okay," he said, "I'll see you at 3 o'clock Thursday." He met me right on the second in the reception room of his elaborate offices, to escort me to his private sanatorium.

A huge oil painting of the late B. F. Keith, founder of vaudeville, looks down from the walls of his office. I paused before it in reflection.

"Well, Nellie," remarked Roxy, "when I first knew you, I never expected that I would occupy the office of B. F. Keith."

"Why not?" I said, "you began where he left off."

Roxy does everything on a big scale and he has to have a lot of room in which to operate. That's why he is to conduct in Radio City the biggest amusement enterprise the world has ever known. Why, Roxy, just naturally has to produce and be where things are produced. He even selected as his birthplace, Minnesota, a place of wide open spaces where they produce wheat, the staff of life.

You know, folks, most men would be lucky if they got a monument after they're gone. But Roxy . . . well, his monuments are built while he's alive. If you don't think the Roxy influence is a factor in the life of the city, the nation and the world, it's because you don't get around much. Take a peek at the New York Telephone Directory, for instance. There are Roxy Coffee Shops and even a Roxy Doughnut Shoppe. There are Roxy barber shops, Roxy shoe shining parlors and, of course, Roxy restaurants and delicatessen stores galore. There are Roxy pants pressers and there is even a Roxy Button Works—everything, in fact, except the Roxy Readymade Post Hole Co. And when you get in the neighborhood of the Sixth avenue side of Radio City where are located the Roxy theatres . . . just take a look at the signs you see on the shops and stores. The merchants and shopkeepers in that locality are certainly Roxy-minded.

Here's a splendid insight into the fine character of the man. Having been a Marine, his interest in the service and service men is sincere and heartfelt. He took his company entertainers to the government hospitals on frequent occasions. He noticed they had no radios and the thought occurred that the long hours of our unfortunate could be made less dreary if they had ear phones. So he went to Washington with his idea and told it to President Coolidge. The President listened and then made one of his characteristic long-winded speeches. (You know how colloquial Cal is.) "I like it," he said, and it wasn't long before earphones were installed in every veterans' hospital in America . . . and many parts of Canada. All of Roxy's dreams have a way of coming true, but this was one of the greatest of them all. It brought great joy to our war heroes, than whom there are no greater. Goodnight, Friends, I'll be NBC'ing you!
Early in his career in the public eye Black realized that it was necessary to give the people what they wanted. From the time when he played the piano in a murky nickelodeon at the age of eleven, Black has been studying audience reaction along with his music. The two have combined to make him the man who is now general musical director for the National Broadcasting Company.

Ever since he was a small boy, the unusual in music has interested him. They tell a rather amusing story about the time when he was musical director at Brunswick. A song plugger brought in a sheaf of songs to submit to him for possible recording use. Black looked them over and none of them fitted his needs. The song publisher's representative had a manuscript copy in his brief case and Black asked to see it.

"Oh, that's no good," said the song plugger, "some of the boys wrote it but they wrote 47 bars instead of the regular 32."

"Yes?" queried Black. "Leave it with me."

The publisher's man was reluctant. "Don't make a record of that thing," he pleaded. "I'd get bawled out by the boss. It isn't regular and it would be difficult to publish."

Black kept it. He liked it. He played it over for some singers. They liked it. The next time the publisher's man dropped in, Black let him hear it sung by Franklin Baur, played by three different bands. He had recorded it four times. The publisher was amazed.

But the song sold almost a million copies. It was "Just a Memory" by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. If it had not appealed to Black as "something different," it would have wound up in a waste basket.

Black makes up his own mind. A sponsor for a program wanted a singer, so Black picked one. But the sponsor had been listening to claims of greatness made by a dozen agents. So he and his cohorts listened to 30 other singers. After he finished hearing (Continued on page 47)
Jean Noble

REMEMBER Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, the “Two Trouper-ers” on NBC, New York? . . . And Marcella married . . . Helene went to California . . . She found this beautiful girl, Jean Noble, for a new partner on KFI . . . And let this be a warning to all men—

Sir, don’t be mean
And intervene
Or come between
Our friend, Helene
And her friend, Jean.
Today the high, semi-circular balconies of the Metropolitan Opera House embrace the country from New York to San Francisco. Tuxedo Park, Mo., and Newport, Ark., sit in the Golden Horseshoe. Metropolitan Opera has become the regular fare of the radio public throughout the land.

When the nation's leading opera company went on the air for the first time in its history on Christmas Day, 1931, over a nationwide network of the National Broadcasting Company, there was some question as to whether or not the plan would prove a success.

Today all doubt has been removed. After a year's experience, M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, and the officials of the Metropolitan Opera Company, have enthusiastically commenced the second season of broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House. During the coming winter regular Saturday afternoon programs, supplemented by holiday and special occasion broadcasts, will bring portions of every opera in the Metropolitan repertory to the radio audience.

Lily Pons's clear soprano, Lawrence Tibbett's brilliant performances, the mighty music of Wagner's "Ring," and the voices of Ponselle, Bori, Ljungberg, Kappel, Rethberg, Martinelli, Scotti, and de Luca in the world's greatest musical masterpieces, previously the fare of a few favored persons in the country's largest cities, are now available to all, just as much as the doings of Amos 'n Andy, the songs of Rudy Vallee and Ed Wynn's stories about his horse.

Metropolitan opera came to the home-listener, however, only after a long wait, filled with many disappointments for broadcasters who aspired to put the famous organization on the air. Great stars from the stage and moving pictures went into radio. Leading state-men made regular use of the networks. Celebrated concert artists, and even members of the Metropolitan's own company, sang for the microphone. But officials of the company would not hear of the Metropolitan going on the air.

Successful operas were given from broadcasting studios. The Chicago Civic Opera Company, next in importance to the Metropolitan, inaugurated broadcasts from its stage, and continued them year after year. Still the Metropolitan refused to recognize the artistic capacity of the microphone.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who has piloted the Metropolitan to its position at the top of the nation's operatic organizations and now is rounding out his 25th year as its general manager, and his assistant, Edward Ziegler, are cautious and conservative men. For years they questioned the technical perfection of radio. They were afraid that broadcasting would not do justice to the beauty of their music.

At last, however, O. B. Hanson, NBC manager of technical operation and engineering, succeeded in removing their fears in this regard, and on Christmas afternoon, 1931, "Hansel and Gretel" was broadcast to the nation from the stage of the Metropolitan. The following week brought a series of Saturday afternoon broadcasts to continue throughout the season.

"Beautiful Christmas gift to music lovers of the world," telegraphed Nikolai Sokoloff, director of the Cleveland Orchestra, and musical critics and authorities throughout the country echoed his comment. Patrons who had held boxes in the opera house for years breathed a sigh of relief when they entered, and found no changes or alterations in their beloved opera house.

Many boxholders had expected to see the auditorium littered with broadcasting equipment, the artists half hidden from the audience by microphones. Instead they found everything just as it had been before the broadcasts, for there is very little evidence in the auditorium that the performance is being heard beyond the walls of the opera house.

Two engineers and an announcer sit quietly in a box in one of the upper tiers, nothing but the earphones over their ears and a small black control box on a table in front of them to indicate that they are other than members of the matinee audience. Otherwise the box they occupy is furnished just like a score of other boxes in the same tier.

When the announcer is on the air he steps behind the engineers into the ante-room, which is separated from the box by a sound-proof glass door instead of the usual drapery. From this point of vantage, with his microphone out of sight of everyone in the auditorium, he watches the stage through the glass door and talks to the vast radio audience without danger of being overhead by adjacent box holders.

Two sets of microphones, hidden in either side of the footlights, and another microphone, unobtrusively suspended high above the orchestra and well out of line of vision, complete the broadcasting arrangements which Gerard Chatfield, technical art director of the radio company, and the man who put
the first Chicago Civic Opera on the air; has worked out for the Metropolitan.

Despite the success of the first attempts, however, all was not clear sailing in regard to broadcasts from the Metropolitan. Time remained to tell how the radio audience would receive the operatic program, and what effect broadcasting would have within the Metropolitan Opera Company itself.

It was feared that attendance at the opera house might suffer; that when listeners found how perfectly they could hear the broadcast music in their homes they would not take the trouble to go to the opera; and that decreased attendance might cripple the company's finances to the point where the quality of its productions would be endangered.

"I do not share this fear," Paul D. Cravath, chairman of the board of directors of the opera company, declared, however. "I believe that interest in opera will be so stimulated by broadcasting that listeners will flock in such numbers to the opera house—where they can see as well as hear opera—that we will have to build a new and bigger opera house to hold them."

Cravath was right, and evidence began to accumulate with the first broadcast. The attendance at the Metropolitan on Christmas night, following the afternoon broadcast of "Hansel and Gretel," was greater than it had been on any Christmas night in years. Throughout the remainder of the Metropolitan's first season on the air, new faces were seen in the audience in ever-increasing numbers.

Nor, at the end of the first season of broadcasting, was there any question as to how the radio audience would receive the Metropolitan Opera Company. Thousands of letters to the National Broadcasting Company and to the opera company testified to the enthusiasm with which vast audiences welcomed the very best in music.

Veteran opera lovers, whose residence away from the big cities kept them from enjoying their favorite artists; lonely housewives on the western plains, who had never had an opportunity to hear the works of the masters; and school children, eager to hear the music of the great composers whose names they had learned; wrote to echo the Cleveland conductor's Christmas telegram.

Now, with the resumption of broadcasts for the second season, opera regularly is at the command of millions of Americans for the first time. An entirely new audience, heretofore unfamiliar with opera, lies within the reach of the radio speaker. Far from decreasing attendance at the opera house, those in authority at the Metropolitan and NBC feel that broadcasting may be the incentive to an operatic revival in the United States.

"I cannot help but feel that a new and wider interest in opera must be the outcome of our efforts," the NBC president, M. H. Aylesworth, said. "Radio may be the instrument of an operatic renaissance that will stimulate the building of more new and modern opera houses. Not only will New York and Chicago profit, but longer tours by the leading companies, with appearances in the local theatres throughout the country, seems a logical consequence of radio opera in the millions of American homes."

That this revival of interest created last year had more than a temporary effect was obvious from the opening of the new season this year. Instead of long rows of empty seats it was found on the morning of the opening day that only fifty of the 3,600 seats were left for last-minute purchasers.

For the first time since the days of Enrico Caruso a man was to have the leading role at an opening performance. The man was Lawrence Tibbett in the Verdi opera, "Simon Boccanegra."

Tibbett had received a great deal of radio publicity through his Firestone programs last year, and his new commercial programs are under way with the same sponsor again this year.

The first opera to be broadcast was "Lakme." Absence of Dennis Taylor as commentator brought various reactions from the radio audience in the way of mail. Milton Cross, the announcer, presented a synopsis of the story of the opera.

On December 17, the first full-length opera was broadcast over the NBC-WJZ network. It was Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and consumed practically the entire afternoon. The cast was as follows: Donna Anna—Rosa Ponselle
Don Giovanni—Enzo Pinza, bass
Don Pedro—Leon Rothier, bass
Octavio—Tito Schipa, tenor
Donna Elvira—Maria Muserle, soprano
Zerlina—Edith Fleischer, soprano
Leporello—Tanceredi Pasero, bass
Masetto—Louis d'Angelo, baritone

The opera, of course, was picked up in its entirety from the stage in the course of the regular presentation. Tullio Serafin conducted the orchestra.

With the manifested appreciation for this kind of music and radio entertainment broadcasters feel that the trend is distinctly on the up-bound, a condition that will effect a new kind of creative effort in American musical composition and art.
By Miriam D. Light

By THIS time you doubtless have acquired the Thursday night Maxwell House Showboat habit. It has been coming to you regularly at 9 o'clock EST, since the beginning of October over a WJZ network, keyed out of the NBC studios in New York. Showboat is one of the distinct radio hits of 1932. In fact it should go down in history as the first of a series of super-productions along the same line, culminating in the Five Star Theatre, which goes out five nights a week and uses both NBC and CBS.

On these two pages you see a few of the leading characters of this great radio production. There really are 60 in the cast. But this will give you an idea of who's who if you really have become a regular listener. And then there a lot of people who work on this program whose names and voices you never will hear. In fact there is one very clever and amiable young woman who acts a part, and her name is never mentioned because it would spoil the built-up illusion of the show if the fact of her part was known to the average listener. You would recognize her name as the star in many another radio production if it were revealed to you here. But she is a good little trouper, and although she may make you cry, or make you laugh, her own personality is completely submerged. And there's a man who plays an unannounced part, and he also is an artist of distinction.

So the Showboat has many important things going on behind the scenes to make it a great production, and to make the names of those who are known to shine with even a greater lustre. The Showboat is in the hands of a very capable crew, and everybody connected with it is able, efficient and fully competent. A great deal of credit for its success should properly go to Edmund B. "Tiny" Ruffner, the production manager. "Tiny" is so small that most people come all the way up to the level of his Adam's apple. This Showboat is the biggest thing he ever tackled, and he is giving it the best he has in him. It has to be good.

Lanny Ross, the hero, too is riding to fame and glory on the Showboat. It is giving him the opportunity he has long deserved, and to which he is entitled. Although he plays a character part, he still retains his own name of Lanny Ross. His sweetheart, the captain's niece, Betty Lou, is impersonated by Miss Audrey Marsh whom you see leaning over the rail there beside the captain. She has a fine voice for the part and Lanny does not find it hard to sing to her with a touch of sentiment. After all, if a fellow is going to sing love songs to a girl, even if it is only in play, she ought to have an appeal for him, and Audrey has it; not only for Lanny but for her listeners in the radio audience.

The cute little lass in the picture beside Lanny is Annette Hanshaw, "the
soubrette" of the Showboat show. She twinkles in a little spot almost by herself as the blues singer. She is well known at home and abroad in that capacity. And it’s an absolute fact that the Prince of Wales has placed a standing order for every record on which she sings. Her records sell like hot cakes in England—and they are a little hot at that, if you mean some of those more recent ones.

Now you take Cap’n Henry—he’s the one that makes them all walk the plank, but not like the old pirates did. It would be more to the point to say he is the one that makes them "tread the boards," because he is the boss of the show. A genial, lovable "Uncle Henry" to "Mary Lou." And he’s just like that off stage, too. The part, as you doubtless know, is taken by that greatly admired veteran of the footlights, Charles Winniger—and don’t you ever dare leave out that "n" and call him "Winniger." Let’s call him Charley, everybody else does. Charley is one of those kind of persons the mayor or somebody is always appointing to do things for other people. Just now he is chairman of the stage division of the Citizens’ Unemployment Relief Committee of New York. And his manager, Pete Mack, is chairman of the stage division of Long Island. And they are both putting on drives to fight back the despair that confronts so many unemployed—especially among the theatrical people—these dubious days.

It was Jules Bledsoe, the famous colored baritone, who started those amazing song-skits you hear on the Showboat program. His portrayal of the frantic negro in search of his lost Chloé—through "the smoke and flame" was sensational. That is one of the things that keeps the Showboat so fascinating. To dramatize the songs, and act out the characters, gives a vividness to the impression that will last a lifetime. The listening audience sent in a hurricane of applause notes. Then came the dramatization of "Poor Pierrot" from "The Cat and the Fiddle." A sparkling gem in a brilliant setting. And in this particular program there was an especially dramatic climax at the finish where Mary Lou decides to stay on the boat with her foster mother rather than to go to New York with her real father.

There probably is no finer aggregation of colored singers than the Hall Johnson choir. Sometimes they come to the studio in plantation costumes to sing their plantation songs. Hall Johnson with alert gestures and sinuous fingers seems to electrify each singer to an ecstasy of vocal fervor.

Molasses 'n' January, portrayed by Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, are two of the funniest coon characters on the air, no foolin’. They were very successful in New York over WOR as Pick and Pat. It’s hardly fair to compare them with any other blackface team, although the nearest semblance might be that of the Two Black Crows. Moran and Mack.

Don Voorhees and his orchestra, who supply the musical background, also

"Chloe! Chloe!" Can’t you almost hear Jules Bledsoe calling that piteous cry—just as he sang it in that thrilling dramatic version you heard over the air from the Showboat?

Boat

(Continued on page 31)
It's Always
NEW YEAR'S EVE
at
Lew White's Studio

By MARK QUEST

WANT a grand time some evening? Find somebody to take you up to Lew White's studio on Broadway, just above Times Square, where the lights are the brightest of anywhere in the world. Go into that marble hall, let Joe, the elevator boy, take you up to the top floor, and then angle across the hall to a little door that opens into Lew White's studio. And you'll be surprised!

Lew is a regular. He entertains handsomely and frequently. A mild, quiet-spoken, undersized, pleasant in manner and usually smiling, he's a great artist, one of the finest pipe organists in the world but it doesn't worry him much. He enjoys himself and the society of others.

There's an office at the left, as you enter, with flat-top desk, files, typewriter, secretary, and all the necessary appurtenances for business—just as though he were a regular business man—but his friends are never bothered about his business. If once you are inside the door to Lew White's studio you are a guest, and are being entertained. You may never even see the office, but just walk right around it to the reception room, which is off the foyer, and separated from the recital room by a window. You may lounge in a comfortable seat and see the musicians, an orchestra, or just Lew and a few singers playing for an audience that extends far across the country.

There are two pipe organs, and two consoles in this studio. If Lew wants a fellow artist to perform with him he has all the necessary accommodations for double pipe organ work.

Many of the most famous entertainers in the world have performed for camera and microphone in the Lew White studios. All the "Organologues" you have seen in the movie theatres have been made there. You may remember some of them, such as Harry Richman, Lew White and Norman Brokenshire in "I Love a Parade". Singin' Sam, Tasty Yeast Jesters, Street Singer, Sid Gary, the Four Eton Boys; and as these lines are written preparations are under way to make a "short" there with Sophie Tucker as the star.

Amusing incidents have happened that could fill a book in the telling. One of the most interesting occurred some time ago when Andy Sanella and a hot dance orchestra were playing, and Dick Robertson was singing for an NBC broadcast. There were windows that open onto a roof. Sometimes street noises come up from below when there is unusual clamor, although they are never loud enough to pass through the mike. In the midst of this program all heard the clang of fire engines. Soon there was a smell of smoke. It seeped into the studio beneath the door. There was a loud trample of boots in the hall and sound of axes smashing at walls. The smoke became so thick the artists had to put handkerchiefs over their faces. But the program was not interrupted, and none of the radio audience knew what was going on. As the program ended (with "Turn on the Heat"), by curious coincidence the firemen were already cutting through the wall to the organ chamber.

"Don't, please don't do that!" Lew pleaded with frantic alarm.

"There's a fire and the place is burning up," said the firemen.

They asked if he was insured. He was amply insured, but he could not bear to see his precious pipes mangled by fire axes. Fortunately the principal damage was confined to the adjoining building, and the studio, which savors nightly of that gay holiday spirit of New Year's Eve, was saved from serious harm.

Recently quite a crowd of us went up there—the night Nellie Revell had Lew for her guest artist on the "Voice of Radio Digest" program. We learned a lot about Lew none of us had ever known before. It took Nellie herself to make us all congenial and sociable—she has that way about her. So the fun was on before the program, during the program, and after she said her usual "I'll NBCin' you."

Draped over the chairs and lounges in the reception room, and "reception" means where you get your sound reception from what goes on in the recital room were an assortment of entertainers and writers. Art Daly, the NBC production manager, gave us the signal that all was ready and there came Lew. He slid over on his bench and began fingering the keys. Dreamy, lazy music floated out of the console. Then we heard a familiar voice.

"Let's go into the conservatory." That was Nellie.

George Hicks, the announcer, answered her. Apparently Lew hadn't noticed he had visitors. He kept on playing to himself—and then suddenly he turned around. Well, it was all just as though they had not rehearsed it half a dozen times only an hour before.

"Where do you want to sit?" asked Lew, "in that arm chair or up here on the organ?"

"Guess I'll sit on the organist." Nellie answered.

JEAN REINHARDT, the slim young black-eyed pianist who had been whispering to Mike Porter, the columnist, in the back of the room giggled out loud.

But now we were listening to what Nellie had to say about Lew.

"You know, the world and his wife come into Lew's studio," she confided to the WEA network audience. "They come to enjoy the music and to inspect the wonderful pipe organ—they say—but they never leave without sampling everything in his ice box. Every night is New Year's night at Lew White's studio! And I was wondering if all these people here tonight really came up to listen to the broadcast or to partake of the waffles that Lew serves after the broadcast."

A little later on she gave us the low down on Lew's age. He was born in Philadelphia in 1900. His dad was a violin teacher, and he had a hobby of collecting antique instruments. Lew might have followed the violin if he hadn't happened to grab up a valuable bow when he was a very small boy and given it a swish over a chair.
back causing the fragile bit of wood to break into a million splinters, so that it was practically ruined like the One Hoss Shay.

"So that’s how Lew became an organist,” said Nellie. ‘You can’t treat a fine old bow like that and expect to become a good fiddle player, reasoned the elder White. Lew was deprived of his violin.

But before he got to the organ Lew mastered the piano. Studied in the Philadelphia Musical Academy. He started playing in a nickelodeon and made fast progress. There was a Methodist church near where he lived and often he would hear the organ playing as he went by. One day he mustered up his courage to ask the pastor if he could practice a little on the organ. Incidentally he had, in the meantime, continued up the ladder until he had a well-paying position as pianist at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel.

He was ashamed to let his fellow musicians think he was interested in a pipe organ for in those days pipe organs were associated with churches only. So, when the pastor had consented for him to use the organ in return for playing on special church occasions, he kept the matter to himself. He fell head over heels in love with this great instrument. One day he pulled out all stops and gave it the works. The sexton came running up from the basement all excited and wondering where all the melody was coming from. He told Lew he never had dreamed the organ could produce such volumes and abundance of sound.

That settled it. Lew was all hot for the organ from that time on and took up a course of special study at the University of Pennsylvania. In six months he was playing the most intricate of classical compositions. He yearned for one of the bigger and better organs. Came a day when he went to play at the Willard Hotel, in Washington, and he had to pass a theatre where one of the very latest organs had just been installed.

The organist at the console did not seem to know what all the new gadgets were for—the rex humana and all that. Lew asked to take a try at it. The manager rushed down to see him and said that he must come to play the organ regularly. Lew said he couldn’t break his contract at the Willard. Then it was arranged that he would play at the theatre during off hours.

It was a heart breaking schedule that kept young Mr. White busy jumping back and forth for nine months between the Willard and the Metropolitan theatre. As a result of this experience he was made an amazing offer by the Stanley amusement company and that was how he got into the big money class.

A few of these facts are supplemental to those related by Miss Revell as we sat there listening to her. She told about his making records for the Brunswick company and finally how he became chief organist at the Roxy theatre in New York. He also has been made chief organist at Radio City.

"Lew White is five feet four,” said Nellie, in conclusion, “weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair plastered back like my own, wears quiet clothes. While he has a keen sense of humor, he is serious, sympathetic and kind, highly sensitive and rather credulous. Has been on NBC for five years.”

His sympathetic understanding has a great deal to do with his successful interpretation of musical moods through the organ. After the program had ended and a few of us were gathered in the conservatory while other members of the party were scattered over the place he sat down to play Ferde Grofé’s "Knute Rockne Suite”. Ferde, himself, had gone up to the studio loft where the famous icebox of which Nellie had spoken had been opened for exploration.

In a moment all the gay chatter and singing had ceased. The guests crowded

(Continued on page 48)
INCREIBLE
Rip!

By Richard Hyman

CAN you picture the Mayor of Scarsdale, N. Y., or Peoria, Illinois, wearing a crown, ordering troops about, collecting taxes, beheading subjects and appointing envoys, councilors and other dignitaries of state?

Robert L. (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley, recently returned from an extensive trip to distant lands to gather material for his forthcoming National Broadcasting Company programs.

The little countries visited by Ripley were the Vatican State, Goust, Tavolara, San Marino, Andorra, the Balearic Islands (Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza), Corsica, Albania and Monaco, where the famous city of Monte Carlo is located.

The Vatican State, although one of the smallest independent states of the world is of course the best known, because for centuries it has been the sovereign residence of the Papal rulers of the world.

In these little monarchies and republics, Ripley has uncovered amazing facts and believe-it-or-nots.

Let's hop aboard with Ripley and visit these places to discover to our amazement, believe-it-or-not, that:

The Vatican state is the smallest independent state of the world... it could be entirely gold plated with 100 ounces of gold... it has only one Negro citizen and one American born woman, the niece of a priest, employed in the Vatican... the only political refuge is a dog... street cleaners from Rome require passports on entering the Vatican gates for work... the Vatican has the smallest railroad in the world... It's 300 feet long.

Next we go to Goust, the second smallest state of the world situated in the lower Pyrenees to find to our amazement that:

There are but twelve houses in Goust... About twelve families in the entire state... the 70 citizens are governed by a council of elders... and 98 per cent of the residents live to be 100 years old or more.

Then we make our way to Tavolara and find that the island kingdom was created one day by King Charles Albert of Sardinia, who was drunk one day and deeded the land to a lobster fisherman.

Next we go to San Marino. The country is 32 square miles... elections are held in a church... only two coins have ever been minted, and they are still in use... Two pictures of American presidents hang in the Government house, but no one in San Marino knows who.

Let's skim through these other countries where to our amazement we find that in Andorra the seat of government is in a remodelled stable... visitors are initiated by wearing the president's tri-cornered hat which was made in New York... and two men periodically travel to France and Spain for the country's mail.

In the Balearic Islands we find other strange facts. In Mallorca there is a tax on store signs... the military march is Wagner's "The Last Supper"... a night watchman announces his hours with a horn.

In Corfu married women encircle their heads with long braids of hair. In Yugoslavia a mysterious river originates from nowhere. The average man in Corsica is 7 feet tall... dead men are buried sitting on their horses held up by twigs.

In Monte Carlo no hymn is ever sung bearing a number less than 37... this prevents gambling on hymn numbers... People who work in Monaco, including actors, are not allowed in the Casino.

And all that is true, as Ripley found out, believe-it-or-not.
Nothing like this has happened to us for a long, long time. Like most good things, it happened suddenly, and Nino Martini was signed by Columbia.

The moment his voice came flooding into our living rooms, he was welcome. Even addicts to popular music forgave his operatic intrusion upon the airwaves, for his voice held such a treasure of beauty and warmth that it quite made up for the usual diet of syncopation. And those of us who had complained bitterly we hadn't enough of Good Music, and treasured carefully the heavenly moments spent with Toscanini, the Philadelphia orchestra, Damrosch, Ernest Hutheson and Howard Barlow, as oases in a drab desert, were entranced. We sat rigidly in our living rooms and planned to be rude to anybody who spoke while it went on.

We were further delighted to hear from Julius Seebach at Columbia that he would sing for us twice a week, each Tuesday and Thursday at 11:30 p.m., arias from an extensive repertoire of Italian, French, Spanish and English compositions. And Julius Seebach added, "Beyond a doubt Nino Martini has one of the most beautiful voices it has ever been my privilege to hear. Like the great Caruso, he does more than vocalize; he dominates the arias he sings."

Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy, and his father was custodian of the legendary tomb of Shakespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet. Nino Martini has "made fair advantage of his days—his years but young, but his experience old." The brilliant young Italian tenor, only twenty-eight years old, already counts outstanding successes in operatic and concert appearances in this country and abroad, numerous movie shorts, full length pictures, and radio performances, among the triumphs of his budding career.

The beautiful Campo Fiera, which houses the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, was his playground. As a small boy, sports were his love, and he excelled in them, star of the Verona rugby team, an expert gymnast, a crack bicyclist and one of the town's best horsemen—by far the most headlong and reckless—for everything Nino did, he did fast.

He discovered that he had a voice himself, though it was not in Nino's carefree plans to embark upon a musical career. But when it became noticed, it was no longer his own voice, to raise high and full when he felt like it—it was everybody's voice, and he was urged to cultivate it for everybody. To study music was somewhat of a sacrifice to the lackadaisical Nino, for the life of a music student is one of culture and discipline. That rigorous discipline and self-denial still prevails today, for Nino is obliged to give up tobacco, wine—even ice cream and iced drinks, because he has found them slightly detrimental.

The studious days began quite unexpectedly and firmly after he had received an audition from his compatriots, Giovanni Zenatello and Maria Gay, the teacher's wife. A native of Verona, Zenatello was a member of the La Scala Opera Company at the same time as Caruso. This same couple, beloved artists of the days when Hammerstein directed the Manhattan Opera, also were discoverers of Lily Pons and other Metropolitan stars.

The Zenatellos were immediately impressed with Nino's possibilities, and practically adopted him into their home as a son and an apprentice. He applied himself constantly from six in the morning, until his bedtime at 8 p.m. No more larks and harum-scaramus days, but quiet, small happinesses belonged to Nino now. At the end of one year, he was allowed to sing at charity concerts in Verona, but it was only after three years that the Zenatellos pronounced him ready for an operatic debut.

He was introduced through the opera "Rigoletto," and his success may be judged by the fact that an eminent impresario was so affected upon hearing him sing, that he thrust into his hands the score of "I Puritani," and pleaded with young Martini to set to work immediately to learn that brilliant opera of Bellini, which the composer had dedicated to the immortal tenor Rubini.

The impresario had a plan—a veritable "coup de theatre". Not since the great Rubini's death had "I Puritani" been sung in Italy in its original key, as there had been no tenors since his day capable of properly executing the stunning aria which attains D natural three successive times. Martini's success in it was overwhelming and led to a series of performances.

The run was interrupted solely for the reason that Martini had by a previous contract that called him to the Kursaal at Ostende, the famous watering place of Belgium, where only artists of the first rank are permitted to concertize. His first song there was answered by a thunder of applause, which continued half an hour. The audience insisted on an encore, by drum-taps of walking sticks and frantic cries of "Bis! Bis! Bravo! Bravo!" Martini scored at Ostende one of the greatest triumphs in years.

He returned to Italy, and sang for Toscanini at La Scala; but again recital contracts prevented him permanently joining the company. At a Paris recital he was heard by Jesse Lasky who signed him for performances in talking pictures.

In 1929, Martini was starred in five short pictures, filmed in the form of concert recitals. With his close friend, Maurice Chevalier, he was featured in "Paramount on Parade."

In August of 1930, Martini returned to Italy with his mentors, the Zenatellos, to prepare an extensive operatic rep

(Continued on page 48)
I T IS GOING to be very hard to draw a picture of Andrea Marsh, but I may as well begin by saying she is a Honey, and she looks just like she sounds—her face has the same soft and dreamy quality as her voice. I bet a nickel (no more) that numerous diarists of the cynical variety, listening to the wistful delivery of love songs, wonder what kind of a girl she really is. Others, looking at her picture, have said a little sourly, "You can't tell me she's only seventeen."

However, I can offer no better proof than that Andrea does everything possible to shroud her youth in sophistication, and does not utterly succeed. The first time I ever laid eyes on her was at the Penn Grille, and I took particular notice of her, as did everyone else. She wore a black dress, with something that glittered on the shoulders, and she took her place in the front row of Ted Weems band as nonchalantly as Jimmy Walker, jiggling one foot irresistibly in time to the music. I thought at the time that something was going on behind that automatic, impersonal smile of hers, and I discovered later I was perfectly right. Andrea likes to watch people, and enjoys snatches of conversation. She wishes she were "O. H. McIntyre, or somebody."

I asked her how she likes college men. "I think it's cute, the way they dance," admitted Andrea, "but I think they're giddy." (Andrea adores to dance, but she hasn't time these days.) "Giddy," I pondered, for I adore college men, and I saw no reason whatever why she shouldn't adore them too.

"I like older men best," said Andrea, "Of course not REALY old men. Not over twenty-four." I chuckled gently, and having passed the twenty mark myself I felt suddenly as if I had one foot in the grave.

"Andrea, what does your Ideal Man look like?"

"I don't know. I've never been in love."

I looked incredulous and slightly indignant.

"Really, no," she said, "I'd like to be in love. It's a little monotonous not getting excited about anybody. I never go out on dates now, or anything. I've heard so much about being in love, I'd really like to know what it is." I was silent. "They say it's marvelous," she added serenely.

"Yes," I said simply, "but aren't there any qualifications for an Ideal Man?"

"Blond," said Andrea (she herself

WHen a girl interviewer interviews a girl artist what do they talk about? Read 20-year-old Hilda Cole’s interview here with Adrea Marsh, 17 year old, who sings that sweet "Rock-a-by Moon" song on the gingerale boys which Fred Allen glorifies of a Sunday night. It’s on CBS.

is the materialization of brunette loveliness, with appealing, deep brown eyes. "And I'd have to hold him way above me. He'd have to be the boss, not me."

(Men, there is hope, there is hope for the chase of man.)

"Have you any ideas about people in love?" I questioned.

SHE looked doubtful, then suddenly inspired. "Well, I know a lot of people in love I think shouldn't be." Andrea's mother who is her stand-by, and chauffeurs her everywhere in their Ford, "Skippy" (because, according to Andrea "it just misses hitting everything"), suddenly spoke up out of a Sphinx-like silence.

"I think I know you better than you know yourself, Andrea," she interrupted, and then turned to me, "She likes men to have a sense of humor. Andrea has one herself, and if people don't catch on to things, it irritates her."

There was a slight pause, during which Andrea buried her face in her fur collar, like an ostrich. Evidently, she wasn't enjoying the prosecution much.

"She likes babies, too," said Mrs. Marsh. Andrea did not deny this. "She likes to hug them when she sees them in carriages."

For some obscure reason, this reminded me of puppies. I asked her if she liked dogs.

"Wire-haired terriers," she said, "not Pekinese. I think they're terribly lazy."

"Tell me what you think of this business. Hasn't it disillusioned you?"

"Some," admitted Andrea. "You don't have many real friends, I mean, and these people who flatter you generally have something up their sleeve."

"Beware the Greeks bearing gifts." (And if this is a misquote, who cares?) Andrea likes clothes, especially hats and shoes. The hat she wore nearly slew me with jealousy.

"Do you have lots of things to wear?"

"Enough," said Andrea, firmly.

Andrea loves to ride horseback. She doesn't have time now. Apropos to my question of whether she'd had any amusing experiences, she said. "Well, I fell off a horse once, down South. Everybody seemed to think that was funny. I didn't!"

All of a sudden, when she'd been asked how it felt at seventeen to be featured with Ted Weems at the Penn, and starred in the Canada Dry over Columbia network, she said, "I think it's thrilling, but it makes trouble. Music publishers think you're getting high hat just because you can't push their songs, and get down on your knees to them. I haven't much to do with the songs I sing, but they think that's an alibi, and they tell me I can't afford to be snooty. This makes me mad. Because if it's anything I hate, it's affected women that pretend to be what they aren't, and if there's anything that's poisonous, it's a big head in this business."

I asked her who her favorite singer is. "Mildred Bailey," said Andrea, "and I don't care if she isn't on your network." (I am a rooter for CBS—and we both made a face at each other.)

In finlity, I learned that Andrea has never studied music. It looks like Greek to her, or Chinese, or something. Her very pet dream is to design and build a log cabin in the mountains.

She consulted her watch and jumped up wild-eyed.

"I've got to be at work at six," she gasped, "and I've got to get dressed formally before then, so I must go."

And she vanished, like a slender apparition through the door.
THIS IS ANDREA—the exquisite Andrea Marsh who sings so deliciously at those dreamy interludes and postludes of the Fred Allen gingeral divertissement on CBS of a Sunday night. Andrea is only seventeen but if you don’t think she is sophisticated just ask her and see what she says.
NOW when Carson Robison and his Pioneers, consisting of himself, Miss Pearl Pickens, John Mitchell and Bill Mitchell, set out from the American shore to visit London, the main idea was that they were to make records—because the English people have a great fondness for the gramophone.

Well sir, they hadn’t more than got off the boat and paid their first visit to the recording studios when a smart English booking agent landed on them like a mountain cat leaps on a spring calf, and he dragged them over to one of the swankiest spots in town—the Berkley Hotel.

“Now you go ahead and do your jolly old whoopee, or whatever it is, and let’s see what happens,” said the chap.

It was a right good piece of change the fellow offered so Carson said he guessed it would be all right and away they went!

Well, you should have seen those English swells sitting around at the tables. They pricked up their ears, haughty dames gawped over their lorgnettes, and soon one old lady joined in a live song and shouted right out, “Whoopee!” Others looked startled but they soon got over their surprise and joined in the fun. It turned into a riot of applause for Carson and the bunch.

The lords and the ladies and the dukes and all the gay dogs stormed around and wanted to be American hillbillies. They didn’t know what hillbillies looked like, but they had a fair idea about cowboys, so the Pioneers dressed up like cowboys and a visiting American who saw and heard them said they must be some sort of a combination—so he called them “Cowbillies”.

They were the talk of London. They were hustled about from one show spot to another, and everywhere they went they seemed to strike popular fancy. People whistled their songs and echoed their colloquialisms. But they did not forsake the Berkley, where the smart set had been the first to recognize them. Recording companies would not let them rest and they broke precedent by going on the records for more than one concern. In fact during the comparatively short time they were there they finished 67 records.

Besides that they appeared on programs at the British Broadcasting company four times. Here again precedent was broken. Programs over the BBC are set six weeks in advance and rarely is the schedule changed in that interim. Each of the four appearances meant a cancelled program in favor of the American “cowbillies.”

They bewitched the younger set. Denis Conan Doyle, and Adrian Conan Doyle, sons of the late novelist, followed the Americans to their rooms and talked about the Wild West.

“And do you ever read that terrible stuff in the cheap novels and pulp magazines of the Wild West?” asked Adrian Conan Doyle of Robison one night.

“Certainly I read them,” Robison replied, “why not?”

“Well, I’m glad to hear you say you do,” Doyle replied. “I’m passionately fond of them.”

They found mutual friends in such authors as H. Bedford Jones, McLeod and Will James and many other writers of Western life. The American magazines of Wild West stories have bigger vogue in England than they do in the United States.

Prince George and the Prince of Wales watched the Cowbillies perform.

(Continued on page 25)
Chandu
the
Magician

The color of far-away places, strange peoples—the color of rare and original characterization—the color of suspense, action, quick change—all contribute to the irresistible spell which the "Chandu" mystery drama casts over all who listen to it. And what a host of followers this thrilling story has won! The sponsors, Beech-Nut Packing Company, have been literally swamped with letters since the program first went on the air early this year—letters mounting into the hundreds of thousands.

King of Magic they call the clever Chandu, and as he extricates himself and the Regent family from the internal plots of his enemies, he reveals far more than mere common sense. Gayne Whitman, in the title role, has made Chandu a living, breathing personality, a character of flesh and blood—but—and here's the secret of his fascination—a character with an occult sense. Mr. Whitman's superb work largely explains why the listener feels as well as hears the "Chandu" story.

The Princess Nadji of Celeste Rush is another masterpiece of characterization. "Chandu" fans who remember this charming actress' amusing roles in RKO moving picture comedies or her performance opposite Warner Baxter in "Romance of the Rio Grande" will be amazed at her versatility. It is a consummate test of acting ability for a "Westerner" to capture and interpret the weird mysticism of the far East as Miss Rush has done.

The presence of an American family in "Chandu" provides that essential of good drama—contrast. Margaret MacDonald, Robert Bixby and Betty Webb, who take the roles of the Regent mother and children, are old favorites in stage and radio circles. They make you live through their hair-raising escapes and mysterious maneuvers as the story moves from one adventurous episode to another.

To assure a proper atmosphere for "Chandu," sound effects are continually employed. How these effects are produced is very much of an old story, for the studio factotums responsible for them have not hidden their secrets. But some people may not know of the care which must be taken to prevent the new dynamic "mike" from catching sounds which have no place in a performance.

The Tale is abroad that during the playing of one of Beech-Nut's programs an explosion boomed in two different parts of the script when it should have occurred only once. Afterwards the sound effects man emphatically declared he had been responsible for but one explosion, which of course did not satisfy the program monitor who had perfectly good ears. Finally, one of the actors spoke up. Sure enough he had dropped a pin during that part of the script when no explosions were desired. A fine program ruined—all because of a dropped pin! But—maybe it is only fair to add that the pin in question was a rolling pin, due to provide the sound of a moving tractor during a later program.

While on the subject of sound effects, it will be a surprise to many to learn that Celeste Rush, mentioned above, is the person responsible for those shrill vocalizations of the famous Mickey Mouse. It's a far cry from mimicry of human animal voices to the portrayal of an exotic Oriental siren, isn't it?

As a successful commercial program on discs Chandu probably takes first place, judging from the amazing demand for the free magic tricks that are offered by the sponsor at the conclusion of each broadcast.

At least, listeners like it so well that thousands of them nightly take out pen and paper and write in to their station. Quite a novelty, Beech-Nut's giving away these fascinating tricks—the multiplying billiard balls, the Hindu cones, Ching Ling Soo coin trick, and the rest! Grown-ups are as keen to get them as are the children.

Cowbillies
(Continued from page 24)
at the Derby Ball. The Marchioness of Salisbury complimented them and invited them to a private party at Loddonderry House where the Duke and Duchess of York were the guests of honor. They appeared at private parties for Lady Barron, Lady Weigall and Princess Obolinsky and others.

And it was while they were whooping their way around London in this gay fashion that a representative of the Barbasol company came across them, recognized their popularity and told Carson Robison to look him up as soon as he came back to America.

This resulted in the "cowbillies" going on the NBC network as the "Barbasol Roundup" via WEAF every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 7:30.
Cherokee Beauty

Lovely Lee Wiley is Proud of Her Indian Blood—Wins Success three Months from Day She Left Oklahoma

By George H. Corey

LAST autumn a girl from a little town in Oklahoma, visiting New York, was taken to the Central Park Casino. It was her first time inside a smart New York night club. She gazed with excitement at the couples whirling smoothly over the floor. On the orchestra platform Leo Reisman and his boys propelled the dancers with hushed notes of syncopation. The dim lights, the music and the soft autumn breeze had the effect of magic upon the girl from Oklahoma.

From childhood she had been singing and now she dreamed of herself as really a part of this setting. The dancers became dim and even the music was hardly audible as her mind carried her deeper into the realm of imagination. She was awakened from her dreaming with a start when her escort gently touched her arm and said, “Lee, I want you to meet my friend, Leo Reisman, the leader of the orchestra.” He then introduced the girl to Reisman and added, “Lee, I want you to sing for Mr. Reisman tonight. I think he should hear you.”

Was her face red! She tried to protest, but what started in her throat as words ended in stammered bits of nothing. She couldn’t talk. Before she could collect herself she was poised alongside the big piano in the deserted porch wing of the Casino. Reisman ran his fingers over the dusty keys and broke into the melody of “My Man,” playing in a low key.

In the quiet of the empty room her smooth, deep voice brought a new note of plaintiveness to the old song. A small group of listeners exchanged glances in silence as they communicated the feeling aroused within them by her voice. They seemed to forget they were listening to a singer. It was more like one telling a story—something that came from the heart and was told in rhythm. Then came the end of the song and the listeners relaxed from the tension that had gripped them while the girl sang. Reisman sat motionless before the piano, his eyes focused upon her.

Two weeks later Lee Wiley made her first radio appearance on the Pond’s program, singing choruses with Leo Reisman’s orchestra. She continued in this part until this fall, when Lee gave her a more prominent position on the program.

Though it has been a long trek from her birthplace, Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, a former Indian defense outpost, to New York, Lee admits with a shrug of her shoulders that she made the jaunt quickly. Though she had sung for many years, beginning first in the village Sunday school at Fort Gibson and later in concerts in Tulsa and Muskogee, she had never thought of herself as a radio artist. She admits that no one was more surprised than Lee Wiley when she found herself singing over the air.

Miss Wiley half boastfully admits of being a fourth Cherokee Indian. The rest is just plain American. Coming from a family of teachers, both mother and father teaching in the Oklahoma State Normal College, Lee says she would probably have followed their footsteps if she hadn’t developed as a singer.

Something Lee never learned in school was how to sing a ballad of love in that infectious style that makes her seem to feel very deeply the emotions suggested by the words. Maybe this came naturally to her, but the manner in which she projects the amorous vibrations of her voice through the microphone is radio art in its most effective form.

This little girl who tells stories in song over the air lives in an apartment in the upper fifties in New York, close to the NBC Fifth Avenue studios. The whole apartment is decorated in pure white, touched here and there with bits of scarlet. At a tiny piano in one corner of her living room this pretty songstress may often be seen for hours at a time writing her own musical compositions. “South in My Soul” is one of hers and now she is working on one to be known as “Anytime, Any Day, Anywhere.” You will soon hear it on the air.

When not writing music or reading Lee’s likely to be found cantering around the bridle path in Central Park. She has her own horse, and coming from the country where men are men and the women ride horses she is right at home on the back of her animal.

Lee’s transformation from the modest little girl living in the upper fifties, to her studio personality, marks a contrast worthy of any legitimate stage actress. The carefree, laughing manner so characteristic of her away-from-the-microphone-personality is shed like a cloak the moment she approaches the broadcasting studio. Every normal feature of the Cherokee songstress becomes tense and every suggestion of the happy-hearted girl from Oklahoma vanishes.

An air of smouldering quiet comes over her. Her youthful face is transformed into sleek, Dietrich-like planes of tension. Her movements become slower and more deliberate, as she walks over the dark, sound absorbing carpets covering the studio floor. Her greeting to the boys in Leo Reisman’s orchestra is strained and formal, as though she were behind a glass partition, as one of the boys put it. But they don’t mind it, for they know it is only a part of that strange self she will soon project over the air to her ever invisible audience.

For this one hour each week, Lee abandons the dozens of colorful frocks in her wardrobe and dons what she calls her “Mike dress.” Cape-like and of black velvet it drapes softly about her contrasting effectively with the firm whiteness of her face and neck.

The signal is given to stand by for the beginning of the broadcast. A hush comes over the studio and the orchestra players sit motionless, instrument poised for the first note of the program. Lee is standing close to her microphone, slightly huddled over a music stand. She seems to be riveted to the spot and from a side view gives the suggestion of a priest, in his black surplice, leaning over the pulpit.

The orchestra is nearing the end of its introduction, and the announcer is standing by. A soft, plaintive tone flows over the studio. Lee is singing.

If you ask Lee if she is nervous during the program she will reply with a shrug of her shoulders and an uplifted hand, from which dangles the torn shreds of a handkerchief, “One of these to a broadcast.” Carelessly she will flick the torn bit of chiffon to the floor and slip quietly out of the studio.
LITTLE did her Cherokee grandmother in a remote part of Oklahoma ever dream that this exquisite young woman would some day charm the entire nation with her songs. It was only a few months ago that Lee Wiley journeyed to New York, obtained an audition, and went on the air as soloist for Ponds over an NBC-WEAF network.
The ARCTIC LISTENS

By MARGARET HASTINGS

"HELLO the North!" I wonder how many people who listen in realize just what this phrase means to their far Northern neighbors. Most people get a "kick" out of hearing their names announced over the radio, but the Northerner tunes in, hoping to hear his name, for a far different reason. To him, it means a message from loved ones, news from home.

I am familiar with the "new" North: the Slave and Mackenzie River valleys. I do not know the older part of the North, around Hudson's Bay as I have never lived there, but am sure that conditions are much the same in both these remote districts.

Until 1930, mail was brought by steamer in Summer, and by dog team in Winter, from two to six mails a year, depending on the location of the settlement. Now it is brought by aeroplane approximately once a month, but in the Fall, during the season of freeze-up, and in the Spring, during the season of break-up, several months elapse in which the communication with the "outside," as we refer to civilization in the North is by radio.

Business communications and urgent personal messages are of course sent through the Government Wireless Stations, operated by the Royal Canadian Signals. They handle commercial business, connecting with land lines at Edmonton, Alta., and can assure the sender of delivery in any port which boasts a station. This service has been a great factor in the development of the Far North; but many of the smaller settlements which have no station and also the trappers out in the bush, rely on the broadcasting stations for all news. Even in the forts, everyone looks forward to Northern Broadcast Night as many personal messages, not important enough to warrant the expense of sending over the key may come through the couriers of the stations which provide this feature.

During the periods of "break-up" and "freeze-up" this broadcast is particularly appreciated. As the rivers afford the only highways (planes using skis in Winter and pontoons in Summer; never wheels), any mode of travel is impossible at these times. They are periods of complete isolation. The aeroplanes penetrate farther and farther North as the rivers tighten in the Winter or as the ice clears in the Spring. Last year a mail plane from the "outside" landed at Fort Simpson the same day the ice stopped running, but anxious as they are to bring the mail, the fliers cannot leave until they receive word that there is a safe landing. This information is furnished by the Royal Canadian Signals Radiotelegraph Service, which for a very nominal charge will also supply any pilot with complete and accurate weather reports taken by trained observers.

Speculation as to whether or not reception will be good starts the day before the Northern Broadcast. If the Northern Lights are brilliant—quivering curtains of color shooting across the sky—the night preceding the broadcast, a feeling of depression prevails as this gorgeous display of lights generally is an indication of very poor reception twenty four hours later; but if conditions seem favorable, any person possessing a radio set may expect friends to drop in to hear the broad-

Some excellent music is tuned in but it fails to compel the attention or hold the interest and the reason is apparent. It is nearly time for the Northern news. Everyone is expectantly waiting; watches are consulted frequently, and two or three sit at the table, pencils poised, ready to jot down messages as they come in. At last the announcement is made, and the first letter read is for Bill W. at Fort Liard. "Who is he, I don't think I know him," someone says. "Oh, of course you do: he is the policeman who went in last Summer." A message for Mr. L. at Great Bear Lake. "Oh be sure to get this; it's for Jim. He may not hear it, but we can take it down and send it on to him at the first opportunity." Another letter. "For you, Jack!" and all are elated at someone present being fortunate enough to receive a message.

So we listen eagerly, not prompted by curiosity but by interest and friendship. If the message contains good news, we rejoice; if it brings bad news, we grieve. All joys and sorrows are shared in the North. There are so few white people in all that vast area that we somehow feel like one big family, bound by ties which bring us much closer to each other, though separated by hundreds of miles, than friends would be "outside" in the hurry and competition of a busy world.

When the magic hour is over, we listen to music and perhaps dance to orchestras from big hotels. Who cares if the nearest theatre or any other place of amusement is over a thousand miles away with no railroad to bridge the distance? We can and do enjoy the splendid radio programs; music, lectures, stock and

(Continued on page 46)
For "INSTANTS"

By ARTHUR J. DALY

(NBC Production Manager)

In those halcyon days of not so very long ago when I was a student at college, I had the ill fortune to have a marked proclivity for tardiness. There was something in me which abhorred rushing into a classroom before things got started, even as nature abhors a vacuum. Just my luck then after a start like this, where minutes, even hours meant nothing, to come into radio which deals exclusively in time, and production work where minutes, and seconds, yes, even instants are of the utmost importance.

But this is not a treatise on broadcasting nor an exploitation of the functions of a production director therein. However, I am going to try to give a few slants on studio personalities and how they work. And may I say right here that although the microphone has no eyes, it is a great little personality catcher. When the attention is focused entirely on the voice, the microphone senses and knows without having to see or be told just how poised the artist is, just how much warmth the actor is radiating, just how sincere is a laugh or a tear.

A thing which has always been of great interest to me, is the psychology behind a good show. To some artists and actors there is never any psychological feeling to be overcome—they are just naturally "mike-conscious." To them it is neither a bug-a-boo nor yet a thing to be spoken down to—it is simply the mechanical means of helping them to get their ideas or artistry across to a great number of people. Such artists have a genuine regard for the great power of old man "mike" but they never allow it to hide their own personalities. It goes without saying that these are the really successful ones in radio.

But there are others, and their numbers are more legion, who somehow never seem to get on intimate terms with a microphone. They are continually holding it at arm-length or treating it as though it represented a paid audience that was supposed to appreciate whatever was deigned to be said to it. And this is true of many people who have scored heavily in other mediums such as the stage and the concert field.

Not apropos of the aforesaid but an interesting slant on how the mike affects some great artists, was the first appearance of Rosa Ponselle on the air. She finished her opening number and had five minutes before her next aria. She went out to the corridor behind the studio. I happened to come by and told her how beautiful her song had been. She said "Yes, but look at me" and held out both hands. They were trembling with as much agitation as though she were a schoolgirl about to make a graduation speech.

On daily dramatic shows the psychological factor plays a very important part. The very fact that for a part of every day the players are leading the life of the characters they portray, sometimes makes the transition a difficult one. Perhaps something in their own lives goes wrong and puts them in a low mood. There are many times like this when a script would suffer in the playing were it not for a timely joke or pleasant word to break the tension before going on the air.

In radio every night is a first night calling for the production of a new script. One has to be a trouper. There is no chance to let down.

Another factor affecting broadcasters psychologically is microphone position. Some cannot work if the microphone is an inch too high or too low for them. Some must be seated while they work, others must stand. In the old days there was no such thing as a "table-mike" and all were forced to stand. Since its innovation several years back it has won increasing favor with broadcasters. Floyd Gibbons as the "Headline Hunter" was one of the first to make regular use of this type microphone and now many others regularly use it—Heywood Broun always does. Two women broadcasters, whose personalities are otherwise as apart as the poles, namely Nellie Revell and Gertrude Berg (Mollie Goldberg to you), also have this mutual preference. Both are extremely "mike-conscious" and seem to be able to get about any idea they want to across "that old debil mike." It is interesting to note that both of these women broadcasters write their own material and as a result both have a much more sensitive touch in handling it than as though they had come to it "cold."

In general people who come to radio from the vaudeville or the legitimate stage have a much harder time getting acclimated than those who have adopted it as a first means of reaching an audience. One factor that seems to defeat many of these players and singers is that they forget that radio they are newcomers. They have established names in the older mediums and they are inclined to think that that will help to carry them along in radio. Unfortunately going at it from this viewpoint, many of them start at the top and work down, while real success in radio has to come to those who started simply and unostentatiously at the bottom.

The announcer plays an important though often underrated part in helping a show to click. The announcer sets the pitch of a show, and if he gets it off to a flying start with a well poised and punchy opening, the artists take the tempo and get into stride from the first word or the opening bar of music.

One of my favorite theories as to making a dramatic show register has to do with timing in the sense of the speed of playing. I have always felt that a radio show should be played (Continued on page 47)
The Editor's Chair

I N THIS issue of Radio Digest you will read something about the Five Star Theatre of the Air. It really represents a milestone in radio broadcasting—the consummation of a great many efforts directed toward a higher level of radio entertainment.

Editorial attention is called to this feature because in a way it embodies ideas proposed in these columns something over a year ago, when it was suggested that a large block of time should be taken over by some single interest to produce a "magazine of the air" with diversified features as suggested by a magazine. Floyd Gibbons was proposed as the editor.

Although that idea contemplated the use of four or five hours for a single evening's schedule, with all kinds of special and general interest features the Five Star Theatre cuts the block into five parts and spreads it over the week and two networks. The allusion to the magazine was carried to the extent of having certain musical programs to serve as illustrations, comely features for humor department, dramatized stories for short story fiction, and a serial story to continue from "issue to issue." These things are to be found in this ambitious—the most ambitious and significant program development of the year. The humor section comes at the beginning of the week with the Marx Brothers; fiction comes of a Tuesday with dramatized stories by popular authors, and the authors themselves to make the introductions in person. Then comes the serial on Friday night with Charlie Chan. The Aborn operettas provide the beautiful pictures. It's all good entertainment. Whether or not it is best to spread the series over five instead of doing it all in one evening is a question for debate. There are arguments both ways. Certainly a crackerjack schedule comprised as the Five Star could be placed on a period from 8 or 8:30 to 10 or 11 in one evening on one network and very likely catch nearly everybody that listens at one time or another. The same might be said that at least one of the half hours during the week would be apt to snag practically every listener at least once. Perhaps the strongest argument on the part of the advertiser is the claim that the scattered program would probably get over a broader plug.

THERE has been some talk experimenting in handling the commercial announcements. Count Felix Von Luckner did an excellent job of it, when he told how the Germans had worked out a chemical process during the war to improvise oil and then how this process had been put to use by the sponsor to produce a finer product here. In this regard the Five Star made another advance, which is worthy of notice because of the use of the commercial sales talk has been the slowest part of program development to make progress. It is absurd to side with the extremists who insist that the sponsor need only be identified by his card. You have to give him a better break than that for his money.

The general crudeness of the advertising plug is due, no doubt, to the perfectly natural instinct of the advertising agent to use the best display methods he can get for space—whether it be time or white paper—at his command. The entertaining angle is something new and a little vague to him. But when it comes to the ballyhoo that's right up his alley and he gives it the benefit of the best traditions of advertising. He is somewhat like the stage star taking his first dip in the ether wave. He knows his own stuff in his own element. He resents anybody telling him that he has to consider different psychological factors. He says adver-

tising is advertising whether he uses air or ink.

Here is where the American Plan of Broadcasting must stand the brunt of attack from its enemies. Here is where Achilles in Radio had better twist his shin guards around to his heels for there are plenty of people who know that vulnerable spot and are going to do their best to stick a knife in there.

Let's get together and cut out the crashing superlatives, the thudding challenge and loud whoops about ours being the "biggest" and the "greatest." Run through your mind some of those oft-repeated phrases that you have come to detest. In sheer spirit of revenge we'd like to spread them out here for you to point at with scorn. But if you named one, six or a hundred you'd be unfair because there are as many more just as bad. Radio entertainment is on the way up to higher levels, the commercial plug is dragging. Let's look at it from all sides, give the listener a chance to enjoy the program without dreading the barrage of extravagant self-praise; and, then, as listeners, let's not be too intolerant of the man who puts up the cash. He's new at a game that is itself still very young. He doesn't want to hurt your feelings, but he very justly wants you to know he is there behind the program and he'd like you to look at his wares. Some day he'll find a clever way of showing them to you through your ears that will give you a thrill, just by the mere act of exhibition. He'll show you and you'll really like it, and you'll swear because of it you'll give him your patronage. Don't expect too much all at once of a twelve-year-old. Growth and Progress are on the air.

The radio hecklers are already sitting on the steps at the Capitol in Washington, impatiently whetting their spears and twanging their bows while they demand that Congress shall again this year order another investigation of "radio in all its phases." Times are hard. Jobs are scarce. Radio is in demand. But you have to have something if you are going to ride along on the radio bandwagon. You have to have something besides a chisel and a yen for political potpie. Radio pays entertainers, business executives, writers, technicians, clerks, stenographers, page boys and elevator operators but it has nothing in itself for the sour mugs who hope to enrich themselves by wreck and plunder. The hecklers have lean ribs these days. They don't seem to fit anywhere, and pickin's are mighty poor. If they can put over a whopping big bureau to run the United States Broadcasting Department they will swim in the gravy. That's why they are sitting on the Capitol steps polishing their spears and twanging their bow strings—if they can only corral enough Congressmen!

LASt year it was Columbo and Crosby who were baritoneing at each other across the ether way from rival networks. This year it's Morton Downey and Donald Novis who will soon be tenoring together on the same NBC net and the same program. Everybody is asking why. Everybody is curious as to how it will work out. And that's just what the sponsors want—besides, maybe it isn't a bad idea after all to get a couple of rival tenors tripping over the same notes on the same microphone. And think of the talk it will make! Downey is already made, he'll have to hold his own against the comparatively new Mr. Novis who will be trying to out-sing Downey. And one of them, we know, has a non-cancelable contract for twenty weeks.

RAY BILL.
She Plays
1,000
ROLES

By HERBERT POLESIÉ

ORDINARILY one wouldn't think that teaching history to grammar school children was in itself much of a preparation for radio stardom, but for Rosaline Greene, dramatic star on two networks, it proved the ideal background for the part—or parts, we should say—she has come to play on the air.

This talented, pretty girl has always been an omnivorous reader, and book women to her have always been real, but she hardly guessed all through her school and college days her great knowledge of customs, wars and characters of history would help her in impersonating the glamorous ladies of history.

Rosaline Greene, has portrayed such a wide range of characters both real and fictional, that she can't remember the number. She once played several parts in six radio plays in the course of one week, and consequently doesn't feel it a bit odd to find herself talking to herself.

Of the great women of history, she has interpreted the characters of twenty-five for the radio audience, but when she is asked how she manages to do it, she merely shrugs her shoulders, and points to the long row of books of history and biography in her library.

If you manifest a deeper interest in her portrayals, however, she will describe some of the better known ladies' characteristics in detail. She will tell you Cleopatra's voice was high, clear and quick, that Lucrezia Borgia's utterances were as subtle as her poisons, that Marie de Medici spoke in an emotional and fiery manner, Catherine of Russia positively and almost masculine, and that if you would interpret Catherine of Aragon you must transport yourself into an ascetic, religious and convent-bred mood.

Moreover, these are only a few of the great ladies Rosaline has portrayed, and it is safe to say no woman lives or ever lived who is not susceptible to a vivid, realistic interpretation by this gifted girl. Joan of Arc, Nell Gwynn, Evangeline, DuBarry, Camille, Pompe, Josephine, Elizabeth, Helen of Troy, Priscilla, Pocahontas, Marie Antoinette, La Valliere, Eloise, Mary, Queen of Scots, or Portia, they have all been studied closely and classified in Rosaline Greene's wide repertoire of the voice.

Rosaline Greene was trained in the hard school of the WGY pioneer troupe, famous back in the chaotic and adventurous DX days of radio, after she had worked her way through New York State College by dramatic parts on the radio.

She was part of the first efforts to cast for vocal types—something previously unheard of—and it was in the discovery that a certain type of voice was unmistakably associated with a dainty blonde or a glamorous brunette, and that, too, age, education, character, background and disposition became audible qualities, that the course of her radio career was directed. How well she has succeeded may best be shown by her winning the Radio World's Fair Award in 1926 for owning "the perfect radio voice."

Rosaline's latest starring vehicle, "The Luck of Joan Christopher," heard thrice weekly over WOR, finds her in the character of an attractive, young girl from the Middle West abroad in New York in search of fame and fortune who becomes involved with a succession of men offering her aid but demanding a price for their assistance. The romance is from the pen of Val Lewton, well-known serial writer.

Showboat (Continued from page 17)

play on the Ed Wynn program and have distinguished themselves on several of the leading programs over both chains. The Showboat is wired to 48 stations; from WIOD at Miami, Florida, to KOMO, Seattle, Washington.

The Showboat has particularly interested river residents who remember the original showboats when they flourished at their best. For example a letter was received recently from a fair listener in Memphis, Tenn. It was addressed to Charley Winninger and said: "When you locked the wharf master at Friar's Point, Mississippi, in your office last Thursday night, in fancy I saw again the miseries, mean old fellow who ran that wharf thirty years ago, and remembered vividly my personal experiences with him."

This was quite a surprise to members of the community staff as the character was fictitious.
TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallee

So, reaching into the hat, I pull out a slip of paper with the title,

I CALLED TO SAY GOODNIGHT. I liked the song when I first heard it, and as I said on my broadcast, on the afternoon I listened to that, I also listened to several other tunes written by Joe Young, of whom I have perhaps spoken too often in these columns. In fact, it was in the last “Tuneful Topics” that I mentioned the strength of the vocal rendition at the time Joe Young sang three or four songs for my edification. But it would seem that among the songs he sang, this one was really the one in which the firm of Irving Berlin, Inc., has implicit faith that the song will become very popular.

The story of the song, at least as it has been told to me, is that it is a Viennese composition originally, written by Egon Schubert and Werner Bachmann, and has been all the rage in Vienna. It was brought to America by Irving himself, and the subsequent American version was made by Joe Young and Con Conrad, both thoroughly capable of revising for American approval this type of composition.

The tune has an outstanding triplet formation with six quarter notes, each quarter ordinarily having one beat, to avoid six beats in a four beat measure, each three of the quarter notes is played as a triplet, which is to say the two pairs of three quarter notes being crammed in each measure so as not to exceed four beats. The odd effect of directing this odd type of phrasing is one which requires good timing on the part of the director, and the effect upon the listener is one of doubt as to whether all the notes will be played within the limits allotted to them. The effect, however, is fine in this particular composition, and is the outstanding characteristic of the tune.

By this time the mellow voice of Jack Fulton and many others has brought the composition to you, and as some of you know we intend to use it for several weeks as our signing-off tune on the Fleischmann’s Yeast Hour. We play it quite slowly, taking at least a minute to the chorus.

A LITTLE STREET WHERE OLD FRIENDS MEET. Gus Kahn and Harry Woods must have had a reunion when Harry was in Chicago last, with the result that from time to time we may look for many songs written by these two extremely gifted writers. Harry, of course, is still taking bows for his “We Just Couldn’t Say Goodbye,” and Gus will always be taking a bow for a clever lyric he and there. This time the boys decided to write a very simple, what is popularly termed in the profession, “corny” type of song, nevertheless the type of song that most publishers feel properly worked on will eventually sell copies to the humble country masses who like this so called hill-billy, rustic type of melody and lyric.

Joe Morris is the publisher, which means that Archie Fletcher sensed the possibilities of the tune. While Archie would have liked to have put it out as a waltz, realizing the antipathy of most bands to the playing of waltzes, he found it necessary to make a new fox trot arrangement. Thus the tune is receiving considerable treatment at the hands of many of the best bands and singers, and bids fair to become a good seller for the firm of Joe Morris.”

HERE IT IS MONDAY. Michael H. Cleary, at one time had aspirations to become an Army officer, and as a result he graduated from West Point with added fame as a great football player. This ambition he realized while at the Academy. Unquestionably he was one of the most popular fellows there, largely due to his ability to play piano and entertain the cadets during the monotonous evening hours. He would play and entertain them, with not only other people’s songs, but songs of his own creation. As so often happens, the thing that was just a hobby with him has now become his life’s ambition and his life’s work. Following his resignation from the Army he entered into the field of song-writing, determined to make a success of it.

Some of the songs from the “Third Little Song” came from his musical mind, among them “I’ll Putcha Pitcha in the Paper,” which is one of the Wittiest and cleverest compositions of its type I have yet run across. I believe the melody of “Here It Is Monday” was his, though at first Mose Sigler, his lyrical collaborator, had a different idea for the song, something along the lines of “Brother Can You Spare a Dime,” perhaps. But Frank Kelton, one of the directors of musical affairs for Shapiro Bernstein, believed that the college idea
should be worked into the melody, and the result is “Here It Is Monday And I've Still Got a Dollar,” the whole idea being that the boy who is fortunate enough to have a dollar after a weekend of hilarity and visits to the girls' colleges and the big city, is the most popular man on the campus due to the fact that he is the campus banker, at least until the next check arrives.

The song is a cute one, with an odd type of melody and rhythm—a bit difficult to sing due to some of its construction—to my way of thinking a bit too clever for popular consumption by the masses. It is a song that one will hear a great deal over the air, which will help to increase Shapiro Bernstein's radio rating with the American Society, though even that may not mean much these days, as the society will not receive as much as it had hoped to receive from the many renditions of music by its member writers, and some of us are wondering just what is going to happen to the publishing houses and the writers with this last source of revenue turning out to be extremely inadequate. But “Here It Is Monday” is a good song, and Michael Cleary being a very capable and friendly sort of fellow, I hope the song does well for him.

HERE LIES LOVE. The dark horse of the picture, “The Big Broadcast,” is the song which Bing Crosby sings shortly after his girl is supposed to have jilted him. It is a good opportunity for him to sing a sad and mournful type of thing, which would indicate he has been left sort of high and dry, and the song is “Here Lies Love.” Like “Please,” it was written by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, two of the “last of the Mohicans” left on the Paramount movie lot to write songs for pictures. Leo Robin, especially, has been one of the few writers retained from the early gold rush days when Hollywood had all of our best song-writers writing for the talkies. Ralph Rainger is unknown to me; the name does not sound at all like a song-writer, and just what part he plays in the composition I do not know. I shall have to ask Larry Spier for information concerning Mr. Rainger.

Larry is the guiding hand of Famous Music, which firm publishes the songs you hear in most Paramount pictures.

With many numerous requests while on dance tours, “Here Lies Love” bids fair to exceed the popularity of its brother number, “Please;” even though “Please” is the hit and reprise song of the picture, “Here Lies Love” seems to be extremely popular. We play it quite slowly, taking about a minute to the chorus.

TILL TOMORROW. “Till Tomorrow” is an obvious attempt on the part of the writers of “Goodnight Sweetheart,” my good friends Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connolly, who are also the biggest song publishers in England and the Continent, for that matter, to attempt to achieve another “Goodnight Sweetheart.” I believe Ray Noble, a young orchestra leader in London, is really responsible for the idea and skeleton of the “Goodnight Sweetheart” song, but that does not prevent the trip. If I might humbly judge from the first song submitted, or the first song which was the result of a collaboration between Matt, Campbell and Connolly, called “Till Tomorrow,” I would say that I was a trifle disappointed. I sincerely hope that among the three or four numbers written abroad that Robbins will have brought back one potential hit.

Jimmy Campbell has come back to America with Robbins and intends to make his residence here for some time. There is no one who knows the art of writing songs better than subsequent exploitation than Jimmy Campbell, but even all this is of no avail if the song itself is not outstanding. “Till Tomorrow” so closely followed in rhythm and thought “Goodnight Sweetheart,” that it is almost laughable, and the opening measure has the tonality of a third violin or a second alto saxophone part in an orchestra; that is to say it sounds much more like a harmony part than a melody. Still, it is these odd tonalities which sometimes grow on one until enthusiasm is engendered with the resultant enthusiasm for the composition itself.

In the end it will be you radio listeners of Radio Digest and others who will make your own decision concerning the merits of this composition which was so laboriously written in London by an American brought there to help write it, and then brought back to America for publication. Naturally Whitman was the first to introduce it as Matt saw that his old boss received one of the first orchestrations of it. We were privileged to follow Whitman’s premiere of it and with the efficient organization of Robbins Music, Inc., behind it, you will hear much of it in the next several months. We play it quite slowly.

FIT AS A FIDDLE. One does hear or see a great deal of Rocco Vocco who makes his headquarters at Leo Feist’s elaborate publishing house at 50th Street and Broadway, but the fact that nearly every radio program has at least one Feist song would indicate that Rocco is picking some fine tunes.

Little Miss Peggy Healy, one of Whitman’s newest finds, who, incidentally is working here in Brooklyn with me at the Paramount this week, was, I guess, greatly responsible for the beginning popularity of one of the new Feist songs, “Fit as a Fiddle.” She is a young lady who has a sort of indefinable something which seems to appeal

DORIS ROBBINS is heard from Chicago over the Columbia System. She’s with the Ben Pollack orchestra at the Chez Paree; they call her “The Angel of the Air.” You may remember her in “Whooppee.”
to a great many people. I was a great deal surprised to notice the crowd collecting in front of the bandstand whenever she sang a song during one of my recent visits to the Biltmore where I enjoyed Paul Whiteman’s music. Her rendition of the song on the Fleischmann’s Yeast Hour seemed to please many, and this week at the Paramount it is her best number.

Its “break” in the middle, i.e. the logical spot for the orchestra to stop playing and somebody to do something unusual, which is often “felt” to be necessary in the middle of many tunes, especially of the rhythmic type, in this particular case is a stereotyped “break,” using the very popular phraseology which I first heard uttered by the “Old Topper, Ray Perkins, “With a hey nonny nonny, and a hot cha cha!” The phrase, as far as I am concerned, is rather sickening, but the avid enthusiasts and flaming youth singers of this type of composition, jump on the phrase with relish and it gives them a great delight in the rendition.

The song is one of the cute, light things which gives a peppy singer, especially the female pop singers of our dance orchestras, who have become all the vogue, a chance to really “go to town,” as it were, and to finish in a wild blaze of glory. Messrs. Hoffman and Goodhart and Arthur Freed may take the bow for it, and it should be played very brightly.

Suzanne. Larry Spier of Famous Music is, in my humble opinion, one of the most alert thinkers in the long-suffering music profession. In fact, he is a very nervous person due to his tireless endeavors to keep his firm out on top, and he may always be depended on to have an unusual thought or scheme for any difficulty confronting the sale or development of sheet music. It was he who first thought of the idea of having five strategic “plugs” to “start” a song—two New York bands considered ace plugs, one in Chicago, one in Los Angeles, and the other in New Orleans or possibly the fifth in Chicago and have this thing done and an immediate result. Larry’s enthusiasm and his earnestness and conviction in his beliefs is sometimes pathetically humorous, especially in his belief that many of us have passed up the opportunity to introduce and play hit songs by refusing to believe in his confidence in them. In the case of “Suzanne,” he has positively assured me that it will be a hit, so it is up to you to justify his prediction.

As I said on my broadcast last Thursday, “Suzanne” is perhaps the most stirring and encouraging of the songs I have come across in a long time; with the French title “Suzanne,” it has the locale of any young man in any country, especially a small town in the United States, considering himself a very fortunate young man in being able to take a little walk after dark with “Suzanne.” There is nothing of the “oo la la!” French quality about the lyric whatsoever, or the melody for that matter, not that because of the choice of the name “Suzanne” the song should have a French atmosphere and locale, still it rather goes hand in hand. I like the song personally, though I think it is far from being an outstanding top-notch; still, I am more than willing to be proven wrong so that Larry will be able to say once again, “I told you so!”

We play it taking about 55 seconds for the chorus.

All American Girl. As just another proof of the fact that no one can safely predict exactly what the public is going to like, is the fact that a simple popular tune called “All American Girl” has come forward to first place! Personally, I made a public apology on the Fleischmann Hour to Al Lewis for my lack of faith in the song when he first played it for me. In fact, he reminded me that it was over two years ago that he and Al Sherman played the tune for me when he held an afternoon session at my residence listening to the latest out-pourings from their musical talents. Among them they played this tune called “All American Girl.”

The chorus went on to state that the young lady had a center at this college, and a guard at that college, and a quarter back at the other college, and as a result she was an All-American girl. Remembering that about a year previously, in collaboration with Messrs. Coon and Sanders, I had written a song called “She Loves Me Just The Same,” with the identical thought. I felt that a comparison of the two songs, and the popularity of “She Loves Me Just the Same” would be a fair indication of the possible popularity of “All American Girl.” Despite the fact that both the Coon-Sanders aggregation and my own Connecticut Yankees recorded and broadcast religiously and thoroughly “She Loves Me Just The Same,” it was not the same from the standpoint of much hit. Its melody was swingy and melodie, and believe we all did a good job in rendering the song. I could only conclude then that any other song written along the same lines would possibly fare the same mediocre fate of “She Loves Me Just The Same.” Feist publishes both.

As Al Sherman trumped out on a piano (the piano being always very unfair in its demonstration of the melodic values of a song) the melody of “All American Girl,” I felt that it was an extremely shallow type of melody and I still think so! Imagine my surprise then when I find the song not only requested everywhere at dances, but climbing up to first place in the list of best sellers.

I am happy for Al Lewis, however, who has just taken on to himself a wife, that “All American Girl” will help furnish their new home. And, as always, bowing to the will of Mr. and Miss Public, I have broadcast and featured the song at dances ever since it has been brought to my attention that it is really a well-liked song. I hope that Al gets a dozen like it.

Miscellaneous Show Tunes. I suppose I should conclude our “Tuneful Topics” with a discussion of some of the songs from some of the new shows. “Gay Divorce,” which opened last week, featuring Fred Astaire and Claire Luce (Continued on page 48)
HOW do you do, Lucille! If you are not too angry with Little Bird and me, perhaps you will enjoy the following short but interesting biography of Philip Dewey. That spelling! It is correct, but Mr. Dewey (as he is better known) has long ago given up trying to convince people that that was the name bestowed on him by a Pennsylvania Dutch father, when that very popular baritone was born on a farm near Macy, Indiana, in 1902. (That makes him thirty-one. And one question answered.) Phil was the youngest of eleven children, and like his brothers and sisters, made a daily round trip to and from the Little Red Schoolhouse.

Dewey, Sr., we learn, led the village band of fifteen pieces, and also had a musical group made up of the family, Phil and his sister playing at guitars, another sister at a bull fiddle, his mother playing at the mandolin strings, and his father, leading the ensemble, at the fiddle. For six years, he worked his way through Indiana University, holding a full-time job, but managing to get his A. B. degree, in addition to earning the right to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key.

He won a fellowship at the Juillard Musical Foundation, in Chicago, which award eventually brought him to New York, at which time his mind was definitely made up to follow a singing career. He joined the cast of "Lady Do," and later, "Good News." It was while in the latter show that he was called to fill in, as a baritone, in a broadcasting quartet, and shortly afterward signed with the N.B.C., where he has been ever since. The handsome Phil married just after having graduated from the University, and is the father of two children—James Philip, who is six years old, and Barbara Nell, who is two. His severest critic, the proud father states, "is Jim. Any male voice on the air is 'Daddy' to him."

Mr. Dewey is indeed very popular, and has been so busily singing with the Revelers, and on solo programs, that he has been able to return to his Indiana home but twice in five years. "Handsome" should be his middle name, from all reports we get of this young man—six feet tall, about 185 pounds, blue eyes, light wavy hair, and a grand personality.

AS STATED in a previous issue of Radio Digest, many of our readers have questioned us regarding fan clubs. We don't suppose there is a list of such clubs available, but we do appreciate hearing from any of the folks who happen to be interested in such clubs. Iva Wanklin, for one, has answered our plea, and we ask that you turn to page 37, VOL, where her letter appears in print.

S ORRY Dorothy Clark—we are still working on your query regarding Donald Dowd. You'll hear from us soon.

M ILTON J. C ROSS, my dear R. D. King, is known as one of the few successful New Yorkers, who was born in New York. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School, and is considered one of the most prominent of the alumni of that school. Also took a course at the Dannaosh Institute of Musical Art. Though nominally a Presbyterian, he sang with the Paulist Choristers and toured the country with them. The nationality of his parents is not known, though we are inclined to favor your guess.

The Brahms Quartet, we regret to say, is no longer on the air, and the whereabouts of El nor Marky Hughes is not known.

J EAN DeVAUX—"Believe it or not" (with apologies to Ripley) it has been utterly impossible for us to obtain the biography of Gene Austin, which we promised you. However, your request has not been forgotten, nor thrust aside, but is constantly before us, and we hope yet to please you. Toddlers declares she won't give up. By the way, we wrote to you, but the letter was returned.

R UTHER F ROST too—Toddlers has not yet returned from Chicago, to where she journeyed to obtain the information you requested on Maurie Sherman and his orchestra. We'll surely have it next month.

H ERE Y'AR', Clarence Campbell, Jr.—few facts, and you'll hear from us also: The cast of the Socony-Mobil Sketches includes Isobel Winclock—"Effie"; Kate McCoombe—"Aunt Hattie"; Arthur Allen—"Daniel Dickey"; and Parker Fennelly—"Hiram."

The people in the Goldberg Program are in New York, while the announcers are in Chicago. "Florence" is Adele Ronson; "Eugene"—Caritas Arnold; and "Abie Honick"—Martin Wolsson. We expect soon to have a real story of this program, perhaps next month.

P ETHER and MARY ANN" in the "Country Doctor?” Yes, Sara E. Worman, we'll tell you who they be: John Kane—"Peter"; Ruth Russell—"Mary Ann."

S HIRLEY KLEIN wrote to Miss Revell for some information, and here is what she sends through this column: The birthday of John Fos- gerty—August 19; not married; do not have his home address, but he can always be reached at the NBC studios; started singing in vaudeville in 1925, and over the NBC-WEAF network in 1930; has two brothers and two sisters, whom we believe are in Montana; good photograph of John in the October issue of the Digest.

A LEX DRACHA wrote us a little complaint that he very seldom sees anything about Isham Jones in Rano Digest. Well, Alex, did you miss the biography which just dropped into Little Bird's bag in time for the October issue? That also goes for Tito Hennion and Kay W. Better check back. "S"—Did you, too, miss the write-up of "Judge Gordon," which appeared on page 16 of the same issue? Mr. and Mrs. Melton also appeared in that number, Marie Thiheau.. .KHJ got a fine play in that book, too. Lindsay MacHarrie also being present. F. M. Mason. . . . And, Tito Guizar, for whom Pauline Nimmer and Kay W. were inquiring, was there, on page 19. That particular number seems to have included a number of requests!

P LEASE pardon our modesty, but we do think a lot of folks should know what some other folks think about us, and here is a paragraph from a letter which we prided: "I have been watching your department right along. I have never written you for information because I have always, so far, been able to get my information from headquarters. However, I have watched your department and have gleaned plenty from it. I have gone to headquarters, because I knew where to reach the people, but should I not know, I would ask you to find out. I have placed an implicit reliance upon your word in your announcements—and I want you to live up to it. I know what that means, for I have been a correspondent for a metropolitan newspaper, and a reporter on others. . . . Thank you, Mr. Billie Moore. We are most grateful to you for your kind words, and you bet we'll try to live up to your expectations.
SEE FEBRUARY R. D.

THE November issue was the first time I read your magazine, and really can’t wait for the next copy. I read someone’s request in that issue to publish pictures of George Hall, leader of the Hotel Taft Orchestra, and of Glenn Cross, the featured vocalist of that particular program. With the exception of Lanny Ross, Glenn Cross is my favorite of all radio stars. I simply cannot understand why he does not get more of a chance. One of my ambitions is to have a large singing record of Glenn Cross—I would play it all day long. Besides their pictures, I would like to see a picture of Fritzi White, another vocalist on the program. Then I would be content—almost.

Would you please send me a back copy of Radio Digest, which contains information about Myrt & Marge? If there is such a copy? (December, 1931. No copies available).

I really think I am finished requesting now. Thank you.—Joyce F. Saulsbury, Ridgely, Maryland.

OH YOU MISS REVELL!

I RECEIVED the October and November issues of the Radio Digest, and am more pleased with them than ever. I am glad I will have it every month and can see and read about some of the folks I have learned to love, like yourself (Nellie Revell) over the radio. When I hear you, and those I have learned to love, I feel as though I have known you all my life. To me the radio has been a great blessing.—Al Werdam, 59 Scofield Avenue, Glenbrook, Connecticut.

“GUESS WHO?”

In this thriving and beautiful little city, there is one inhabitant who either terminates every Wednesday’s engagement with a grand race with Father Time, in order to arrive home, triumphant, though ill-concealed breathless, before the “Voice of Radio Digest” permeates the air-waves; or, who awaits the magic eleventh hour with ill-concealed impatience, during long programs, while crooners croon, drummers drum, and speakers speak.

Guess who? Right, the first time—yours truly. While it is true that I have listened to your (Nellie Revell) interesting and most entertaining quarter-hour on innumerable occasions, and am a died-in-the-wool radio fan, yet this is my very first fan letter to any artist.

I am certainly delighted beyond words that Radio Digest is back on the newsstands here. I couldn’t get a copy for some time, and was I “boînin’” up? (Apologies to Jimmy Durante). Do you think that on some future date you could run a story about Jack Pearl (page 7, Irene) the famous Baron, who so nonchalantly murdered the King’s English? Or, perhaps you might interview him some Wednesday evening.

With very best wishes for the continued success of Radio Digest.—(Miss) Irene Nininger, 11 Mitchmor Road, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

THE ALL-STAR ORCHESTRA

In your November issue, there was submitted an All-Star Orchestra which was all right, but which is open for improve-

ment, so I am mailing you a list of what I think you could call an All-Star Orches-

tra:

- Pianos—Ramona Davies, Paul Whiteman’s Orchestra.
- Violins—Joe Venuti, C.B.S.
- Sam Rabinowitz, Henry Theis Orchestra.
- Guitar—Eddie Lange, C.B.S.
- Drums—Vic Burton, N.B.C.
- Bass—Min Leibrock, Eddie Duchin Orchestra.
- 1st Trumpet—Pete Noriega, Casa Loma Orchestra.
- 2nd Trumpet—Keith Wilderson, W.L.W. Trombone—George Trupe, Casa Loma Orchestra.
- Sax Section—Frank Trumbauer, Own Orchestra.
- Jimmie James, W.L.W.
- Saxi Mansfield, Isham Jones.
- Voices—Jane Froman, Chicago, NBC.
- Red McKenzie, Paul Whiteman.
- Connie Boswell, C.B.S.
- Pat Harrigan, Marshall’s Castelfarm Orchestra.
- Conductor—Bernie Cummins.

-Carl Edwards, Hamilton, Ohio.

RAVES ABOUT W. O.

I JUST got my new issue of Radio Digest. Now I’m going to tell you “sum-pin’.” Remember ‘way back in March Radio Digest ran a letter in VOL from Mr. Eugene Walter Cain of Chillicothe, Ohio? Well, I was one to answer that letter. As a result, I am Mrs. Eugene Walter Cain today. Grandest man in all the wide world. Too handsome for words and, oh, so good. We’re just two radio fans made one. So now just address me Mrs. Gene Cain (isn’t that a nice name?). R. D. could mean Romance Delivery—eh, wot?

I had and have a Will Osborne fan club, which keeps me quite joyfully busy. My being busy with the club is nothing in comparison with how busy “Will” is. Folks write to me constantly trying to find out about him. He’s one of the rare types found in radio or vaudeville. Rare, because he embodies the finest in music, character and personality. We who know him, know it is not “the break” in radio he’s waiting for. He’s waiting on Justice from cowardly concerns and individuals who use money to thwart him. We know whereof we speak. “Will” will not buy popularity. Once on the air, he’d show the world. Oh, yes, he is a crooner any more, you know, and that rich, clear baritone with its musical background and super-training is headed for operas. Ever since September, he’s been vaudeville touring, and from reports, making a huge success at it.

Again THANKS for Radio Digest, and all it means to the happiest couple in all this world!!—Betty Cain, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

THANKS, MISS BOOSTER!

I ALWAYS buy the Digest whenever I can get it, but have not been able to get a copy since the Summer edition. The announcers gallery was wonderful. I also think a male beauty contest would be nice.

I think a lot of the announcers have wonderful voices. James Wallington is my favorite announcer—fell in love with his voice the first time I heard it. At what time does he announce? Could we not hear something about the announcers and stars of Fargo, North Dakota, and also of Bismarck? I think the Digest is a wonderful book, but not half large enough. Wishing you the best of luck—A Radio Digest Booster, Pine Falls, Manitoba.

“KING OF SAXOPHONIA”

I READ the Radio Digest back in the days of Prosperity, when it was a nice and fat magazine, but lately the copies have been rather slim, so I guess it’s time I had my say.

I have organized a Frankie Trumbauer “King of the Saxophone” Club, and would like to hear from all fans and saxophonists interested.

Frankie, formerly first saxophonist with Paul Whiteman, is now on tour with his own orchestra and has developed a large following.—Normal Haugé, 201 Colfax Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
LISTENER

**“SICK UNTO DEATH”**

THE recent program on a Sunday evening, featuring three famous orchestras, Whitman’s, Ben Bernie’s and Isham Jones, only served to strengthen my opinion and that of many others, that Isham Jones has the finest orchestra in the country, Ben’s and Whitman’s trailing him. Why can’t we hear him more often?

One big thing in his favor—he has the good taste not to foist upon us any of the horrible sob-sisters, the crooners—Heavens! Cannot we have some decent singing, instead of those abominable crooners—if the advertisers only realized how they are hurting their very advertising by giving the public crooning, when we are already sick unto death of their dying wails.

I am all for the Radio Digest, but wish it would take a stand for better music. The public is hungering for better music.—Helen Stanley, Denver, Colorado.

**ANOTHER G. L. CLUB**

I CONSIDER Radio Digest the finest radio magazine ever, and I particularly enjoy the V.O.L. pages. Therefore, I would appreciate it if you would inform your readers that I am organizing a fan club in honor of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Anyone who is interested may write me at the address given below. Thanks so much for your cooperation—and best wishes for your continued success.—Iva Wanklin, 15488 Ward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

**SLAPPI AGAIN, DOLLY!**

FOR many months I have been a reader of your wonderful magazine, and now feel that I could not do without it, but wish it came more often, or was back to the size it once was. Want to join with several of the Ben Bernie fans—think it was very wrong of Dolly Dearborn to say what she did about him. Sincerely agree with Miss Harrington’s letter in the October issue, and with Telza Smith Miller in the November issue; all but one thing, Telza, I think Pat Kennedy’s voice is musical, so is Frankie Prince. Why say Pat quavers? That is what makes his voice so lovely. I, too, think Ben has many good soloists. Take Manny Creagor! Who can beat him singing novelty numbers?

As for the Ole Maestro himself—I love his singing—his repeating titles and his chuckle. He wouldn’t be the Ole Maestro, if he did not do all those things. I think it’s time we were seeing a picture of the entire orchestra.—Mrs. Glenn Riley, 149 S. Seventh Street, New Castle, Indiana.

**PICKING THE ACES**

GLAD to see in a recent issue of Radio Digest a page devoted to the Colored Radio Stars, which, if you continue that page, should prove very interesting.

Here is my list for the All-Star Band:

1st Saxophone—Dick Stabil (Ben Bernie’s Band)
2nd Saxophone—Carmen Lombaro
3rd Saxophone—Merle Johnson
Banjo-Guitar—Harry Rees
Drums—Sonny Greer (Duke Ellington’s Band)
Bass Violin—Isham Jones
Bass Horn—Peter Greco
Trombone—Buddy Rogers
1st Violin—Eddie South
2nd Violin—Guy Lombardo
Piano—Joe Sanders
Hot Trumpet—Red Nichols
1st Trumpet—Lieber Lombardo
2nd Trumpet—Clyde McCoy
Leader—Cab Calloway
Vocalists—Cab Calloway, Carmen Lombardo, Joe Sanders, Sonny Greer, Buddy Rogers, Eddie South.

My congratulations to the one who started the idea about the Orchestra Gallery—it is a great idea!—Martin Driscoll, 266 Danforth Street, Portland, Maine.

**ANOTHER “PAY-MORE” MOORE**

I HAVE just finished reading this month’s Radio Digest (October) and it is wonderful after waiting so long for it. What would the radio fans do without it to tell us about our favorites and to give us VOL and “Tuneful Topics,” which is written by Rudy Vallee, a man of great intelligence. I can’t understand, Rudy speaks of everyone to the highest degree, and can’t recall a time when he has criticized anyone. Sorry to say there are some critics who are very jealous and envious of him, only because he is young and popular. Could those same critics introduce most of the new songs? The writers select him of all others, knowing he is capable of doing them justice. Could any of his critics play the saxophone solo he played so beautifully some weeks ago? If one cannot do honors to these things oneself, why not seek out one’s own talent and not criticize one’s superior? It seems to me, and I am sure you will agree with me, that of all orchestras Rudy is the leader. If it were not so, he would not be chosen from all the hundreds of singers on the air, to introduce songs to popularize them. So, Rudy, you take the bow. I am taking the greatest interest in writing my thoughts. I hope “An Humble Opinion” will be in next month’s issue; also Rudy with his Connecticut Yankees.

Good luck to the Radio Digest, and long may we have the copy. (Larger orchestra. It is the orchestra of Ted Fio-book, 25 cents.)—Ralph Moore, Richmond, Virginia.

**TED, YOU’RE GOOD!**

HAVING just read your VOL department for October, I want to add a word or two in favor of my favorite orchestra at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. I have been reading Radio Digest for many, many months, and the opinion seems to be that all the good orchestras are in the East. That idea is positively out. In my estimation Ted Fio-Rito has the most perfect orchestra in these United States. It needs no changes to compete with, and win first place from, any of the all-star orchestras that have been suggested. Ted himself is a “swell” pianist, his drummer is wonderful, to say nothing of the horns—the whole orchestra is “keen.” Their arrangements, too, are perfect—and I think Ted does all his own arranging. He is the composer of many beautiful songs, among which are “Where The Lilies of the Valley Grow” and “Three On A Match.” Aside from having such a grand orchestra, Ted Fio-Rito is a charming young chap, well liked by all who know him, and I think he deserves a great big hand. (I would love to start a fan club in his honor, if there are none, but don’t know how to go about it. Will someone tell me?) Come on, you music lovers, listen to him over CBS on Saturday evenings, and see if I’m not right!

I think your magazine is fine, and have no complaints to make, but would like to suggest that, 1. you give us pictures and stories on the big orchestras, and 2. you tell us all about Mildred Bailey, who is the owner of the most entrancing voice on the air and is the least publicized artist in radio. I want to know, too, why you did not print any “come-back” to Clarence Whitehill’s atrocious attack on popular singer.—Evelyn Coleman, 1490 Monterey Street, Bakersfield, California.
BEAUTIFUL and talented organist of the Pacific Coast Studios of the National Broadcasting Company, who has established for herself an enviable host of radio friends and admirers through her ability to cajole the most thrilling notes from the many pipes of that mightiest of instruments.
PRESENTING a fast moving program depicting the high lights of its service, WSM, The National Life and Accident Insurance Company's new fifty thousand watt station and 878 foot tower (America's highest antenna) was officially dedicated to public service on Saturday night, November 12th and again one week later with a network program extended as a very unusual courtesy by The National Broadcasting Company. The second program was carried by NBC's associated stations on the red network.

Best wishes were extended to The Shield Station by many of NBC's outstanding artists who broadcast during the first hour and a quarter, beginning at 10 o'clock central standard time, from New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. The network program shifted to the studios of WSM at 11:15, at which time Edwin W. Craig, vice-president of the company, in charge of radio activities, thanked the National Broadcasting Company and associated stations for their tributes, made a brief talk to the radio public, and presented "WSM On The Air!"


C. A. Craig, chairman of the board of the National Life, in dedicating WSM when it first went on the air in 1925, said: "Recognizing its great value to our people—commercially, educationally, socially and religiously—and mindful of the wonderful service and splendid entertainment given, it shall be our earnest endeavor to conduct a station that will reflect credit on our community and uphold the highest standards of radio."

Among the guests at the opening of the new WSM were Harold A. LaFount, acting chairman of the Federal Radio Commission; George F. McClelland, Niles Trammel and Frank Mason, officials of the National Broadcasting Company, and I. R. Baker of RCA.

Guest artists were James Melton, internationally famous tenor and member of the Revelers Quartette, who began his radio career at WSM several years ago, and "Smiling Ed" McConnell, one of radio's greatest entertainers, and a former member of the WSM staff. Lambkin Kay, "The Little Colonel," director of WSB, The Atlanta Journal, who was present at the opening of WSM and was in charge of the arrangement of its first program which went on the air on October 5th, 1925, appeared as guest announcer on November 12th. In addition to Mr. Kay the following staff announcers of WSM handled the microphones: Harry Stone, A. W. (Tiny) Stowe and George D. Hay (The Solemn Old Judge).

The network show on November 19th was opened at 10 o'clock by Don Bestor and his orchestra from New York. This was followed by an announcers' frolic. Then the scene shifted to Cleveland, from which point Gene and Glenn, well known comedy team played high jinks for a time. Then Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro, Himself," assisted by "all of the lads," displayed their usual originality for a few moments. The Commodores, a quartette of male voices, came through with several delightful numbers to close the Chicago show.

Francis Craig and his orchestra. Nashville boys who started at WSM, were in high spirits when their turn came to do their bit which was broadcast from the NBC studios in Denver, Colorado. The scene shifted to San Francisco where "Numb and Dumb" put on a screamingly funny bit to be followed by Anson Weeks and his orchestra.

From the studios of WSM in Nashville at 11:15 the staff members (see below) put "WSM on the air!"—The opening was made by the WSM Male Chorus in a Stephen Foster medley.

Guests and members of WSM staff present at opening of new station. Seated, left to right: Marjorie Cooney, Madge West, Zena Jones, Margaret Ackerman, Christine Lamb, Emmeline Boyer Kinnehew and Marguerite Shannon. Standing, left to right: Dean Upson, Tiny Stowe, Pridesly Miller, Harry Stone, Lambkin Kay, Leslie Fox, I. R. Baker, Beasley Smith, James Melton, Deane Moore, Dad Pickard, Ed McConnell, George D. Hay (The Solemn Old Judge), George Nevins, Ovid Collins, Curt Poulton and Herald Goodman.
COUNTLESS people saw Richard Barthelmess in the motion picture "WEARY RIVER" some few years ago. Countless were enthralled with the song bearing the same title. To all appearances, the golden notes flowed smoothly and beautifully from Mr. Barthelmess' throat.

In those days, as most of us now know, the identity of the one doubling in voice for actor or actress, was shrouded in a deep, dark mystery, so it is not surprising how few people know that none other than Johnny Murray, KFWB's dapper young tenor, and dynamic Master of Ceremonies on that Hollywood station's Sunday night Hi Jinks, doubled for the actor in the rendition of "Weary River."

Johnny Murray was one of the entertainers at the Cocoanut Grove when a friend mentioned to him the difficulty First National Studio was experiencing in locating a voice with the proper timbre to double for Barthelmess. Scores of male voices had been given auditions, but none proved satisfactory. He urged Murray to try for it. The latter, who in spite of his Celtic lineage, must have a strain of canny Scotch in him, wasn't going to waste time by presenting himself—and his voice—in a haphazard fashion. He made detailed inquiries as to the kind of role the actor was portraying and what sort of selections the other candidates had offered. Fortified with this information, he sang for his auditors. Most likely, his inherent caution warned him not to follow in the vocal paths of the other aspirants who apparently had wished to impress with difficult masterpieces. He sang a tender ballad, omitting vocal gymnastics, and was forthwith engaged. Not only did he, was proffered a contract. But Johnny Murray had a bird in the hand with his profitable Cocoanut engagement, and while the studio contract gave him a larger weekly remuneration, he saw a fly in the ointment—the contractual options. It was very plain that in a few months he could be dropped. So here again his shrewdness came to the fore. If the studio wanted him, they must want him sans option clauses. This was a rare concession, but since he remained with First National Studio for two and a half years, it need hardly be mentioned that the contract conformed to his demands.

Johnny Murray is a product of Brooklyn, born 28 years ago. He received his education there, and one summer worked in a stock broker's office.

It was while he was going to school that he learned to play the trumpet, which, by the way, is still his favorite instrument. Because of his love for it, he entered the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art in New York City, and in conjunction with this, studied voice and harmony. He had been enrolled about two years when he was engaged as a trumpet and vocal soloist on the mammoth steamship Leviathan, which gave him an opportunity to play and sing before many notables, and also to fulfill a long cherished dream—a visit to some of the important places on the continent.

Upon his return to the United States he made vocal reproductions and played featured roles in several musical comedies, one of which, "Good News," brought him to California—and later to the Cocoanut Grove.

During a lull in musical films, he turned his attention to radio, and today his voice (unidentified in the early days of musical screen productions) needs no tag.
WFAA—Dallas, Texas

Young Texans are very precious. An early morning program on Station WFAA, invites correspondence from children. The week's letters developed that writers only six-months old used excellent English and wrote in clear round hand. And little folks only two and a half years old were proficient in the use of the typewriter.

And an advertisement on Station WFAA indicates that a number of workers equivalent to about half the population of Texas is engaged in a single factory making a single product. Yet in Texas, the site of the factory is not reckoned as a particularly large town. The place is Waxahachie and the workers, bees.

Advertising on the popular Early Bird Orchestra Hour, with Jimmie Jeffries as Master of Ceremonies, frequently presents publicity for as many as six communities in Texas in the forty-five minute period. And the mail received comes commonly from not fewer than a dozen states of the South and Southwest.

District Audition for the Atwater Kent Foundation, held at Station WFAA for five states of the Southwest, besides Texas, which is rated as three states, presented eight young women and eight young men, champions of their respective states. The audience was asked to vote its choice. More than 4,000 pieces of mail were received, some of them large parcels containing as many as fifty votes, made out and signed separately. As listeners were asked not to vote unless they had heard the entire number, there would seem to be many thousands of listeners who held on through nearly two hours of singing.

Apparently it is the unusual that attracts the attention of the radio listeners. A survey taken recently in Dallas indicates that an amazingly large proportion of the listeners have their sets going a large part of the time. The things to which they react most potently seem to be contests of physical prowess. Football games always draw immense numbers of inquiries for results. But wrestling matches and boxing contests, local or elsewhere, always keep many trunks busy seeking outcome. One of the contests recently that attracted many calls to ascertain the winner was the National Corn Husking Championship. And in many of the cases, as in that of the Huskers, contests and results were broadcast. All of which indicates that listeners need pencil and paper right at hand to put down the things they hear and would like to remember.

Teams of women, singing and chatting, appear to have a large following among radio listeners. Jean and Joan, a station feature at WFAA for some time, was taken off to allow the sisters to go away on a little vacation. Scores, or more, letters from "fans" demanded their return. Elise, Ruth and Jane, the Vitz Sisters, have a stunt, simple but diverting, that has been offered on WFAA for several months. It is afternoon presentation. Recently, the sisters had to devote more than the usual attention to school work, for they are still undergraduates, and a couple of program periods passed without them. And was there a squawk? Letter-writers, in many instances, expressed themselves as if they had been denied a personal right to have the sisters for the accustomed time. Evidently stars must have fixed orbits, none of the meteor or comet stuff!

Ewen Hail, lyric and operatic tenor, for some time a popular performer for Station WFAA is now a featured performer on the Big Amusement circuits. He is a matinee idol and society favorite and even in his home town he has 'em in the aisles. And he's still so young!

Karl Lambertz, whose forebears, far away back, were Wagner's fellow-countrymen, is assistant to Orchestra Director Alexander Keese, at Station WFAA.
Jean Bouton


Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

K MPC, the Beverly Hills, California station, and the home of the original Beverly Hill Billies, has conceived another new and novel program presentation. Zeke Craddock has organized a new brand of entertainers employing for their medium of music "57 varieties" of popular orchestral instruments, interpreted by Zeke and his City Fellers. Each City Feller plays an endless variety of instruments. Zeke "tried out" his City Fellers, idea one night, and received such a tremendous nailing response that the "try-out" resulted in establishing one of the popular radio programs in Los Angeles.

Right from the heart of Gotham, recently, came two recording discs to prove reception of an early-morning KSL test program. Jessie Alberta Weaver, who lives in the heart of New York City, was the rabid DX Fan who went to all the trouble of recording the station's 50,000 watt test. KSL has a signal strength at night in California as strong as local stations.

Slowly but surely, from under the wreckage of political hopes, emerge many old friends of the air, snowed under in the late blizzard of gab. Among the favorites to be welcomed back home, will be the Midweek Jubilee, from the studios of KOL, Seattle, with the regular routine of sense, nonsense, music and song. Ken Stuart will master all available ceremonies and the twenty-one KOL Jubilees, while Ken Niles' Little brother Ken, Frank Anderson, Hill and Dale, Billie Lowe and others will aid in the festivities. "O'Kay" Seattle! Elsbeth Frillesen, NBC comedienne, made her radio debut singing old-fashioned, sentimental ballads to her guitar. She still prefers the "call-ballads" of the Appalachian mountains—descendants of the English ballads—to other forms of music, and insists that negro spirituals, instead of being a spontaneous development of the negro's musical taste, are his interpretation of the Appalachian ballads.

Melodies "that satisfy," there are several local KHJ programs well worth turning to during the day. The Home Sweet Home Concert, 9:30 to 10:30 a.m.; Three Shades of Blue, 11:00 to 11:45 a.m.; "Reveries," directed by Leigh Harline, 6:30 to 7:00 p.m.; and "Musical Cameo," conducted by Gino Severi, 7:00 to 7:15 p.m., are decided "High Spots" of the day's galaxy of fine programs.

According to Ted Rogers, KDYL Announcer, Hollywood is beginning to pull itself out of the depression. Have you noticed how many movie queens are discarding last year's husbands, he pointed out to us.

Fourteen airplanes—lost in a heavy fog, with their only hope pinned on their chances of landing safely on a field without lights, hidden in the thick darkness below them! Instantly radio reached out a swift hand and met this situation.

KFSD, San Diego, came to the rescue. The Lucky Strike Dance Hour was being broadcast, when suddenly listeners within a radius of many miles heard the music fade into the background while an announcer's voice tensely told them a brief story of fellow beings in peril and how they could help: "It is requested that everyone everywhere who can reach Camp Kearny within an hour, drive out there immediately and place the lights of their cars on the Landing Field, to assist these fliers in reaching the ground. This is a very serious emergency, so please, if in any way possible, get out to Camp Kearny and take directions from the officers on duty there. Do not go on the field, but throw your lights on it for the benefit of the safe landing of the fliers."

Two thousand, five hundred automobiles, instantly responded to the great call. Are they listening these days? This is splendid proof that they are.

The Don Lee Television Station W6XAO announces a new schedule of television broadcasts embracing transmissions on three different wavelengths. The regular evening schedule of W6XAO, inaugurated last year, of from six to seven P. M. daily, except Sunday, on a frequency of 44,500 kilocycles, or 64 meters; was augmented last week with broadcasts on 49,300 kilocycles, or 6 meters, and on 66,750 kilocycles.
WNAC, Boston, Mass.

A HOBBY for mathematics led Jack Sanden Atwood, Yankee network announcer of the Saturday Columbia Broadcasting System Boston Variety Hour, to study electrical engineering when he entered Maine University, then a mere accident guided him into the radio field three years and he liked it so well that he remained.

It was while he was in college that Atwood got his first taste of radio. Station WLBZ at that time was operated from Dover, Me., and Bangor was a remote control point on many broadcasts. On one occasion the announcer failed to report for duty and the owner of the station telephoned to Atwood requesting that he fill in. After that he announced dance programs from Bangor three nights weekly.

Then it was decided to remove the station from Dover to Bangor, and Atwood in his spare time did a large part of the wiring for the new studios.

About two years ago when the decision was made to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the writing of the "Stein Song," then exceedingly popular, he communicated with the Columbia Broadcasting System and suggested that the event be broadcast over a national hook-up. His suggestion was approved and he turned his attention to directing the arrangements, and on the night of the celebration he not only monitored the program but served as master of ceremonies.

Last June he visited Boston and WNAC where he took an audition on Friday and began announcing the following Sunday.

In high school at Bangor, young Atwood organized and directed a band of 100 members. He is a member of the honorary musical society of the University of Maine and while a student served as president of the Kappa Sigma chapter.

WICC, Bridgeport

THE COMPLETE schedule for a series of educational broadcasts relating to domestic affairs has been published by Leon F. Whitney, director of the Family Affairs Institute of New Haven, Conn., under whose auspices the broadcasts are being given. The Rev. George Reid Andrews opened the series with a discussion on 'Should the Family Be Saved,' followed by Leon F. Whitney, director of the organization speaking on "What's Wrong With Marriage, and Why?" The latter part of the program will be devoted to the answering of questions on the subject requested by the audience. The series of talks will include discussions on marriage, education, religion, children, budgets and other subjects in relation to the family as a whole; as well as specific topics on heredity, inheritance, marriage, racial prejudices, child-training, and citizenship.

A new Sunday afternoon popular feature, "The Rhythm Ride" which features Fred Esposito and his Radio Orchestra, is presenting another WICC favorite, the Mountain Melodeers, who have been favorites with WICC audiences since their inaugural broadcast on WICC over a year ago. At present they are heard on Saturday evenings at 8:15 p.m. Dorothy Taylor, radio personality, Dorothy O'Brien, popular pianist, and Don Ragonese, the singing guitarist, who were heard on the initial program of the "Rhythm Ride" are again heard in solo parts on this program. With Fred Esposito in the driver's seat, the orchestra offers novelty and modern dance tunes.

KFRG, San Francisco

SINGER of comedy and ballad songs for six years with Jimmy Joy's orchestra during far wanderings over the country, Andy Andrews, musical comedian has decided to stay put for a while and has joined the staff at KFRG where his humorous songs have begun to form a welcome part of the Blue Monday Jamboree and other programs. Andy got his fill of travel in those six years before referred to, and having been, as he puts it, "married to the same girl for quite a number of years," began to have visions of a home.

A University of Nebraska youth, Andy joined station KFAB at Lincoln in that state, when it was founded in 1923. His fame as a singer soon spread, and the engagement with Joy followed. Though primarily a comedy and ballad singer, Andy wields a wicked fist—or whatever one uses as a composer. Modest to the point of secrecy about his songs he admits, at least, to the authorship of "There Goes a Horse."
KFOX, Long Beach, Cal.

There is a new star shining in the constellation of dance orchestras these days and KFOX is serving as the medium through which listeners are able to glimpse its beauty. Cally Holden and his Orchestra might well be classified astronomically in the musical world as a planet.

Cally Holden himself is not new to radio, having been at the head of a Collegiate Band not long ago, over FKWB, but his present orchestra, organized, managed and directed by himself, is new to listeners and is distinguishing itself as one of the finest orchestras heard over the Pacific Coast ether waves.

Descending from a musical family and having a father who sang with a number of well known opera companies, should be reason enough for Cally now being engaged in the musical profession. However, contrary to family tradition, Cally completed a course in the University of Washington, in economics and entered the business world selling insurance. After a few years as district manager for a large insurance company, Cally tired of business and welcomed an opportunity to embark upon a musical career.

Playing the piano, the trombone and singing to earn money was not a new thing for Holden. Much of his college tuition was earned playing with orchestras. When business life was paying off his patience, a friend suggested that he accept an engagement with an orchestra playing the Pantages circuit. Consequently he had an extended engagement with Ray West's Orchestra on tour and later played in the Fox West Coast Theatres, acting as arranger as well as trombone soloist.

After playing with several outstanding musical organizations, among them The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra during the Festival of 1931, and directing Cally Holden's Collegiate Band for KFWB, Cally began to execute long contemplated plans for an orchestra of his own, conducted in an unusual manner.

It was Cally's desire to have a musical organization of carefully chosen men, picked for their moral as well as their musical fitness. During his engagements with orchestras in and about Los Angeles, Holden had been constantly on the lookout for men of the calibre he had in mind and the late summer of 1931 found him rehearsing fourteen men, each of whom was an accomplished musician with engagements with some of the country's foremost orchestras to his credit.

The orchestra is organized as a corporation and each man shares alike in the earnings of the company. Cally Holden as leader, receives no more for his work than does any other member, and in addition he acts as business manager for the organization whose members are required to save a certain amount of their earnings which are pooled and invested. The plan of organization is an attractive one to men of calibre and it behooves each player to find contentment with his lot.

Cally Holden is particularly fitted to be at the head of such an orchestra. Possessing a keen business intelligence and a thorough knowledge of music and its application to each instrument in his orchestra, coupled with rare understanding of human psychology, he has welded his fourteen men into an orchestra that produces a rhythm and blend that captivates scores of listeners with each broadcast. In addition to the fourteen musicians, the organization embraces a male trio of young lads Holden discovered with a Southern California High School musical group.

WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

With the famous negro conductor and composer, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, as its nucleus, WHAM has organized and is presenting under Stromberg-Carlson patronage a choir of mixed voices unique among commercial programs of the East.

The modest young musician has been shattering precedents and dissolving barriers of social prejudice since 1924 when he was guest of the city of Niagara Falls in a Music Festival and gained the distinction of being the first colored man to stand at the head of a gigantic chorus and conduct interpretations of his own works.

In 1930 news and editorial columns of American newspapers carried increasingly frequent news from far off lands describing the triumphant progress of Dr. Dett and his choir from the Hampton Institute of Virginia through the concert halls of nations which had previously been unfamiliar with the wealth of soul stirring music evolved from the recreational and religious activities of the American Negro.

The choir landed in England, and the Lord Mayor of Plymouth donned his resplendent robes of office to receive them at the docks. Prime Minister MacDonald and his daughter Ishbel received Dr. Dett and his forty choristers at tea.
Meet The “Little Colonel”

By Jack Snow

L. B. WILSON owns a boiler factory and a radio station! The half dozen people in the United States who are still prejudiced against radio will nod their heads in approval and say the combination is most appropriate. But L. B. Wilson, general manager and president of WCKY in Covington, Kentucky, is also vice-president of one of the Kentucky’s largest banking institutions, owns and manages all the theatres in Covington, recently promoted interstate commerce by reorganizing the operation of the Cincinnati-Covington bridge over the Ohio River, is a civic leader and is generally looked upon as the biggest man in Northern Kentucky, although he lacks one inch of being five feet tall!

He is one general manager of a large radio station who refuses to follow precedent and cannot be classified as a musician, an artist or a writer. He is primarily a business man. Years of experience in the show world have taught him the wisdom of applying sound business principles to showmanship and the equal wisdom of applying good showmanship to business. The exchange works either way—at least it has in the case of L. B. Wilson and WCKY.

It was in November of 1931 that L. B. Wilson assumed the duties of general manager in addition to the passive role of President of WCKY. Let us review WCKY’s history before that memorable month of November last year. The Covington station was organized in 1929 when WSAL in Cincinnati was reduced in power and placed on a part time schedule. Covington business men saw an opportunity to secure a radio station for their city. They went to L. B. Wilson as the likeliest man in Northern Kentucky to finance so expensive a venture. In September of 1929 WCKY went on the air as an affiliated station of the National Broadcasting Company operating on 1490 kilocycles with a power rating of 5,000 watts. L. B. was content to listen in occasionally and pay a weekly visit to the station. In those days radio wasn’t the big business that it is now, and L. B. was occupied with his theatres, banks and various other interests. To a critical listener things were happening at WCKY. The station was not making the progress it should have made with all its opportunities. Something was wrong. Mismanagement? Perhaps, and WCKY was content to go along in something of a rut, nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of other stations. It made thousands of listener-friends for itself but accomplished little in the way of outstanding progress.

Then L. B. stepped in and took the managerial reins in his own hands. That was in November last year. Result—WCKY operated full time, 17 hours daily, instead of its former time sharing arrangement. The Mabley and Carew Company in the great Carew Tower in Cincinnati, and one of the city’s largest department stores, bought the background announcements of WCKY. WCKY became the Mabley and Carew Station. Studios are planned in the Carew Tower. WCKY trebled the number of commercial NBC programs it carried. WCKY carried every available sustaining program of the Red and Blue networks. When Paul White was assigned to Cincinnati on his RKO tour he chose the WCKY studios and facilities to broadcast his first two Poncie Chieftain programs over a nationwide network of the National Broadcasting Company. When the Ziegfield Follies played Cincinnati, Harry Richman, Hal Leroy, Mitzi Mayfair, Gladys Glad, Jack Pearl and the entire Follies cast trooped over to WCKY to meet L. B. and broadcast a half hour’s hilarious program. When Earl Carroll’s Vanities appeared in Cincinnati Rudy Vallee and Everett Marshall confounded their broadcasting to WCKY where they each appeared for a radio interview. And now, the crowning success of L. B.’s managerial genius!

This is the point where L. B. called upon his showmanship to combine with his strategy as a business man. The South is the cradle of American Music, of that L. B. was convinced by the number of popular songs that are written about the South and coal black mamies and such subjects. Then there are the negro spirituals and the Stephen Foster ballads—more evidence of the South’s legitimate claim as the home...
of American Music. Now L. B. reasoned that the South had never been represented on the air with a regular program originating in one of its own stations and broadcast by a national chain. Very well, WCKY was across the river in Kentucky—far enough south to rightfully claim recognition as a southern station. With this idea in his mind L. B. set out for New York and the 711 Fifth Avenue air castle of the National Broadcasting Company. There was an interview and dinner engagements with Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company. When L. B. returned to Covington he brought back with him permission to broadcast a program to be known as "Southern Symphonies," over the National Broadcasting Company. The program was to originate every week in the studios of WCKY.

The next step was to build the program. L. B. already had a good idea as to how this would be done. He called upon his old friend Theodore Hahn, Jr., one of the few men of real musical genius in the middle west, and the result is "Theodore Hahn, Jr., and His WCKY Orchestra in Southern Symphonies," every Friday night 11:15 to midnight EST over stations of the National Broadcasting Company. The program is remarkably diversified, fresh and hauntingly reminiscent of the South—a skillful piece of showmanship. Already it is immensely popular with its nationwide radio audience and has received the plaudits of NBC's highest officials.

As we write this L. B. Wilson has been active manager of WCKY less than a year. Yet WCKY is virtually a new station and a vastly finer station than it has ever been before.

**Arctic Listens**

*Continued from page 28*

news bulletins, and other features. It keeps us in touch with the world as well as giving unlimited pleasure. Before the advent of radio in the North, news was old before there was a whisper of it. In 1914, when war was declared, Harry McGurran, the postman, started immediately from Fort McMurray, the northern terminal of the railroad, on a special trip to take the news to the Arctic. He travelled 1300 miles in a small open boat until stopped by running ice; then had to camp and wait for the Mackenzie River to tighten (almost two months), and completed the trip, nearly four hundred miles more, in a dog team. It was Christmas time when the people in the farthest outposts learned there was a war, and some of the trappers who were in the bush did not hear of it until the next Summer. And the suspense for those at home after loved ones had responded to the call and made the long trek out to civilization to give their services to the country. No chance of news for many dreary and anxious months. But now—daily bulletins, news from all parts of the world. Is it any wonder that broadcasting means so much to Northerners? One never listens in with a "taken for granted" attitude in this corner of the globe; it is always with a full consciousness of appreciation.

The Indians have not taken to the radio so well. They like to listen to it, but few of them have bought it. They seem to prefer the phonograph, perhaps because it is more simple to operate and they get better results with it, or perhaps for other reasons. They do not quite understand the principle of radio and stand a little in awe of it. Some of the Caribou Eater tribe of Indians from the east end of Great Slave Lake came into Resolution a few years ago, and a man in the settlement invited them to hear his new radio set. The music pleased them and they were amazed when told from what a great distance it was coming and how it was reproduced, but they could not fully comprehend it. They got the impression that the set could pick up anything from any place and bring it in at the will of the man who controlled the dials.

The following Winter, while making a patrol, the Police discovered some of this band of Indians making a brew. It was of course emptied and the offenders dealt with. Ordinarily, the Police make only one patrol a Winter to this section of the country, but it so happened that their work took them out that way again a few weeks later. They again found a brew being made and arrested it. After they had left, the Indians thought it would be perfectly safe to start another brew and proceeded to do so. But business once more took the Police to that same area within a short time, and the Indians were surprised at their brew making again. They did not know what to make of it—three patrols within a few months; it was a wonder. Suddenly the old Chief remembered the radio set at Resolution, and that band of Indians is convinced to this day that the owner of the set listened in and heard them discussing the brew and reported the matter to the Police. They are afraid to attempt any more brews.

Broadcasting may have taken the joy out of their lives, but it brings all that is best, and otherwise unattainable, to our homes. A radio set is the one and only luxury in many a trapper's isolated cabin. Dry cells have to be used as there is no way available of recharging wet batteries, so each year it means work, trans-
porting a supply of dry cells from the settlement at which he procures his outfit to his trap line, but he is repaid by the pleasure he derives from this source during the long dark Winter, and he can judge by watching the trend of the market if it will pay him to leave his trap line during the trapping season to dispose of his furs at the nearest post, or whether it is more advisable to wait until Spring to take in his total catch.

Northerners are beginning to consider a radio set not only a wonderful luxury but also a necessity. Being able to receive the broadcast, the voice of civilization, is insurance against stagnation of mind and depression of spirit; it dispels the loneliness even from the farthest frontier.

Five Star Theatre

(Continued from page 9)


For the Friday evening Mystery drama, Charlie Chan was chosen as the most popular of the detectives now extant in fiction and motion pictures. A dramatic serialization of Earl Derr Biggers’ novel of the adventures of the island Chinese detective has been prepared by D. Thomas Curtin, who has been one of the most successful writers of radio mystery dramas.

The Five Star Theatre, which has the combined support of the Standard Oil Companies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Louisiana, and the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, is an experiment which probably will become a landmark in radio presentation ideas. There will be none with a greater variety of subject until the day arrives when acrobats can become radio stars.

For Instants

(Continued from page 29)

about 25 to 50 percent slower than the same thing would be played on the stage. I base this theory on two things—first that it makes it easier for the listener in to follow and secondly that it gives them a chance to mentally fill in the gaps with the indicated action. I think that Amos N’Andy showed great showmanship in the deliberate manner of their playing and that this one factor almost as much as any other gave them the enormous audience that the quality of their sketches deserved. In direct opposition to this theory, I feel that monologues or dialogues which amount to monologues in their content, should be played with celerity and brightness.

I promised when I started that this would not be a treatise on the duties of a production director. However, I think it will be of interest to know that among other things, he is responsible for setting rehearsals, casting, balancing the orchestra, making the artists comfortable, timing the music, checking sound effects and making sure they register in proper volume, directing the actors and actresses so as to get the desired effect, getting a glass of water for a singer or a speaker, often playing a part oneself, and lastly seeing that the show itself goes smoothly and effectively. So, we of production work in radio can rightly be said to be on the firing line where we are called upon to be anything from a Major Domo to a Good Man Friday just “for instants.”

Chief Director

(Continued from page 12)

then all, he asked Black what to do. Black chose the singer he had originally recommended and the singer was given three different contract renewals by the sponsor later on.

For a musician, he is almost impenetrable. His arrangements are very difficult, yet he will write a score for a 60-piece orchestra while he is talking on the phone, carrying on a conversation with several people or while he is dictating letters. It was he who first made the Revelers sing parts that were originally written for saxophones. He liked the idea and so he adapted other instrumental parts for voices. Some of the endings on Reveler songs give the rising bell-like effect of a vibraphone.

Unlike most conductors or composers, Black never displays the so-called “artistic temperament.” He refuses to worry. He refuses to become excited.

As a newspaperman I would say that had he gone into that field, Black would have made a great city editor. You can imagine him picking up the phone and hearing a reporter tell him that there had been an earthquake. But you can no more imagine Black becoming ruffled over the news than you can imagine a great city editor getting rattled.

As a hobby, Black collects bronzes, and like most collectors, he gets a great deal of enjoyment out of finding rare things in strange places. A huge cloisonne figure of a Buddhist monk now graces his home. Originally he saw it at a prohibitive price in an antique store. Then later, in another store. He followed it into nine stores and finally bought it—when it was being used as a decoration in a department store. Another trophy is the bronze medallion...
made to honor the late aviator, Floyd Bennett. Original oil paintings and etchings grace the walls of his studio.

His wife is Mrs. Adelaide Black. She is a professional. She is not a musician; and because she is not, Black values her reactions highly.

Frank Black has a keen sense of humor. He likes to laugh. And he gets a lot of laughs out of his work. One reason is that he doesn't take himself too seriously. He is a difficult person to deceive and can silence an egomaniac with a glance which in itself is a difficult feat.

The last thing you ever find out about Black is that he has written a score of original compositions. He doesn't talk much about them. Yet they vary from the popular song to an overture. His genius lies in being able to understand all phases of music, from Beethoven to Berlin and from Gershwin to Gounod.

Young Gentleman
(Continued from page 21)

eroire. While in Italy he sang at the two great theatres of Milan, the Teatro Puccini and the Teatro del Popolo. Returning to America, he made his debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, singing with Josephine Lucchese and John Charles Thomas in "Rigoletto." So thunderous was the ovation given Martin’s rendition of the aria "La Donna e Mobile" that he was forced to break a precedent of long standing and interrupt the performance of the opera with an encore. When next he appeared with the same company, singing "The Pearl Fishers," the program bore in large letters the inscription, "No Encores Allowed!"

Despite his youth and operatic and concert experiences, Martin is not a newcomer to radio. He was heard in occasional concerts over the WABC-Columbia network in 1929 and 1931. Now, however, he will be heard regularly.

He stands at least four feet from the microphone...his feet wide apart...his hands clasped in front of him...he looks as if he were on the operatic stage—not in a broadcasting studio...He flashes a broad smile when his selection is ended.

New Year's Eve
(Continued from page 19)

around the console. This was Lew's theme song, the one that you hear on the NBC "Night Song" every Saturday night and at other times. Such feeling, such tenderness—it seemed to have a special message. Then Grofé, the composer, the genial friend, came into the room with a quiet rapture in his face.

"Lew, play that again, will you? It's—well, it's—go on and play it, Lew." There were tears welling over the composer's eyelids.

When the last note had faded away, he said to the writer. "Only I can understand how really well Lew White interprets it. I wrote it originally as a love song to my wife." He was thinking of her at home with their infant daughter, and of the little two year old son who had fallen, skinned a knee and suffered an infection. A doctor had just lanced the injury, and reported that danger was past.

The tender mood soon passed and we all were merry again, including Ferde Grofé, with whom you may have become better acquainted in the December Radio Digest.

Nelly and her friend Sally, went home at midnight; but many of the others remained for dancing and music until early hours—and of course Lew served the waffles with the aid of two dusky retainers.

Suddenly our host pulled little Miss Welcome Lewis away from the crowd and disappeared through some draperies.

"Here, what's going on?" somebody shouted.

"Come see," answered Lew. We followed and found ourselves on a stone floor in a forest of pipes and tubes. Here was the many fluted throat of Lew White's organ. It was like squeezing through a tight growth of trees in a woodland. And this organ master had himself directed the placement of every part and parcel of this great instrument.

Blood Will Tell
(Continued from page 7)

biting his nails off trying to think of some way he could induce me to headline his Follies show. I'm really too soft hearted and it was only after he had worked on my sympathy that I consented to headline the Follies.

Well, that in the main is the story of my life up to the time I decided to reveal my true identity over the Magic Carpet, the greatest program of the world, as Baron Munchausen. Sometimes I suspect there are some among my listeners who have doubts as to the veracity of my remarkable adventures. But I have Charley with me to back me up with short sketches. What more can I do? Must I broadcast a notary and make affidavits?

Tuneful Topics
(Continued from page 34)

and Luella Gear, has music and lyrics by Cole Porter, who always seems to get an odd, bizarre twist to his compositions. There are several songs from the show, but outstanding seems to be "Night and Day," which we are going to feature this Thursday, and which I am told is an unusually good song with a very long chorus (forty-eight measure). A superficial rendition of it at the piano failed to disclose much beauty, but possession of the orchestra will show me what it has that seems to charm everyone who hears it. There is also another song called "After You." Both of these tunes are typical show tunes, which express my feeling, I think, in the matter.

The revised Schwab and DeSylva show, which was originally "Humpty Dumpty," featuring Ethel Merman, Jack Haley and Jack Whiting, now called "TAKE A CHANCE," a musical comedy with a plot, and evidently a smash success in its revision, has two songs, one of which is evidently a pep song for Ethel Merman, "Rise n Shine," which seems to be just one of those things which the bands will all play brightly, quartettes sing, and which will pep your spirits up while you listen to it, but I doubt if it will turn out to be a song that all the country will whistle and love. Persuadably enough there is another song in the show called "Turn Out The Light!" it is published by the same firm that publishes Herman Pfenfield's "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep." There is no plagiarism in this case as "Turn Out The Light!" was written out on the Coast, while "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep!" was written here in the East. As if this were not enough, Miller Music is publishing a song called "And So To Bed!" All of this strikes me as rather funny, as it does seem that the minute one hit song is written there must be many others very much like it. However, the successful song is "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep," and all others, unless really fine songs, will mean very little or nothing to the public at large.

I have several other songs, especially two or three English tunes just brought back by Jimmy Campbell from London, about which he is putting on the usual eloquent praise, but I think that until they are published I will leave them for a later discussion.
Who Else Wants to Get into Broadcasting?

Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career. $3,000 to $15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

Do you want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands of even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from $3,000 to $15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—Broadcasting needs you and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," a remarkable new course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit this special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than $35,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think Positions like these, often paying from $3,000 to $15,000 a year, are open to talented men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation:

- Announcer
- Advertising
- Singer
- Publicity
- Actor
- Dramatist
- Reader
- Musician
- Director
- Musical Director
- Script Writer
- Program Manager
- Sales Manager

Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.

FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Radio Broadcaster of the chance this gives: you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their way over the "mile." New personalities will be heard —new stars will rise to the heights and sway millions—new fortunes will be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique. You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you can act, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—and let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprang to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the year of training that has made fortunes for the famous names in Broadcasting.

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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1933

COVER PORTRAIT, Jean Fay one of new and younger NBC soloists.

BING'S NODE is insured for $100-000—it's in his voice.

RADIO CITY. Wonderland of beauty introduced to listening world.

MIKE STANCE. Illustrated lecture on footprint before a microphone.

LYDIA SUMMERS Takes a Prize. Girl from Blossom Land Realizes Dream.

"BUCK ROGERS"—Sound effects portray scene 500 years hence.

JEAN FAY. Story of the success of the pretty little Kentucky Redhead.

TIBBETT, CROOKS and DALY. Trio of Artists gives Firestone class.

MAMMY'S BOY. It's a new mammy Al Jolson has now.

KITCHEN PARTY. Myrt and Marge adore a good waffle sauce.

ETCHOGRAPH. Typeline sketch of Helen Board, the CBS singer.

CLEAN FUN. Gus Van has sung 30,000 songs and never blushed yet.

JEANNIE LANG. With a feather in her cap she conquers all Radioville.

GOOD LOOKIN'. George Hall Picks a perfect spot for motor accident.

A SYNTHETIC KISS. But after all it's not like the real thing.

EDITORIAL. Radio affords a "couple of laughs" at the right time.

TUNEFUL TOPICS. Review of bits by the Chief Connecticut Yankee.


Pull aside the curtain of secrecy and watch the wheels go around

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RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.
TWISTS and TURNS
With Radio People and Programs
BY HAROLD P. BROWN

By the time this reaches you the results of that great popularity contest promoted by an Eastern set manufacturer will be known. If the list of winners that we have seen previous to the public announcement is final there is no serious reason to complain about the selections. Our theory is, however, that the winners might just as well have been so named in the first place without all the farce of the contest. The manufacturers aver that they received a total of 10,000 votes. Perhaps they did. They may even ask you to step up and count 'em. And if you can count that far you may find that there are 10,500,000 ballots. But that will never prove to you how many people actually voted. If each ballot represented a vote by a different person it would mean that approximately two out of every three set owners in the United States participated in the contest. It would mean that approximately every other voter who cast his ballot for Roosevelt in the last Presidential campaign also voted in this radio popularity contest. We would not question the personal integrity of any one of the winners. We would not question the honest intent of the sponsors of the contest. In fact we are rather sympathetic toward both of these elements. But we do feel that somewhere along the line someone committed a serious error in judgment so that it became possible for unknown but ambitious candidates to acquire limitless quantities of ballots. The sponsors in their eagerness to produce logical winners took measures, we suspect, to see that sufficient ballots were available to make those obviously most popular contestants win.

The Times Square studio of the NBC never was so popular as it has been this Winter. Rudy Vallee with his Thursday evening Fleischmann Hour is high on the crest of the wave again. His show has been put in his own hands. He has stepped over to Broadway and brought in any number of shining names from the ranks of the Great White Way. Dramatists, singers, comedians, have all helped to make his program highly entertaining; and Rudy himself with his inimitable radio voice gives the flavor to the cake. There never was any question about his popularity among the majority of the fairer half of the listeners. The sterner half in many instances has not been so kind, although opinions have changed when meeting Vallee in person. He has generally kept his head level under conditions that could easily have warped many a male with more brute bulk and sinew. Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, without personal effort on his part could very well win a national contest.

Last year a New York newspaper radio editor took a poll among radio editors of the country and found that Jessica Dragonette stood so far in the lead of her nearest competitor that the total number of her votes was almost double. She is a modest, wholesome little lady with a soft clear voice that radiates the personality of a clean mind and a sweet disposition. Miss Dragonette is in reality that kind of a young woman. She does not try to promote herself. Her friendships are sincere. To suspect that she may unintentionally have caused another person to be brought suffering on herself some months ago she was asked by Radio Digest if she would allow some of her fan letters to be published in our series "Letters to the Artist." She was asked for "outstanding" letters. She went into her treasure chest of her fan mail and brought out some "outstanding" letters as requested. Then she obtained permission from the writers of the letters to use them, and they were published in Radio Digest. After that one of those male fault-finders wrote to her complaining that she had forgotten to use any of the letters from her more humble admirers, chiding her about it. She felt quite hurt until she was told that this particular person's name was well known as a fanatical complainer along those lines to all radio columns. He was one of those fellows who always was sad and neglected. But the incident is cited only as an example of the really sincere and tender feeling Miss Dragonette has toward her listeners. It would not be at all surprising if she should win any popularity test wherein her name might be entered as a candidate.

Richard Gordon in the character of "Sherlock Holmes" also carried top honors in this newspaper contest. He is one of the best-liked men among his fellow artists. He is a veteran of the stage, belongs to the theatrical clubs, has friends everywhere in all parts of the country. But he does not live in a flamboyant manner. He and his devoted wife, who also is a famous stage star, live quietly and modestly in their comfortably furnished home at Stamford, Conn. Richard Gordon really pioneered the way for radio drama. From coast to coast his keen, analytical voice has taken the country by storm. When "Sherlock Holmes" is due to step out of the console into the living room all other sounds cease. His popularity was amply demonstrated a year ago and he is no less popular today. It would be hard to name any dramatic actor in radio today who could surpass Richard Gordon in national popularity.

There seems to be a general air of indecision about announcers this year. Graham McNamore and Ted Husing have been panned in the columns so much during the past year because of alleged inaccuracies in sports broadcasting it is possible they do not hold all the esteem that was theirs in former days. "Jimmy" Wallington has since had considerable build-up on the Cantor program. Howard Claney has been much sought after by sponsors because of his pleasant manner of delivery. Louis Dean and David Ross have been in the spotlight a great deal during the past year. Kelvin Keech and John S. Young have become better known. Milton Cross always tones his programs with gilt-edge. Who really is the most popular announcer? That is a question it would be hard to answer other than by a simple untampered vote by the listeners. Perhaps some of the readers of Radio Digest would like to express an opinion on the subject. Such opinions are respectfully solicited by the editors.
COMEDIANS certainly have had the spot during the past year. Ed Wynn leaped to the top at one bound. Baron Munchausen also made a quick climb, then Eddie Cantor came rushing back to New York from Hollywood to reclaim the very popular place he had made for himself before deserting the mike for pictures last Spring. There have been other comedians but none that could really compare with the popularity achieved by these three.

ARE contests really beneficial? If they are unquestionably genuine how does the good achieved compare with the wide-spread pain and disappointment of those who lost and the suspicion on the part of those who backed the closers? And if the contest bears a cloud of doubt as to its genuine merit what is gained by anybody?

What, No Script!

Radio's first ad-lib comedy is the refreshing foolishness brought to the Columbia microphones these days by Tom Howard, the wise boop, and his partner, George Shelton. The pair works entirely without a prepared script, giving the production and control room men the jitters, but adding the spontaneity of delivery vital to their form of entertainment.

Howard and Shelton depend primarily upon ridiculous characterization and outlandish situations, far removed from the straight gag type common to the funnymen today. They are turned loose among the microphones without even so much as a dress rehearsal and, with the uncanny sixth sense of the veteran trouper, and their turns "on the nose."

How this is accomplished seems all the more remarkable in the face of their confused colloquys heard every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Howard is the lank, lean partner with the droll delivery which seems to go on, and on, and on such subjects as how high is up while the sagited Shelton seeks to put him straight. It's an old trick to both, however, since they met up on the movie lots two years ago and blended their stage talents of a life time. The team, given a central idea, would go before the cameras with the script thrown to the four winds.

Much the same formula is followed between their broadcasts today. A situation is selected and Mr. Howard, in his home on the banks of the Shrewsbury River, cogitates on just what he would do in such a fix. Mr. Shelton does the same between pinochle decks at the Friars Club. Then they go off in a corner at the Columbia studios, feeding each other lines while Rush Jermon, their manager, times the business by his watch and suggests deletions. Their opening and closing cues are then noted for Conductor Leonard Hayton and Announcer Norman Brokenshire who haven't the slightest idea of just what their guests will do that evening.

Hill is Sponsored

Edwin C. Hill, who was chosen to reveal "The Inside Story" of a series of great personalities currently in the news, is living evidence of the theory that Hoosier soil supplies the peculiar sort of vitamin for the growth of authors, poets, and newspapermen.

To the new series of Friday broad- casts over Columbia, which opened January 27 when "Babe" Ruth was up to bat at the mike with the veteran reporter in the box, Edwin C. Hill finds himself in a perfect vehicle; for he built up his reputation through the years as an expert discoverer and writer of human interest material.

He was born in Aurora (population 4,000), Indiana. It looked from the very beginning as if young Edwin was destined to become a school-teacher to follow family tradition. His father was a county superintendent of schools and his mother taught. But it was at college, the University of Indiana, that Hill first fostered the idea of becoming a writer. Here is how it happened.

His professor in English used to give the editorial page of a well-known New York daily for purposes of illustration. Hill determined after but a few classes that someday he would be contributing to that same newspaper—and he did.

After short tours of duty with papers in Fort Wayne and Cincinnati, Hill came to New York. He had no letters of introduction and knew no one. He presented himself at the city desk of the great metropolitan newspaper. The editor liked the appearance of the persistent young Hoosier who insisted on getting a job.

To make a long story short, he was given an assignment and made good. Within four months he had broken a long-standing record. Never before in the history of New York journalism had a cub reporter succeeded in being paid by space in less than eight months, and Hill made it in half that time.

In more than twenty years Hill has met and interviewed practically every distinguished visitor who has come to our shores. In addition he has been on intimate terms with Presidents, athletes, actors, authors, soldiers, statesmen and adventurers.

One of the things that has undoubtedly aided him in getting to so many personalities is his appearance. He is distinguished looking with his hair greying at the temples. In dress he is always immaculate and his favorite costume is that of a short black coat with striped trousers. This is topped off with a pair of pince-nez.
Bing Crosby and Eddie Lang

This is considered by many as the very finest photograph ever taken of Bing Crosby. It shows him at the ecstatic moment when he sings "—blue of the night." And that's Eddie Lang with the guitar, just as you may have seen them together in the movie, "The Bi(n)g Broadcast." If Eddie didn't look so blamed mundane you would probably call the picture spiritual or somethin'.
Bing's Node

Insured for $100,000

By KNUTE K. HANSEN

FOR years Bing Crosby struggled for recognition as a singer. Then Mack Sennett, veteran Hollywood comedy impresario, decided that Bing was a natural comedian—whereupon Bing immediately attained fame as a singer—and as a comedian as well, of course.

After organizing an orchestra while he was a student at Gonzaga University, in Spokane, Washington, his home town, to finance an automobile accident—the accident had already happened—Bing gravitated into vaudeville. Then, with Harry Barris and Al Rinker, he went with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra as Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys. In Hollywood for the filming of Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz," they decided that they liked California, left Whiteman, and went to work with Gus Arnheim's orchestra in the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

There Mack Sennett observed Crosby's antics while he was singing, his ad-libbing at the microphone and generally pleasing insouciance, and signed him up for a series of two reel comedies. Simultaneously with their release, the eastern networks heard of the individual hit Crosby was making at the Coconut Grove and over the air in Los Angeles, and did battle for his services. The rest is history.

Established as a leading star of the air, Crosby was lured to Hollywood for another film engagement, this time in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast," in which he was starred. Now, with the picture released, he is back on the air for Chesterfield, twice weekly, and his future career promises to be marked by a struggle between films and the air for his continued services, so great has his success been in each medium. In fact, Paramount now wants him back in Hollywood for their "College Humor," on which they would like to begin production in April.

That, to the casual observer, is the success story of Crosby, Bing to you. But behind it is another story, a story of how the hard work and the struggle Bing went through to attain his present eminence had its effect on his present fame in more ways than one.

As one of the Rhythm Boys, Crosby did four and five shows daily, and, if you remember the Rhythm Boys, you'll recall that plenty of enthusiasm and energy went into those performances. Then, in addition, there were often dance engagements following the rigorous theatre schedule, and broadcasts too. In the mornings, there were recordings, for Bing, first as one of the Rhythm trio and then as a solo artist, was a big name and a heavy seller on phonograph records even before he attained radio prominence. In fact, it was his record of "I Surrender, Dear," which William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard played in an adjoining stateroom while he was on his way to Europe, which eventually led to his first Columbia contract.

For each public appearance and for each recording, there had to be a rehearsal, at least one and sometimes many, so Crosby's schedule was completely filled from early morning until, very often, way past midnight, with almost incessant singing. Add to this the fact that Crosby has an extremely sensitive throat, and you have an idea of the constant strain to which he subjected his voice.

It will be remembered that Crosby's debut on the Columbia system two years ago was delayed by a severe attack of laryngitis, which necessitated the postponement of his first broadcast for a week. That throat of Bing's has required more attention and care than a fabulously valuable Stradivarius violin; often his doctor goes to the studios with him, with Bing barely able to speak huskily, and gives him a quick treatment just before he goes on the air.

As a result of Bing's strenuous singing, Nature stepped in and gave him a helping hand. Anyone who has read Clarence Buddington Kelland's novel "The Great Crooner" will see a parallel between the case of Kelland's crooner and Bing Crosby. Not from the standpoint of crooning—Crosby is not a crooner, but a singer, as anyone who has ever heard him will agree. But both of them are endowed with trick vocal cords which impart a timbre to their voices which makes men and women alike gather round the radio when they're on the air, and a glissando which makes musicians marvel, other singers envious and Ring Lardner, the old purist, furious.

Kelland couldn't have had Crosby in mind, however, except for the matter of that glissando, for at that time only Crosby and his doctor knew the full details of Bing's case. Kelland's crooner sang as he did because of a slip a country doctor made in operating on his throat for quinsy. Bing Crosby's million dollar voice is the direct result of his years of hard work.

(Continued on page 48)
YOU don't have to die to go to Paradise, nor do you have to rub Aladdin's Lamp or ride the Magic Carpet to be let down into a palace so wonderful and beautiful it seems not of this earth but a Land of Dreams or a childhood's fancy. Nothing like this. The next time you come to New York just ask the taxi man to let you out at Sixth avenue and Fifty-sixth street where the dirty old elevated structure has turned into a silvery spangle of steel.

There you will see signs indicating the entrance to Radio City. You walk into a shimmering maze of crystal and red Italian marble, put two bucks into a little window, take your pasteboards and walk up the slight incline to the doors where St. Peter, and maybe it's St. Joe or Mike, takes the tickets and wafts you to glory.

This is Radio City—the RKO Music Hall—and as you pass those golden doors purgs your mind of any preconceived prejudices. Park your cynical spirit outside and walk in to be thrilled and you will be. Your toes are on air as they sink into a cloud-carpet, and before you rises a cascade of cloud-flecked walls shot through with golden mirrors reaching into dim heights above the third floor level. Painted mists float in and out of the background as a great stairway wends gracefully upward in easy slopes. A great elliptical well with radiant light descending from massive clusters of glass suspended from the sky—so it seems.

And this is only the foyer which comfortably accommodates 2,000 people. While you pause in dumb admiration expecting one of the angels to come fluttering down from somewhere a small imp in a black velvet tam directs you to one of the doors to your right and then you find yourself in the main auditorium. Mortal beings just like yourself are streaming in from all directions and before you know it that vast acre of 6,200 seats is filled with humanity. Organists are playing. Music sits down to you from some indefinable source. It is the grand opening!

Now you become conscious through the dim twilight of a dawn at sea. Sunlight seeps out of a gilded sky. There's a strain from the Star Spangled Banner, then an interlude snatched from you parked your dry husk of sophistication outside the door before you entered.

Now comes the show. The Jap acrobats, the aerialists—sure, you've seen them before, but not in Radio City. And here are the radio funsters, Eddie and Ralph, just like you hear them on the air, except that you really see them, and they have a chorus with quaint scenery on their little stage of the moment. It's a burlesque on the Barber of Seville, only they call it the Dentist of Seville. If that whimpering ghost of your cynical self still clings to your coat tails you won't be so amused, but let's hope it's gone.

AHH, you were looking for the angels. Here they come flitting down to the stage from the right and the left with silver in their wings. No Raphael ever envisioned a more heavenly sight. Softly like snowflakes they float down from the side walls and flurry about in fantastic eddies.

Somewhere in those dark shadows beyond the soft play of coloring lights sits a man who sees all, hears all, but is himself unseen. He is the pin-point of radium around which all these things move. His heart is pounding. It is the supreme moment of his great creative life. He has controlled the world for the things that give you this hour. Now he flashes back to you Life—the scintillating panorama of your existence, part in symbol, part in vivid actuality. This man with Destiny on a string for your amusement is Roxy.

So, whether you like it or not there is the show. The weird ghostly Angel of Fate descends a stairway, a Death Mask in his hand. In a greenish light you behold yourself in the typical folly of a body-wrecking orgy. It is called the King's Feast. In one form or another this dissipation comes to every man. But the Angel of Fate is present, joins the party and in the midst of it all claps the Mask over one and Life collects the toll.

(Continued on page 48)
Mary Eastman

RECENTLY joined the CBS-WABC as a regular member of the artist staff. Her young coloratura voice is adaptable to all the requirements of a versatile radio career. She has sung in joint recitals with Mme. Schumann-Heink and Richard Crooks. She won the New York state Atwater Kent audition contest, and she has been singing recently with Singin’ Sam.
Fig. I. Above you see Rudy Vallee in the act of singing. Note the balance solidly on his left foot while his right is poised on toe ready to shove off for a high note.

Fig. II. Moran of Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows" spreads his feet out firmly and takes a slightly crouching position. He feels belligerent. Dares such discussions as the early bird and the worm.

Fig. III. Jack Pearl, the Baron of Munchausen, leans on his left, a la Vallee, in order to get the proper balance for his right thumb as he asks, "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" "Sharlie" stands firmly heel and toe on both feet.

Fig. IV. This is Mack with his lazy feet dragged up to the mike while he drawls, "Who caahs about a worm?"

FOOTNOTES ON THE SOUNDS OF TIME

GATHER around, folks; get a little closer, please. Here we have the first lesson in microphone technique. A great deal depends on how you handle your feet. It's in the "stance," as they say on the links, for chain broadcasting. We have here a collection of illustrations taken from real life in the Times Square studio of the National Broadcasting Company. As ye stand so shall ye also think, and as ye think so shall ye sound to the radio audience. You see how it works out?
The MIKE Stance

Lessons in That so-called Technique

Fig. V. Cantor carefully works his feet around at right angles to his mike as shown in the above picture. This gives him that sense of animation, a feeling that if Rubinoff or Jimmy start for him for any foolery he can leap forward and off the stage without upsetting the microphone. Rubinoff has been known to splinter his baton on a fiddler's head and Eddie takes no chance. Microphoners with a fear complex would do well to take the Cantor stance to avoid that feeling of anxiety. Also note Rubinoff's so-called "hairpin" stance, his back to the audience.

You never hear Rubinoff say a word in reply to Cantor's jibes. It's because Eddie talks behind his back, and Eddie's voice is only little more than a whisper when poised before the mike.

Fig. VI. Musicians at rising tempo, some of them unable to stand. The fiddler nearest the mike, however, keeps his left boot in tapping position to keep time in case the baton slips a half-beat or two.

Fig. VII. Ethel Shutta takes the toe stance before the microphone in order to get a rhythmic sway to her knees as she sings. She finds this gets over the mike very effectively.
LYDIA SUMMERS

Wins a Prize

Girl from Apple Blossom Land
Takes $5,000 Trophy in the
A. Atwater Kent Auditions

By NORVELLE W. SHARPE, JR.

SOON it will be Blossom Time in Michigan. Take a Sunday in May and drive around the bend of the lake from Chicago and you will find the broad concrete highway glittering with an endless caravan of shining motor cars bound for the orchard country on the eastern shore. In the very heart of this glorious and aromatic kingdom you come to the capital of Apple Blossom Land, a couplet of towns named St. Joe and Benton Harbor.

Oceans of flowering trees spread out before your eyes as you top a hill or spin along the side of a sandy bluff, a poet’s paradise; a place for a queen of song to grow up amid the glorious dreams of childhood. And here was born and reared the charming Miss Lydia Summers who sang her way to the top of 50,000 contestants and took the Atwater Kent $5,000 audition prize a few weeks ago.

When Lydia was a little girl her name was Lydia Summerfelt. That was the name her people brought over to America from Munich, Germany. And her brother is none other than the famous Milton Summerfelt, captain of the Army’s steam-roller gridiron team.

Lydia was born with a love to sing. Her parents both were good singers. But they were not wealthy people and Lydia had dreams of far-away places, of fame and glory. Sometimes she put the feeling of her dreams into her voice as she sang. One day a well-to-do neighbor was so charmed at the quality of voice with which Lydia sang “Holy Night, Silent Night,” he decided to do something about it besides paying her nice compliments. Whereupon she began her musical training and joined the Congregational church choir as a member of a girl’s quartet.

She felt the urge to try her wings over broader fields and one day when she was twenty, she stepped aboard one of those inviting excursion steamers which brought such crowds of interesting people from the Big City. She had sometimes wondered what lay beyond her vision of the horizon along the blue waters of the lake. In Chicago she studied music by day and languages by night. Between times she clerked a little and played the pipe organ. And then she found an opportunity as secretary to a New York music teacher. Arriving in the East she soon received an invitation to substitute in a church choir.

Then she became a regular member of the choir of the Calvary Methodist church in New York City. And there she still may be found every Sunday.

Last year Lydia felt inspired to try her wings again for new heights and began to prepare for the annual competition of the Atwater Kent Foundation. To win such a prize? Well, it would do no harm at least to try. She considered that her voice was contralto and the sopranos, so far as she could see, always seemed to get the best breaks in affairs of this sort. But she would try. To her surprise she captured the state prize without much trouble. Now she was possessed of new courage and those girlhood dreams when the heavens above were clouds of sweet-scented apple blossoms came back again. She would win, she would, even though she did not sing the Bell Song or some other extravaganza with dizzy top notes!

Suppose there were 50,000 entrants in this A. Atwater Kent Foundation contest! Well, weeks passed and soon all were eliminated but five young women, and five young men. And Lydia Summers was of this group!

On December 9th she found herself in company with them at the home of the President of the United States in Washington. What a thrill! They were welcomed and honored in all the high places of state. Then they were on the Deluxe “The Congressional” whirling away to New York. For some it would be the first visit to the nation’s metropolis, for Lydia it was her adopted home. Together they were all ushered to the Roosevelt Hotel, which is only a few blocks from the studios of the National Broadcasting Company where soon they would know their fate. The next day they went over to the NBC studios to practice. In the evening they attended the Yale Glee Club concert at Carnegie Hall. Then, afterward, the Eight Sons of Eli, joined them for a merry sing together in the little ballroom at the hotel.

Sunday dawned in time for the final.

(Continued on page 46)
Dreams came true when Lydia Summers stood before a microphone and received a check for $5,000 from A. Atwater Kent, the prize for the 1932 audition which had enlisted 50,000 aspirants. Her reward will of course be used to further her musical education. She is contralto.
LONG before the submarine was invented Jules Verne wrote a most fascinating story about it in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Other imaginative authors have described new devices for the use of mankind far in advance of the actual achievement in the realm of science and invention.

Back in Civil War times some imaginative person described the day when the people of the eastern part of the American continent would talk through space to the people on the Pacific slope. And it was predicted that this would be accomplished without wires. The item was printed in the Chicago Tribune during the Sixties and gave a very clear picture of radio as it exists today.

And now we have "Buck Rogers in the year 2432" with all the unheard of scientific devices of that day of the future. Strange implements of war, New vehicles for travel.

You probably know how it started as a cartoon strip syndicated through the newspapers. The Kellogg Company of Battle Creek thought the idea could be worked out as broadcast. Sound effect engineers were put to work to study ways and means to convey concussions of various sorts that would create pictures in the minds of the listener as the story was dramatized over the air. An imaginative listener in this way sometimes gets even a better conception of the idea than he would through the moving picture screen or on the stage.

BUT the problem from the start was staggering. A click, a swish, a crackle of electric sparks and lo, before Buck Rogers appears the beautiful girl from "Atlantis."

If radio had existed when Columbus set out to discover America, and if it had then attempted to create for its audience a picture of our present day civilization, it would have been faced with much the same problem that confronted it in producing this new feature, "Buck Rogers in the Year 2432."

Imagine the difficulties of anyone in the Fifteenth Century trying to foresee —and trying to figure out how to picture by sound alone—our roaring subways, the building of one of our giant skyscrapers, or the passing overhead of a squadron of huge bombing planes.

Then imagine trying to picture for the present day audience—again by sound alone—a Twenty-fifty Century world in which space ships travel from the earth to Mars at 90,000 miles an hour, disintegrator rays crumble whole mountains into dust, and New York has been rebuilt as a city of a thousand super-scientific marvels.

In creating the sound effects for the program which carries Buck Rogers through thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in the world of the future, every resource of imagination and skill had to be brought into play.

Visions of the world of the future have held an enthralling interest from time immemorial. They have formed the subject matter of literature, stage productions and motion pictures. This program, however, marks the first time that an attempt has been made to picture such a world for the radio audience.
to Perfect Devices for

ROGERS"

VICTORE

It marks, also, a special development in radio technique and the solution of problems that originally seemed insolvable.

The chief problem lay in creating for the audience the atmosphere of a future civilization by sound alone; without the aid of the settings that the stage and screen call upon to help create their illusions. Further, the atmosphere had to be created by sounds of weird devices which themselves existed only in the imagination—atom disintegrators, rocket ships, guns that fire a stream of annihilating protons instead of ordinary bullets.

Those responsible for the sound effects were first faced with the necessity of determining what sounds would best convey to a listener's mind the picture of a proton gun being fired or a rocket ship making a landing. They then had to discover how to create their sounds.

The experimental work lasted six months, but at the end of that time a whole series of new sound machines had been developed, many of them highly complicated and for the most part electrically operated. The turn of a dial produces the crash of a great rocket plane wiped out of existence by an atom disintegrator, the hiss of proton bullets, or the clanking movements of a regiment of robot soldiers.

All of these and scores of other sounds help to bring vividly before the mind of the listener the picture of the world when rocket power will provide incredibly swift transportation, when dwellers on earth will visit the great cities on the stars, and when the destruction of the atom will furnish the power required by the mechanized civilization the scientists foresee.

Through a thousand thrilling adventures in this strange world this program carries its hero, Buck Rogers; a young man of our own time, buried in a mine near Pittsburgh in 1919, and miraculously emerging from a state of suspended animation lasting five centuries. John F. Dille, Philip Nowlan and Richard W. Calkins collaborate in presenting the future to the radio audience.

Beautiful Atlantis maiden—a dream girl with the same power over a hero of the future as girls do today. Feminine listeners will be especially interested in the style of garment the girl of 2432 is expected to wear. At least the kind of goods, whatever goods they may be, are not cellophane, which is sort of a first cousin of the rayon of today.

"Buck Rogers in the Year 2432" has introduced something new to radio with presentation of many strange new devices for travel and adventure. New ideas that come through invention often originate as fictional stories. Who can tell but some of the mysterious machines conceived by the authors of "Buck Rogers" may some day become realities.
That Irresistible

JEAN FAY

By Hal Tillotson

Jean Fay, diminutive redhead from Louisville who is heard over an NBC network from the Cocoanut Grove of the Park Central Hotel, New York, where she is appearing with Russ Columbo and his orchestra, convinced her parents that she was too young to go on to college when she finished high school at fifteen, then took a job singing and dancing in a Chicago night club.

Her logic was somewhat confusing to her family, but since her mother couldn't go to college and classes with her but could accompany her to Chicago and keep a guardian eye on her all the time there, she won the argument.

Jean, whose real name is Eugenia, had escaped the usual public appearances as a child which seem to have been frequent in the lives of most artists, but she took dancing lessons, and was finally persuaded to dance at a church entertainment in Louisville, when she was thirteen. Her dance turned out to be a song and dance, and when the choir director heard her sing he insisted on having her join the choir of the church, Christ Church Cathedral.

One thing led to another, and before Jean had finished high school she was singing with an orchestra in one of Louisville's leading hotels. Then she suffered the biggest disappointment of her life. Lack of patronage forced the hotel to close its cabaret, and she lost her first job.

When she had finished high school, and received an offer of a job in a Chicago night club, she was determined to accept it. So Jean and her mother went to Chicago, and from Chicago to Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

Jean had already made her debut on the air, over WHAS at Louisville, and in Cincinnati she seized an opportunity to sing over WLW with Henry Thies and his band. That opened another chapter in Jean's life.

A CINCINNATI friend of Tommy Rockwell, the same manager who represents Ruth Etting, the Mills Brothers and Don Redman and his orchestra, heard Jean with Thies' orchestra, and wired Rockwell in New York asking him to listen to her next broadcast. In New York, Rockwell twirled the dials to WLW one midnight, heard her, and immediately made for a telegraph office. One week later Jean was in New York and had three quarter-hour broadcasts scheduled weekly over WJZ and an NBC network. This was followed by her current engagement with Russ Columbo.

Since Jean Fay works with Russ Columbo, one would naturally expect her favorite radio artist, for publicity purposes at least, to be Bing Crosby, but Bing isn't. She prefers Will Rogers. And unlike Bing, who never listens to the radio because he fears that he might unconsciously adapt someone's style or mannerisms, Jean listens to the radio regularly.

Listening to the radio, reading, seeing shows and swimming are her favorite diversions. She isn't sure whether seeing shows or swimming gets top ranking, but she's sure that shows are her chief extravagance. She is an accomplished swimmer, and once saved a chum's life. While in school she played basketball, but has given that up now in favor of tennis.

Although she is only eighteen now, romance plays no part in Jean's life — yet. She isn't going to be bothered with a husband until she's ready to retire. If anyone does persuade her to change her mind, though, he will be a brunette; like most red-heads, she doesn't trust blondes. But it's one thing at a time with Jean; first she's going to make her mark in radio, and then she's going to retire, marry and raise a family. In the meantime, she's saving her money; she still has her first week's salary from her first job, saved in the bank she's had since she was two years old. Her salary had to be changed into quarters to get it into the bank, and it's so tightly filled now that it won't even rattle.

(Continued on page 47)
Tibbett  
Crooks  
and Daly

Firestone Demands Quality  
Programs and Gets Them

By Robert A. Wilkinson

The NEW Voice of Firestone Program, following the tradition it established last year, again is presenting the three American artists who, as much as any other trio, have taken leading roles in a long fight against native musical snobs who frown on any native music unless it has received the stamp of European approval.

The two vocalists of the program, Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, and Richard Crooks, tenor, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, often have included native songs unapproved by Europe in their radio programs, and William Daly, the orchestra leader, is considered the foremost interpreter of George Gershwin's serious works, which are typically American, by no less an authority than Gershwin himself.

Furthermore, each of the three artists gained fame without any European study, a thing which was considered essential for a successful musical career before the Twentieth Century. Neither Mr. Tibbett or Mr. Daly have ever studied or performed in Europe while Mr. Crooks appeared in Vienna, Berlin and Munich grand operas only after he had won fame in America.

Each of these artists hail from a different section of the United States—Mr. Tibbett whose career was published in a recent issue of Raro Digest, is from California, Mr. Crooks from New Jersey, and Mr. Daly from culture-bitten Boston—, but Daly and Crooks long have known each other. Their acquaintance dates back nearly twenty years but they never before appeared together on a musical program, radio or otherwise.

By a whimsical stroke of fate, both

of them dreamed of some day appearing in the Metropolitan Opera House, and they met at a grand opera production in that musical palace in the 1914-15 season. Daly, who long had been a student of classical music, principally Wagner's, was wont to pay most attention to the instrumental music, and Crooks, then a boy soloist in a New York Church, was wont to study the voices of the grand opera stars, including Caruso's.

It is now eighteen years since and, strangely enough, William Daly has just made his debut in the Metropolitan Opera House while his friend Crooks is due to make his initial appearance in the latter part of January. It was Daly who conducted the Unemployed Musicians' Symphony Orchestra of 200 pieces in the old musical palace last November, and Mr. Crooks' role will be in some grand opera not selected at present.

The Dalys are a famous American theatrical family. William's father, Captain Bill Daly, two uncles, Dan and Bob Daly, and two aunts, Lucille and Margaret Daly, were of the stage. Dan was one of America's most beloved comedians during the Nineties and Margaret and Lucille married Harry Vokes and Hap Ward, respectively, who were the "Weber and Fields" variety team of those days.

Young William Daly was six when he began his musical career. For six years he studied piano, harmony, counter-point and composition under several teachers, including Rheinhoff and Carl Faeldon, the latter a former head of the New England Conservatory of Music. At twelve, on the advice of his father, he abandoned his musical studies to prepare for

(Continued on page 46)
Mammy's Boy

Al Jolson has a new Mammy now—a young Mammy, beautiful, ubiquitous, Mammy Radio. She is taking him by the hand and leading him into the realms of the air, a wonderland very strange and new to him. He still is a little shy, doesn't know just where to put his hands or whether he should stand, sit down or get on his knees.

Those two cubical heads on pipestem necks that lead to the floor frighten him. It's hard for him to think of them as a pair of ears for a million listeners. They're black but they don't look anything like the black mammys he's spent his life singing about on the stage and in moving pictures.

However, Mammy's Boy has plenty of spirit, and he has taught many of the radio stars all they know about the style of singing and talking that has made his performances so distinctly Jolson. He shakes a brawny fist at "Ol' Debbil Microphone" and swears he will master it yet.

Al Jolson, the singer of mammy songs, that artist who is at once so well known and at the same time so completely unknown, who is he, where did he come from? All radio listeners are interested in such information. A Russian, born in what was then St. Petersburg, he arrived in the United States as a mere infant. His father, grandfather, great grandfather, etc., for six generations were all Hebrew cantors, and Al, too, was expected to be one. Apparently life in this country worked out a different destiny for him although the art of singing played a most important part in his career. His early life consisted of many ups and downs beginning with running away from home to join a circus. He did all the fantastic things that adventurous youth pictures itself doing and the climb to fame was not an easy one for him and his set-backs were many. He was always blessed with a tremendous enthusiasm and ambition that was not to be denied and a sense of humor that made all seeming failures much easier to take. When at last he appeared on the stage of the Winter Garden on Broadway, he was a happy man indeed but he did not rest on his oars at this point. He went on and on each (Continued on page 48)
WEBSTER may have another definition for it, but Myrtle Vail will tell you that environment is just a lot of stewed up apples.

And the author and lead of the WBBM-Columbia network's "Myrt and Marge" series speaks with some degree of authority. Since her fifteenth birthday her environment has been the stage, hotel rooms, and pullmans. Today, in the midst of a schedule that calls for thirteen, working hours out of each twenty-four, Myrt's happiest moments are spent in her kitchen concocting appetizing dishes for her friends, and those friends will tell you she's the best cook in or out of radio.

If the crowd is too large for Myrt's own kitchen she'll take them over to the apartment of daughter Donna ("Marge" on the air) where the kitchen is about the size of an ordinary living room. There Myrt is in her glory. She prefers to do her own shopping, and Heaven help the butcher who tries to sell her the wrong cut! Vegetables, too, are hand selected.

Once the groceries are piled on the kitchen table the rest of the party is banished from that room. Myrt slips on an apron, rolls up the sleeves, and lights the gas. Nor will she reappear before the rest of the party until it's time for the Army cry; "Come and get it!" And those who have been there before never need be urged.

The roast—or maybe it's a lamb chop—will be done just right. There will be fluffy biscuits, hot from the oven. There'll be a salad, with Myrt's own special dressing. It's never an elaborate dinner, none of those seven and nine course affairs, but how it strikes home with the fellow radio actors and actresses accustomed to breakfast, lunch and dinner in hotels and restaurants.

Marge's apartment is within a five-minute cab ride of the Wrigley building, the sky-scraper housing Columbia's Chicago studios. There's a "Myrt and Marge" broadcast for the East at 7 p.m. EST (6 p.m. Chicago time). The broadcast for the West is presented at 9:45 p.m. Chicago time. Many of those three hour and forty-five minute intervals finds the cast—Director Bobby Brown and all the rest—rushing to Marge's, for a dinner A la Myrt.

Sometimes it's a combination of business and pleasure. If that first show failed to go over just right Director Brown rehearses the cast all over again, with Myrt shouting her lines from the kitchen, above the clatter of pots and pans.

Sometimes the fiesta is postponed until after that last show. Then it's usually waffles and sausages—and those waffles are different. At left is Myrt's recipe for a corn meal variety.

Nor are the feasts confined to the apartment. Let Myrt enter the studio carrying a package and she is at once pounced on by the others in the cast. That package is almost sure to contain almond slices, or chocolate nut loaf. Myrt could fill page after page with recipes for these unusual delicacies. She has a kitchen cabinet full of them. She even has a recipe for life—"Work, and lots of it."

**Waffles**

2 cups white flour ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal 2 eggs
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar

Mix the dry ingredients first; beat the whites and the yolks of the eggs separately. Put the two cups of milk in with the dry ingredients, mixing it in thoroughly; then put in the yolks of the eggs, beaten thoroughly, and next stir in the whites. Last add the two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Will serve four people.
SCARCELY a day passes in which Helen Board, 24-year old soprano, does not appear on some CBS-WABC network program.

This young singer, former Louisville, Ky., school musical instructor, airs her charming soprano voice with Andre Kostelanetz’s orchestra and with Fred Allen’s Bath Club Revue on Sunday nights; with Concert Miniatures each Wednesday afternoon and on a variety of sustaining programs as “Presenting Helen Board.”

A former NBC star of Hits and Bits, Gems of Melody, Twilight Hour, Classic Gems and The Recitalists, this blue grass country maiden is a thoroughbred in her singing.

When in Louisville she attended schools, matriculated at the University of Louisville, majored in public school music, art and singing, felt a yen for Manhattan bright lights, entrained and took Gotham in her stride. She engaged Senor Salom Alberti as her tutor, worked in deadly earnest to develop her lyric soprano voice. Confidently she hopes to become an opera star.

Visited NBC out of curiosity, easily won recognition in an audition, went on the Twilight Hour program. Followed a five months trip abroad for continental instruction. Returning to NBC officials signed her on four programs. Helen went to work at twenty to twenty-four hours a week.

CBS heard her, whispered “You must come oval” and Helen signed on the WABC system where she has been ever since.

In personality she is engaging. Adores horseback riding, swimming. Can cook and loves it. Salads are a specialty. Shuns housework and matrimony. Likes men and their ways. But a musical career comes first.

And as for exercise does Helen Board walk! Often walks a hundred city blocks a day to take off a couple of excess pounds. Now tips the scale at only ten pounds extra for her height—five feet nine inches. Prefers sport styles to any other dress. Drives her own car with a vengeance. Never had a parking ticket. Enthusiastic over opera and always sits in the dress circle at the “Met.” Thinks Lauri Volpi, Rethberg, Bori and Johnson surpass all others.

HER favorite composer is Mozart. Gosmod ranks next. Favorite song is “O Quand je Dor” by Liszt. Looks stunning in black and white. Is careful about having manicured fingernails. Loves soft clinging undies. Hates to be up high and won’t go near the Empire State tower. Tries to always sing without rattling music sheets. Prefers hanging miles to standing ones. Has no favorite announcer.

Always does her own hair. Eats a very light breakfast. Thinks the “Mourning Victory” by Daniel Chester French in the Metropolitan Art Museum the best piece of sculpture there. Likes to take a steaming hot bath, hop into bed and read contemporary novels. Has hosts of girl friends who admit they love her.

Fears advertising agency efficiency atmospheres. Has never ridden in a Central Park horse drawn cab but wants to eventually. Would like to land a big commercial on the air. Always entrains for Louisville when she has a brief vacation but hates to leave home folks to return to New York. Thrills on riding through the Holland Tunnel. Wants another trip abroad on the very latest ocean greyhound. Wonders when television will arrive. When dining out usually orders a planked steak. Does not knit. Thinks flashy jewelry had taste. Chokes on cigarettes and does not smoke. Likes men whose shoes are well polished.

Seldom hums tunes to herself but whistles them, softly. A blazing hearth fire makes her romantic. Has a flair for roasting wild turkey. Reads condensed news magazines instead of Sunday papers. Is particularly neat about her apartment. “Cocktails?” “Oh not so hot.” And that’s Helen Board.
AMONG the more recent arrivals over the ether ocean is a gentleman from Brooklyn by the name of Gus Van. Yes sir, ma'am—the same as was with the fellow Schenck who passed on not long ago. You remember the team, Van and Schenck in vaudeville? Sure, that's the one. On the records, yes.

Well, now that Van is left to carry on alone he is making it in radio. Judging from what they all say, he's quite a knockout. And talk about talk! Say Gus Van speaks the language of every tongue in the world. Why you put him down in Timbuckto at 8 a.m. and by noon he'd have the Timbucktalk down so fine he'd be kidding the king's daughter about her sweetie as though he'd known her all his life, and had never known any other language. I'm not Munchausen you either.

Of course Gus has been on the air before, but he never made a regular business of it until now. He plays every kind of character, sings every kind of song. When he does an Irish bit you'll swear he's right from the Emerald Isle with the ould sod still clingin' to his shoes. And when he spikka de Ital his jaw ees all bout' roun' wid a string a spaget. But say it in Cockney English, w'y the bloomin' bloody chap was head ballyhoo for the tattooed monkey in Pick-adilly Circus. Then when it comes to Yiddish, I'm telling you.

GUS has been doing this sort of thing for twenty years, sometimes in pictures but more often on the stage. Yes, ever since he lost his job as a motorman on a B. M. T. trolley line in Brooklyn. But his first job was that of a longshoreman. Later, he became a motorman. Joe Schenck was the conductor. They relieved the monotony of riding up and down the same Brooklyn streets each day by harmonizing. They lost their jobs, but secured a stage contract at a music hall in Coney Island, where they received a salary of thirty-five dollars a week—for both.

They played burlesque, were spied by vaudeville scouts, and formed the harmony team of Van and Schenck. Success came quickly. Ziegfeld signed them for five consecutive years in the Follies, they appeared in musical comedies, cabarets; they made hundreds of Victrola records. Gus Van's Victrola records alone are famous in thirty-two countries. Is it any wonder then, that he had an audience of millions waiting to hear him on the air?

Together with his late partner, Van played in practically every English speaking city in the world. He estimates that in his career he has sung more than 30,000 songs and even now makes it a point to change his material several times a week.

One of the most spectacular successes scored by any vaudeville team was the triumph of Van and Schenck in England, where they played a forty-two week engagement at the famous Kit Kat Club in London. Subsequently, they appeared in leading cities all over Europe.

Van believes that clean fun pays just as great dividends upon the stage and radio as it does in sports. He attributes much of his success to his practice of never singing a song which he would not want his own family to hear. He receives hundreds of letters a day from children, who find his songs in dialect particularly entertaining.

And children have much the same influence as the radio program to be heard as they do in the selection of Sunday newspaper with the comic section. If it's Gus Van they want, it's Gus Van they get; and once he is introduced the daddys who smoke cigars become interested, and the purpose of Gus and his program is fully served. He also is heard on the Oldsmobile program with George Olsen and Ethel Shatta every Saturday night at 9:30 over the NBC Red network.

He has a twenty-six week contract with the El Toro Cigar company and appears as master of ceremonies over WJZ for this program.

During this first period of twenty-six weeks it is claimed Gus Van will have been heard by more people than during all the years he has appeared on the stage in various parts of the world. He thinks broadcasting is a welcome change from the constant moving from town to town. Now he can settle down and have a home to live in. Sometimes he stands on a corner and watches trolley cars clang by. “Joe,” he may say to himself, “it’s been a long trip to here.”

Gus Van—NBC-WJZ
Every Saturday, 9 p.m., EST.

Gus Van Has Sung 30,000 Songs
And Not One to Cause a Blush

By Paula Gould
Jeannie Lang

This is tiny Jeannie, the squeaky little Lang gal who entrances you with her funny little giggle on the Pontiac program with Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. She has made a sensational success as a sprite of the air since her arrival in New York from the West Coast last September. Did you ever hear her sing "With a Feather in Your Cap"? She has the stage all to herself while she sings it at the magnificent new RKO Music Hall in Radio City. Jack Denny introduced her to America over NBC.
There's a familiar word in the American lexicon that just suits Jeannie Lang—it is "cute"—and they define it as "having bright and taking ways." She's a little bit of a thing, with a pert face, dark eyes, and short, wavy black hair. Her voice is as contagious as the measles and she punctuates every statement with what she herself describes as a "squeak"—and is actually an expansive giggle. A giggle that sounds like a soprano launching off into an operatic aria, and is apt to stop within a minute or so. She talks a bit like the traditional debutante and is thrilled to death about everything. Her conversation, no matter what the substance, is likely to run something like this—"and you know hon! I was just in a FRENZY over the whole thing, I just got a big BANG out of it, my dear I didn't know how I'd go THROUGH with it—"

I guess everybody assembled for the opening night of the Pontiac broadcast in the sedate Chamber Hall of Carnegie Hall will remember diminutive Jeannie standing next to the vast William O'Neal—a six-footer—making her small grinaces and gestures at the microphone as she sang in her own exciting style all about how she was Fit As a Fiddle. Little Jeannie first got a "big bang" out of life when she made her bow to the world in St. Louis, December 17, 1911. She was little enough then, but no one suspected she'd go through life being called "half-pint," and "peanuts" or "spark plug."

Her earliest dreams—her earliest ambitions were centered around one thing, says Jeannie "I ALWAYS wanted to squeak!" and adds that though her family was not musical or theatrical, she suspects that she was stage struck because it was one of her mother's suppressed ambitions. At any rate, it was an existing condition of which the parents both strongly disapproved.

Jeannie had four brothers to teach her a thing or two, and wallop any flighty ideas out of her. She never liked to play with girls, or to own dolls. She tagged along with the brothers.

After begging and pleading to be given some training for the stage, Jeannie decided to do something about it. The thing that clinched her determination was a leading role in the school musical comedy production. What she did after graduation was to take herself to the manager of a St. Louis theatre, and introduce herself to him. He was a friend of her parents, but she had of course come without their permission. The manager was quite unaware of the Lang's disapproval, and gave Jeannie a small part or so. The parents became resigned, and Jeannie decided to go to it in a big way.

The next step was the engagement of Brooke Johns at the theatre. Little Jeannie marched herself to him and asked if he wouldn't like her to work with him. Brooke Johns happened to be six feet four and three quarters tall, and he thought Jeannie might be a convulsing contrast. He was right, only the show did not go on as they had expected. Waiting backstage to go on, Jeannie trembled, grew cold, and suffered agonies of fear. The last thing she remembered was being scared to death. She must have fainted, for when she came to her senses she found herself on the stage—in Brooke Johns' arms—and he was singing to her. If all had gone well, she would have sung the first song to him—but she had collapsed, and he picked her up and carried her on. That was her "big time" debut. That was two and a half years ago.

The Langs all went to California for a visit. They had friends at the Universal Studios, and were consequently "shown around". Jeannie was "just a frazzle" of excitement. Paul White was in the process of making the King of Jazz. He asked her—"off-hand," as Jeannie puts it—if she could sing. Jeannie admitted that she could "squeak". P. S. She got a job, and did two numbers in the picture. By this time she was nearly ANNihilated with EXCITEMENT. They told her how to sing into a microphone, and with surprising composure she did so. For this, she was rewarded with some 75,000 letters, many from Europe.

"And that was the beginning of my professional career," announced Jeannie—"if you can call it that."

Mr. Hammerstein sent for her to come to New York to work in "Ballyhoo"—a collegiate affair for which Jeannie was particularly well-suited. After its rather too sudden conclusion, Jeannie returned to the Coast and continued her "career"—doing Warner "shorts" and singing over KFI.

Seven months ago, she got a telegram from Jack Denny. It came late at night. The maestro had heard her sing, and without much hesitation, wired her to join him. Seizing it as a major opportunity, she did so.

Now between Pontiac broadcasts over WABC-Columbia, and working with Jack Denny, and headlining at the Radio City Music Hall, she gets little sleep but a great deal of wide-eyed excitement. She gets, as we said before "a big bang out of it."

And this is the gospel truth—what I am about to tell you. She goes to church every Sunday, and neither drinks nor smokes. She says that she may be a "sissy," but it doesn't phase her.

She likes horseback riding and collegiate men. She thinks they're darling—the tall ones—smoothies—dark—handsome. She likes sport clothes in the day time (red whenever possible) and fluffy ones in the evening (pink, nine times out of ten). And she gets a "big bang" out of fan mail. That's about all there is to know, at present—and if Jeannie were here, I know just what she'd say, with an impish flash from her very dark eyes—

"Good-bye hon!"
Good Lookin'!

George Flag Hall Retains Good Looks in Spite of Auto Mangling

By John Rock

T ALL, dark and handsome; courteous, magnetic, a regular fellow without conscious effort at being one, the living answer to the maiden's prayer—that's George Hall, the good lookin' CBS-WABC orchestra leader who reigns in that hilarious spot of Midtown Broadway known as the Taft Grill.

He has more friends among the scribblers than any other radio artist in New York. And when a couple of months or so ago news flashed to the city desks of the newspapers that George Hall was smashed to a pulp in a terrific automobile crash in the upper section of Manhattan Island there were gasps and sighs all over the place. George Hall, of all men, and why did it have to be him!

But lucky George, so long as he had to have an accident he picked out a perfect location. It was right in front of the famous New York Medical Center and although he was pretty much ground up in the tangled mass of motor metal he had an iron constitution and was hard to kill. They rushed him into the operating room before the overturned carwheels had stopped spinning and had him on a table. The finest medical skill in the world was bending over him, checking up every little thing, every splintered bone, every torn ligament, every muscle, every laceration.

They commenced putting him together again like a jigsaw puzzle, they pulled his upper arm bone out of the split socket of his shoulder. They manipulated the swelling tissues to their proper locations, and then waited for the strong heart and the healthy blood to perform the miracle of making George Hall a man with all his parts again. It took seven weeks of just patient mending before he got out of the hospital. And today the doctors at Medical Center look at him with pride, a marvelous specimen of the genus homo because of their skill. The only visible souvenir of his catastrophe is the little finger of his left hand which remains partially disabled because a tiny section of a tendon got lost somewhere between the wreck and the operating table.

George Hall is a man you hear more of than you do about. He rides the WABC wave along with a string of affiliated stations eleven times a week—more than any other orchestra from Columbia. Picture him at the Taft Grill, a flight down from the Gay White Way with its millions of bright lights and its millions of hurrying, shuffling, idling feet. It's a long low-ceilinged room, not too bright, a waxed rectangle in the center and George with his men at the far end of the rectangle with a couple of microphones at his elbow. Yes, he sways the baton in the same old way, although he has to take daily exercises with his fiddle just to get his shoulder limbered up.

His middle name is Flag. He was born on Flag Day so his parents called him George Flag Hall, (long may he wave!), and Brooklyn was his home. He still thinks he would like to be a locomotive engineer. His father was first cellist in Victor Herbert's orchestra, and George at age of 14 was allowed to sit beside his father and play the fiddle in the same orchestra. He always had been playing at some instrument. When he was only six he played tunes by ear on the piano. He conducted for Fritzie Scheff; was also at Ambassador Hotel, New York; then at the Savoy in London. One of his choicest memories of Herbert occurred when Fay Bainter was starring in "Dream Girl." Herbert stood in the back of the theatre criticizing when a woman overheard him say, "That number must come out. I don't like it." The woman turned to Herbert, unaware of his identity, and said: "If you could write pretty music like that, Mister, you wouldn't be standing there and criticizing it."

Five years ago George decided to see America next, and started out on a tour that was very gratifying. Altogether he played engagements in 150 cities a year. At Denver he tarried longer than usual because he especially liked Denver and Denver liked him. It was only last June that he stepped into the Taft and inaugurated one of the most popular and dependable radio dance bands in the country. It was by no means a new experience because he also played for radio while at the Ambassador nine years ago. He introduced tango and rumba then.
By Wm. Thomas

Radio has its own Sunday afternoon variety show in Manhattan Merry-go-Round which features Jean Sargent, the Philadelphia society girl who made good in a big way on Broadway, and Gene Rodemich's orchestra over an NBC-WJZ network weekly at 3:30 p.m., E.S.T. Scrappy Lambert and Frank Luther, popular radio vocalists, and David Percy complete the cast.

Manhattan Merry-go-round unfolds a sparkling, fast moving thirty minutes of entertainment consisting of latest humor and melody from Broadway stages and Hollywood movie lots. The musical melange ranges from the torch songs of Miss Sargent to Frank Luther's hillbilly ballads. The show is directed by Rodemich, veteran orchestra maestro noted recently for his synchronizations of music to animated cartoons.

The program presents the orchestra and singers in solos, duets and ensemble numbers interspersed with novelties and special orchestra arrangements. All members of the cast, with the exception of Miss Sargent, who is being featured in the Broadway musical production "Flying Colors," are veteran microphone performers. Although she is a comparative newcomer to the air, Miss Sargent has developed rapidly into a favorite radio personality.

Born in New York City, Jean Scull spent most of her life in Philadelphia and attended schools there. She studied voice, specializing in classical music until one day she participated in a radio program and sang "St. Louis Blues." She started writing a radio column in a Philadelphia paper and in addition sang over local radio stations and appeared in stage productions of a club known as Plays and Players. She was heard by Tom Kilpatrick who sent her to Sam Harris. He signed her to sing the torch songs in "Face the Music," using the stage name Jean Sargent. She since has alternated between the stage and the broadcasting studios.

Lambert and Luther are the tenors of the musical cast. The former made his debut following his graduation from Rutgers University and has been making personal appearances, recordings and a radio reputation ever since.

Luther, effervescent studio personality, has been with the National Broadcasting Company nearly six years. In radio he reached the culmination of a varied and colorful career. Born on a Kansas ranch, Luther was in turn an evangelist, rancher, stock breeder and musical comedy singer. He attained some reputation as an amateur pugilist and goes in for many sports.

In London a few years ago he made appearances at clubs and restaurants. He attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales who invited him with other American artists to Buckingham Palace for a performance.

Through the medium of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, the radio audience is enabled to keep an ear to Broadway amusements and hear up-to-the-minute tunes and melodies.
Dearest Nan:

It's perfectly thrilling to be here in New York! I've been so anxious to tell you everything so settle yourself now for a nice long epistle. First, I finally found the teacher I wanted to study singing with. Of course you know how I have always just lived for Jessica Dragonette's broadcasts—so when seeking a teacher I simply inquired with whom she studied and when I found out, I went to Estelle Liebling as fast as I could get there.

Suppose you think I had a great deal of nerve to think she would consider me as a pupil. Well, maybe I did but I was so thrilled to enter the studio where Jessica Dragonette had learned to sing that I completely forgot myself. The little waiting room was filled with people when I arrived. In a few moments the woman with "the magic personality" opened the studio door and a little girl about 4 ft. 9 threw her arms around Miss Liebling and kissed her. Who do you think it was? Do you remember Roxy introducing "his gang" over the air and saying, "Here's little Dottie Miller whose daddy plays the oboe in the West Point Band?" Well, this was Dottie. She is exactly like you would expect—so vivacious and cute. No one would think of calling her anything but "Dottie."

Just as Dottie Miller entered the studio a charming young woman came out and I heard Miss Liebling say "Good bye Rosalie," and then the secretary called from the office, "Oh, Miss Wolfe, before you go the NBC is on the wire!" So I said to myself, "Ah, ha! That must be Rosalie Wolfe," and sure enough, it was. You and I often heard her in leading roles of the NBC operas and her own fifteen-minute programs over their network. Also as soloist on such programs as R. C. A. Victor, A. T. & T. etc. etc.

By this time I was wondering who the others around me could be. "If only one were Jessica Dragonette," I sighed, but that seemed too good to be true. The secretary had asked me to wait to see Miss Liebling and I was hoping it would be hours and hours so I could discover more celebrities and study them at close range. Back in the corner I noticed a pretty little girl who seemed quite demure and unassuming and had stacks and stacks of music under her arm. At last she got up and spoke to the Secretary: "Would you ask Miss Liebling if she could possibly take me next for I have a rehearsal for the Black and Gold Room program and after that another for the Young Artists' Light Opera and I want to go over these numbers with her first." I thought it might be Celia Branz as I knew she was on these two programs but just then one spoke to her about a high F she had sung and I knew immediately it was Amy Goldsmith. You know her coloratura is so unusually beautiful that the Brooklyn Free Musical Society awarded her a gold medal and she has also won a prize in an Atwater Kent Contest. Last year she and Dottie Miller sang duets on the Roxy tour. They must have been very cute together.

And I was destined to see Celia Branz too for just then the door opened and a very tiny girl entered. Yes, it was Celia Branz. She had come to go to rehearsal with Amy. You know Celia was soloist on the old Palmolive Hour and McKesson and Robbins and many others. You just couldn't imagine that rich contralto voice coming from any one so tiny.

As I waited the phone kept ringing almost constantly and I confess that I did some eavesdropping, trying to hear a conversation with the much sought Jessica. I didn't, of course, but I did hear the secretary talking to Aileen Clarke. I should love to see her for her pictures are so lovely—they say she can hold a high note simply forever and ever. There was also a call from Viola Philo. Isn't her singing gorgeous!

I really had never known before that all the big radio artists were studying here. But after all, why not, since Jessica, the famous, said: "In radio one needs a tremendous personality," and I think if we could we would be truly magnetic.

The door opened again and a stunning looking girl entered. "Could this be Jessica!" but I heard someone say, "Oh, Miss Jackson, your singing was lovely last night." Here was Mabel Jackson of various programs greeted by Beatrice Belkin. Surely you know Beatrice Belkin. She was with the Metropolitan Opera Company last year. Just imagine being in the same room with her!

(Continued on page 46)
Unknown Hands

Mystery Thriller Will Add Interest to Study of Geography

IT SEEMS as though radio advertisers just won't let the public's nervous systems alone. Here's a radio thriller gripping, blood-tingling mystery drama which from its debut on the air on December 19th has had Western audiences hanging breathless from their radio sets.

The Beech-Nut Packing Company, sponsors of "Unknown Hands," have taken a hint from the success of their Chandu. They have discovered in their past broadcasting that a fast-moving adventure story with a dash of romance constitutes a radio dish which few can resist—and if ever a radio program meets all requirements in this regard, "Unknown Hands" is it.

Listeners won't care to have their fun spoiled by knowing what this drama is all about, but let it be said that the story begins in the South Sea Islands. From night to night and week to week the plot unfolds, pitting hero and heroine against one of fiction's most clever and persistent villains. Naturally swift changes of scene take place. Tonight it is Tahiti, tomorrow Singapore—now on shipboard bound for Africa, soon crossing a simoom-swept desert of Arabia.

Many of the most remote and fascinating corners of the world are visited, a fact which raises "Unknown Hands" from the realm of pure entertainment and gives it a distinct educational value. Both children and adults find it instructive as well as a perpetual delight.

When Will Rogers recently travelled through the Central and South Americas, a New England school teacher had her class follow his journey from day to day, picking out on a map each new city and country from which he wrote his usual daily article in the newspapers. "Unknown Hands" presents a splendid opportunity for mothers and fathers, or teachers, to do the same thing.

Fortunately, "Unknown Hands" has the capable direction of that well-known musical comedy favorite, Walter Craig. Mr. Craig, in fact, not only is responsible for the cast and the presentation of each episode in the story, he is the author as well.

His superb sense of what is and what is not good showmanship has never been observed to better effect than in the sensational program which follows the fascinating Chandu.

Chiefly through Mr. Craig's influence such sterling performers as Donald Woods, Eunice Howard, Roberta Beatty and Pedro de Cordoba were engaged for the leading roles. Mr. Woods will be remembered for his work in that stirring melodrama of the legitimate stage, "Dracula." Eunice Howard's career has encompassed the stage, the movies and radio. She is one of radio's most notable performers, possessed with a lovely voice and charming personality—witness her work in the "Collier's", "Sherlock Holmes" and "Lucky Strike" broadcasts.

Roberta Beatty played opposite William Gillette in the original stage play "Sherlock Holmes" and has since appeared before New York theater audiences in more than twenty stage hits. Little introduction is needed to Pedro de Cordoba. He is one of the best known leading men of the American stage. He appeared with the late Mrs. Fiske in the all-star cast of "The Rivals" and "Much Ado About Nothing." He was featured in moving pictures opposite Elsie Ferguson, Marion Davies and others. "Unknown Hands" will not lack for talent.

This is what happens when you hear her scream.
Betty Bartheil, vivacious Southern songstress, began the New Year right by a sudden leap to stardom on CBS and is pinching herself to see if it's true. Betty, just 22, was reared in the sheltered life of Nashville drawing rooms and Ward-Belmont College with nary a thought of a theatrical career.

Then, at those famous "open house" parties of the South, she began picking out by ear tinkling tunes on the piano and soon was singing the lyrics to the amazement of one guest who happened to be a Nashville radio official. He coaxed her into an audition, immediately gained a Southern sponsor, and paved the way to her Columbia debut in New York.

As Betty was hurrying to catch a train for Christmas holidays home, she was suddenly shunted into a big-time audition and, without as much as removing her hat, won the choice spot as personality songstress with Leonard Hayton's Orchestra and the comedians, Howard and Shelton.

Betty is as lively as her songs— a pretty brunette with saucy eyes who loves life and lives in Greenwich Village with two Southern chums. She spends her week-ends on Long Island, playing tennis, hockey, or swimming.

June Pursell. It was "out where the West begins" that June Pursell began her radio career. When visiting a Hollywood night club, she accepted an impromptu dare to sing. Unbeknownst to Miss Pursell, the entertainment at the Club was being broadcast over KNX. Her singing and ukulele playing registered strongly with the audience. They liked her style (on the order of the late Nora Bayes), even though she had never had a vocal lesson.

This platinum blonde, blue-eyed young daughter of Mrs. Della Pursell was born in Indianapolis, but has spent most of her time on the Pacific Coast, where she has been engaged in motion picture work, and also toured with the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit.

In 1930 Miss Pursell won a Pacific Coast radio popularity contest and went to Hawaii as prize winner. Miss Pursell is now heard on the Golden Blossom Revue program, Sunday, 1:30 p.m., E. S. T., NBC-WJZ.

Though Harry Reser admits that he has "cold feet in bed," his career certainly hasn't shown a single evidence of "cold feet."

Harry was born in Piqua, Ohio, on Jan. 12, 1896.

His physical growth ceased at the height of 5 ft. 8 and 148 pounds, but his artistic progress has been continuous. It was at Steele High School in Dayton that Reser first led an orchestra. Later, an answer to a newspaper ad brought him a job as a pianist at a summer resort in Rhea Springs, Tenn. And though the new environment brought new friends, it was his summer school sweetheart who became Mrs. Reser, and who today is his most devoted fan, despite the claims of Betty Jane and Gertrude Mae, his daughters of 12 and 8.

The banjo has been Reser's instrument to success. He became an expert banjoist and later joined Paul White man's orchestra as a banjo virtuoso, and toured Europe for six months.

Harry made his first broadcast in 1921 from the Statue of Liberty, over a United States Army transmitter. Later he was engaged for programs over Station WEAF. For the past seven years he has been identified with the Cliquot Club Eskimo program on NBC. When not broadcasting, he can be sure to be found most anywhere on land and sea, for when he is not working in the garden of his Merrick, Long Island, home, he is cruising around on his yacht, or speeding through the country in a high-powered motor car.

Though it was Miss Joy's early ambition to become a singer, Fate guided her to some theatrical friends who persuaded her to join their group, making a piano quintet. She toured the United States as a (Continued on page 35)
JUST A "GAG"-OLO

JACK DENNY thinks the growth of Nudist colonies is due to the determination of the people to dress according to their means.

Al: "Have you noticed women's clothes have fewer buttons on them this year?"

Pete: "No, but I have observed that women's buttons have fewer clothes on them."

"Tain't no use talkin', it's hope what makes life worth livin'. Jes' one little nibble'll keep a feller afishin' all day." —Al Jolson.

May Singh Breen, N.B.C.'s ukulele queen, thinks the Sunday traffic problem could be solved if the installment people united in a movement to take back their cars.

The Pullman company is trying to popularize upper berths. Morton Downey thinks in time they'll solve the problem of berth control.

Muriel Pollock, NBC pianist, and her young niece were held up by traffic at the corner of Fifth avenue and 55th street. "Come, let's cross now, auntie," suddenly exclaimed the youngster, "here comes a nice, empty space."

It was a Pullman porter, according to Slim of Slim, Bon Bon and Bob, N.B.C.'s Three Keys, who, when the dentist asked him which tooth to extract, promptly replied "Lower six."

Al Cameron: "You gotta be careful what you say to a woman."

Pete Bootsema: "Oh, yeah?"

Cameron: "Sure. Before I married her I told my wife I'd be her slave for life—and darned if I ain't."

"The so-called typical Broadwayite is a human parenthesis—something you can get along with, or without." —Rudy Vallee.

George Olsen, NBC conductor, claims to come from a musical family. He says his father was a piano mover.

"How do you spell the word matrimony?" asked little Muriel Harbater, the Jane of N.B.C.'s Jolly Bill and Jane. "Matrimony, my dear Jane," answered Bill Steinke, "isn't a word—it's a sentence."

"Getting down to cases, let's consider the modern girl. She doesn't think her life complete until she's had a vanity case, a cigarette case and a divorce case." —Abe Lyman.

"The first real cosmeticians in America were the Indians," declared Madame Sylvia, the beauty expert. "And they were pretty good, too," commented Merrill Fugit, the "Red" of Marie and Red, "in removing superfluous hair."

Jack Benny, NBC master of ceremonies, thinks the expression "politics makes strange bedfellows" originated from the fact that they lie in the same bunk.

A favorite Scotch story of Groucho Marx has to do with Sandy and his girl friend, Sadie. "Are ye fond of moving pictures, Sadie?" asked Sandy. "Aye, Sandy," answered Sadie. "Then, lass, ye ken help me get a dozen doon out o' the attic," was the surprising suggestion.

"Bridge has taught women two things—concentration and self control," said Ely Culbertson. "And also how to pick u., a complete meal quick at a delicatessen store," added Peter de Rose.

Paul Whiteman defines a diplomat as a man who can give his wife a $60 washing machine and make her forget it was a $600 fur coat she wanted.

Singin' Sam has discovered why the trained fleas in that 42nd street museum are so proficient. He says their owner raised them from pups.

Ben Bernie, N.B.C.'s old maestro, has found the reason for so many marriages among divorced couples in Hollywood. He says it's because the film stars are used to re-takes.

Gus Van, NBC entertainer, announces that he is unalterably opposed to the thirteen-month year. Van has learned that the proposed change in the calendar will give thirteen Fridays the 13th.

Eddie Cantor in one of his bizarre costumes, was telling Jimmy Wallington how he once wooed a girl in loud clothes. "How did it come out?" asked Jimmy. "Oh, she turned a deaf ear to my suit," replied the coffee salesman.

Gracie Allen says she met an extra girl who thinks a fluent speaker is a man with the flu.

"I can remember way back when girls used to make ash receivers of cigar bands," says Charles Winninger, the Captain Henry of the Maxwell House Show Boat company. "Now they make them out of parlor rugs."

"It's all in the upbringing," says Jack Pearl. "Take Mussolini, for instance. He handles the tangled affairs of Italy because he was raised on spaghetti."

"Single men are more truthful than married ones," declared a psychologist on NBC. "Naturally," commented Ken Murray, "they're not asked so many embarrassing questions at home."

A Synthetic Kiss

By Nellie Revel

AFTER much experimentation the sound effect experts of NBC have come to a happy conclusion.

It is, that a synthetic kiss on the air is nowhere near as good as the real, genuine article.

To reproduce a sound that gives listeners the illusion of a kiss, the technicians have many ingenious devices. A cork and a piece of glass covered with resin is one way. A rusty hinge, squeaking as it is turned, is another.

Still a better synthetic kiss is produced when a cow pulls a gooey hoof out of a mud puddle. Most stations have conscientious objections to cows, and none like their studios converted into pastures, so this method is not in favor.

Of the dozen or more ways of conveying through the loud speaker the act of osculation, none is entirely satisfactory. Always there is a peculiar smack at the end that aggravates the sensitive ears of production managers, if not the less acutely attuned organs of the radio public.

Suddenly the sound simulators have become ardent realists. They insist there is no way to put a kiss on the air except by performing the actual operation.

One sound man, actuated, of course by zeal for his profession, offers personally to reproduce all kisses required for broadcasting purposes. He makes one condition, and that is, that he be permitted to select as co-worker any of the NBC hostesses, a group famous for their palpitante. A man of such discernment is bound to succeed as a broadcaster. He should be in love with his work.
HAVE you noticed the frequent use of the expression "a couple of laughs" during the past few months? It is Broadway born. It is the answer to the empty pocket and the run-down heel. Somebody says, "let's listen to the radio and get a couple of laughs." No dime for a cup of coffee and roll, but there's always a chance to stop in somewhere and get a couple of laughs from the radio.

Perhaps that is the reason for the success of comedy on the air during the past year. It is one way to put worries by for a quarter-hour, half-hour or an hour. Who can estimate the good provided by Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Baron Munchausen, Burns and Allen? The same goes for all those other humorous souls who find in radio a way to purvey a couple of laughs to a world so harassed it knows not which way to turn! If it is a good laugh with encore you may even hear it called "terrific." Of course we can't be too particular when the demand has been so heavy. Even the laugh market has its limitations. If they will just give us a couple of new laughs now and then, we'll try to laugh at the old ones as they come. What a mercy that we find radio so conveniently at hand! It is available for rich and poor alike as a glass of refreshing water. There are music, fencing, badminton, wise-cracking - been a lone voice singing, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" But you can tune out if you "can't take it" and need more laughs for your daily tonic.

EVEN those who are "in the money" know the bitterness of anguish and defeat. Consider Roxy whose meteoric rise as the master showman lies at this writing in a hospital prostrate and unable to defend himself or carry on at the very apex of his prodigious climb. We watched him rehearsing that show which seemed to irk his critics so outrageously. A tired man, at his nerve's end, struggling to hold himself together for the grand opening. He sat before a microphone in the center of the great auditorium issuing orders to technicians as to the lights, "Try No. 19, now give it 51, Fade it. Okay!" The vari-colored lights changed at a shouted number. He called to his people on the stage, "Now, Jimmy don't be that way. Put your arm around Dorothy, go ahead. Dorothy, put your arm around his neck. Remember, you are having a good time in this scene!" It was Dorothy Field's stage debut. She should be flushed when she put her arm around Jimmy's neck. And both of them seemed to feel rather shy. Roxy went up on the stage and took the young lady joyously around the waist and skipped merrily away with her. "Do-it like that," he said to Jimmy. But Jimmy simply couldn't.

The "super" guests sat around at their tables in the night club scene like weary chickens gone to roost for the night. Roxy lectured them and went over the scene again and again to pep them up. Finally he lost all patience and threw his megaphone across the stage, as well he might. At the end of the scene he talked to them like a father, asked them if they would give him their very best support. They shouted in chorus that they would. He asked about a loose set that wiggled when it shouldn't. The carpenter promised it would be fixed, but it wasn't.

Then the critics had their say. They were merciless.

No, you have not heard Roxy at the broadcasting by his Gang. He's a sick man. He had plenty of trouble. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and Roxy, king of the show palaces who was first to introduce the variety show to radio, will doubtless be willing to stick to Radio in the future. We hope so.

WILL another year find the two great chain systems so firmly entrenched across the continent as they are today? Or have they seen their best days under the present set-up? For the best interests of the listener and the better programs we see nothing ahead that offers anything more desirable. And yet the smaller regional chains are becoming more numerous. True, the most of them are affiliated with one or the other of the leading chains; but the line for cleavage remains. If resources are dissipated among a great many small competitors will it not mean cheaper programs, and less restraint on the dangerous advertising plug?

Postal Telegraph is now getting a look-in on chain broadcasting with one system in the Northeast and another in the Southwest. If it continues along this line it still has plenty of wire strung around the country for more chains.

But another reason to hope for the continued success of the big chains is the compact strength engendered to protect radio from its enemies. Working through closely knit organization coherent and effective power may be applied when and where it is needed. Whereas if many small units had to be consulted with their petty rivalries to be considered nothing would be done, radio probably would be at the mercy of the wolves who would like to seize its power or throttle it as a dangerous competitor.

EVER since he cut loose from old WDAF at Kansas City Leo Fitzpatrick has been a growing power in radio. He has usually kept one ear out on the lead-in from the antenna to be the first to get what was coming along over the waves. Now he has taken the bull by the horns and turned it wrong side out by broadcasting from his Detroit station, WJR, the truth about radio in the competitive field of advertising. This has been a subject very much taboo among most of the leading broadcasting lords and dukes. To mention a controversy was to have a chorus of sh-hh-hes hurled at you. But Mr. Fitzpatrick looks at the dirty digs in some of the country newspapers and rises to remark. He has set aside a regular Sunday evening period to converse with his customers about the radio business.

In answer to the question of "too much advertising on the air" he made this comparison: "The average member of the radio audience listens to radio one hour and forty-five minutes a day.... out of that hour and forty-five minutes he receives one hour and thirty-eight minutes of entertainment, and only seven minutes of advertising. A newspaper to be successful must have at least seventy per cent advertising. He also made comparison to the movie film with its preliminary announcements and ballyhoo for pictures to come.

Each Sunday night Mr. Fitzpatrick discusses some of the charges that are made against radio in the propaganda that is syndicated by those who have only their own selfish interests to serve.
PEOPLE often wonder how Paul Whiteman makes his wonderful discoveries of talent. It would not seem so strange if one could see the great numbers of auditions he gives. When he does find an exceptional voice he knows it, and never has his judgement yet proved mistaken. Here are a couple of his latest discoveries. Miss Healy's sprightly manner and vivacity took her to a Broadway theatre engagement in very short order. Al Dary is predicted as a great comer. You hear them over NBC.
TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

I'M PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Irving Berlin sat down at his old composing piano to play for me his latest brain-child. The piano is worthy of passing mention. It is an upright affair, one that cost him several thousand dollars—an unusual price for what is apparently an old, cheap upright piano, but it has an arrangement of levers and exceedingly ingenious key shifting devices so that Irving, who usually plays on what are commonly called the "black keys," can play in several keys by merely shifting the levers. It is on this piano that he has composed every important tune, even his first and immortal "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

There is something about Irving Berlin, in spite of his shyness and apparent timidity that fills one with a sense of awe and respect. When you go over the list of tunes that have come from his exceedingly musical mind, this awe and respect are easily accounted for.

It was on this piano that Irving played "Say It Isn't So" and "How Deep Is The Ocean" shortly after they were written. He played them for me, I believe, before the ink was dry on the first copies, and likewise it was my privilege to carry away with me the first copy off the press of I'M PLAYING WITH FIRE.

As one studies the lyrics, especially if one is to present them on the air, there is a feeling of doubt as to the propriety of these lyrics. Irving resorts to the typical Tin Pan Alley jargon of "I'm gonna get burned;" then too, in the chorus he speaks of "But I go for my ride," as though it were an acceptance of the fact that the gangster phraseology has become commonplace and part of our daily life, as it really is. The verse, however, is even more beautiful in melody and thought, to my humble way of thinking, than the chorus. The whole composition does, as Irving said on the copy which he gave me, require several days, perhaps even weeks before its full portent of beauty becomes apparent.

We play it quite slowly, about 55 seconds to the chorus, and I would say that the Berlin firm is starting off on the right foot for the New Year.

A BOY & A GIRL WERE DANCING. Again I am a little late in pointing out a very lovely minor waltz by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, who wrote the comedy songs for George Olsen's band. Their "Listen To the German Band" was one of the best things that George and Ethel Shutta have presented in a long time. Mack Gordon and Harry Revel are under contract to George to furnish him comedy songs, but evidently this does not prevent them from writing for DeSylva, Brown and Henderson a beautiful waltz of this character.

The composition being in a minor vein makes it even more entrancing. Unquestionably they were influenced by Al Doblin's and Joe Burke's "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," because the song is in much the same vein. Its sheer loveliness will almost have departed ere this copy reaches your eyes, although we were one of the first to be privileged to play it for you. I would suggest that as a waltz it be played not too slowly.

I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU. With a roster of names like Charles O'Flynn, Pete Wendling and George Meyer, something must happen! O'Flynn and Wendling were responsible for "Swinging In A Hammock," a song which they brought over to Brooklyn to play for me before it was placed with the firm of Irving Berlin. George Meyer is one of the old timers in the business, a sort of studious, scholarly type of gentleman, rather quiet and austere, who, for years, has been working with others producing the songs we have learned to love.

Since Joe Keit allied himself with Harry Engle and formed the firm of Keit-Engel, they have been very successful. As I have often pointed out, Keit was responsible for many of the outstanding songs published by Remick, Inc., with whom he has been associated some 25 years, and it seems he is repeating his careful selection with this firm. Following close on the heels of "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" is this most refreshing type of fox trot. The fact that everyone likes it, and one hears it everywhere is proof that it has real merit.

We take it quite slowly, as there are a lot of words and many notes. In fact, a singer finds difficulty breathing in the correct place in the singing of I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU.

A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU. Those who might have listened to our Fleischmann's Yeast Broadcast of last evening, when we followed the appearance of Shaw and Lee with an extremely Oriental type of introduction, might have wondered just when we were about to play. It was Elliott Jacoby's idea of a sympathetic introduction to A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU! Of course the song was more or less suggested by the Rubayat of Omar Khayyam. In fact, the verse mentions that the singer of the song was influenced by the thought of "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou." Therefore Jacoby saw fit to give me an introduction to our arrangement which, as one listens, brings a mental picture of camels, deserts, "oases," etc. The chorus, however, is one of the most "liltting" type of melodies I have listened to in a long time.

Among the writers is Vincent Rose, the very likeable, diminutive songwriter whom all Tin Pan Alley has come to know and admire for years. Vincent, who wrote "Whispering," "Linger Awhile," and "Avalon," is still turning out fine melodies, and this is one of his best. Al Lewis and Jack Meekish are the other writers.

We were privileged to make a record of this song, and I think it will be extremely interesting to hear, as the tune is a mighty good one, and the thought an unusual one. We play it quite brightly, about 50 seconds to the chorus.

WILLOW WEEP FOR ME. Irene Taylor, of Paul White-man and Co., sang this song for me up in the Berlin office on the same day that Joe Young belloved "My River Home," "Lucky Little Accident," and several other of his compositions. At the time Miss Taylor sang it, I was not deeply impressed with the song, through no fault of the rendition, however! It was just one of those songs that takes time to impress, very similar to "I'M Playing With Fire." But the song has grown and grown by leaps and bounds.

Ann Ronell will be remembered for her "Baby's Birthday Party" and "Rain on the Roof." She is one of the few girls who seems to come forward with something really worth while, and Irene Taylor can feel very happy to see WILLOW WEEP FOR ME become so popular due to her introduction and rendition of it, so much so that the air being filled with it, various advertising sponsors have insisted that their bands do not play it due to the fact that it is one of those "over-played" songs.

The songs must be played slowly in order to get in all the melody and lyrics.

ECHO IN THE VALLEY. As I said on last night's program, there has been considerable discussion and
considerable resentment on the part of various members of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers concerning the arrangement between an American publisher and English publishers. Jack Robbins and Campbell-Connelly have seen fit to exchange writers and writings. Harry Woods and Matt Malneck have been taken to London By Jack Robbins, or have made the trip alone to write in London with Campbell and Connelly, fifteen and sometimes twenty songs, which are subsequently published in England and then brought to American, or vice versa.

ECHO IN THE VALLEY was written in London by the trio, Woods, Campbell and Connelly. I do not believe it was written with Bing Crosby in mind, but it has become his signature, and was sung by him for the first time on Wednesday last, January 4th. I did not catch Bing’s first rendition of it, but did the closing part of his exceptionable Crosby and Bing program, and I thought he was in excellent voice and did more than full justice to every song he sang.

There have been others of us who would have liked to play ECHO IN THE VALLEY before, but we have all been sensible enough to appreciate the fact that it is his signature, and certainly the privilege of introducing it should be his, but I am gratified that this Thursday we will be able to play the song on our Fleischmann’s Yeast program.

Of course the fact that a certain song is preferred by a radio artist to all others, either as a signature or as a theme song, makes it possibly all the more desirable in the eyes of those who are not able to do it as a result of the restrictions placed upon it. But this is really an excellent song, with an atmosphere of the countryside, a quarry, a cave, or some phenomenon of nature where an echo is possible. Harry Woods unquestionably saw that the song was permeated with the idea which he wished to convey in the song. Naturally, like most songs, it becomes more pleasant by repetition.

By the time this copy reaches your eye, those of you who have been fortunate enough to catch Mr. Crosby on the Chesterfield Hour, have not only heard the song, but have probably become captivated by it. It must be played slowly.

LINGER A LITTLE LONGER. This song is worthy of mention at this point, as it is not only similar in type to ECHO IN THE VALLEY but was written by the same trio at the same time in London, and is published by the same firm, Robbins Music Corp.

It has occurred to me that it would make an excellent signature for any band, especially a band from a hotel, for their final number, because the correct substitution of the name of the hotel, such as “Linger a little longer in the Astor with me,” and the word “dance” substituted in certain places, would make it an excellent farewell signature.

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN HAT. If I said in the last issue of Radio Digest that I deplored the fact that songwriters seemed to have gone dry and exhausted their potentialities, I am happy now to say that it looks as though some of them were still able to dig out something really unusually different.

The combination of Max Rich, Bradford Browne, and Jack Scholl have written an unusually good type of song. The story, in the chorus, is really in two parts, the first lyrics of the chorus leaving the hero of the song leaving his girl in the arms of a captain of sailors, and in the second chorus the girl is resolved with a happy ending and the girl once more in the arms of her lover.

Like “I’m Sure Of Everything But You,” it is a song which must be done slowly, as there are many notes and many words, and if it was difficult to breathe right in the first song, it is even more difficult to “phrase correctly” in the singing of THE GIRL IN THE GREEN HAT. In the middle, too, it goes into a different key, which change, if not rehearsed carefully in advance, is liable to leave the singer high and dry, as it almost did yours truly on last evening’s program: I usually forget that certain choruses have a direct key change in the middle. In fact, I think that most interesting numbers do have, as the contract of keys cannot help but make the tune more intriguing.

Bibo-Lang are the publishers of the song, and I am happy that they are being heard from in a big way for the first time in many months.

BEDTIME STORY. My good friend Will Rockwell brought Herman Hupfeld up to play some tunes several nights ago, but nearly all of them were show tunes, and I was frank in telling Herman that that was my opinion.

Will had several English records with him, among them a very fine record by Ray Noble, who originated the idea of “Goodnight Sweetheart” in London, and who now has his own very fine English band. The majority of recordings made abroad are in many ways superior to those made in America. For one thing, they take more pains with them, and their instrumentalists have not only learned to imitate American ideas, but are going them one better.

Among the records was a very fine one of IT WAS JUST A BEDTIME STORY written by Leo Towers, Harry Rean and Horatio Nichols. “Horatio Nichols” is the nom de plume of Lawrence Wright, one of England’s greatest publishers, and the rivals of the Campbell-Connelly aggregation. When I was playing in London in 1924-25, Lawrence Wright was the king of the English writers, and was turning out hit after hit; today he is unquestionably a multimillionaire. He does big things in the way of entertaining American bands and making it very pleasant for orchestras in general in London. “Bouquet,” a cute little song which I have sung from time to time in the past four or five years is only one of perhaps hundreds from his prolific pen; “Among My Souvenirs” was another, and now it seems he has written a song worthy of publication in America.

“BEDTIME STORY” is in the vein of the sentimental type of things, going back mother’s knee. We recorded it last week, along with “A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou,” “Linger a Little Longer,” and “I’m Playing With Fire,” and I hope the record is going to be a good one. The song is published by Harmo, and should be done slowly.
NOT since Spring has Toddes been on her bicycle, which was the reason for the shock at her entrance, thus, into our office. But, said she, there being a touch of Spring in the air today, she decided to have it shined up and oiled, and away she has gone, with a bundle of inquiries in her little wicker basket, to finish her chores, promising faithfully to return before this column went to press, which means she has to hurry. However, before leaving, she left with me an item of interest for many of our readers, but especially for Jean De Vaux, and the Four Detroit Girls, whom, she believes, will be pleasantly surprised, and she hopes, satisfied. Here 'tis:

GENE AUSTIN, American tenor, and one of the most popular Victor recording artists of all times, through which medium he rode to fame, is the pride of Gainesville, Texas, yes indeed, his home town. His boyish tenor was heard at every local entertainment, as well as the church choir. At eighteen he enlisted and, after a few months training, was sent to France when he served until the end of the World War. He welcomed that event, nevertheless, as an opportunity to break away from the too quiet, small town. "Memories of France," which, no doubt, you all remember, was the fruit of his recollection of those months over seas. When he returned to America, after the Armistice, determined to find other means of livelihood than his voice, he enrolled in a law school in Baltimore. He had been in college little more than a year when he met an old friend, who, knowing of his singing abilities, persuaded him to enter the show business. As Austin & Berger, they toured the East with some success. Then Gene found the right outlet for his talents—making records. Although it is not generally known, his first recordings were along the hill-billy line. The Victor Company hailed him as a sensational discovery—his test record being a ballad number. He continued his vaudeville act for some time, but gained his popularity as a recording artist—30,000,000 of his records being sold with in a period of four years. (A nice little figure, is it not?) His best sellers? They included "Romona," "My Blue Heaven," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," "Carolina Moon" and "Melancholy Baby." In 1930, on a trip around the world, Gene made personal appearances in England, France and on the Continent. On his return, he again went into vaudeville, alone. And, shortly after, entered into the radio field, broadcasting from the Chicago NBC studios. Mr. Austin is also a composer of note. We know you'll recognize his compositions when we remind you that they include "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?" "Lonelysome Road," "Disappointed" and "Chant of Loneliness." The last, but not least interesting, line of this little story of a very, very popular artist, tells you that Gene Austin married a young lady from Chicago last August, or thereabouts. Of course, you saw his picture in the October Digest.

ALICE REMSEN, about whom Ray High was inquiring, was born in England, and at the age of fourteen ran away from her London home to go on the stage. She answered an advertisement which resulted in her becoming assistant to a magician and making her debut with him on the stage of the Folies Bergeries, which involved a disappearing act in which she vanished from sight when he waved his wand and uttered the customary phrases.

Later she crossed the ocean to pursue the major part of her career in the United States. Her theatrical career has been many sided, having been straight woman, character woman, soubrette, and even comedienne, with red nose, false wig and similar comedy trapping.

She has contributed sound effects for Mickey Mouse "squeakies" and bird imitations for Aesop's Fables. She has also followed a journalistic path, as columnist on the Morning Telegraph here with Roy McCordell; as vaudeville news columnist with Walter Winchell; as radio editor of the New York Star; and as radio news editor of Radio World.

Besides those jobs, she has been song-writer, poetess, radio continuity writer, librarian and notary public.

Miss Remsen has been in radio since 1927, and has sung on programs over all of the major stations in and around Greater New York, winning the title of "the Creative Contralto." She is small, brown-haired, and vivacious, always brimming over with good spirits. In fact, is too busy to be anything but cheerful. Alice likes best to sing comedy songs, but thinks she is better at sob-ballads. And, her picture you have probably seen in the January R. D.

EL THOMPSON, actor, with more than fifteen years of stage and musical comedy experience, author, and singer, is featured on several weekly programs over WDEL and WILM, Wilmington, Delaware. El Thompson's Walls (which is his real name) made his first "public appearance" on October 26th, 1899, in Cape Charles, Virginia. Within a few hours of that date, he made the discovery that he could get results by using his voice, and has been doing it ever since with a great degree of success.

Went to public school, by the way, with Estelle Taylor, the movie actress. Had his first real stage part at the age of twelve, when he gasped through his lines in the old favorite, "All's Well That Ends Well," produced by a stock company in Wilmington. Two years later, deciding he was a veteran trouper, he snipped the mooring strings of Mother's proverbial apron, and set sail for New York, where he obtained a small part in a play, with Lowell Sherman and Edna Hibbard as the stars.

Quite an early age to start pounding at Broadway's Golden Gates! But his grin suggests possibly the best reason why he was able to jump over to Broadway two years later with a part in "The Wolf." Then two seasons of vaudeville, and the big jump — musical comedy under the Schwerters, playing various parts in all the Schubert shows until "Music in May," and between shows managing to squeeze in instructions from private vocal and dancing teachers, as well as a course in the Peabody School of Music in Baltimore.

During that time he and his brother wrote a musical comedy which they called "Two Little Captain Kidds." In collaboration with Andrew Jay Seraphin, of Philadelphia, El has recently written another musical comedy, "Please Madam," which the authors hope to present at the World Fair in Chicago.

At the present time, he is busy putting the finishing touches to a novel with the intriguing title, "Three Times Seven," which, he explains, is about youth rising to manhood. And, Mr. Thompson and Victor Caille, WDEL organist, recently wrote two songs which they have included on joint programs.

Being adept in so many ways, El has even hung by his teeth, gyrated around a swinging bar, and done various other things while with a circus.

He is six feet all, blond, and looks at you with a pair of blue, crinkly eyes, and is single (and glad of it
right now). Likes golf, horses, mountains, and either blondes or brunettes. (Watch out, El! The goblins will get you yet.) Reads heavy books and scratches his ear while singing before the microphone. Now turn to page 36, and there you see this person about whom we have written so much. Thus ends the story sent us by J. Gorman Walsh, of WDEL, in response to inquiries from the many admirers of Mr. El.

In answer to requests from Mrs. P. Neilson, Minnie Byers, and others: "Pie Plant Pete," better known to his parents as Claude W. Moye, was born in Southern Illinois. Never heard a hula-lu, going to sleep when he was a baby to the strains of "The Wreck of the 97" sung by his Mother. When he was eighteen, which was seven years ago, to be exact, a radio went into the Moye home in the hills. Hill billy songs were featured over WLS, Chicago, and to its wave length the dial was set.

"Paw said, 'Shucks, you're better than those fellows,'" states Pie Plant Pete, adding, "I wanted to go to Chicago, but Maw and Paw didn't want me to leave the farm." However, four years ago his Paw sent him up to Marshall, Illinois, "to help me uncle make an invoice." It was then Claude sneaked over to Chicago with his guitar and harmonica and went to WLS, Glenn Rowell, who was musical director of the station, and the Glenn of Gene and Glenn, listened to the hill billy songs.

Thirty minutes later young Moye was "Pie Plant Pete," and an employe of WLS; and last May Gene and Glenn took him to Cleveland. His songs are the type that originated in the hill country of Scotland when the traveler's tales were set to music and told in ballad form. Many of them came to America and are still sung in the cabins of the South. Others more commonly heard by the present generation came into being because of mere happenings, such as the train disaster between Monroe and Center, which story went through the hills as a ballad telling the grief of the wife of the engineer who was "found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle."

Pie Plant Pete comes naturally by his talent for getting the drawl of the mountainfolks into his songs, the whisper of pine trees into the strings of a guitar, and the "barn dance feeling" from the tune of a harmonica.

Good work! Here she is now, with a few general replies: Phil Cook, Mrs. Kenyon, recently signed with the NBC Artist Bureau, but is not yet scheduled. . . . Ted Lewis is no longer with NBC, Mrs. Willard Biery. . . . The Landt Trio and White, Marion Freedman, are now on tour; Vinton Haworth plays "Jack Arnold" with "Myrt and Marge," and no doubt plays on other programs, though we cannot list them; will let you know later about Warren Munson. . . . Picture and story of "The Baron" appeared on pages 6 and 7 of the January Digest, Mrs. Bruce Gemmill. . . . And, speaking of "The Baron," Mrs. Arthur Mason, his "Charlie" is not Graham McNamee, but Cliff Hall, who played in a show with Jack Pearl (The Baron), the director of which had difficulty remembering his name, so called him "Charlie," the name he had in the show, and which has permanently become attached to him. . . . Sorry, Eddyth Burnett, we are at work on Frank Knight and George Hartrick. . . . George Hall, you will find on page 24, Kay W. and Joyce F. Saulsbury, and Bing Crosby is now with the Chesterfield program. . . . Mrs. A. H. Scott would like a full page picture of Graham McNamee! A reputable substitute appears on page 37. . . . Maurie Sherman has been so busy, Ruth Froste, that he has asked Todles to call again, and that is on her memo pad. . . . Story and picture of Mildred Bailey appeared on page 22 of the December Digest, Evelyn.

Typeline portraits (Continued from page 28)

Pianist. During the War she sang in soldier camps throughout the country. An engagement later took her to Toronto, Canada, where she met and married Captain E. Robert Burns, a holder of England's Distinguished Flying Cross.

In 1929 Alice took part in an RKO Theatre of the Air broadcast and sang "The Last Rose of Summer." Her lovely voice and sincerity brought many requests for repeat performances. At an informal gathering later, the radio director of a large advertising agency heard Miss Joy sing and afterwards engaged her for a commercial.

Alice's youthful dream of becoming a great singer is materializing quickly due to her hard work. Not only does this artist please the ear, but her dark brown hair and eyes and glowing cheeks present a pretty picture for the eye as well. Alice Joy is on NBC three times a week.
CHINA READS R. D.

TAKING the opportunity to enter the enclosed order from one of our regular customers, Mr. Chung Koo-Chung, who is deeply interested in reading Radio Digest, we are hereewith sending remittance of two dollars, which we think will be sufficient to cover the one-year period of the magazine. If your magazine is as good as suggested by the subscriber, certainly we will place you an order for retail purpose; meantime we solicit subscription business from prospective buyers. But first of all, you may be able to send us one copy of Radio Digest as specimen purpose, otherwise our salesmen only have the empty talk. . . . The International Book Company—Stanley Young, General Manager—269 North Wing Hon Road, Canton, China.

SCRAPBOOK CLIPS

I HAVE been reading the Radio Digest for over three years, and think it is a wonderful book. Can get almost any station on the radio. Have a radio scrap book and have lots of the stars' and announcers' pictures in it.

I was so glad to see Billie White's picture in the November issue—he and Morton Downey are great.

I have written to, or asked Radio Digest for a favor before. But, will you please have Myrt's, Marge's, Clarence's and Jack Arnold's pictures in real soon? (See page 19. The whole cast, so far as we can learn, has never had a picture made.)

And give us, please, a good品位 on our own good station, WHS, Louisville. Would like to see a little on Don Bestor's Orchestra—he and his boys are wonderful! (Did you not see the December issue? Page 18?) Lots of luck to all the stars and announcers.—Eva Russell, 203 E. Madison Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

JUST "SNIP-SNIP"!

I NOTICED in last month's magazine, a reader objected to your pictures of Rudy and his grin, so I thought, inasmuch as he has no other fault to find, perhaps he would like to know how to rid himself of that annoyance so that the Digest would be perfect for him. Take a scissors and suppose you know what a scissors is—snip-snip, out comes Tuneful Topics—and Rudy and his grin. If perchance there is something on the opposite page which you want to keep, take library paste and smear over the pages, and press together. Simple, eh?

I cannot imagine anyone being annoyed at a picture in a magazine. I cannot tolerate Paul Whiteham, Ted Weems, Jack Denny, Lopez, George Olson, Kate Smith, Amos 'n' Andy, and others, but do they bother me? Not much—it is too easy to turn pages and twist dials.

So, I think if Mr. Moore would follow my directions, the kitchen mechanics could enjoy their "ham's," and he could find happiness in his magazines, and periods and prunes. We all have our favorites—I enjoy every Fleischman hour, never miss one. Ray Perkins is my favorite wit; good old Jones and Hare; Wayne King, the finest in the land; Ward Wilson; Jessica Dragone;te; Major Bowes, and on and on. But, has that anything to do with what the other fellow enjoys? I should say not.

The Digest could print a picture of Winchell and even that would not make me angry. I would buy it just the same—two each month if they were published. I read it from "kiver" to "kiver."—Vera Reynolds, Margate City, New Jersey.

SHE NO LIKE!

I HAVE been reading Radio Digest for the past few years and like it very much. I am also a Rudy Vallee fan and like to see nice letters about him in the Digest. However, of late, I have seen few. What is the matter with the R.V. fans? Are they not writing? A little more about Rudy, or rather about his new type of program! For some people this new type of program may seem great, but for dyed-in-the-wool R.V. fans they are sometimes difficult. All we hear now are guest artists. If Rudy does not soon get back where he belongs, he will be ruined. A recent radio poll showed Rudy still to be very popular.

The Fleischman program was one of the best programs on the air; now it is really one of the worst. Its dramatic scenes are terrible; its comedians are worse; and, as for Rudy—well, it must be very difficult for him to have to introduce such guest artists.

I heard Rudy and his Yankees from the Hotel Carter in Cleveland, Friday night, December 16, and they were fine! Such a relief from guest artists.

Here's hoping to read Radio Digest for a great many more years and also hoping to listen to Rudy Vallee's programs for a long time.—Mary E. Hanlon, 417 Kingsboro Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

HERE 'TIS, ADELA

MY FAVORITE program is Gene and Glenn. The reason may be, of course, because they are right here in Cleveland and we have more opportunity to see and hear them as they have a daily local feature each evening, besides their morning program. I have also seen them many times as they make personal appearances in theatres in this vicinity, and appear at many benefit performances.

If any of your readers would like to write me for information concerning them, I am sure I could answer most questions, as I have a large scrap book of material on them, and love to write letters. (I hope I see this in Vol., as I have written before and never found my letters).—Miss Adela Duske, 3259 West Fifty-second Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOOKS LIKE EL BELOW

I QUITE agree with our Northern "Listener," P.H., from Everett, Massachusetts. I have heard El Thompson from station WDEL and consider him a "radio find."

Perhaps the Digest can find space for Mr. Thompson's photograph sometime in the near future. (Yes, indeed. See Marcella's column, page 35).—V.M.H., Norfolk, Virginia.

EL OF WDEL

IMAGINE my surprise when reading your December issue from cover to cover, as I always do, to see a letter from one of your readers asking about a WDEL artist, El Thompson.

P.H. was right! El Thompson is a real radio artist, with personality plus, yes, we will even use your term P.H.—he is a "find." For those of your readers who might be interested, I'll tell you something about this singer.

El Thompson happened into our studios one day, as most "finds" do, and wanted to try his voice over the air. After an audition, which proved quite satisfactory to the program director of our station, he was scheduled once a week. And then the fun started! The listening public heard him and how! The writer was besieged with telephone calls and letters asking who this stranger was. His debut was such a success that we backed him up with organ accompaniment, and put him on the air three times a week and there he is still, using a voice and style that commands attention from men as well as women listeners.

This chap has had quite a bit of experience in the art of entertainment, having played in various musical shows, including "Student Prince," "Music in May," and many others. He has written and published many stories and songs, and has just re-
Listener

cently completed a “wow” of a number with the aid of one of our accompanists, Vic Caille, and they have titled it “Fooling—We Were Just Fooling.” Yes, sir, this boy has the “stuff” that makes the public cry for more, and he is worthy of every “bravo” that gets.

I hope this answers your question, P.H., and if it does not, let us hear some more from you—H. A. Hickman, General Manager, Station WDEL, Wilmington, Delaware.

(Marcella also became interested in the young man, and she too has something about him in her column. See page 35, P.H.)

From Now On!

I DO so love this radio magazine, I keep each and every copy and often reread and refer to them to refresh my memory. Wish we could expect our copy on the first day of each month—It seems so long between copies.

I would so love to know the whereabouts of George Bechles, Edwin Cullen and William Brenton—wonderful announcers. (And more)

—S.G.E., Little Rock, Arkansas.

“LISTEN, GRAHAM!”

HERE is a letter from another radio fan who would very much like to have a full-page picture of that splendid announcer, Graham McNamee. Would also like to have a little story about him to accompany it. I met Mr. McNamee at the New York NBC studios last Summer, and I want to say he is just as pleasant and spontaneous in person as he is on the air.

I am also a fan who is indeed willing to thank sponsors for bringing such fine talent to radio. I do not object to commercial announcements in the least, especially as these announcements are shorter now and a great many are put over in an interesting manner. Quite often I find myself using a radio-advertised product, which I would not have purchased on purpose had it been advertised in other ways. I have heard of some people who “kick” at commercial programs, but, I just bet they would “kick” more if their favorite performer no longer appeared on the air for the reason that sponsored programs were not allowed. I doubt if famous artists could be obtained without the salaries the sponsors are willing to pay.

Would also like to see a picture of James Wallington in your magazine. Am only a beginner as a radio fan, so have read only about five of your publications, but I have not yet seen a picture of Mr. Wallington that does him justice. I also met him at NBC which explains my interest. Please remember the picture of Graham, and try to add the one of Jimmy.—Miss N. F. Comer, Savannah, Georgia.

SAYS BARBARA

IT SEEMS that many Volers are complaining of the drop in size, with the drop in price of the Radio Digest. But, if you turn out future copies as good as the November issue, no one will have any grounds for complaint. It was full of interesting articles and I surely got twenty-five cents’ worth out of that fifteen-cent issue. Of special interest was the Colored Supplement, but why such a short bit about Cab Calloway? I think he is one of the best orchestra leaders in the country. The only exceptions I make are Guy Lombardo and Leo Reisman.

It was a great pleasure for once for me to read Rudy Vallee’s “Tuneful Topics” without turning the air blue and shaking my respectable neighbors. I refer to the December issue, and “Underneath the Harlem Moon” (read Rudy’s tuneful criticism, folks!) Says Barbara—We thank you Rudy dear, for your gracious recognition of another band leader.

I was surprised at the mighty Rudy conceding a better man than himself for the playing of certain types of jazz. I recognize the fact that many other people consider Rudy the supreme ruler of the O. B. L. (Order of Band Leaders), but, for Rudy, the high and mighty, to concede himself that there are better men than himself made me feel like singing the “Star Spangled Banner” and shouting HIP! HIP! HOORAY!!

Why not an article on Cab Calloway, with full-page pictures—he deserves it if anyone does. And here’s hoping that with the fatherly help of Rudy Vallee and the support of the Calloway fans, we will get a big article in a forthcoming R.D.

And, returning to that fine November issue, I find that out of seventeen articles there were eleven that I enjoyed. (And Tuneful Topics was not one of them—one book and I gave up in despair.) The paper and printing had returned to their former qualities and the contents had not suffered by the drop in price (insofar as per cent of interesting articles was concerned). Everything will be okeh, if you continue to publish such fine issues.

May I again repeat: Publish a BIG article about that wonderful dance maestro—Cab Calloway—Miss Barbara Toan, 117 Bagley Road, Berea, Ohio.

“QUEEN OF THE AIR”

THERE is a young artist whose name is rarely mentioned within the portals of this column—an artist who is equally as beautiful as the lovely voice which she possesses—Jessica Dragoonette! (Full page picture appeared in the November issue. “Everybody’s Sweetheart” in the April, 1931 issue.)

There is something of that “little girl" quality about Jessica—a certain wistful sort of charm; an elusive "something" with which few are endowed. The dramatic quality of her speaking voice and her poetic create a mental picture. One visualizes her as ethereal, dainty, shy, feminine. Yet, one is aware that there is “much more to her” than meets the ear and eye. Her clear, soft, easy flowing singing voice weaves a magic spell, lifting one out of a world of mundane happenings, into a realm of beauty and romance! There is a gentleness about her voice—a glamour of moonlight and lost fairy-tales.

“Lovely, lyrical Jessica” richly deserves the tribute—radio’s most outstanding feminine personality!”—Mary E. Lauber, 119 West Abbottsford Avenue, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

MUY BIEN, GRACIAS!

I WOULD like to say how pleased I was to find the page devoted to that splendid artist—Raul Guizar in a recent issue of your magazine. It was very nice. There is an artist who deserves some good “breaks” and I hope he gets them. Such a perfectly gorgeous voice cannot help winning many, many admirers, but, besides the voice of exquisite liquid gold, he has a personality that is simply irresistible, and by far the most fascinating foreign accent I have ever heard. If you do not care for tenor voices, tune in just to hear him talk—you will be well repaid. I tune in for both, and I am a regular listener. Thanks to you, Tito, for many, many pleasures—especially your “Aye, Aye, Aye,” and “In a Little Spanish Town.

And, I always have a “rave” for those incomparable Royal Canadians. Remember, Mr. Editor, that we Lombardo Fans are searching every issue of R. D. for a word about them, or a new picture. I cannot seem to coax a group of the entire orchestra from you. How about a big picture of the four Lombardo brothers? My scrap book is waiting for just that, and a “swell” individual photograph of Carmen. (Guy, your “How Deep Is The Ocean” and “Goodnight, My Lady Love” are too lovely for words.)

I don’t know what I would do without Radio Digest—it is a friend indeed. Best wishes.—Hazel Rhodes, 1749 N. Winches ter Avenue, Chicago.
WILD strains of gypsy music thrill listeners of WMCA and WPCH, New York, when this raven tressed beauty offers international selections on the accordion. Miss Markoff recently returned from a successful tour of Europe. She was acclaimed by audiences in London, Paris and Madrid.
Ranny Weeks Just Had to Sing

Star of the Yankee Network
Deserted Executive Career for Song

RANNY WEEKS couldn’t escape his destiny. Though he could whistle a tune before he could toddle, his first ambitions were for a public career. Also, the fact that his father was Mayor of Everett, Mass., was responsible in a way for his interest in law and politics. This ambition lasted until he was defeated for the first office he ran for in high school.

As time went on he leaned more to the musical side of the family. So he dropped it all and started singing at various social functions. He soon received offers to appear at leading hotels and society parties. With the advent of radio Ranny took more and more to music. His next move in this direction was when he became radio advisor for an advertising agency. The executive duties this entailed caused him to forget his vocal ambitions for the moment. However, no matter how busy he became he always managed to continue his vocal studies, but listed them under the heading of diversions instead of ambitions.

FINALLY he decided that he was fed up with executive duties and from then on he would become Ranny Weeks, baritone, with the words “he man” placed before baritone by his radio sponsors.

Ranny’s flair for doing the unusual was demonstrated forcibly at the Metropolitan Theater in Boston. He holds the distinction of establishing a record at that theater which no other featured artist has ever approached. Last winter Ranny appeared at the Metropolitan for a period of seventeen weeks, having gone in there in the beginning for a one week’s engagement.

For one of the few times in the history of the theater, in which the most famous stars of the stage, screen, and radio have appeared, Ranny’s performance stopped the show cold. The applause continued for six minutes into the talkie feature of the program. Finally the lights were put on and Ranny was forced to come back for bows. Though this happened nearly a year ago, this feat stands unequalled to the present time.

Following his debut into the talking picture field last summer, Ranny joined his present radio program—the Pacquin Program which is heard every Sunday afternoon at 5:00 o’clock over Station WNAC and WOR in New York and the Yankee Network.

The completion of his picture, “It Happened in Paris,” was the realization of a life-long ambition for him. Ever since he has been before the public he has wanted to appear on the screen. And in that time he has received several flattering offers. One of them was from Lilian Tashman, who wanted him to come to Hollywood and appear with her in pictures. Betty Balfour, noted British actress, and Sophie Tucker have both been very complimentary in their praises of Weeks.

“It Happened in Paris” is a full length feature picture based on the stage play “The Two Orphans,” for which Nathaniel Shilkret composed an original score and conducted during its filming.

For the benefit of those who often have heard but never have seen Mr. Weeks, he is six feet even in height, brunette, handsome, laughs easily, is modest and is best described by the term “regular.”

Randall Webster Weeks is his full name. The Webster is in honor of the great Daniel Webster, for whom his father always had the greatest admiration. Ranny Weeks is strictly a man’s singer, and a regular out-door man.

Ranny Weeks, heard over the Yankee Network as well as WNAC and WOR, New York
“Checkers” Goes on the Air

WAAM—Newark, N. J.

EVERY Wednesday Station WAAM of Newark, New Jersey, presents an original radio program innovation in the adoption of a series of scientific talks on checkers.

This feature is conducted by Millard F. Hopper, State champion checker expert and author of the recent book, “How To Win At Checkers.”

Anyone who doubts the scientific aspects of this game should listen in to some of the startling tricks he details in his afternoon talks.

Who ever guessed that one checker could draw against four in certain positions? Who would believe that there existed trick plays in checkers wherein as many as nine men can be jumped at one time? Well, if you’re like the chap from “Missouri” just set your dial at 1250 kilocycles next Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. and learn all about it.

Checkers has its ardent fans and followers just as much as bridge and backgammon but like the game itself its popularity has been voiced in the silent appreciation of its devotees.

It is only on occasions of Inter-State matches and national tournaments that checkers finds its way into the press columns although every city and town has its checker team.

The large amount of fan mail coming in from these programs is evidence of the growing interest in this feature.

Mr. Hopper who at one time operated the wax chess and checker playing figure at the Eden Musee details a simple system of numbering the squares of the board which enables the listeners to acquire the trick moves of the game without any great effort.

His checker career started when at the age of 16, he represented New York City at an International Match in which Christy Mathewson, the old Giant pitcher, was referee. Later he appeared for several seasons at Luna Park, Coney Island and then turned his attentions to giving professional exhibitions on the game at various clubs and Y.M.C.A.’s.

In one of these exhibitions he played as many as forty men at one time without the loss of a game.

KFAB—Omaha

The experience unique to radio artists of having an audience literally walk out on him, mad, came to Lee Bennett, KFAB crooner and announcer last month. It was during a broadcast from the stage of one of the Omaha theaters. The entire personnel of KFAB was performing, with the grand finale as a selection by Bennett. The audience waited patiently for Bennett, and applauded vigorously when he finally announced his song. At the conclusion they gave him a prolonged applause, demanding an encore. But the allotted time for the presentation was up, and Bennett had to make the closing remarks and station announcement. Then it was that the audience walked out on him, even though there was an orchestration scheduled to follow. They had come to hear Bennett, and if he wouldn’t sing, they wouldn’t stay. But it was excused after due explanation. Bennett’s voice is of the Crosby-Columbo type, and new listeners are continually bothering the station telephone girl, asking which one of the two national stars it is. Lee has one pet peeve; to be called a “crooner,” but that’s what he is, and an unusually popular one. In addition to his daily singing program, Bennett is called upon to announce from the Omaha studios as well as direct programs and take a role in some of the skits, which is quite an assignment for a youngster just twenty-one.

KFRC—San Francisco

HOW Fleishhacker Zoo helps to round out the programs at KFRC—no, the animals don’t come to the studio—has been revealed by Bob Bence, connoisseur in sound effects and rated by his associates as the “Pacific Coast’s greatest animal impersonator.” Those “imitations” that have delighted KFRC listeners on the Blue Monday Jamboree and other major programs, are the result of hours of study at San Francisco’s animal park, by the versatile radio entertainer. If a hyena hits a new “high” in hilarity or a lion reorganizes his roar, Bence is quick to note the variation and pass it on to his radio audience at the first opportunity. Needless to say, the animals show no professional jealousy.

LARRY GREUTER

Radio’s are accordionist, heard daily over WLW, Cincinnati, with Don Becker, ukulele virtuoso, one of the most popular morning features. As the original “Squeeze Box Man,” Larry made his debut before the microphones of WLW five years ago. He is equally at home both in the realm of modern dance rhythm and in the field of classical composition.
To Paul Whiteman goes the credit for the discovery of WLW's latest harmony sensation, the Randall Sisters. But a few weeks ago these charming maidens from Bogue Chitto, Mississippi, were "just another act" in vaudeville. Today—thanks to the great jazz maestro—they are being proclaimed one of radio's outstanding finds of the season.

Started by the distinctive novel harmony effects and the perfect blending of their voices when he chanced to hear them in a Detroit supper club, Whiteman lost no time in signing the Randall Sisters and taking them to New York for a four weeks' engagement at the Hotel Biltmore.

Nothing quite like their unique harmonies and quaint "hill-billy" songs from the South had yet been heard by blase New Yorkers. People liked them because they were different. Rudy Vallee heard them and shortly afterward the Randall Sisters made their radio debut as guest artists on Rudy's Fleischman hour with Otis Skinner. Next, talent scouts from WLW heard them and Whiteman was induced to part with the Randall Sisters in order that they might join the staff of the WLW studios in Cincinnati.

Although they were born and reared on a Mississippi plantation, for the past several years the girls—Bonnie, Ruth and Shirley—have made their home in Memphis. It was there, two years ago, they made their first stage appearance as amateurs in a Milk Fund benefit performance. A Fanchon-Marco executive heard the girls, was impressed with the novelty of their singing and next day they were signed for a vaudeville tour. As the "Aaron Sisters," they remained in vaudeville until their lucky break with Whiteman ushered them into radio's spotlight.

WSM, Nashville

A ROMANCE of American minstrelsy is revealed in the story of Lasses White, who first put on the burnt cork about twenty years ago with the Honey Boy Evans Minstrels, at that time among the top notchers in the business. Mr. White is now producing the Lasses White All Star Minstrel Show which is presented by WSM, Nashville, Tennessee, each Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and the Lasses and Honey radio cartoon which goes on the air at 7:30 on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Mr. White and his partner, Honey Wilds, after many years as minstrel stars and vaudeville headliners, recently joined the staff of WSM and are making friends by the thousands in their first radio venture. In the big fan mail which the boys receive each week came a letter a few days ago from Nick Carter, of Sheffield, Alabama, which reads in part as follows:

"Some twenty odd years ago, Honey Boy Evans was booked to appear at the old Jefferson theatre in Birmingham, Ala. This particular performance on this particular night was a complete sell out; the house was packed, but sometime before the curtain word was whispered around that Honey Boy was sick at the Hillman hotel and his part would be carried by an understudy.

"The crowd was disappointed, some leaving to seek their entertainment elsewhere, but most of them stayed. I was curious to see the youngster who had nerve enough to try to entertain a sore disappointed crowd and fill the shoes of the great Honey Boy Evans.

"Your performance that night was great. You went over so big that for ten minutes the crowd would not let the curtain descend on the last act.

"Since that night I have never missed one of your shows where it was possible for me to go and I have my reserved seat in front of my radio each performance over WSM. . . . Here's wishing you long life on the air."

Another WSM Headliner

Contralto voices with rich, warm coloring are rare, especially those voices which register in a microphone, but in Christine Lamb, WSM has one of the finest radio contraltos in the South. Miss Lamb has been a member of the WSM family ever since the station first went on the air in the fall of 1925, appearing as a featured soloist and as a member of the WSM Mixed Quartette, which presents a sacred concert each Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. The Sacred Concert draws a tremendous mail each week, as a result of the half hour program, which is non-sectarian. Miss Lamb appears as soloist.
He Aids the Unfortunates
Joseph Lang Uses His Station to Help Worthy Charity
By Maybelle Austen

NOT long ago this country witnessed the greatest landslide in its entire career. There was good reason for this. Calamity was rampant! Unemployment had assumed gigantic proportions! The depression was on! Those in this country who were fortunate enough to be actively employed were called upon constantly to help those who were out of work, and consequently out of funds.

Joseph Lang, vice-president and general manager of Station WFAB in New York City did not draw back from the very evident responsibility that was staring every active business man in the face. On the contrary, Mr. Lang contends that with conditions being what they are, it would be a serious case of desertion to allow the old-established and worthy charitable organizations to fight their battle unaided.

Being a practitioner as well as a preacher. Mr. Lang has organized a group of entertainers, all of whom are well known, talented, and more than willing to offer their services for the needy. Each Sunday evening at eleven-fifteen o'clock, WFAB's "Fresh Air Buddies" gather in the studio and present a program of excellent entertainment in the cause of one of New York City's oldest institutions, The University Settlement. The University Settlement has a headquarters down on the East Side, where they provide everything that the poor children need in the way of gymnastics, library, swimming pool, manual training, as well as kindness and humane treatment. Their summer camp at Beacon, N. Y., takes care of over a thousand children annually, giving them the sunshine and fresh air, clean food and beds, a place to play away from the city's traffic-ridden congested streets.

WFAB's group of "Fresh Air Buddies" including Irving Kaufman, well-known musical comedy and radio star; Harry Rose, the Broadway Jester; Rita Gould, RKO headline; Phyllis Grossman, concert pianist; Cal Timney, contributor to "Life"; Dea Cole, the Crinoline Girl; John Uppman, American operatic baritone; Molly Taylor, soprano; Fred Mayo, vaudeville entertainer; Sylvia Gurkin, popular singer; Henry Lawes, English baritone; Josef Szigeti and his Royal Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra; Jacques Wolfe, famous composer of spirituals; Paul Dumont, well-known network announcer; and many other personalities. Edward Marr, who will be remembered for his work in the "Greenwich Village Follies" and "Irene," is the master of ceremonies.

WSM—Nashville
THE Three Soldiers of Fortune, the General, the Colonel and the Merry Old Major, have proven a huge success from the standpoint of the radio audience during the past few months, as a result of their weekly appearances from WSM. A combination of two already popular acts, the Three Soldiers of Fortune offer two and three part harmony of latest popular songs. Deane Moore, formerly of Roxy's Gang, and for some time a member of the WSM staff, is the king pin of the organization. He is ably assisted by the Waller Brothers, Frank and Claude.
Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

John P. Medbury, master of ceremonies of the Demi-Tasse Revue, has become the world's champion commuter now that the Demi-Tasse Revue originates in NBC's San Francisco studios. "Med" commutes by airplane between San Francisco and Hollywood every week in order to appear on the Demi-Tasse program. You can't keep him out of the air!

KLX, Oakland, has a program every Tuesday evening, 9:00 to 9:30, that has the distinction of being one of the oldest programs on the air and has always been very popular. It is Goodmon's mixed quartette singing the old hymns.

The Denver Musical Protective Association offers two programs of outstanding merit over KOA, Denver, coming over the network. They are worth turning an ear to.

Irving Kennedy, popular Western NBC tenor, at last has a yacht. It came through the mail from a Northwestern admirer, but it is complete in every detail, from bow to stern, to pennants fluttering from its mast. Could the admirer believe Irv, but a lad?

The lanquid and colorful tunes of Old Mexico are becoming regular features on most all of the Western stations. KFOX, Long Beach, has a good Mexican program at 1:30 in the afternoons that is creating a regular "siesta" every noon among its listeners.

Speaking of tunes, lovers of soft, soothing and restful melodies in California's sister state, Oregon, find their weekly ideal in the "Isle of Golden Dreams" program, 9:30 to 10:00 p.m., from the Studios of KOIN, Portland. The unique combination of pipe organ, vibraharp and steel guitar makes the melodious entertainment.

Harry Langdon, well-known screen star, made his radio debut over KHJ. Langdon appeared as guest star on "California Melodies," being presented to the nation over CBS by Raymond Paige. The screen stars are all rapidly becoming known to the radio fans.

Eva Gruninger, NBC singer whose beautiful contralto voice has been heard transcontinentally many times, was married recently to E. Bigson, noted San Francisco surgeon. It was a quiet bridal ceremony in the home of the bride. One of the best loved stars in western radio, Miss Gruninger makes frequent concert appearances, and is a principal in the San Francisco Grand Opera Company, with which she appeared during the recent season. She was the soloist at the opening of the San Francisco War Memorial.

With "California Melodies," CBS network, shifting to a new spot, 8:30 to 9:00 p.m., the West Coast will send three programs over a nationwide network.

Paul Carson, who builds the "Bridge to Dreamland" for NBC listeners Sunday nights, with the aid of an organ keyboard, is the descendant of several generations of clergymen, but never felt the slightest desire to enter the ministry. Paul has a great following up and down the vast expanses of the West Coast.
KQW Quarter Century Old

Grand-Daddy of Radio Stations Celebrates Anniversary With Big Broadcast

Radio Station KQW, San Jose, California, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world, it is claimed, celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday and its seventh anniversary as the voice of rural California, on January 16, with a program featuring over 300 artists.

Radio Station KQW has been in existence since the year 1918, and began broadcasting musical programs in the year 1919.

In 1912, two-way voice communication was established between San Jose and San Francisco and in the same year, the station established in San Jose the first radio receiving studio in the world. In 1915, the station broadcast, daily, musical programs from a studio located in the Garden City Bank Building, San Jose. These programs were received 50 miles away in a special booth at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco. Many people from all parts of the world, who visited the Exposition listened to these broadcasts. In January, 1926, the management of radio Station KQW was taken over by Fred J. Hart, the present owner, to be operated as the Voice of Rural California. Under his management, the station has continued to pioneer in radio broadcasting as to both equipment and programs.

The management of KQW believes that a radio station, in reality, belongs to the people, and therefore that its first duty is to the listener and his country and that the future well-being of our country depends upon the proper use of radio and therefore the ownership of a radio station carries with it a responsibility that should place dividends as the last consideration. The carrying out of this policy has caused KQW listeners to actually look upon the station as their own, so much so that many of them, when writing, address their communications to "Our Station KQW, San Jose, California" and many of them contribute to the work of the station by belonging to the KQW Radio Club, the membership of which is $2.00 per year.

For the past seven years the management of KQW has endeavored to so arrange its programs and service as to lead the people to look upon Station KQW as a big friend to whom they can turn for advice and help on any subject—when in need of such a friend. That this policy has accomplished its purpose is evidenced by the fact that in one year, 20,000 people wrote the station for advice and help, the subject matter of these requests ranging from "What is wrong with my hog?" to "How shall I invest my money?"

It is also a part of the policy of this station to present its programs and features in a regular order at the same time of day and at the same day of the week, year in and year out. For example: Weather reports and farm market reports for the past seven years have been given daily and at the same minute of the day. Each type of program is always scheduled for the same time of day and the same days of the week, etc. Adherence to this policy has built for Station KQW what is claimed as the largest regular audience in northern California.

Irma Glenn is visited by her oldest and youngest fans as she puts the mighty Wurlitzer through its paces at WERN, Chicago.
The Bootlegger of HOMEMADE SUNSHINE

THE WORLD has a headache, but Harry Glick knows nothing about it—in fact Harry doesn’t even know what a headache is. If you get up in the morning feeling blue, cross at the world, and distressed over your poor physical condition, all you have to do is touch your radio dial, and tune in on Harry Glick, the exuberant air personality, who conducts the Health Gym Class over WMCA, New York, every morning at 8:30 o’clock. After you listen to him just one moment, all your worries and cares immediately disappear. After interviewing Harry (for some reason nobody ever thinks of calling him Mr. Glick, he’s such an all around good fellow,) he told me that people who have a tendency to worry, should start to do exercise every morning and the exercise that starts circulation in the blood, will break up the clogs of worry and shake the worries right out of the system (there’s truth in them the words, you must try it readers)—Harry can also be called the Health Man of Wisdom—because he tells you: If you have no time to exercise you’ll find enough time to get sick and lie in bed—and it’s not how much health you possess, but it’s how you keep it. Harry wants to be known as the modern Abraham Lincoln, because he claims—you can fool your body some of the time, and you can fool

your body most of the time, but you can’t fool your body all of the time—again, (there’s truth in them the words).

Harry Glick is the present holder of the world’s welterweight wrestling championship, and is conceded by many sports writers as one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived. Once at the Oakland A. A., in Jersey City, New Jersey, he threw three men in thirty-four minutes, one after another. Harry holds other records—he had the distinction as guest artist for Radio Digest, last year of having been the first instructor to give a gym class program over television, at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Harry has been broadcasting over four years, and if you will listen to him, you’ll find him a whole show by himself. He sings, whistles, and wisecracks. If you don’t like his gags, he tells you, he’s wrestling champion, so go ahead and give him an argument—and if you really don’t like his gags, he asks you: “Who do you expect, Eddie Cantor so early in the morning?”

Harry’s favorite radio performer is Al Jolson, because he says, Al has that something, showmanship. All he has to say is “Hello” to an audience, and he becomes the greatest entertainer in the world! And when he sings, he’s that good, that he’s an opera singer, a croon-

er and a classical singer all in one.

Harry served in France during the War with the famous 27th Division of New York—he was in three engagements, St. Mihiel, Meuse Argonne, and Defensive Sector. He was on the stage with Earl Carroll of the Vanities, and danced with Natacha Nattova, the famous Russian Dancer.

Radio has been kind to Harry, he has had about a dozen commercials already, and his unique program is in demand. He has no vices—doesn’t drink or smoke. Harry likes the ladies, and the ladies must like Harry because he receives about 1,500 letters weekly from the fair sex.—(Gentlemen, are you readin’, eh! I’m just wild about Harry).

When I bid Harry goodbye, and he released my hand (not too soon to suit me) I looked to see whether any bones were fractured. I guess, I was lucky at that. I might have given him an argument in the subway—he looks that deceiving.

* * *

WLW, Cincinnati

Wayne King, America’s “Waltz King,” and his orchestra are now being heard over WLW each Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o’clock during the Lady Esther Series.

Long a favorite of WLW listeners, this popular jazz maestro has been heard frequently over that station during his engagements at various Cincinnati supper clubs through arrangements made with the Music Corporation of America.
Lydia Summers Wins (Continued from page 12)

ists to appear for luncheon, meet their sponsor, A. Atwater Kent who, with Mrs. Kent, arrived at the hotel by train from Philadelphia that morning. Attending the luncheon were prominent music world personalities. Mr. Kent presented the finalists with gold medals.

Most of the girls and boys rested during the afternoon and early evening, then taxied to NBC for the final audition.

Reinald Weerrenrath, Lawrence Tibbett, Tito Schipa, Richard Bonelli, Marcello Sembrich, Marshall Bartholomew, as the corps of judges, presided in NBC's dignified board of directors room on the fifteenth floor for "remote control" judging. Maria Jeritza and Rosa Ponselle, also judges, listened to the ten young singers from their respective apartments, telephoned their decisions following the final audition.

A visible audience, composed of teachers of the ten young singers, friends, relatives, press representatives and photographers, NBC officials and members of the Atwater Kent Foundation staff, remained in studio B on the thirteenth floor, heard the singing "piped" through from studio E where Graham McNamee presided at the microphone and beautiful Kathleen Stewart accompanied at the piano.

The finalists included Lydia Summers, 25, contralto, New York City; Thomas L. Thomas, 21, baritone, Scranton, Pa.; Frances De Voice, 23, contralto, Minneapolis, Minn.; Clyde Franklin Kelly, 21, baritone, St. Louis, Mo.; Porgy to Lobb, 23, mezzo-soprano, Concord, North Carolina; Wilson Angel, 19, basso, Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Edythe Hoskinson, 23, mezzo-soprano, Hutchinson, Kansas; Robert Miller, 23, baritone, Dallas, Texas; Laura Lodema, 19, mezzo-soprano, San Francisco, Cal.; William Felix Knight, 24, dramatic tenor, Santa Barbara, Cal.

The girls appeared more composed than the boys. The latter shed coats, vests, collars and ties before facing the black NBC microphones and McNamee's cheerful smile.

Through the labyrinthine vocalizations of foreign-worded compositions, mainly operatic, the young people sang with all the color, poise and melodic treatment within their means. They were judged, ratings tabulated under the direction of Mrs. Harriet Steel Pickernell, and winners announced first to the crowd in studio B by Graham McNamee.

The success of Lydia Summers and Wilson Angel is now a matter of history. Mr. Kent's checks for $5,000 each were awarded to the tune of vivid press flashlights and the roar of an approving, enthusiastic crowd.

Sue Writes to Nan (Continued from page 20)

Finally I too was admitted to the studio and confessed my ambitions, including the fact that I wanted to meet Jessica Dragonette. I was told to wait a little longer and she would come. So I went back to my chair in the reception room.

And then the door opened and in walked the most precious little girl—I knew at a glance who it was! Yes, I was actually standing within a few feet of Jessica Dragonette! Really and truly—I just couldn't believe it. Miss Liebling introduced me and her speaking voice was just like a beautiful shade of velvet. She went into the studio to speak with Miss Liebling and of course, I just had to wait until she came out to see her again. More radio artists were arriving all the time.

Then what do you think happened? Much to my embarrassment, Miss Liebling told the famous Jessica about my wanting to see her and we discovered that we lived near each other so she offered to drive me home. Imagine my joy! I felt everyone in the world knew I was riding with Jessica Dragonette. I was so far up in the clouds that I never expected to come down and when she asked me to stop and have tea with her at a lovely shop which she frequent's it seemed just too good to be true. When we were seated the waitress said, "Our girls are always so thrilled to serve you Miss Dragonette—they listen to you every Friday night." And Jessica replied with her usual modesty and humble manner, "Do they really know me?"

We had such a delightful chat over the tea table. I shall never forget it. Her singing could not help but be beautiful for it is only an expression of her beautiful thoughts. She is such a dainty little thing—just like a Dresden china doll and there is something so spiritual about her. And her hair! It is deep gold and she has such quantities of it and wears it so becomingly. I went to watch her broadcast one evening shortly after our meeting and it was thrilling. The studio was jammed and there were soft, many colored lights which faded from one hue to another and she looked like a fairy princess in a pink dress all fluffy and she wore a little ermine piece over her shoulders—and those shoulders! They are too lovely to describe. She always sings from memory and looks so intently in the microphone—one would think she was looking directly at each one of her "fans," and singing to each individual one.

When she first enters the studio there is a great stir and all over the room you hear murmurs: "Isn't she beautiful—isn't she lovely—how exquisite, etc., etc."

Well, all this has been a real inspiration to me and I could go on and on but I'm sure you've had enough for the present.

Yours with enthusiasm,

SUE.

Firestone Hour (Continued from page 17)

Harvard University. He graduated from there in 1908.

After securing his A. B. degree, Mr. Daly left Boston and went West where he trucked freight for the Frisco line in Arkansas. Shortly afterwards he left to try salesmanship in Chicago. Before long he drifted to New York where he met Lincoln Steffens, the journalist, who gave him a job on the editorial staff of Everybody's Magazine. No thought of a musical career then. He worked hard, made progress and finally became managing editor of the magazine. Walter Lippman was his assistant and Sinclair Lewis was in the next room to his own banging a type-writer for Adventure Magazine.

He stuck to Everybody's for five years. It seemed as though after leaving Harvard he had abandoned all thought of a musical career. But music had not abandoned him. Paderewski came to town. He was the esteemed guest of honor at the home of Ernest Schelling, the pianist. William Daly, the writer-man who still played around with music as a hobby, was invited to come and meet the great Pole, and incidentally to conduct a choral number.

Glady he accepted the invitation. Paderewski and his host were both impressed. Daly, through them, met Campanini, conductor of the Chicago Opera, and was engaged to take a post there as assistant conductor. But something happened. The Chicago season was cancelled. Daly had already quit his job at Everybody's and was now adrift.

But, at least, it brought him back to the course Destiny had prescribed
for him. He was henceforth to follow a musical career. He played on Broadway, haunted Tin Pan Alley, composed and soon gained a reputation for his orchestrations. Charles Dillingham, Max Dreyfus of Harms, the late Frank Sadler, Jerome Kern, Lou Hirsch and then George Gershwin drifted into the current of his daily life. He "doctorod" the music of the Broadway productions to make them into hits. Flo Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll, George White and others demanded his services.

Then came radio and three years ago he signed up with the NBC staff, at the behest of Walter Damrosch and Keith McLeod. He had equal ability for the popular and the symphonic types of music. This facility and fame brought him to the Firestone program which insists on quality artists of the first rank.

Richard Crooks was born in Trenton, N. J., and at the boyish age of nine won the admiration of Sydney Bourne, a church choirmaster. For the next three years Mr. Bourne taught his protege the elements of choir singing which is polished singing, not being given to covering rough edges by bravura and gestures. Each note must be perfect, the phrasing perfect, like a crystal thread of sound. This was the early training that Richard Crooks received. In relentless, patient, unhurried progression through the world's most celestial music—Gounod and Bach, Verdi and Handel, Mozart and Gluck.

By reason of this exacting training young Crooks had the good fortune, when only twelve, to sing a duet with that glorious old prima donna, Schumann-Heink, in Trenton and Ocean Grove, New Jersey. She praised his voice and kissed him after each performance. He soon after was engaged as soloist soloist for All Angels' Church, New York City, and began to indulge in the musical life of the great metropolis. It was while he was singing in All Angels' that he met William Daly. And Daly, a few years the senior, treated the boy soloist with such courtesy and consideration that Richard Crooks remembers it to this day—when they are broadcasting on the same program.

Crooks also had a flair for salesmanship in his youth but soon renewed his musical career. In competition with seventy-five other tenors he won the coveted position of soloist at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Then he married his school girl sweetheart who had played his accompaniments in school programs.

In 1923 Crooks began a series of programs which soon led him to fame. He was engaged by Walter Damrosch to sing in concert performances with the New York Symphony at Carnegie Hall, New York, and on tour. After these engagements he sang with the Detroit Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Apollo Club of Boston, the New York Oratorio Society, the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, the New York and Chicago Choral Societies, the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Cecilia Society of Boston. Then he went to Europe by request and won the acclaim of German and Hungarian opera audiences.

Crooks and Daly both believe that many Americans who consider themselves good judges of music, and who speak big words about encouraging American music, do the least to encourage American music by their snobbish attitude toward many of our first-rate composers. Furthermore, they believe that many famous concert singers who occasionally give radio programs could add to the musical value of those programs by including meritorious and popular American compositions instead of forever singing dull works of traditional composers. And Lawrence Tibbett, who was the subject of a recent article in Radio Digest, concurs in their beliefs.

A fast musical friendship has developed between these Firestone associates. A musical friendship which is cemented by their mutual opinions on American music. They are among the most eminent artists who are building a new tradition for our own creation, and on Monday nights after broadcasting on the Voice of Firestone Program they not infrequently stroll to a German brauhaus on the East Side, New York, to drink beer and talk of olden days in New York's music life.

Jean Fay

(Continued from page 16)

Jean is the sort of girl Emily Post holds in high regard, for she abhors gum chewing even, she thinks, to the point of refusing a chewing gum commercial, should one come along. She smokes Chesterfields, though (are you listening, Mr. Liggett and Mr. Myers?). Her pet aversion is static, and her idea of the most useless pastime is attending a six-day bicycle race.

Swimming accounts for Jean's figure, but only two meals a day helps, she thinks. The two meals are "brunch" and dinner, although she can be coaxed into sharing a mid-
night snack with her mother, providing the snack is baked beans and frankfurters.

Mrs. Fay must open all of Jean's fan mail, because, although most fans are complimentary, some of them are critical, and criticism takes the heart out of Jean. On the other hand, when she's complimented she works harder than ever, striving to justify the compliment in every way.

Sport clothes make up most of Jean's costumes, and, being red-headed, most of them are naturally green. When she dresses up, though, she likes black. She likes parties, but she doesn't like to have them end up in night clubs, for, having worked in clubs the greater part of her professional career, she isn't fond enough of them to visit them often.

Since romance doesn't bother Jean as yet, or rather, since Jean hasn't bothered with romance as yet—one look at her and you'd know she's had opportunities—she's had to seek her thrills elsewhere, and her biggest thrill was her first plane ride. She's quite an aviation enthusiast, and although she has never taken flying lessons, she has flown, as a passenger, over 2000 miles.

In short, you'll like Jean.

Radio City

(Continued from page 8)

Perhaps you are a fair and lovely maiden—you behold the Angel of Fate looking into your eyes. A smile or a sigh may bring that bleak mask to cover you so that you will smile no more.

From this direful scene you are lifted to the aesthetic clouds again by a glorious bevy of exquisite femininity rippling in fantastic patterns across the stage—the Roxyettes. The stage becomes a living loom whereon is woven dissolveing patterns of radiant faces, shapely figures and shimmering beams of changing lights. You almost gasp at such loveliness—a hundred perfect beauties selected from a million other beauties—moving with such precision as to seem like one entralling divinity not of mortal flesh.

Roxy jerks the string and Destiny flashes back to you the cross-section of a dizzy Night Club Revel. All the characters are there. The hot torch singers with a tune that will ring in your ears for weeks to come. The hot band with gesturing maestro in a patent leather coat and with patent leather hair. The dance floor revolves about them and gay couples leave their tables to sway and flirt, embrace, kiss and go their ways. There is a pantomime quarrel and a mocking trombone. Come the special singers and ballet.

The loose folds of the great, fluent curtain drop to the floor like a waterfall and you find yourself in the aisle drifting out for the intermission. Down the wide staircase you come to another expansive foyer with walls fantastically decorated with modern pictures of personalities and mosaics called, for example, "Men Without Women" in which are plaques illustrating items to which men alone are peculiarly addicted. A cigarette and you are on the way up again.

Now comes the opera—Carmen with Coe Glade, the beauty of the Chicago Civic Opera, as Carmen; Titta Ruffo as Escamillo; Arnoldo Lindi, Don Jose and Patricia Bowman the dancer. Beautifully staged with complete personnel, and including scenes from four acts. They even have horses to ride into the bull ring.

There is another symbolic dance and the finale a great minstrel show with the monster stage filled with singers, actors and musicians.

You are dazed as you drift out of the gates of this unbelievable Radio City. But you will have plenty to think about when you return to your home and listen to the Roxy programs. For here is the setting, the very stage, and the songs that you hear come from this Palace of Magic, this Paradise; and they call it Radio City.

Mommy's Bay

(Continued from page 18)

year gathering in more enthusiastic followers through the sheer power of his personal magnetism and what is technically known as stage presence.

Many people think of Jolson as a comedian but in reality he is a magnificent singer of songs whether he be comic or tragic or any stop in between. People who knew Jolson in his Winter Garden days will have difficulty remembering some of the songs he sang in the shows themselves but they will never forget his half hour encore after the final curtain went down. He loved to come out and ask the audience to name a song for him to sing. And he took encore after encore. It has been said that Jolson has faced thousands of audiences and no matter how cold his reception he never left the theatre without having completely won over the audience.

Now his personality has come to radio. He has lost none of his enthusiasm, none of his courage and none of his sense of humor. He is the same Jolson he always was. Like every star of the stage who has preceded him on the air he is subject to much criticism.

Those who have seen him and now only hear him naturally miss his picturesque gestures, his extreme visible enthusiasm and such things which make the art of acting what it is and always will be. At the same time many of those who miss these very qualities visualize them in their own way as they hear him sing his songs whether they be old ones or new ones.

Jolson is a definite quality, a very definite one. He has had imitators, of course, and that in itself is an indication of just how definite a personality he is. Jolson originated so many tricks in singing and started so many mannerisms in the entertainment world in general that those of us who are entertained owe him a considerable debt. It is Al Jolson's misfortune that many of his followers have preceded him in making radio appearances.

Many successful entertainers who have benefited by Jolson's inventive-ness have done so at the expense of the master. As Jolson now sings in his own particular manner he must smile a wry smile when he hears people say that he must be imitating so and so. But Jolson was always philosophical and still is. Little things like that will never bother him. He will go on entertaining people as he always has. He will take his ups along with the downs and those of us who sit at home and listen—although we'll probably never admit it—have much to be thankful for since Al Jolson came to radio.

Bing's Node

(Continued from page 7)

Singing as Bing did, constantly and arduously, and often with his throat and vocal cords slightly inflamed, Bing acquired what is known as a "singer's node." The membrane of the vocal cords is known as epithelium, and what Bing did was to develop, if you'll pardon us for being callous about it, a corn on his epithelium, where his vocal cords rub together. If Bing's node is ever removed, he has the word of his doctor, Dr. Simon Ruskin, famous New York throat specialist who has cared for many noted singers, that it would materially affect his voice, and that it would certainly raise it in pitch from the rich baritone which delights the ears of radio listeners.

Do you think Bing doesn't value his node? If you do you're very, very wrong, for he has insured himself against the possibility of ever having to have it removed, with Lloyd's of London, for $100,000.00. Bing tried to get a quarter of a million dollars worth of insurance on it, but one hundred thousand was as high as Lloyd's would go. And the interest on that node more than pays the premiums!
Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paying industry in the world? Do you want to earn big money—more than you ever dreamed possible before? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact the demand far exceeds the available supply.

Greatest Opportunity in Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers more opportunities for fame and success than perhaps any other industry in the world today.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than 7 times as many millions a year as the entire industry did only four years ago. Last year, advertisers spent $15,000,000, while Broadcasting Stations themselves spent millions for sustaining programs. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Earn Big Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents which can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you can qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money.

But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist, who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting.

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When the Cow Bells Ring...

The Barn Dance Starts and the Crowds Come!

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

From seven o’clock till midnight CST—every Saturday night, when the cow bells ring, the WLS National Barn Dance is the big radio program of the evening. From 10:15 to 11:00 this program is now sponsored by Alka Seltzer—the well known and well liked alkaline tablet, made by Dr. Miles Laboratories at Elkhart, Indiana; Alka Seltzer as host for ¾ hour of the National Barn Dance brings to listeners the most popular air entertainment and information about a most popular and deserving product. Tune in this popular program—any Saturday night—you’ll become a fan as have many thousands of listeners all over the country—and most likely too, a user of Alka Seltzer—two good things that keep everybody feeling healthy and happy. And if you’re near Chicago, come to the Eighth Street Theatre and see as well as hear, the popular broadcast. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! When the cow bells ring the WLS Barn Dance starts.

Crowd outside the Eighth Street Theatre—waiting to see and hear this outstanding broadcast. Friends have jammed the theatre to capacity every Saturday night now for almost a year.

870 Kilocycles

WLS

50,000 Watts

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GLENN SNYDER
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Radio Digest
Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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Contents for March, 1933

Cover Portrait. Mary Eastman, young coloratura soprano of CBS staff

Charles Sheldon

Mrs. Winchell's Boy, Walter. An intimate sketch of an intimate writer

Nellie Revell 7

Charlie Chan. Radio dramatist writes impressions of his pet detective

Tom Curtin 11

Listeners Love a Port. Meter-makers get encore for broadcasting

12

Radio Laurels at 74. DeWolf Hopper finds youth again at mike

Mark Quest 13

Sold to the Trade. Haughty operatic stars barter voices for gold

14

Pioneer Carpet Conductor. Lou Katzman was one of the first

Hal Tillotson 16

Ken Murray Be Komikal? He can, and he totes 30 pounds of jokes

George Harve Corey 17

Death Valley. New York girl flingers down to the hot depths

Ruth Crandall 18

Adventuring with Jolly Bill and Jane. Close-up of a Moon Spy

William H. Gregory 20

"I Play a Saxophone and Like It," says Clyde Doerr in interview

Edward Thornton Ingle 23

A Little About Little—He wrote "Baby Parade" and kids are in arms

Hilda Cole 24

Nellie Revell Features. Interview with Irving Cobb. Typeline Portraits. Just a "Gag-o-loo"

25-28-29

Mike to Mike. Tours of Europe

Greta Keller 30

Tuneful Topics. Review of hits by Chief Connecticut Yankee

Rudy Vallee 32

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TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

SOMEbody asked an advertising man what he meant in his report when he said that one of the greatest handicaps to the success of radio advertising was the excessive tribute absorbed between the sponsor's bill and the artist's pay check. He replied by referring to a couple of incidents which he said were of his own personal knowledge. In the first case he said the vice-president of a big corporation visited a studio to see a broadcast for his concern. He finally shook hands with the orchestra leader and said:

“Well, sir, I'm glad to meet my $3,000 baby in the flesh.”

“Meaning me?” replied the orchestra leader.

“Sure! That's what we're billed for your services.”

“That's strange,” gasped the conductor, “I only get $250.”

“But I'm going to find out who gets the $2,750!” replied the v. p.

The other case was somewhat similar except the sponsor took occasion to count the men in the orchestra when he watched them play and discovered he was being charged for twice as many men as were there.

HEARD a good one the other day about this orchestra phenageling to take commercials while not belonging to a local union. It seems that a certain orchestra came into a New York spot with a commercial which it had been playing before it came from its previous booking. The leader put up a large sized sum “for unemployed musicians” but still there was a resounding squash against him taking local money. Then bustles into town that thrifty little two-gun gent who manages a union in a Midwest City. “I know what the rules are,” said he, “but you let my friend go ahead with his business here or when a certain old maestro comes to my town from your city he won't even be allowed to get off the train.” And all was well from then on.

HEREIN you will read the latest about the Adventures of Jolly Bill and Jane who have been heard every morning for the past four or five years over an NBC network. Jolly Bill is all that he seems to be as you hear him, and from Mr. Gregory’s description. He's a friend to everybody, especially those who are in trouble. It came to us in a round-about way recently that he endorsed a note for a certain young announcer, and the announcer flew the coop leaving Jolly Bill to hold the bag for about $500. Now he is getting down to brass tacks to put his adventures with Jane into book form to make up the hole that was knocked into his family budget. We hope to be able to announce before too long that he has produced the book, and that you may obtain a copy at your nearest book store.

MET that charming little singer, Miss Loretta Lee of New Orleans, who recently joined the George Hall orchestra, the CBS dance feature. She does not appear at all the rather blase sophisticated type that her pictures would seem to convey. On the other hand she is a demure little teen girl. George had previously picked a singer for his band who happened to have the same name as another singer on CBS. Of course the obvious thing was to have the new girl change her name to avoid confusion. But this she refused to do. So Mr. Hall was quite disconsolate. He tramped around to night clubs with both ears opened trying to discover a voice that would fit into his schemes and dreams. No luck. Then one morning he dropped into a music publisher's office and sat at a table with his head in his hands when he heard in another room a voice—THE voice! It was exactly what he had been imagining. He was introduced to the singer, and the singer was Loretta Lee, 18 years old, who had come up for the day with her aunt from Philadelphia where she had been visiting. She had come to the publisher to find some of the latest songs. And so it happened. Every evening now her dad, a distinguished magistrate in the Crescent City, drops everything else to hear his daughter sing. And it is said he has even been known to dismiss court to catch her on the airwaves—and woe be to the luckless culprit at the bar who would stay his hand for such an important event!

THE age of sophistication seems to begin with some people at very tender years. Don Bestor, the misfits and their little daughter, Mary, have been living in hotels where Don has played ever since and before Mary was born six years ago. Mary is an only child. Her language and thought are almost mature. She is idolized by everyone lucky enough to know the Bestor family. The other day Don took Mary into the office of a music publisher where she immediately became the center of attraction. The publisher, surprised by the visit, was anxious to please her, and looked around for something that would be a suitable present. But Mary wanted nothing except her daddy's hand. Finally he took her into a stock room where there were heaps of music. "Let me give you some music," he pleaded. She laughed. "Music? Why my hair is full of it now!"

WAS honored by call from Edward Hale Bierstadt, the author and journalist, who writes the scripts for the Warden Lawes dramatic sketches "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." It is interesting to know that Mr. Bierstadt has a remarkable library of practically everything that has been written about criminology. It probably is the greatest collection of books of this sort in the country, and the tomes go back to the middle of the Sixteenth Century. Prison authorities from all parts of the country consult this library, and that is how Warden Lawes happened to select Mr. Bierstadt to do the scripts from his well known book.

SHOULD husbands with literary trends try to write scripts for broadcasting wives? Ah, what a book that would make! Dined with the Clarks the other evening—the George Clarks. George is the city editor of the New York Mirror, brightest newspaper in Gotham; and the Missus, she's Kathryn Parsons or the Girl of Yesterday to most of you who hear her over the air. And she IS the good old fashioned girl of yesterday, too. Boy, she told the cook to take a walk for the afternoon, and what Kathryn did to a most gorgeous array of viands would make a French chef turn green with envy. And afterward we went into the cozy living room where we became interested in that new program for Miss Parsons. George had written the script. Kathryn sat down at the piano and went through it. Then Miss Nellie Revel suggested changes and alterations. And did Mr. George Clark find out how he rated as a script writer for a "Girl of Yesterday"? But the act was really fine, and so was the capon, and the toddy—and as we were leaving we saw a buxom dark lady returning from a long, long stroll up Harlem way.
WHEN HISTORY IS BEING MADE
YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

"You're THERE with a CROSLEY" has become part of the national language. This wide acceptance of the Crosley name has resulted from consistently producing outstanding radio values. Since the pioneer days of radio, when crystal sets were still marvelous sensations, the name Crosley has been identified with radios offering the greatest dollar for dollar values.

As a result of steadfast adherence to this sound policy, Crosley's position in the radio world is stronger today than ever before. Nothing ever presented in radio history approaches the value offered in the new 1933 line of Crosley radio receivers.

Not only has Crosley produced the most outstanding values in history, but it has also furthered radio enjoyment by the establishment of 50,000-watt station WLW; its sister station WSAI, and shortwave station W8XAL.

Crosley engineers have eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity for experiment these broadcasting stations offer. Consequently they have been able to perfect radio receivers superior in tone quality to those designed by engineers who do not have the advantages of radio broadcasting station development at their command.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Home of "the Nation's Station" WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio

CROSLEY RADIO
“George M. Cohan glorified Broadway but it was Winchell who horrified it. When he first became a columnist, Broadway jeered him. Later, when he more than made good, Broadway cheered him. And now when he tries to make it behave, Broadway fears him.”

Nellie Revell.
Speaking of Mrs. Winchell's Boy,

WALTER

And Here is Where the Famous Gossip Gets an Orchid for Himself

By Nellie Revell

IT PROBABLY isn't true—it sounds altogether too fantastic—but it is reported that the managing editor of a certain New York daily maintains a retreat unique in the annals of newspaperdom. It is a room off his suite of offices so safeguarded that once the editor has withdrawn there, all the public enemies of Chicago assembled in one formidable gang and equipped with machine guns, "pineapples" and other agents of destruction couldn't penetrate it.

It is (mind you, I am only repeating what they say in Gotham newspaper circles) the m.e.'s impregnable place of refuge, to which he promptly retreats whenever he is tipped off that a potential columnist is stalking him for a job!

Whether or not the managing editor really takes such elaborate precautions to elude columnists, I don't know of my own personal knowledge. But I do know another New York managing editor who feels similarly about column conductors. This m.e. is very outspoken on the subject; he has strong feelings in the matter and expresses them strongly. He finds American journalism in a shocking state, and what's more, he knows the cause. Perhaps, I had better quote him direct. Here is what he told me the other day:

"The greatest menace to journalism today is Walter Winchell. He is the instigator of all the bad features of modern reporting and his influence is downright pernicious. Not only has he degraded and contaminated the American press with his keyhole-peeking tactics, but his success has inflamed the whole world and his brother with a desire to become a columnist."

And this m.e. continued to say:

"Even editorial writers on our most conservative sheets are becoming infected with the Winchell virus. Why, it has got so that I expect almost any day now Adolph Ochs will issue the New York Times as a tabloid with love-nest pictures smeared all over the first page, blessed event forecasts direct from Park avenue boudoirs and all the other journalistic whoopie Winchell has invented."

"Those and some other things I might find it in my heart to forgive Winchell for, but I can never forgive him for creating in every man, woman and child—literate and illiterate alike—the desire to do a column."

And was his face red?

And can't you just hear Winchell tee-hee ing?

NOW, I maintain that a man who can exert such an influence as that is some fellow. Even if he didn't do anything else than get the goat of the m.e. quoted, it's some achievement, believe me. Still, I am impressed with the strength of one of his contentions. That is, the oversupply of column conductor candidates. It is apparent even to him who reads as he runs that this country has a great surplus of would-be Walter Winchells. Whenever anyone does anything different or distinctive, always a host of imitators spring up. Winchell's spectacular rise has naturally inspired others with the ambition to go and do likewise.

Oblivious to the emulators floundering along in his wake, Winchell goes on serenely, seeking and finding new worlds to conquer. Having achieved international fame as a Broadway chronicler and having been novelized, picturized, dramatized, satirized, scandalized and plagiarized, he has become a broadcaster, bringing to the airwaves that distinction which makes his writings so notable.

As a newspaper writer Winchell is envied for his pungent paragraphs. In a few crisp sentences he unfolds the highlights of a story. The same technique he brings to his broadcasts, delivering terse facts in a sharp, slightly nasal tone of voice which holds the breathless attention of the listener whether he knows of the person he is discussing or not. Through the loudspeaker comes Winchell's dynamic personality, the spoken words casting their spell just as surely as his written ones.

Winchell is a glamorous personage. There is no doubt about that. He is an outstanding figure in American journalism with his readers numbered into the millions, his column being syndicated to hundreds of papers from coast to coast. To his reading public he has now added untold millions who hear him when he takes to the air over a vast NBC network of stations. By eye and by ear a whole nation follows his every word.

He is a tireless digger of news. His gossip of today is the news of tomorrow. The despair of his competitors, he has created a new style of newspaper work—the intimate, personal Paul Pry type of reporting where nothing is sacred. Discerning that coming events always cast their shadows before them, Winchell invented "blessed event," and became the best press agent the stork ever had. And they do say that there are people violating Margaret Sanger's injunctions this year who never did before because they realize that anticipating a blessed event is about the only sure way of breaking into Winchell's column.

It was he who gave Broadway such lines as "The Great Gag Way." "The

By Night the distinguished visitor reviewed shows but a certain portion of each day he set aside for the study of Winchell's work in the newspapers and magazines. Finding the task of translating into English understandable to himself such phrases as "they were that way about each other" too much for his efforts, even with the aid of glossaries and slang dictionaries, the noted novelist enlisted the services of a Broadway habitue, whom he called his "Winchell interpreter." With this worthy's help, he perused Winchell with renewed interest and mounting enthusiasm, writing back home to literary friends—and, no doubt, the London Times—long letters about "the quaint expressions of that chap, Winchell." He became one of Walter's greatest admirers, and before he returned to England he made sure of his subscription to the New York paper furnishing the Winchell service. He wanted, he said, "to keep abreast with the newest words and phrases in America."

George M. Cohan glorified Broadway but it was Winchell who horrified it. When he first became a columnist, Broadway jeered him. Later, when he more than made good, Broadway cheered him. And now when he tries to make it behave, Broadway fears him.

What manner of man is this Walter Winchell, the Wag of the Great White Way? Well, Winchell isn't the hard boiled news-hound he must appear to some of his readers and hearers. Nor has his blood turned to printer's ink, as some of his enemies insist. His hair has turned gray, though, and right now there are lines of sadness in his face, reflecting grief over the recent loss of his adored little daughter, Gloria. Her taking was one of the greatest tragedies in Winchell's life.

Perhaps a technocrat can figure it out, but to the ordinary mortal it isn't quite clear from survey of Winchell's origin and background just how he got that way. He is a native New Yorker and was born in 1897. He attended public school No. 184, and then seems to have been educated in the University of Hard Knocks. Early in life he was attracted to the theatre and became an usher in a movie house. Later he bobbed up on the stage in one of Gus Edwards' kid acts, a contemporary of Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Georgie Price et al. He graduated from a child performer into a song and dance entertainer, playing the small-time vaudeville circuits, a wise-cracking hoofer.

Winchell broke into the writing game conducting a column of news and gossip on a theatrical weekly called the Vaudeville News. The Palace Theatre, New York—then the Mecca of big-time vaudeville acts—was his habitat. Armed with a kodak he took snapshots of the actors haunting that neighborhood and ran them in his paper, thus adding to the pleasure and prestige of all concerned. In those days it used to be said, "Winchell took snapshots of the little shots and made them feel big." Now it is said of him, "Winchell takes potshots at the big shots and makes them feel small."

Anyway, Winchell's column on the Vaudeville News caught the eye of the publisher of the New York Graphic, then starting as an evening tabloid. He was engaged as the dramatic editor and columnist, instantly attracting attention by the brilliance of his comments and the individuality of his work. His star was in the ascendency as newspaper history was in the making. The Daily Mirror came into being, reached out and snatched away its star—and The Graphic went into the decline which ended in its death.

The new note that Winchell sounded caught on outside the metropolis and soon he was one of the most widely syndicated feature writers in the country. After that—the deluge. Offers poured in for stage, screen and radio appearances; for lectures and Heaven alone knows what, while editors of magazines and newspapers waited in line to get his signature on the dotted line. From $25 a week on the Vaudeville News his salary shot up in leaps and bounds until now nobody but Walter and his bankers know what his weekly income is. Broadway figures it anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 weekly.

What the lesson is to be learned from Winchell's success is for some one else to say. Personally, I think it proves that truth and honesty and enterprise pay, for Winchell is our most industrious exponent of fearless journalism. And it is quite patent that he gives the public what it wants. That makes for circulation and circulation makes for advertising. And advertising prevents newspapers from merging—and submerging—and that keeps many newspapermen from joining the breadlines.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Walter's, which I admire so much, is his ability to take a joke on himself. He frequently quotes terrible things people say about him—for instance, he printed in his own column an epitaph suggested by some self-appointed critic, "Here lies Winchell—at last the dirt's on him." But knowing Walter as well as I do, if I might presume to offer an epitaph (and I hope that it will be a long, long time before one is needed), since he has outdistanced all the rest of us so far, I can think of nothing more fitting than Dorothy Parker's old quip, "Excuse My Dust."
THE wandering Miss Joy is quickly regaining the wide popularity she gained while on a tobacco program over NBC network a year ago. Her deep, rich voice led a new type to the airwaves.
PUZZLE PICTURE. Shut your eyes and put your finger on the above picture and you will find it touching a photo of Richard Gordon, who plays the part of "Sherlock Holmes" on the air. Sure, they’re all Mr. Gordon!
Two types of detectives have always interested me above others—the true ones out of police records, and the fiction ones that have outstanding characterization. In my opinion the outstanding character of detective fiction since Doyle created Sherlock Holmes is Charlie Chan, Chinese detective of and from Honolulu, created by Earl Derr Biggers.

As a detective Chan is unique in mystery fiction. I've never met another one anything like him—in books. I have met some detectives in real life who remind me at times of Chan, and vice versa. Among other qualities, Charlie possesses those of a human being—rarity among fiction sleuths. There are three dimensions to him; he's not just a gadget in one more puzzle story. He even "wallows in bafflement" at times—as he puts it. His detective mind is not stored with universal and infinite knowledge. And when he has to get from where he is to where he suddenly ought to be he employs some recognized means of transportation—and doesn't affect the geographical alteration by clapping his hands or whanging a frying pan.

Like some of the best detectives I know in real life Charlie has a home to go to at the end of the day, or at the end of the case. In that home his own family—he has eleven children—make him "rub his head in wonderment". All his life Chan has worked hard to speak fine English, blended with flowers of Oriental language and philosophy—with the result that when his oldest boy Henry breezes in and asks, "What's the dope on that actress bumped off, dad? When do you expect to grab the guilty party?", Charlie is reluctantly compelled to realize that this flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood has been Americanized to a painful extent. He has always been proud of the fact that his youngsters are American citizens—but perhaps because of this very fact they seem to be growing away from him.

Charlie loves that family of his. Charlie loves folks everywhere. He has big broad understanding; an unbeatable sense of humor; he doesn't take himself too seriously; delightfully he applies thousands of years of human philosophy in a quaint, witty simple way to the everyday problems that are yours and mine; and he always keeps his nerve and his head. That is the Charlie Chan whom millions of people have learned to smile with and struggle through cases with—and love.

Such is the vitally human and companionable character that Earl Derr Biggers has created on the printed page. Such is the Charlie Chan that I seek to send into your homes when I dramatize him into the Charlie Chan Mystery Serial which makers of Esso and Essolube put on the air every Friday evening in their Five Star Theatre.

My first work in adapting for the radio such a story as "The Black Camel" or "The Chinese Parrot", is to break it up into six or seven radio plays, each practically complete in itself with strong plot build and climax and yet at the same time a link in a steady serial build. There must be action and suspense in the story—and above all Charlie Chan must give voice to those quaint gems of philosophy and humor that are so essentially a part of his character.

The next man who has a chance to ruin the Charlie Chan of Earl Derr Biggers' creation is Walter Connolly—who happens to do just the opposite. The advertising agency responsible for putting Charlie Chan on the air is one of the most experienced in radio dramas, and this agency did a vast amount of voice testing to make certain it would get the most capable actor for an exceedingly difficult role—with all its lights and shades and dependence upon genuine acting, rather than upon weird sound effects or sudden cries coming out of nowhere and going to the same place. As the man who writes these

(Continued on page 47)
Most Listeners

LOVE a POET

Poets are having their day in this radio era. Never, even in the romantic age of Elizabeth, have they had such a hearing. Edgar A. Guest was one of the first to get into the charmed circle of the radio home. Then David Ross of CBS began to win plaudits. More recently the Sunday set sitters have been feeling the motional sway of rhythmic lines written and read by Edna St. Vincent Millay, who presented one series and before it was concluded was engaged to present a second over the NBC-WJZ network. And she probably might have gone on broadcasting her delightful sonnets if she had not previously made arrangements to sail for Africa.

It was something of a surprise to the program managers at NBC when mail came in from all parts of the country praising Miss Millay's readings, and asking for more. It was a revelation. Here are a few of the letters received:

A post card read: "I am an old woman of ninety-four and I cried when I heard you read the Harp Weaver. It was good."

From the prairies: "Sunday no longer seems just like the day before Monday."

And a girls' college: "Sunday night will be a greater treat than ever. A great crowd of us are going to squeeze into the only room containing a radio in this hall, and by putting the earphones in a glass pitcher (to make a forbidden loud-speaker) none of us will miss a thing."

A Seattle hospital patient awaiting an operation: "No matter what may happen to me tomorrow morning, this day—Christmas of 1932—has been perfect. Thank you for your share in making it so."

One Chicago woman: "Poetry should be read to a few, and one is enough. Though we who listen to you on the radio are many thousand, each may feel that you are reading to him alone. I could not bear to be in the midst of those who whisper comments, exchange too-pleased looks. When I listen to a symphony or to poetry I wish to be quite alone with the voice, with the song."

"The Last Sonnet" and "Fatal Interview" were leading the list of favorites in the majority of letters. Miss Millay's broadcasts over NBC networks were her only public appearances this season.

Edna St. Vincent Millay who won encore engagement to read her verses and sonnets at NBC, New York.
STAGE VET
Makes Good
in Radio
at
74!

By MARK QUEST

IT WAS mid-afternoon of a rather dismal day when we met by appointment in the historic Lambs club, the actor's haven on Forty-fourth street a short distance from Broadway in New York. I had not seen DeWolf Hopper for years, and then it had been across the footlights in a Chicago theatre. But I knew him instantly as he came out of the dining room to welcome me.

A tall and knightly person, his face aglow with a paternal smile. I am no spring chicken but this club had been home to him from days long before I was born. He had enjoyed every honor the club has to bestow. We stepped out of the elevator into the big comfortable lounge, and strolled toward some big leather seats in a window corner. And I paused in passing to note a bronze bust.

"Yes, you guessed it," smiled my host. "That was Hopper about thirty years ago." I marveled.

"And now radio has made you like that again. It must be a rather startling experience, to feel that you had sort of graduated from the thrills that come in the prime of life suddenly to discover that again you are being acclaimed by a clamoring public."

He looked at me from the depth of his Turkish chair with a twinkle in his eye.

"It's downright funny about my voice performing that way," he said. "I can't believe it myself. When a man gets to be 74 he figures that he has about seen everything he's going to see in a life of experiences. But here I am, sort of a new wonder. Wife and I have been constantly associated for years. Do you think she ever noticed before that I had a voice? Never! And, say, I just got a letter from her. She's in Chicago. She's raving about my voice in this Roses and Drums program, you hear over CBS. You know I started broadcasting in Chicago, then I had to come here for the opening of Radio City Music Hall."

"ARE you going to go ahead with radio in a big way?" I asked.

"A lot depends on the stories they are going to give me. I suppose," he replied. "It seems my voice is as vigorous and powerful as ever. Those deep tones I sometimes use for tense dramatic moments take off strong over the mike. Why I'm even getting careful about protecting my throat—like a prima donna, and I never did that before. Imagine me handling my throat up!"

He chuckled and sounded his deepest notes, "the vengeance of God!" It was a deep rumble, and yet so distinct in enunciation, I could hardly believe it had come from a human throat without some mechanical trickery in lowering the vibration frequencies. Mr. Hopper had appeared for a one-time broadcast as guest artist in Chicago. He performed so well, that the sponsor of the program engaged him for a series, and then renewed the contract. People wrote letters from all parts of the country delighted with his radio personality. One woman in Tennessee sent him a long poem her husband had written about the Grand Canyon, and thought the veteran actor with his remarkable voice was the ideal person to read it. He may find an opportunity to do it some time. He was enthusiastic over its beauty.

"There were 52 lines," he said, "and it was the most splendid description of the grandeur of Grand Canyon I have ever read. It ended with lines to the effect that the colors in the walls of the canyon had been painted by 'a million sunsets'"

"Have you any particular choice in the subjects you would like to broadcast?" I asked.

"Yes, there are certain historic characters that appeal to me and my sense of the dramatic. For example I would like to take part in a presentation of 'The Red Robe.' And I have been thinking of a character in the Civil War whom I consider an excellent subject for a radio drama."

We talked of the educational value of these historical plays, and what they could mean to the younger generation. He talked with the keen alertness of (Continued on page 46)
Rosa Ponselle who was first to sing on the new General Electric series of the world's greatest singers.

Lily Pons quickly won her way into American hearts after her operatic debut in 1930. She, too, is on the General Electric series.

Lawrence Tibbett as Emperor Jones. (For two seasons with Firestone.)
Money seems to be the magic that brings all things to those who have it. You can't blame the great artists for doing the best they can with their talents. On the other hand, the money that is given pays for the operatic stars. Tribute has already been paid for the Metropolitan Opera by those who have attended its performances. Tribute has already been paid for the Metropolitan Opera by those who have attended its performances. 

While various types of programs and a great many personalities come and go on the air, the listening audience throughout the country has indicated year after year its appreciation of the programs given by concert and opera stars of the Metropolitan Opera. And last month Radio Digest tossed a bouquet to Fiorello for its contribution of Tiberi and Crooks. We have asked General Electric to tell us about their presentation of the galaxy of great singers, and here is the story—Editor.

While various types of programs and a great many personalities come and go on the air, the listening audience throughout the country has indicated year after year its appreciation of the programs given by concert and opera stars of the first rank. Beginning on December 25, the General Electric Company, whose Sunday afternoon circle concerts were a high spot of last season’s broadcasts, inaugurated its new program which this year, features the outstanding singers of the world.

The 1933 series differs in some respects from the programs of last season. To begin with the concerts started more than a month later than in 1932 and it is unlikely that they will continue as long. They are heard this year in the evening instead of the afternoon and the guest stars, instead of including a score of artists, number less than a dozen.

In planning the present program, however, the producers have selected the most notable singers available and will present each of them at least twice, some as many as five and six times. They have made their selections carefully and the programs will include not only the operatic arias for which each star is most famous but will introduce new songs ranging from the old favorites to the lighter arias from operettas and in some cases even from musical comedies.

Starting with Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who sang on Christmas night the program has thus far presented Lily Pons, Lucrezia Bori, Tito Schipa, John McCormack and Giovanni Martinelli. All of them will sing again and several new artists, as yet unannounced, will be added to the cast as the season progresses.

Selecting the artists for such a program is a difficult matter. Months elapsed after negotiations were started before the final arrangements were completed and the dates determined. It was necessary to consider the concert engagements over the country of each artist as well as their appearances at the opera and in concert in New York.

John Charles Thomas, American baritone, declared by many leading critics to be the greatest baritone on the air.

Other radio appearances were taken into consideration and in the end contracts were signed involving a sum that ran into six figures, but guaranteed a perfection unequaled on the air.

Miss Ponselle is perhaps the most popular of American prima donnas, she is a favorite throughout the country and (Continued on page 39)
“WHO IS this fellow, Lou Katzman?” asked a stranger who walked into the studios of CBS. “I’ve been listening to him on the air for ten years and, by golly, I’d like to meet him!”

Perhaps you folks who twist your radio dials in search of good entertainment have also wondered just who this fellow is that you’ve been hearing on the air since radio first began. Although known to everyone in radio, it is little wonder that fans do not know so much about him. That’s because he has not been publicized like so many other radio luminaries. Yet, he has been on so many programs that it would take a full page in Radio Digest to list them all.

Lou Katzman has performed so extensively on the air it is difficult to know just where to begin telling you about him. As an orchestra conductor, musical arranger and a creator of programs he has been active in radio since the days he broadcast the first commercial over WEAF when the studios were located at 195 Broadway. When radio prospered and moved uptown, Katzman moved with it. From that time on he has been prominent in broadcasting activities.

Yes sir, a true veteran of radio is Mr. Katzman, and a regular pioneer. He has introduced many of the novel program ideas which radio has featured during its rapid climb to prominence as a medium of entertainment. Perhaps he did not get due credit for all of his ideas, but if he did it would certainly be miraculous for in this business one is liable to create an idea only to have it “lifted.” Ask anyone in radio. But, whether he has received his just dues or not, it is sufficient to say that he has accomplished much during his ten years in broadcasting.

Although he is at present appearing on the popular Lucky Strike programs and the Sunday night Linit Bath Club Revue with the witty Fred Allen, his past achievements should be interesting to the average radio listener.

Whether you will blame Lou Katzman for this or not depends upon your like or dislike for theme songs—but he was the first to introduce original signature music on a radio program. This one innovation started a vogue that has undoubtedly helped many a radio artist to stardom.

Who doesn’t remember the famous Anglo-Persians and their “Magic Carpet”? This program was on the air from 1924 to 1930. As you doubtless will recall this was one of the most popular features radio has ever presented. Twas Katzman who directed that program and now, by strange coincidence, he is on another equally popular “Magic Carpet” program of today.

And speaking of the Katzman programs, here are a few of them just for the records: The Hoover Sentinels, The Michelin Tiresmen, Temple Radio, Paramount Publix, Brunswick, Regal Shoes, Brown Shoe Company, Liberty Magazine, Quaker State Oil, United Drug, Musical Varieties—just a few among many. So you can readily see that Katzman has had a little to do with your radio entertainment.

One would naturally presume that anyone who has been as active in the creation and presentation of radio programs as Lou Katzman has been would certainly have developed some new radio talent. Well, just so you won’t be disappointed, Katzman has been responsible for many youthful artists getting their chance on the air and on phonograph records.

Among the vocalists who started under his direction and who have since won fame on the ether waves are: Jessica Dragonette, Frank Parker, The Cavaliers and Reis and Dunn. Such orchestra leaders as Vincent Lopez, Harold Stern, Enric Madriguera, George Hall and Ozzie Nelson owe a debt of gratitude to Katzman for their starts in the business.

Andy Sanella and Bert Hirsch are among the musicians whom he has

(Continued on page 48)
Ken Murray
Be Komical?
He KEN!
By George Harve Corey

This may sound like a made-up story, but it is not. A few weeks ago the bulls of the radio world came into the market for funny men. Close to half a dozen big sponsors dangled luscious awards for laugh builders who could click one hundred per cent. The whole pot of radio entertainers gurgled and turned over itself to land the precious contracts in the offing. Straining and re-straining, examining and re-examining the contents of the pot failed to bring anything out of the soup that satisfied the sponsors as being surefire. One by one, agents and program directors combed through the pile. There were plenty of big show names, but who knew anything about their ability on the air? There were plenty of well known teams and singles but where was the material to feed them on the air? Most of them failed to satisfy on that count. Harking the words of Al Jolson, who said, "The radio eats up material like a leaping bouffire," sponsors and agents sat in gloom wondering what they could do about it.

Now this dilemma faced not one, but several sponsors. We will forget about all save one and focus upon the gloomy gentlemen faced with the job of arranging a program for Royal Gelatin. Theirs was a hard one to beat. With one high mark of the coffee hour featuring Cantor and Rubinoff to shoot at, their plight was far from enviable. Then came the part that sounds like a fiction tale.

The room was quiet. Not a sound save the steady ticking of the clock that brought the eventual hour of the broadcast nearer with each tick. The gag writer's face looked like a funny picture in the undertaker's weekly. The music arranger couldn't hum if it meant saving his life. A wisecrack would have brought its perpetrator sudden death by violence. The door opened with a loud bang and a big, black cigar loomed up in the space where the door had been. Around the cigar were wrapped a pair of thick, boyish lips. Behind the cigar was a massive, red face that took the gloomy ensemble more than one glance to cover thoroughly. The head behind the face was big and well formed and two hundred and twenty pounds of human being held it six feet, three inches, off the floor. The door frame was pretty well filled with this picture when one of the lugubrious gents piped up, "Who are —?" That was as far as he got. The cigar rolled, then pitched, and the big face erupted into a volcanic smile. A bass horn voice boomed out, "I'm Ken Murray!"

What followed was like a radio sponsor's dream. More an answer to a prayer than anything else was this vision in the doorway. The big cigar, still unlit, wagging up and down like a dog's tail as he talked, Ken told the boys what he had on his mind. Like a mighty trip hammer he drove home his story in a cold "take it or leave it" manner. It took no selling to convince the boys of his ability. Ten years on vaudeville, six years a headliner on the Keith circuit, musical comedy roles and important moving picture parts were his big guns and his listeners knew he had scored with all of them. Then, like the pink elephants on the wall arose the old bugaboo — material. Ken laughed, louder and harder than ever, and said, "Wait a minute, boys, take a squint at this." All two hundred and twenty pounds of him, led by the wagging cigar, disappeared through the door. When it reappeared it was carrying fifteen pounds under each arm — thirty pounds of paper and every ounce of it was radio material. Six to eight months' supply of laughs for a half hour program every week! It seemed too good to be true.

Now a lot of strange things happen around radio offices but never things (Continued on page 47)
New York Girl Flivvers Down to the Valley of Death
By Ruth Cornwall

For two and a half years the drawing voice of the "Old Ranger" has been spinning yarns of Death Valley, of mule teams, mining camps, and pioneer days.

Hardly a week passes but what the Pacific Coast Borax Company—sponsors of the "Death Valley Days" program—receive a letter from some old prospector, or 20 mule teamster, or desert rat, telling how true to life these stories are, and sending greetings to the Old Ranger, who, they feel sure, they must have known at some time out there. Occasionally one of these old timers turns up in New York and seeks out the Old Ranger, to reminisce with him about the early days. They are genuinely flabbergasted when they discover that the author of these yarns is a New York girl who up to the time she started writing the Death Valley series had never seen anything of the West except from the windows of a Pullman train.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company had faith that an Easterner—a city girl—who could write the series. All they asked was that she go out and spend a month or so in the desert, talking with old timers, visiting historic spots, and "getting the feel of the Valley" generally.

Let me say right here that a Ford certainly gives one the "feel" of the Valley! On my first trip in 1930, we covered over a thousand miles of desert road. Last year, on my second visit to Death Valley, our speedometer ticked off over two thousand miles.

The Borax Company placed at my disposal a chauffeur, guide and escort, a man who has lived in the desert all his life, and has worked for the Borax Company for fifty years. One W. W. Cahill, superintendent of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railway, that runs across the Amargosa Desert, east of Death Valley.

In our party also—to provide local color and some good stories—were Frank Tilton, one of the original 20 mule teamsters, and Johnny Mills, famous as a prospector and raconteur—or, as his friends put it, "one of the biggest liars in Death Valley."

Our headquarters were at Furnace Creek Inn—the unique and delightful hotel built a few years ago by the Borax Company in the very heart of Death Valley. Between sightseeing expeditions and script writing, I could ride horseback, swim in the Inn's outdoor pool, play golf at Furnace Creek Ranch 300 feet below sea level, and watch the wild burros that came grazing up to the palm garden.

From the Inn we set forth in the Ford on trips that took us anywhere from a day to three days.

To Death Valley Scotty's, where that amazing gentlemen entertained us royally over night in his $5,000,000 desert castle—baked us mince pies with his own hands—and showed me $5,000 in bills cached away in the sock he was wearing.

"And don't forget," he said, "I wear a second sock." Scotty threatens to build a broadcasting station in his desert home and broadcast his own programs. They would be lively entertainment, but I'm afraid the censors would intervene.

For Scotty's language is picturesque, to say the least. Several of his exploits,
"Desert Charlie," a typical "desert rat," and his burrow companions. Some day he may strike another gold mine and become a millionaire.

(EVERYONE who listens at all to his radio has at some time or another—or perhaps he's a regular—listened to the exciting adventures that have occurred in the Death Valley episodes over the NBC network from Chicago. It may surprise some that a New York City girl is the author of the scripts. But she does not write from mere fancy. She has made two trips down into Death Valley to meet the inhabitants, and get the "feel" of surroundings. In the accompanying article Miss Cornwall sketches some of her experiences.

ACROSS the Valley, through the Panamints to the ghost camps of Skidoo and Ballarat, where a few old prospectors still live with their burros and recall the good old days.

To Greenwater, where water used to sell for a dollar a gallon, and Tiger Lil was the queen of the camp.

To the "Mesquite Club" at Shoshone, where the desert rats gather and swap gars. There I met Shorty Harrie, dean of the Death Valley prospectors, who made the famous strike at Bullfrog. Shorty presented me with samples of Bullfrog gold ore and stories galore.

To Bishop, where we spent an evening talking with one of the old-time sheriffs, known as "the sheriff who never carried a gun."

To the original Borax works long since abandoned. And to the Borax mines of today. To Indian villages, desert shacks, prospectors' camps—always with note book in hand. I found the men and women of the desert, without exception, friendly, kindly, hospitable, always ready to talk. Living their lives out in all that space and silence, they have learned how to think. They have well-found opinions. They have time to sit and philosophize and reminisce. They know how to laugh too. Nobody enjoys a good joke more than a desert rat.

As I write the "Death Valley Days" scripts here in New York, I know that many of the people that I met and talked with out there will be listening. For there are radios in the most remote spots of the desert. I write with these listeners in mind. I will be going back to Death Valley again one of these days, and they will not hesitate to tell me if I have failed in any way to re-create the atmosphere, the characters and the stories of Death Valley.

So far they are satisfied. Which goes to prove that the Borax Company was right in insisting that whoever writes the programs should know the Valley and its people at first-hand.'
Advanturing with Jolly Bill and Jane

By William H. Gregory
(Illustrations by Jolly Bill Steinke)

HAVE you ever battled with the ferocious warriors of the King of the Moon and beat them back even after they had hurled thousands of poisoned arrows at you? Have you ever explored the floor of the seven seas, on the back of your own private whale with a hired gangster shark as your bodyguard? Have you ever rescued a princess held captive in a mountain castle and then fought your way through jungles filled with wild beasts to return her to her lover, just through sheer love of adventure?

If you have not participated in recent adventures of this kind you have missed the thrills enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls daily. They are the thrill hunters who breathlessly follow the hair raising adventures of Jolly Bill and Jane over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company. Their concern for the safety of their heroes is genuine and their loyalty absolute. This is proven a couple of times each month when things look black for Jane and Bill, for then their mail doubles and they are swamped with advice scrawled with childish pens telling them just how to escape from their difficulty.

Their program is one that wears well. It is always alive with action and mystery and in all the present day land of make-believe there is no more popular figure than Jolly Bill Steinke, himself the originator of the series just starting its fifth year.

That he is beloved by his little listeners seems natural to those who know him. He is himself a character, pos-

sessing strange gifts and talents which coupled with a perfect understanding of the child mind equips him perfectly for his unique role as "Story Teller Extraordinary to American Children."

Jolly Bill looks just as you imagine he should look. He weighs around 250 pounds and has a booming, hearty, infectious laugh which long ago when he was a newspaper cartoonist won him the appropriate nickname of "Jolly Bill." He is the nearest thing to perpetual motion around the studios of the NBC in New York. We talked with him or rather run around with him the other day, during an interview designed to reveal the source of the magic spell he holds over the children of the nation. While we talked his capacity for constant action was evident, being expressed in a series of sketches he made during the interview. He presented the writer with the drawings which are reproduced with this story.

LIKE all genuinely funny entertainers Jolly Bill is a deep student and keen observer. He is convinced that the children of today love mystery stories and adventure and that they, like their elders, demand thrills. Asked what he based this conclusion on, he explained: "I am constantly studying kids. I have to know what they like and what they dislike and above all what they are thinking about. Almost every Saturday I go to a motion picture theatre where they are showing one of those thrillers, to get the reactions of the children. They are very much the same in all parts of the country. Observing them I can tell just how much they can stand and appreciate and that guides me in the preparation of my programs. They have an inherent desire to see right triumph and when their hero is in trouble they worry and fret until he has worked his way out of the difficulty.

According to Jolly Bill good sound effects are essential to a successful program. He has originated many of the sound effects now used in studios throughout the country. He features more sound making contraptions than any other artist on the air. Several times he has had so many devices and engineers present at his broadcast that it was necessary to move into a larger studio.

To fully appreciate his artistry it is necessary to see

Jolly Bill and Jane on the Moon fighting Earth enemies.
work during a broadcast. He takes as many as ten different roles requiring voice changes during a fifteen minute period besides barking for his pet dog Jerry. At present Jolly Bill and Jane are conducting an expedition against the King of the Moon and daily they radio back to earth an account of their adventures. They reached the Moon in a fantastic rocket ship and since landing have been in constant danger not only from the army of the King of the Moon but also from mysterious rays which the king controls. The favorite sport of this king is to shatter neighboring planets with his rays and spies have brought word to the earthly adventurers that the monarch from the back side of the moon is going to turn his ray on the earth soon. Daily they risk their lives in a conflict to prevent the king from shattering the earth. Already over two thousands plans for his capture and the destruction of his army have reached Jolly Bill from his youthful listeners.

When the Cream of Wheat Company decided to sponsor the Jolly Bill and Jane series five years ago there was some question as to how long they would continue. Being a hot cereal breakfast food they did not contemplate staying on the air during the Summer. However, the demand of young America that there be no break in the adventures was so insistent that the feature has continued without interruption.

There are now a couple of hundred thousand members of the H.C.B. Club, a secret organization of which Jolly Bill is the Grand Commander. Members in good standing wear a good luck scarab which the Grand Commander personally guarantees will bring good fortune to the wearer. Another feature is, according to Jolly Bill, that any member who gently rubs the scarab will have a wish granted. This feature has a strong appeal and has resulted in many interesting letters and requests.

That was one scarab that went special delivery to meet the emergency.

Since Jolly Bill started his programs, his companion in thousands of adventures has been Jane whose real name is Muriel Harbater. When she first started she was only eight years old and her splendid acting and childish giggle immediately won her a large following. She still retains her giggle and her enthusiasm for the daily adventures in the land of make-believe is greater than ever. Today, at fourteen, she is a veteran radio trouper which she demonstrated convincingly not long ago when Bill was suddenly taken sick.

Under the doctor's orders he could not leave the house. He knew the program must go on and the only solution was for Jane to carry on alone. He reached her by telephone and rehearsed her after explaining the changes necessary in the script. She gave a splendid performance. These were the only two days Bill has missed since the series started. Jane's record is identical.

The program is broadcast from New York twice daily. The first broadcast at 7:45 A.M. is for the Atlantic states. An hour later the program is repeated for the Central and Rocky Mountain states. Then Jane hurries to school,

Last week Bill received an emergency call from a club member in St. Louis, Mo., scrawled in pencil on a piece of paper torn from a blank book. After wishing Bill and Jane success on their mission to the moon, the writer urged:

"I wish you would rush my scarab. I need it badly because I am in a tight spot in school and don't know what to do. I think when I rub the scarab I'll be all right."
Gertrude Niesen

This exotic and bewildering young singer and impersonator at the Columbia key station, WABC, in New York is creating something of a furore in the studios and on the air. Her voice gets the listeners and her Niesen gets the folks who meet her personally.
Clyde Doerr, like the author of that intriguing book, "Reader: I Married Him!" can write (if he ever gets time) in the pages of his musical memoirs the honest confession, "Without shame, I played the saxophone!"

What is more, Clyde Doerr will be telling the truth. There's no doubt about it. The record, as Al Smith would say it, is proof positive. Clyde has not only been playing the saxophone over National Broadcasting Company networks since the company was organized, but before that time when he was sojourning in California he mastered the instrument and became one of its earliest champions in the West and helped to bring it into its present widespread popularity.

Indeed it needed a champion! Ask the men who were playing instruments on the Pacific Coast what the customers in those rough and ready days of the World War thought about the saxophone!

Instrument of the devil, it was often called and worse epithets were hurled at its unsuspecting inventor, Antoine Joseph "Adolphe" Sax, a kindly, mild mannered Parisian, whose chief aberration from the straight and narrow dated from his first experiments in 1845 with wood winds.

To Doerr, an accomplished violinist, the saxophone was anything but the uncouth and loutish fellow that other musicians were calling it because, at the age of nine, back in Coldwater, Michigan, Clyde had heard his first saxophone. It awed and delighted him. Its melodious tones charmed his fancy and caused him to vow that some day he would master it.

Not until he had gone West and became concert master of the San Jose Symphony Orchestra did Doerr abandon the bright prospect of a career as a concert violinist.

A lunch started it and he chucked the violin forever in favor of Papa Sax's lugubrious and misunderstood offspring.

In 1919 he met Art Hickman. That was important, because from that day on, Clyde Doerr's name became prominently identified with modern American music and the saxophone. He studied it. Mastered it. Became its defender and champion. And instead of merely playing the sax, Clyde saw its fine possibilities, developed them and uncovered the instrument's now realized potentialities.

His first professional job in the West was with the "Techau Tavern" orchestra in San Francisco. It was there in the city of the Golden Gate that he met Art Hickman and decided to join his musical organization.

In 1919 he made several trips East with Hickman and it was Clyde's playing in the Ziegfeld Follies that started the saxophone on its way to fame and popularity in the East.

Top money in those days, says Doerr, was $65.00 a week. A good musician was really in "the money" at this weekly stipend. But after Hickman came East, Doerr was offered the breath-taking salary of $350.00 a week to stay in New York. But, he stayed with Hickman and went back to California.

After returning West, Doerr began to think of the opportunities for the development of the saxophone in the East and in 1921 he came to the conclusion that New York was the place where he should cast his lot.

So, with no job in view, he cut loose and bought an automobile. It was one of those open air models but the class of the field in those days. And, finally, like the pioneers of the Oregon trail, who found their pot of gold at the rainbow's end somewhere in the west, Doerr, with Mrs. Doerr, in linen dusters and goggles set out upon a transcontinental trip toward the East in their "uncovered wagon."

It was a wild ride. To be sure there were no Indians to ambush them. But the roads were mere trails in many places. Markers were few and far between. The tourist hadn't yet discovered America. He was sitting quietly at home or ventured only a few cautious miles from his native hearth.

But the Doerrs had the pioneering spirit and they declare today that it was the experience of a life-time and something they wouldn't have missed for anything, but in the same breath they agree it was an adventure they wouldn't think of repeating.

They made it in six weeks! At first, Doerr picked up what work he could find. That was until he got his bearings. Then he organized his own orchestra and moved into the exclusive Club Royale. There he found that his lunch was right. His playing was sensational and the saxophone came definitely into its own, as far as he was concerned and that went for the public too.

"I Play a Saxophone And LIKE It"

By EDWARD T. INGLE
A LITTLE about LITTLE

JOHN LEONARD was born in England. He was brought to the United States at an extremely early age, and—what? you never heard of John Leonard? Well, you see, on the air he is known as Little Jack Little, ace radio pianist, vocalist and song-writer.

In the past ten years Jack has written on the average of two hits a season. He figures that you have to do about ten songs for every single tune that is a smash, so that the decade now ending finds him with some two hundred published popular numbers to his credit. His current one is "The Baby Parade." A check-up of songs played over the air shows that this tune is one of the most frequently played.

"The Baby Parade" is the first number that Jack ever wrote for the special delectation of the children. The lyric was inspired by witnessing Atlantic City's famed baby show. Jack says that he gets a big kick out of seeing the tots all decked out in their finest. Incidentally, Jack is married but as yet has no children of his own. The tune of "The Baby Parade" is more and a year and one-half old, but Jack never used it because he hadn't found the suitable words. Finally when he did become inspired, he dished off the lyric in ten minutes. As soon as the song was put out, it became a success. Designed for children, it became popular with all ages. It was taken up by the radio headliners at once, though many of them were not accustomed to singing or playing melodies specially prepared for youngsters.

It was in 1922 when Jack wrote his first song. He was taking a train ride from New York to Pittsburgh. By the time he had arrived at the Smoky City, he had completed "Jealous." His first effort was a hit. A short time after, he wrote an "answer song." It was "Because They All Love You." Then followed "Ting-a-ling," a waltz that was a favorite several years back. For three years, while he was working over the air, he was forced to neglect song-writing for a time, but since then he has managed to turn out such tunes as "Where's My Sweetie Hiding?", "Do You Believe in Dreams?", "Normandy," "After I've Called You Sweetheart," "My Missouri Home," "I'm Needin' You," "I Promise You," "Oceans of Love," "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town," "Tear Drops and Kisses" and many others.

Jack was one of the first to write music exclusively for radio. In the early days of broadcasting there was some sort of regulation against the use of songs over the air put out by companies registered in the American Society. Since then, of course, that ruling has been revised, but when Jack was starting a company was formed for the special purpose of producing songs to be exploited by means of radio.

He has written enough numbers so that in his daily programs over Columbia Little Jack Little would not have to go beyond his own personal music library. He told us the other day, however, that he felt he couldn't take advantage of his position of being on the air to exploit his own material to the exclusion of other writers. As we said at the start, John Leonard was born in England. This was thirty-two years ago. When he was nine, his family brought him to America and settled at Waterloo, Iowa. His parents thought too much of his piano-playing fingers to allow him to play football, so when he got to high-school he gave vent to his gridiron enthusiasm as a cheerleader. At one Thanksgiving Game, he yelled so hard, he lost his voice temporarily and was able to speak barely above a whisper. In this predicament, he discovered the intimate, soft "parlor type" of singing which he has made so successful over the ether waves. He enrolled in the U. S. Navy during the war and after demobilization became a student at the University of Iowa but thought more of organizing dance orchestras than he did of his studies.

After college he went into vaudeville. He made little success and decided to change his name and start all over again. By a simple metamorphical process, John Leonard became Jack Little. In order to describe his stature, he made it Little Jack Little. After a period in vaudeville as half the team of "Little and Small" he became associated with a music publishing house. His assignment was to travel about the country, visiting and playing over various radio stations. Thus, it was in the very early radio days, that Jack got his start. Since that time he has been a great favorite with radio audiences in all sections of the country.
Nellie Revell Interviews a Friend,

Irvin Cobb

From a "Voice of Radio Digest"

Broadcast over the NBC

N E L L I E . . . "Howdy, friends, you remember me, don't you? ** I haven't, in all the time I've been on radio, had as much pleasure out of a program as I'm having tonight. ** Of course, everybody who's ever listened to me on the air or read any of my writings knows my great admiration and affection for Irvin S. Cobb. ** If you've read my book, "Right off the Chest," you'll recall that it was Irvin Cobb who wrote the introduction.

My next book, "Fightin' Through" was dedicated to Mr. Cobb. ** Some years ago, when I was shipwrecked on life's ocean, it was Irvin Cobb who swam out and towed me ashore. ** And while I was in the hospital, his visits perhaps did more for me than the doctor. ** "Why don't you write a book?" he asked me. ** "Humph," I replied rather cynically, "there're more books written now than get published." ** "Well, this one will get published," he insisted. ** "Yes, they also have to be sold," I retorted. ** "And it will also be sold," he assured me.

Then he hustled up a publisher, wrote the preface and saw to it that the first 3,000 copies were sold. All I had to do was write the book. ** More than one writer climbing up the ladder owes his success to Irvin Cobb.

For anyone not to be familiar with Irvin Cobb's writings is to admit they're not familiar with magazines or books. ** In fact, his "Speaking of Operations" is the first thing a doctor prescribes for patients. ** No, it's not an anaesthetic... it's a tonic! ** Mr. Cobb is an even six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. ** He has blue eyes and very heavy brown eyebrows. ** He likes bright neckties... the one he's got on now is green and red. ** He always wears double breasted suits... that is for day wear. ** Always wears spats and carries a cane. ** Wears light overcoats... usually belted.

He is a total abstainer... but smokes big, black cigars... never cigarettes. ** Irvin Cobb's business in life is making people happy... and that is the greatest mission in the world.

Mr. Cobb is far from the best-looking man I ever knew... but he is one of the best-living men I ever met. ** And he's my idea of a friend... and a friend, you know... is the first to come in when all the rest of the world has gone out. ** And it is my pleasure and privilege to introduce my friend, Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, whom I want no better. ** Come over, Irv... come over by the mike. ** Put that cigar down, you know you're not allowed to smoke in the studio.

** MR. COBB... "I'm not smoking."

NELLIE... "You've got a cigarette in your mouth."

Irvin Cobb during an afternoon's chat at Miss Revell's home.
havent got me fooled. ** You just want me to help you put on your program. ** I know when I'm being worked...even though it is by a pretty woman and an old pal."

NELLIE... "Where were you born, Irv?"

MR. COBB... "I was born in Paducah, Kentucky...of honest but unsuspecting parents. ** I belong, Nellie, to an old Southern family. ** Frankly, I've never heard of a Southern family that wasn't old. ** Some of them are so old they have lichens growing on them."

NELLIE... "When were you born?"

MR. COBB... "In 1876...just one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence was signed."

NELLIE... "Well, what does that signify?"

MR. COBB... "Well, you know I figured it just goes to show that two great outstanding events in American history occurred just a century apart."

NELLIE... "Where were you educated?"

MR. COBB... "Right there in Paducah up to the advanced age of 16...when I quit school with the unanimous endorsement of the entire faculty."

NELLIE... "They thought you knew enough by then, huh?"

MR. COBB... "No, but they decided that they knew enough to know what was wrong with the school."

NELLIE... "When did you enter the newspaper business...I mean profession?"

MR. COBB... "No...business is the word, Nellie. ** Well, I started uplifting journalism in Paducah, and journalism in Paducah could certainly stand a lot of uplifting at that time."

NELLIE... "Tell us about your first big story."

MR. COBB... "Well, I covered part of a Democratic primary...a Kentucky election. ** And you know what elections are...especially in Kentucky. ** I handled the first scattering returns. ** Four dead and five wounded."

NELLIE... "Well, wasn't it as a result of that story that the New York World hired you?"

MR. COBB... "No, it was on account of that that the Paducah paper fired me."

NELLIE... "Well, anyway, you were brought to New York."

MR. COBB... "No, I wasn't brought. ** I came to New York. ** New York didn't even know I was coming. ** Or they might have taken steps to prevent it...I was here before they realized it and I oozed into the Evening World and stuck there."

NELLIE... "Yes, I know. ** I was stuck there with you. ** And what a great old Evening World it was, Irv. ** Martin Green...Boze Bulger...and a few others...I can still see that managing editor every time you put in a little comedy into those stories you turned in. ** They're still telling the story about the morning the wife of the managing editor phoned and said he wouldn't be down that day because he was sick. ** And you answered: 'Goodness, I hope it's nothing trivial.'"

MR. COBB... "Oh, say, Nellie, are you going to try into the moldy past and be an old scrap book? ** You didn't used to be a tattle-tale or a chestnut-vendor either."

NELLIE... "But tell us about your first magazine story, will you, Irv?"

MR. COBB... "Well, I don't have to go so far back for that, Nellie, because as you know, I never tried writing fiction stories until I reached the age when a lot of seasoned writers are ready to quit. ** (I was too busy making an honest living as a reporter)...and I was 37 when the Saturday Evening Post printed my first fiction story. ** And I guess the editor of the Post has a lot to answer for, for his actions encouraged me to keep at it ever since. ** I may not be one of America's outstanding literary figures, Nellie...that is, unless I'm standing sideways...and I wouldn't exactly say that I've enriched America's English, but I have fed the Cobb family."

NELLIE... "Yes, and a lot of other families I could mention. ** But you admit you have a family."

MR. COBB... "Oh, yes. ** Unlike some writers I've never been much of a hand for marrying around. ** I've had one wife and one child. ** And I still have them. ** And I have two grandchildren."

NELLIE... "Well, tell the folks about your first book."

MR. COBB... "Well, it was a book of short stories...and then I had a book about alleged humor...and, Nellie, if you think I can write a short story or a novel, or humor even, I can show you volumes of criticism by the most scholarly reviewers in this land to prove the contrary."

NELLIE... "Just how many books of yours have been sold?"

MR. COBB... "Between fifty and sixty have been published...but the royalty statements show that some of them didn't sell to speak of."

NELLIE... "Well, you wrote a play, didn't you?"

MR. COBB... "The critics thought not."

NELLIE... "Well, you did write a play. ** I came to see it."

MR. COBB... "Oh, you were the person who saw that play!"

NELLIE... "Sure, I saw it the first night."

MR. COBB... "That's why you saw it, it didn't last many nights after that. But I do remember one night when attendance picked up 50%."

NELLIE... "That was great."

MR. COBB... "Yes, the ushers all brought their wives."

NELLIE... "And you've lectured in every big town in America."

MR. COBB... "Yes, once. ** And I may go lecturing again just as soon as they can build some more towns where they've never heard me."

NELLIE... "But you were a great war correspondent, Irv."

MR. COBB... "Yes, I guess in my khaki outfit I was one of the outstanding horrors of that war."

NELLIE... "How about telling us a war story?"

MR. COBB... "No, let's not give them any more publicity on the war until they pay for the last one we put on for them."

NELLIE... "You're still America's greatest humorist, Irv. ** And you're not only a humorist, you're also a financier. ** You stayed in the hospital three weeks and then sold your appendix for more money than could pay the bonus."

MR. COBB... "Yes, Nellie, I think I've got the only appendix in the world that is still earning dividends after it's been in the bottle 17 years."

NELLIE... "And to prove how farsighted you were...you anticipated the depression by reducing your weight and then writing a book about it called 'One-Third Off.' ** And forestalled the depression by selling a million copies of it."

MR. COBB... "Well, I got tired of people looking at my profile and having them think I was carrying a roll-top desk under my arm. ** And it was a struggle, Nellie, because I love to eat, and still do. ** My arteries may have hardened through the years...and my hair streaked with gray, which doesn't become me...although it does match my dandruff...and I may not be as spry as I was...but thank Heaven, I've kept my boyish gastric juices."

NELLIE... "I've been wondering about a picture I saw of you in a recent issue of Radio Digest. ** You were wearing a smock. ** I've just been wondering what that old bunch at the Evening World would ever say if they saw it. ** They stood for your spats and cane...and they stood for those vivid, wide-brimmed felt hats. ** Did you ever wear a derby?"

MR. COBB... "No, I never wore a derby nor tried interpretive dancing. (Continued on page 48)"
One of the finest pianistes on the air, has composed several musical shows, is one of the Lady Bugs and is now heard on the Broadway Lights program.
EVE CASANOVA, featured with the Dale Trio on Station WEVD, is the wife of Lou Tellegen, co-author of her husband's novel "The Splendid Sacrilege," and she also wrote the preface to his Memoires.

As an artist's model she posed for Ezra Winter, W. T. Benda, Dean Cornwall, Robert Henri and Albert Sternewirth.

At seventeen she went on the stage and has played with the late Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man"; with Joseph Schildkraut in the Theatre Guild's "Peer Gynt," with Spencer Tracy and Chester Morris in "Yellow" and in other Broadway plays. She has appeared also in vaudeville, talking pictures, and with stock companies in Rochester, Syracuse and Albany.

She is the author of a book: "How to Acquire Fascination," and has spoken on various subjects at N. Y. U., The Theatre Club of New York and at the Barbizon-Plaza.

Her earliest reading included the lives of famous charmers of history, and she now believes that every woman is her own masterpiece. She is featured on the air in the program called "Feminine Philosoply of Love."

She is the mother of a boy aged 8.

NANCY GARNER. Born in Corsicana, Texas, Nancy Garner's musical education was sponsored by the Federated Music Club of Texas at the state Music College. After her first professional appearance in her home state, her illustrious kinsman, John Nance Garner, Speaker of the House, was known as Nancy Garner's cousin...so great was her reception.

Nancy decided to go on the stage and played "Carmen" in "Rio Rita"; also adorned several other musical shows, before heeding radio's call...In fact, she heard radio's call long before radio heard hers, as she gave fifteen auditions before she landed on the air.

Miss Garner weighs 143 pounds, is 5 feet 8 inches, has black hair and green eyes.

She is an acrobat and a contortionist, and paints pictures in her spare time.

She likes middle-aged men, says she would trade two twenties for one forty.

She is a lyric coloratura soprano and has been two months on the air, on Station WOR. She always carries a red handkerchief...lutes affection...shrimps...spends a good deal of spare time in the five and dime store. She goes to bed early, gets up early and does her own housekeeping.

PHIL REGAN is the young man from Brooklyn who got a real break. With very little previous experience, he won out on a Robert Burns audition, where he now blends his tenor voice with Lombardo's music over CBS—proving, incidentally, that Lady Luck is not snooty, as many people have been led to suspect. He's good-looking, grey-eyed, black-haired, and suave. A smoothie.

Born May 28, 1908, in Brooklyn.

He didn't get all the way through school, because he didn't like learning dates, long division, the manuevers of Caesar, or reciting "How I Spent My Summer Vacation" in oral English class. So he went off to Charleston Navy Yard and doubtless learned things not included in Medieval History. He returned later, somewhat sublimed, to work as a clerk in a Brooklyn law office.

Came an opportunity to sing on WMCA. Cane the predilection of star-don from Professor John Hutchins, who is now his voice teacher. Cane Ralph Wonders who took him to Atlantic City to appear as a guest star. That cinched it and made him audition-worthy. He never drinks, nor smokes.

RICHARD GORDON ("Sherlock Holmes"). Sir Conan Doyle is the parent of the famous fiction character "Sherlock Holmes", but Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gordon of Bridgeport, Conn., are the parents of the flesh and blood "Sherlock Holmes", Dick having been born to them on October 25, 1882.

His physical appearance is similar to that of his literary namesake's in that he is six feet tall, broad of shoulders, and weighs 165 pounds. He wears nose glasses, and his eyes are dark brown; his hair chestnut, slightly tinged with gray at the temples. He also possesses the cleverness, versatility, humor, and fascination of the great Scotland Yard detective, and if it were not for his spats, might easily pass for him. But when it comes to disposition, that's where Richard Gordon differs from the highly-strung, erratic and often irritable story character—for Dick is an extremely good-natured fellow.

Whatever prompted Richard Gordon to change his career as a newspaper reporter to that of an actor is a mystery that he has not solved for his public but the public is not worrying, for there are still plenty of good reporters, but there's only one "Sherlock Holmes". After studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Gordon made his first professional appearance in 1902 in "The Village Postmaster". For a time he appeared in stock at the Manhattan Opera House in New York. He also operated his own companies all over the country. He has appeared with such famous thespsians as Ethel Barrymore, William Hodge, Holbrook Blinn, Thomas Meighan, and others. While playing stock, he gave such an excellent interpretation of "Sherlock Holmes" that he had to play the role repeatedly. He then went on radio, where he has been for three years.

However, the busy actor took time off long enough to marry the popular actress Emily Anne Wellman, and they are "Mister and Missus-ing" in Stamford, Conn.

(Continued on page 46)
J U S T  A  "G A G - O L - O "

R A Y M O N D  K N I G H T  went  to  two  colleges—Harvard and Yale, studied law at Boston University and passed the bar. Peter Dixon's retort to that is: "What do you mean 'passed the bar'? Raymond says he never won a football game for Harvard, but he did win a standing broad A jump. Then he studied a year at Yale, after which he went out on his own—neck!"

Phil Cook, NBC's one man show, has discovered that time changes the meaning of words. Says Phil: "Only yesterday a racket was a big noise, but today it's on the quiet."

Eddie East and Ralph Dunke, the weighty Sisters of the Skillet, are simply incorrigible. The other day they sent this note to an NBC executive. "Did you know that the statistics show there are fewer railroad accidents than motor car accidents? Well, why not? Did you ever hear of an engineer hugging a fireman?"

"The only man who enjoys a falling off in business is a parachute-jumper," according to Jolly Bill Steinke, NBC's student of economics.

Ed Wynn, Texaco's Fire Chief, was telling Graham McNamee in the Time Square Studio of NBC about a vaudeville actor who was chased off the stage by the audience. "He quit when soaked plumb on the back by a cowardly egg," said Wynn. "Cowardly egg?" questioned McNamee. "Yes," exclaimed Ed. "An egg that hits you and runs."

Ernie Hare: "My wife's an angel."

Billy Jones: "Yeh, how come?"

Hare: "She's always up in the air, harping about something, and never has anything to wear."

"The father who brags his disciple insists his son may wake up to find he has caused another wreck due to a misplaced switch."—Parker Fennelly, NBC's Stubbins Boys.

"You've got to be careful these days," admonished Ray Perkins, "if you allow yourself to get run down, you'll wind up in a hospital."

A dietician prescribed a "thin piece of steak two inches by two inches" as a desirable dinner for reducers. "Well, at least a steak of those specifications is a square meal," conceded Alan Prestock, the Wife Saver.

Eddie Cantor, famous comedian on the NBC network, defines a lame duck Congressman as a Congressman who met with an accident while trying to stay in the middle of the road with his ear to the ground.

Bing Crosby is investing in baby bonds again. For a long time he refrained because he said he lost too much sleep getting up in the night and walking the floor with them.

Ben Alley claims to have found in a Sixth avenue cordial shop a wine brick so potent that it does its own plastering.

"It isn't the eyes but the lower part of the face that betrays one's thoughts," declared a lecturer on the NBC air channels. "Especially when one opens the lower part of one's face," added Tom Howard.

With wheat advancing in the market, Tony Wons suggests it won't be long now before dough will again be a synonym for money.

"The battle against depression has been won," declared a speaker on a CBS program. "Good," exclaimed Fred Allen, "now the employers can cease firing."

"Twould be a great country if we could only take after our ancestors," says Arthur Allen of "The Stubbins Boys.

"They blazed the trail but the best most of us can do is burn the road."

"A woman doesn't consider herself properly married until she has gone to Reno and permanently waived her husband."—Frank McCravy, of the McCravy brothers.

"We will soon be out of the depression," declared an economist on NBC. "That's good," commented Lanny Ross, "for we're all out of everything else."

The Q. A. Box

Q—Who is the soprano soloist on the Armour program?  
A—Edna Kellog.

Q—When and where was Don Ameche born, and what is his nationality?  
A—In Kenosha, Wisconsin on May 31, 1908, of Italian and Spanish parentage.

Q—Does Fanny May Baldridge play all the parts on the Miracles of Magnolia program?  
A—Yes.

Q—Is Pat Barnes married, and has he any children?  
A—He is married and has a daughter, Barbara.

Q—Will you please give the names of Myrt and Marge?  
A—Myrt is Myrtle Vail, and Marge is Donna Dameral.

Q—Who is Myrt's husband, and does he broadcast?  
A—He is George Dameral, and does not broadcasting. Until recently he was engaged in the real estate business.

Q—Have the Easy Aces any children?  
A—There are no little Aces.

Q—Please tell me something about Aunt Jemima.  
A—Her real name is Tess Gardel and she was born in Wilkes-Barre, Penn., of Italian parents. She is a great big girl, with dark hair and dark eyes. She took the well-known role of the "mammy" in "Show Boat."

Q—Does Johnny Hart do the singing and dancing on the Big Time program?  
A—Yes—the dance is done with shoes on his hands.

Q—Who are the comedians Bill and Henry?  
A—Bill is Al Cameron and Henry is Pete Bontsema.

Q—Who plays the Kingfish in Amos 'n' Andy sketches?  
A—Amos (Freeman F. Gosden).

Q—Will you please give a description of David Ross?  
A—Columbia's veteran announcer is five feet five inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Dave is thirty-seven and his wavy brown hair shows streaks of grey. His own program, known as "Poets' Gold", was resumed on Christmas Day and will be heard regularly on Sundays at six in the afternoon, Eastern Time.

Q—How old is John Brewer who reads poetry on the "Musings" program, and is he married?  
A—He is twenty-three and single.

Q—Is Howard Cloney, the announcer, married?  
A—No.

Q—Is Jessica Dragonette her real name, and where was she born?  
A—Yes. In India.

Q—Who directs the orchestra for Kate Smith?  
A—Nat Bruisiloff went to Hollywood with the Songbird of the South when she made her first feature picture there. Nat prefers New York, he says.
Frank Parker on gift seed imported from Arabia. You are familiar with Mr. Parker's voice on the A. P. programs.

WICC—Bridgeport

The Mountain Melodeers, who have been told that their hill-billy accents and music compares with many rustic's, are composed of several nationalities—two Russians, one Englishman, one Dutchman, and two Italians... And Jimie Milne, WICC announcer, tells of a Scot'sman's gift to his girl—a banjo, which was refused by the lady, because there were too many strings attached... Sally Cheevers, pianist on Joe Lopez's "Memories of Yesteryear" programs, is the latest to be added to the list of pianists featured on WICC's Sunday morning concerts... Herbert Anderson accedes to many requests and includes on his programs Swedish Folk Songs... Family Affairs Institute under the direction of Leon F. Whitney commences an interesting series on "Heredity," Wednesday, February 8th at 2:00 P.M. WICC will carry a morning program of popular melodies, starting Friday, Jan. 20th at 10:15 A. M., starring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

WBT—Charlotte, N. C.

THAT tall, dark, handsome announcer! requests the ladies who visit Radio Station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. "Oh, you mean Ron Jenkins!" exclaims the hostess who happens to be on duty in the reception room. Just why is this particular fascinating "Yankee" so popular? Perhaps it's that deep, beautifully modulated voice with the crisp and pleasing accent; then again—perhaps it's his "six-feet-two," amazingly well set up. Besides being Chief Announcer, he is also assistant program director and somehow finds time for arranging programs, making program corrections, daily working schedules for all announcers and handling publicity.

LONDON!—The taxi turns off the crowded Strand down Savoy Hill—until last Spring synonymous to the entire British Isles with the "B. B. C."—the British Broadcasting Corporation. This government-controlled radio organization is doing its very good best to give the Great British Public what it wants in broadcasting for the price of ten shillings (about $2.50) per receiving set owned.

On Savoy Hill, which is not only a hill but also a street, and opposite the historic Savoy Chapel, and its equally historic graveyard, the taxi pulls up and the door is opened by a waxed-moustached commissionaire. "Good Morning, Sir; Good Morning, Madam. Well on time this morning?" he says because promptness—except on the air—is to be praised anywhere in England. We move past the clerk at the door, who has satisfied himself that we are really due for a rehearsal this morning, and we are allowed up to studio No. 1, where we find ourselves in line for the rehearsal.

Just as in a vaudeville theatre, first come, first rehearsed, and we have to await our turn, and meantime we swap greetings with the producer, the engineers, and the other artists. Our turn comes. We have been allotted either six or ten minutes, and we have naturally timed our material at home, so we go through it for balance, and then follows a slight inquisition as to the publishers, copyrights, etc., of the numbers we are to sing.

Then, if there is any possible "double entendre" in any of the lyrics, we are asked to purify them on the spot, to the satisfaction of the producer. Great vigilance is maintained to protect the Great British Public from contamination. After this we are told at what approximate time we shall come on in the evening, and are free to go.

The show is generally, for our type of work, from 7:30 p. m., for an hour, and we arrive, and sit in the artists' room until we hear the act before us start. We go into the studio, making our way through the audience. Spectators have been in proud possession of their tickets to enter the hallowed premises for more than a week. We arrange our music, and, as the announcer gives us the signal, we go into our first number.

There is always a slight feeling of...
embarrassment for the audience. People evidently expect to hear us as loud in the studio as they do through the loud-speaker in their homes, but they seem satisfied, even though they can hear nothing but a whisper from us and the sound of the piano. Thus we go on and finish our act. At its conclusion, we are thanked in a low voice (and perhaps with a wise-crack) by the announcer, who is an old friend of ours, and he hands us a ticket, which, when taken downstairs to the treasurer’s office, entitles us to a check. The check, in turn, must be put through a bank before one can get the actual money, but only after one has signed a receipt-form of indorsement on the back over a two-penny stamp, which makes the receipt legal—and the broadcast is over.

**VIENNA!—**Just a step from the hotel is the RAVAG, the official radio station of Austria. No rehearsal, this time, as we require no orchestra, and we have a half-hour to get the balance with the engineers. The studio is in an old building, (as most buildings are in Vienna), remodelled for the purposes of radio from the stage, dressing-rooms and offices of one of the best pre-war cabarets.

The studio is roomy, and smells slightly of bad cigars, and we feel rather out of place among empty chairs and nude music-racks. We make our set-up, and are okayed by the engineer, and have fifteen minutes to wait. Five minutes before we are to go on the air the announcer arrives, inquires our names, makes two or three tries at pronouncing them, and is apparently satisfied.

We are told that there is a two-minute pause every ten minutes, in which the studio is off the air, and that we can talk freely during that interim.

We get the red light, and the announcer takes the microphone standard in his hand, sets it about 15 feet from us (completely ruining our set-up), retreats to where we are and bellows: "HALLO, HALLO, R A H D I O V E E N!" Then he proceeds, as we expected, to not only mispronounce our names but, even worse, the titles of our first three songs. We are of course, in a panic about the distance of the microphone from us, and a very soto voco tag-of-war ensues as a result of our endeavors to get the thing back where we want it, in which we finally win on a decision from the referee (in the person of the engineer). Finally we carry on with the program. At the first two-minute pause, and after another announcement that we shall resume in two minutes, the announcer, perspiring freely, comes to us, clicks his heels, and apologizes for having caused so much trouble.

He "had never seen anyone sing so quietly, and still come through loud." And the so-called half-hour comes to an end, and we issue forth into the icy streets, quite convinced that no one in Vienna has understood a word of our "Tchezza."

**BERLIN!—**Close by the center of the city—the Potsdamer Platz. An atmosphere of unfriendliness, cloaking, it seems to us, a lack of knowledge as to what it is all about. We are put in a three-sided cell of hung cloth, with the piano twenty feet away (which doesn’t make for unison!) but that’s the way it must be done. A five- or ten-minute rehearsal, and we are off. Our period comes at the hour of 6:30. The evening hours are almost entirely reserved for classical concerts, operas, etc.

The same old bellow comes from the announcer, but there is no surprise shown at our lack of distance from the microphone. The same pauses as in Vienna, but slightly less of them. Then we are through, and off across the street for beer and sausages.

**PARIS!—**A commercial broadcast! Station Radio Paris broadcasts commercials when it can get them, and this means that on Sunday, when the B. B. C. shuts off; or confines itself to church services or chamber music; there are a great many people in England who want something else. Furthermore, they have the time to listen to it, while digesting their famous Sunday “roast beef of old England.” It’s then that the phonograph companies have their innings. They get the popular record commentators to fly over to Paris on Saturday (which they all seem delighted to do—except those suffering from gout) and they put on a show sponsored by a phonograph company. The show consists of about half-an-hour of the company’s artists in person presenting songs from their records just come on the market in England, and for another half hour, the broadcasting of records which seem to be pulling.

It’s generally cold in the station, and the hour is in the very early afternoon—just at digestion-time for John Bull, and there is always a certain amount of Gallic confusion on the part of the French announcers and technicians.

The hour goes on the air, and every announcement is made in both French and English, with the numbers of the records carefully announced in both languages, and the fun is over almost before one has forgotten that last champagne cocktail—and the check comes along with your next royalties from the sponsor.

Here in America everyone knows what takes place in the studios of our broadcasting chains, so we shall just leave these few little quick pictures of a broadcast in the four principle capitals of Europe to the reader to compare with the conditions as he knows them in this country.

**Greta Keller**
Tuneful Topics

By Rudy Vallée

A TREE WAS A TREE. I have begun my consideration of "Tuneful Topics" from many odd places: backstage at a "Scandals" rehearsal, with the din of chorus dancing, sketch rehearsals, and the tin-tapping of an upright piano in my ears; the stage on which we played at the Atlantic City Steel Pier, while the other band was playing; trains; hotels; theatre dressing rooms; and sometimes my office. This issue, however, finds its crystallization up at my lodge at Lake Kezar, in lovely Maine, where I am spending a few days preparatory to a trip to Florida, and later to Memphis, Tennessee; Atlanta, Georgia, and still later to Dallas, Texas. It is hard to rouse the mind when seated before an open fireplace after a long tramp out in the snow (and we have several inches of it in this neck of the woods). But Evelyn tells me they must be done before I leave for Florida or they will not be done at all, and there may be just a few of you who are really interested in knowing something about the most recent issue of popular songs.

Outstanding in the recordings of our last week's program was the playing of A TREE WAS A TREE; in fact, it has been running through my mind all day, although we should have played it more brightly in tempo; yet everyone seems to think it was one of the best bits of the program.

I humorously remarked in my introduction of it on the air that it was written by Messrs. Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, "writers by royal appointment to his majesty, George Olsen." The boys really are under contract to create special material for George's unique broadcasts; in such a manner did they write "Listen To The German Band", which by this time has pretty well worn itself out, being played by everyone. The boys, however, are under contract to DeSylva, Brown & Henderson for most of their material, and this is one of their creations which finds itself in the catalogue of that firm.

The thought is quite simple—a tree was just a tree, a brook was just a brook, and a park was just a park until the sweetness of somebody's presence made them seem endowed with something much more fraught with meaning and beauty. The melody is good, and really different. With the air filled, as it is today, with many fine bands, all of them featuring the songs which are brought them by the "song pluggers," you cannot help but hear a great deal of this one.

Deane Janis who sings Topical Tunes from the NBC studios in Chicago.

I think about 40 seconds should be the correct length of time to play a chorus, otherwise some of the words which are naturally terse, one-syllabled and abrupt, must be strung out, sounding rather ludicrous.

I WAKE UP SMILING. A bright waltz—not unusual, yet it evoked the favorable praise of Jimmy Wallington and several others during our rehearsal of it last Wednesday. Fred Ahlert and Edgar Leslie writing together—both of them past masters in their respective fields—Edgar Leslie one of the oldest and best known of lyric writers. The song makes a smooth waltz and is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble.

CHARLIE RACCOON. I believe if the world were to be hit by a universal earthquake tonight, that if any music printing press were left intact Al Lewis and Al Sherman would see to it that there was published the next morning a song about the earthquake! The two boys have a keen eye on every noteworthy happening, be it seasonal, topical or otherwise.

Their "99 Out of a Hundred" first really brought them into close contact with me. I upbraided them for their closeness of melody in their writing of "My Heart Belongs To The Girl Who Belongs To Somebody Else" to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi", which resemblance they did not deny. Since that time they have written no end of novelty songs, including "Now's the Time To Fall in Love," and the monotonous ritual, "We Want Cantor!", for which they have possibly not received the public acknowledgment they deserved.

Al Lewis went along in the writing of "All American Girl," which established him as a hit writer, perhaps for the first time in the really outstanding hit class. I knew the boys would never write very much individually, and they are back together again in the writing of a novelty song, CHARLIE RACCOON.

Although I feel it is a trifle late in the season for it, as raccoon coats are usually associated with football games, and these are all past, yet it is not quite as bad as if the song were published in the spring or summer. It is a lifting college type of thing. Probably inspired by the broadcast success of "Here It Is Monday," the boys felt impelled to turn out "Charlie Raccoon"; in fact, in the middle of it they have incorporated the rhythm of "Collegegate" itself.

DeSylva, Brown & Henderson are the publishers, and the song should certainly be played brightly. It makes a good tempo pickup on any program.

HEY YOUNG FELLOW. To one who was as fortunate as I to witness the rehearsals and opening of
"Klowns in Klover" in Detroit some months ago, HEY YOUNG FELLOW is an old story. In that ill-fated show, which got no further than a few weeks in Chicago, Lew Leslie poured in an array of familiar. The songs written by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields were all good, too. Both Jimmy and Dorothy were present during the rehearsals in Detroit, and we spent many hours together; in fact, all of us did our little bit in helping Lew in his tremendous task of solidifying the whole show.

To me, one of the best songs in the show, at least the type of song I would most enjoy doing, was "Don't Blame Me," which Jack Robbins promises I shall have the pleasure of doing some day; but outstanding for the others, who seemed to like the lighter type of song, was HEY YOUNG FELLOW. At least the spot in which it was introduced received tremendous applause, and seemed to be favored as one of the bright spots of the show. Personally I do not care a great deal for the number, but I bow, as always, to the will of what I consider the majority. The very popular reaction to HEY YOUNG FELLOW in its present public broadcasts, leaves no doubt but that it is going to be one of the most played and one of the best liked songs of the next few months.

I am not quite certain whether Dorothy and Jimmy played it at that much discussed opening night of Radio City Music Hall, as yours truly was not among those present. (They did. H. P. B.) They were going to sing it on the Fleischmann broadcast on which we featured them, but time did not permit of it, and the chorus of the faster "Digga Digga Doo" was substituted for the arrangement of HEY YOUNG FELLOW. It is one of these optimistic things, going back at the end to Wendell Hall's "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More". I imagine relations must be very pleasant between Jack Robbins and Fred Foster, otherwise the inclusion of that famous line would never be permitted. HEY YOUNG FELLOW can certainly be characterized as a refreshingly different type of song, which, after all, is what the jaded radio listener is seeking today.

Through an arrangement, evidently with Lew Leslie, Jack Robbins was permitted to release the song for popular consumption, even though the show is no more.

It is very comparable to another song by the same pair, which they did do on our Fleischmann broadcast, and which was so similar to HEY YOUNG FELLOW that we felt it wise, especially in view of the limited time, to suggest a contrasting second number—"A Roof Over My Head". Certainly few song-writing brains, and perhaps no woman song-writer has achieved such unique thoughts and development of them as has Dorothy Fields; here the lyric is certainly outstanding; whether it has the edge on the melody is another matter.

We are doing the song this Thursday, and making a recording of it Wednesday night. By the time this issue of "Tune-

**Rudy Vallée's latest, specially posed for Radio Digest.**

ble for many songs which I have never heard. Her "Swinging In A Hammock" is one of her best, and made her a neat little fortune.

These two have certainly blended a beautiful thought with a beautiful melody, a song which I begged to be able to record, and which I am recording this coming Wednesday evening.

Perhaps its melody is a bit more outstanding than the lyric, though it is difficult to say just which is responsible for its charm; but to deny that the song has charm, would be to deny everything about it. It must be done slowly: we take almost a minute for the chorus, and whether the firm of Ager, Yellen & Bornstein know it or not, they have a mighty good song in their new catalogue.

**SITTING IN THE DARK.** It seems I have no sooner finished talking about Jesse Greer than I must continue the discussion. With Harold Adamson, who leans toward the elite musical comedy type of tune, he has written a typical popular song. While not in the same rhythm or vein of "Here It Is Monday", yet I cannot help but feel that Frank Kelton, chief lieutenant of Shapiro Bernstein, and chief picker of songs at the present time for that firm, felt that there was a bond of similarity between the two songs. The humming part of the end of each verse may or may not have been inspired by the Crosby regime of singing; in fact, in several places in the chorus the authors have indicated a decided desire for the singer to do the "boo-hoo-hoo-hoo" type of singing. Whether or not one does this, and even whether or not one hums the parts supposed to be hummed in upward and downward glissando, that is a sliding up and sliding down, is beside the point; the song is a good one and certainly worthy of mention in this month's list.

It is difficult to classify it, which remark I dropped on our first broadcast of it. I still feel vague as to its potential possibilities. As usual, you, Mr. and Miss Reader, will best decide that.

**AND SO I MARRIED THE GIRL.** A tune with cute lyrics! I can recommend none more highly than this one. It was my misfortune not to be able to see a single performance of George White's "Music Hall Varieties", which lamentably closed last Saturday night, after pulmotur attempts by the injection of the Howards, until the show became practically a copy of the "Scandals of 1931", failed to bring it up to a 33
Marcella

M Y, MY! But Toddes is certainly the busiest little bird we ever saw. She has so many inquiries to work on right now, that, she just confided to me, she feels like the little old woman who lived in the shoe. You know—had so many children she didn't know what to do, etc. . . . BUT, she was successful, Ruth Frost, and Others, on her last trip to Maurie Sherman's, at Chicago, though, believe you me, she parked her "bike" and rushed back here by train, so fearful was she of that terrific storm! 'Twas well she did, or we may not have had this information:

WHEN Maurie Sherman was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seriously, and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs, being a great baseball fan, and now somewhat of a follower of all sports. School meant nothing to young Sherman; he went only because his father wanted him to go, and when he found it interfered with baseball, he cast school aside. He found himself in a serious corner, however, when he was summoned to the principal's office and asked the reason for his absence, which, of course, he was said was due to illness, and was then requested to procure a doctor's certificate. Father was in favor of an education, believing it more important than a musical career; Mother was a little in favor of the violin; and Maurie, being his Mother's favorite, knew where to turn, therefore, was spared complete ambition at the hands of his Dad.

His first job, playing the violin in a dance orchestra, whose other instruments consisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums, he obtained at the age of sixteen. A real musician—earning two dollars a night and a full fledge member of the musicians' union! He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, during that time enjoying many interesting and some rather comical experiences.

When Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was opening his first movie house, he needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, then seventeen, applied for the job, fiddle in hand. After listening to him, Mr. Katz decided in his favor, to the tune of ten dollars a week. Success, as often happens, went to his head after a few months, and the lad demanded a raise to twelve dollars, which stirred up some warm words, and after which the "lad and his fiddle" made a speedy exit. Then he played for a whole summer in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats; and for five years, in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all-star band to feature at the Winter Garden and offered Maurie a place, which he accepted. It was the very opportunity he was looking for; meant much more money than he had ever earned before; satisfied the senior Shermans that their son was on the right track at last. After ending this engagement, Arnold Johnson sought his services at the Green Mill. After Johnson left, the band stayed and later Isham Jones, at that time in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own, saw Maurie there, and approached him with the idea that started him in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Mr. Jones appointed him leader of his Colonial Orchestra, at the Bismarck Hotel, after a year of which, Maurie struck out for himself. He had ten pieces in his band: Joe Plohe, the drummer, still being with him. Joe sings, too, in a manner that is all his own and most amusing.

A few years ago, Maurie ran second in a popularity contest.

The Sherman orchestra has been featured of late at the tea danceant in the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, and the Bal Tabarin, broadcasting over WENR, WMAQ and the NBC network, as well as at the Trianon Ballroom, broadcasting over WGN and the CBS network.

IT IS said that Vinton Haworth, Jack Arnold (of Myrt & Marge) as you probably know him, can walk on any man's stage and inspire a wave of assorted feminine "ahhhs" that sound like the start of a tropical hurricane. Why? He's just under six feet, slender, black wavy hair, blue eyes, and jaunty little moustache, a la Jack Holt.

He was born in Washington, D. C., June 4, 1905. At the age of six, he put on an exhibition of artistic tempera- ment that cost him a broken arm, when he became more than a little annoyed when a larger lad was selected to play the part of the Prince in a school production of "Cinderella," while he was consigned to the comparatively lowly role of a courtier. As the budding young Thespian tripped by the Prince in a minutet, he paused long enough to whisper a mean remark, which brought a vigorous push from the Prince, landing "Vin" in the orchestra pit. Through the grades and high school, dramatics absorbed him, trying out for every school production and winning a good part in all of them.

As an elder sister had gone to New York to go on the stage, Mother and Dad Haworth made no serious objection when Brother made known his intentions. The sister abandoned her career in favor of a husband, and they were sure young "Vin" would have a home in good surroundings until he got the "crazy idea" out of his head. But, he fooled them—landed a job, forty dollars a week, in a drama company making the chautauquas, in 1923. From 1924 to '26, was busy in an act in the vaudeville circuits; '27 to '28, tried the business world; following year landed in Chicago and into the radio world.

Television was coming to the fore at that time and for a year he directed and acted in productions. Then went into the more practical aspect of broadcasting, announcing and acting dramatic roles in commercials. Was "Don" in "Don and Betty"; leading man in many sustaining CBS programs out of Chicago; so was quite a logical selection when "Myrt & Marge" came on the air more than a year ago.

Heh, heh—married. Consul his wife on all matters pertaining to finances, and abides by her decision. That's her part of the contract. On the other hand, she never criticises his broadcasts. That's his business. And, they say it works to perfection. So there, all you "Jack Arnold" fans—and we'll try again for a photograph of the young man, although, as we have informed you before, photographs of the entire cast of Myrt & Marge have never been taken.

WE'RE very sorry, Constance Neaves, to learn that you have not received acknowledgments to your many letters to Radio Digest. And, we also would appreciate knowing just why you haven't. Are you certain you have followed the columns of our magazine for your particular answers? We are busy as bees, but make it a rule to at least put Toddes on the job. She said please don't think she has been negligent; here is what she has been able to obtain for you on Lowell Pat- ton: Earliest ambition and only aspiration—to become a great organist. When a lad, was a member of the boys' choir of Trinity Church, Portland, Ore- gon, his home city. (Not a New York man.) The choir leader and organist there was Lowell's hero. At eight he was a competent organ player, and at sixteen became the organist for the largest church in Portland. But, he decided he needed more tutelage, and set forth for England to enter the Royal Academy in London, studying for a year under Claude Pollard, internationally known teacher, and continuing his training in Paris, Rome, Berlin and
Vienna. Then came an interruption, with the War, when he served for a year in the United States Navy. Resumed his career, after the Armistice, with a series of tours of the United States and Canada. Is a member of the American Guild of Organists. Lowell Patton's "Song for Today" over WJZ furnishes twenty-four hours of inspiration to radio listeners. Most of the music, too, is from his own pen. His age? Not known. Married? No. Besides his "Mood Continentale" program, Sundays, 10:45 a.m., over WJZ, he is also heard over the same station, same day, at 4:30 p.m., with the "National Youth Conference"—Dr. Daniel A. Poling; also over the same station, Thursdays, 6:30 p.m., on "Old Songs of the Church" program; and over WEEF, Tuesdays, 6:30 p.m., on "Mid-Week Hymn Sing."

ONE of the first of the better known actors of the legitimate stage to be converted to radio, and one of the most popular "leading men" on the air today, is Harvey Hays. So, Jeannette L. Doty, you are not alone in your admiration for him. He has lived a colorful and most interesting life. Born in Greencastle, Indiana; when a small boy left America and sailed to India, where he spent his childhood and youth in Musoorie, a town in North-west India, living with a sister, who was the wife of a missionary, and acquiring a knowledge of the many dialects spoken there. In that British possession, largely colonized by English, he acquired the accent that led many of his radio listeners to believe him an Englishman. He is Irish, however, racially, on both sides of his family.

When still in his 'teens, he obtained his first dramatic experience. From his fifteenth birthday, Harvey took part in all the amateur theatrical productions. His family mapped out a career in medicine for Hays, since his forebears had been physicians for generations. Entered the University of Allahabad, India, taking up a medical course. Finally told his family of his intentions to give up therapeutics and surgery to seek a theatrical career; and, finally, compromised with them by completing his course at the University. After graduation, he returned to America, a young man of twenty, and set upon the same rough road of experience which many travel who dream of seeing their names in electric lights.

His first experience—small bits in repertoire; later, joined a traveling stock company playing old melodramas; became a favorite in stock, and for years toured many Western cities; seven years later, James K. Hackett gave Hays a place in his Shakespearian company; leaving there, came East, working his way up until he was cast with many leading American actors—William Faversham, Ethel Barrymore, Florence Reed, Maxine Elliott, Wilton Lackaye, Irene Bordoni and many others; acted in movies for a brief time—his best known work in the silent drama, as "Stephen Foster" in a series, "Music Masters." Best known in the radio characterization of the "Old Pioneer" in the Empire Builders, an NBC texture. Appeared with Radio Guild; with "The Fortune Teller" and in "Mystery House."

T H E Landt Trio and White have been paged by a number of our readers: Dan, Karl and Jack Landt comprise the trio, with Howard White, the fourth party, all of whom hail from the home of coal strikes, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Dan was a house painter; Karl taught chemistry; Jack was a high-school student; and Howard turned out rolls and loaves of bread in a bakery shop—what a conglomeration of industries they comprise! Which doesn't interfere in the least with their ability to entertain, for they seem to be as popular as ever. Howard met the Landt brothers at the local Scranton stations, WGBI and WQAN, where their popularity was born. Lady luck accompanied them on their trip to New York, for while they received an audition, a sponsor happened to be present, and all five signed on the dotted line of a substantial contract. Howard lives with the three brothers, their parents and sister at Jackson Heights, Brooklyn. Thanks to Mrs. Phyllis B. Korten, we have learned that they are broadcasting over station WTM, Cleveland, several programs, and at least one network program, she states, "How About Wednesday?" at 10:30 p.m.

T H A N K you very much, Mr. Charles Newton, for your interest in Dorothy Clark's recent query on Don Dowd. We are following your suggestion. No, we would not think of characterizing you, or anyone else for that matter, as a "hatingsky." Yours is the kind of cooperation we look for from our readers. Sometimes they are better informed; and, it only proves their interest.

N O W, Sara Worman, have you seen the November and December (1932) issues? Well, stories on 'Betsy and Bob' appeared in both—on page 43 of the former, and page 44 of the latter. I hope Mrs. Reese saw Pat Binford in the same issues... And a very interesting story on Lanny Ross also appeared therein, Lucille Hanford, as well as a fine picture of John Fogarty; we shall check further on Robert Simmons... Mrs. M. D. J., the artist about whom you inquired, is not married, so far as we know... Todles is now on her way to Gene Hamilton's, Mrs. Phyllis B. Korten; the Music Corporation of America, Chicago, may be in a position to locate Larry Funk for you; no, I am not Marcella Shields, and I don't believe she was, "Marion," but, checking on that too, I want to thank you heartily, by the way, for your trouble in locating the Landt Trio and White, and there will be scores of others thanking you too... I'm sorry, Miss Pearl Lee, no findee Ezra McIntosh. Perhaps one of our readers findee 'im!... And now, dear readers, so long as the question has come up, the following gives the answer: Miss Edna Kellogg, operatic soprano, we learn, has often been confused with the "Singing Lady" of the program of that name, put on by the Kellogg Company (no connection). N. W. Ayer & Son, advertising agency for that company, informs us that Miss Kellogg is not the "Singing Lady," that she has, however, performed on the "Armour Hour," and other radio programs under her own name, and that the "Singing Lady's" identity is kept a mystery—sh. sh. so as not to disturb the childish imaginary pictures of her little listeners.

M A RCELBAhears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.
INTROSPECTION

THIS is in praise of any definite radio personality, nor in
detriment of any group of radio artists. It is, rather, a plea for the pro-
tection of ALL radio personalities and for our own protection as well, we, the
radio fans.

I feel confident that many radio per-
sonalities have disappeared from the air
because of our failure to reveal our inter-
est and appreciation. How often we say
to ourselves at the conclusion of a pro-
gram—“that man surely can play the or-
gan,” the saxophone, or the violin, as the
case may be, or—“I’ve never heard any-
one sing that song with as much feel-
ing, to such perfection.” Yet, what do we
do to reveal our thoughts on the sub-
ject? Nothing! I’ve been guilty many
times, and such negligence is really un-
forgivable.

It may be well to remember that a few
words of praise, of appreciation or en-
couragement have the power to “make or
break” an entire career. If one doesn’t
take the time to “say” those words, how
can the artists possibly know that their
efforts are appreciated?

Most of us have film favorites as well
as radio favorites, but, in the case of
film stars, the knowledge of our prefer-
ce is measured in a somewhat different
manner. If the office receives our
our seal of approval. Those whom we
enjoy we continue to “follow.” The the-
atre-managers are always on the alert to
watch how the different personalities are
received.

If we respect, the sponsors of the radio
programs do the same thing. But,
our seal of approval, in this case, is our
letters, and how often they remain un-
written, and thus, the number received
is not really a fair consensus of opinion.
Possibly our attitude is due to the fact
that we receive our radio entertainment
free of our personal cost. The fact that
we receive our radio entertainment with
very little effort manifested on our part
has made us prone to “take things for
granted” and to become lax in giving credit
where it is due.

Certainly our attitude puts the sponsors
at a disadvantage. For, they accept the
letters received as representative of pub-
lic opinion and its reaction. If the num-
ber of letters is small, they are, quite
naturally, led to believe that the particu-
ar program isn’t “taking,” and therefore,
often fail to “renew,” considering the
artist “not a good buy.” Then again, if
the program isn’t as yet sponsored, cer-
tainly sponsors aren’t very anxious to
“sign up” the artist, or group.

So, may I earnestly urge the fans,
“write to-day!” Send in your few humble
words of appreciation. Your comments
need not be an epistle. It doesn’t take
long to jot down: “Certainly enjoyed
your program last night.” “Your rendi-
tion of—was beautiful.” “I’ve never heard
it sung more beautifully”! Or something
equally as appropriate, but, think what
it means to the artist, and what a guar-
antee it will be for you, that you will
enjoy many more such programs by your
favorites.—Mary E. Lauber, 119 West
Abbottisford Avenue, Germantown, Phil-
adelphia, Pennsylvania.

LIKEs “FIVE STAR”

I HAVE been a reader of your maga-
zine for some time and enjoy it very
much. All of the special articles are quite
interesting to me. I pick no favorite.

If it were possible I would like to listen
to Cab Calloway for an hour each
day. Would you please tell me where I
may get a picture of his orchestra? Ben
Bernie is another of my favorites.

Your December issue contained an arti-
cle concerning the Five Star Theatre, and
that is certainly a fine and novel program.
—Jack M. Wilhelm, Conesus Lake, Cone-
sus, N. Y.

ECHO FOR THE VALLEE

Radio Digest, in my opinion, is a
Top-notch radio magazine. Never
miss one. Rudy Vallee certainly contrib-
utes much to it! “Tuneful Topics” is so
interesting and helpful. If it were omit-
ted in an issue, I do believe I would
be off Radio Digest for life. That can-
not happen if the editors are really
wise.

Where are you Rudy fans? I read so
many letters from Vallee fans at one
time, but now—has Rudy’s popularity
really waned? We cannot let that hap-
pen! Come on you praisers of Fleisch-
mann Hours, and have your say again!
We cannot let other artists gain on him
—don’t you know that would be letting
him down? He deserves all the praise
we can give him, and more than he ever
will get. He is sincere, honest, upright
and true, and—well, that’s that.

I would be very happy to hear from
anyone who thinks of Rudy as I do—
Anne Brakefield, 1722, 34th Avenue N.,
Birmingham, Alabama.

-HOO! DOLLY! DOLLY!

I HAVE written you before but my let-
ters have always found the waste-paper
basket, rather than the pages of Radio
Digest. I forgive you and wish you luck
on one condition! That is, print this let-
ter soon in VOL. I have been reading
Radio Digest for years, and believe me.
I am a steady customer. Why? Because
you print “Tuneful Topics” by Rudy
Vallee, that is why. THERE, Billie
Moore of St. Charles, what do you think
of that? And, what’s more, I am not
a “kitchen mechanic.” Tell me, why do
people pick on Rudy? If you must be
jealous, it does not pay to advertise it.
Rudy has enough fans to take his part.
And Rudy always has a word of praise
for everyone, yet, what does he get in
return?

I don’t know what you ever published,
but I wouldn’t like it, even if it was good.
Three cheers for R. V. and R. D.—
they are both aces.—Dolly, 1325a Whit-
tier, St. Louis, Missouri.

Say, Who Started This?

May we through your VOL, extend
our sincere thanks to Rudy Vallee for his
interesting “Tuneful Topics” which not
only gives us the most popular
song of the month, but also it’s au-
thorship and the characteristics of lyric
and melody. The song of praise to every-
one who either introduces the song or to
its writers.

Here’s hoping Rudy will continue writ-
ing the “Tuneful Topics” articles for
many months to come. Indeed, at
least, the Fleischmann Hour—most pop-
ular, most diverting hour on the radio.
Many thanks, Rudy.

Also our thanks to Radio Digest, and
the VOL—Marguerite Walsh, 2324 East
14th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Atlanta Booster

I THINK the Radio Digest a wonder-
ful magazine. I look forward with great
pleasure to reading it monthly, and espe-
cially “Tuneful Topics” which alone is
worth the price of the magazine. Why
can’t we hear more often Mr. Vallee
and his Connecticut Yankees—my favor-
ite orchestra.

Mr. Vallee is an entertainer of highest
class, a wonderful personality. He
seems always to speak of everyone in the
highest terms, and is always fair to the other fel-
low.

Best wishes to Radio Digest.—An At-
lanta Digest and Vallee Booster. Atlanta,
Georgia.
CROSS CARRIES VERMONT

I ENJOY your magazine very much and when I read that you solicited the readers' opinions in regard to announcers, I decided that I had one to express. So, if you will listen to a Vermonter:

My favorite announcer is the gentleman and scholar, Milton J. Cross. Not only has he one of the most glorious singing voices that I have ever been privileged to hear (and I have heard it much too infrequently), but his dictation is a model for anyone to follow. His programs show his influence very plainly, but he is too modest to take the credit.

If I have waxed enthusiastic, please remember that we of the Green Mountain State are not considered flatterers.

—Mary E. Colpitts, Wallingford, Vermont.

MASS. FOR CROSS

ANOTHER vote for Milton J. Cross, from Mrs. F. E. Baker, 51 Clarendon Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ONE FOR BUTTERWORTH

ONE for Wallace Butterworth! My favorite announcer is Wallace Butterworth, the most versatile, spontaneous and genial personality of the air, and the least discussed by radio reporters. Anyone who can present such broadcasts as the dignified Chicago Opera and the informal interview with the standees waiting in line for the opening of the World Series in Chicago (last Fall), deserves due recognition. The sparkling and sincere manner in which Mr. Butterworth announces many regular programs—the Farm and Home hour being the most outstanding among these—is familiar to radio listeners from coast to coast. Who does not like him for the lively way in which he introduces many of the musical selections, and for the slang phrases which creep into his speech now and then?

But with all this appreciation and high regard for one announcer, I am not completely blind to the merits of others: Milton Cross (another vote!); Pat Kelly, Russell Wise, Everett Mitchel, and Howard Petrie—lingers of distinction, and Alwyn Bach, Ted Jewett, Ben Grauer, Arthur Godfrey, Kelvin Keesch, and Carlton Smith, speakers of the first rank, are on my "honor roll."

I should like too, to compliment Mary E. Lauber, of Germantown, the writer of that beautiful tribute to Jessica Drago-nette. I also am an admirer of Miss Dragonette.

You may add my thanks to the many you are receiving for the splendid issues of January and February, received before the first of the month this time. Here's hoping this unexpected promptness continues. One suggestion—please print a new list of radio stations in a future issue.

LISTENER

OHHH LOOK GRAHAM!

AND one GREAT vote for Mr. Graham McNamee (what an admirer!). Speaking of the most popular and best announcer, surely you are only "kidding" your readers when you say you would like to know who it is. But, assuming it is true, I want to gladly, honestly and truthfully help you. The best, most popular, finest, Dean of All, in the past, present, and future, is the Honorable Mr. Graham McNamee.

He knows his business. He has been on the air from sunrise to sunrise since 1922—eleven years. He did not wait for someone else to pave the way as so many others have. In his time, he has been heard by actual contact and work, in schools of broadcasting. Being a singer of repute, he knows the value of voice training and his announcing excellently reflects the fact. Did you not fairly burst when that unseen but plainly heard voice described Babe Ruth making home-runs; or did you not feel as though you were present at the football games; or at the memorable welcome administered by New York City to the World's hero, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh; or at the inaugural ceremonies of the men whom we have honored with the highest office? Thanks to Mr. McNamee, we have been able to be a part of all NBC outstanding programs. Does not Ed Wynn now lead in popularity? But, what would he be leading if it were not for Graham McNamee? Graham helps put the jokes across.

When throughput the years, has been criticized, slammed, and knockeddown by writers than Mr. McNamee? He has had very little constructive criticism, very little publicity. But, through it all, he has unwaveringly led the list.

Just because your friends, Graham, were not dishonest enough to cheat in the popularity contests run by so many Eastern newspapers, does not mean that they have deserted you; they are the ones that have bought those thousands of new radio sets to hear your golden voice describe public events, which they wished but were unable to attend.

We, the Radio Public of America—of the world, do solemnly bow with brimming eye and swelling thankful heart for the kindnesses and services rendered to us by that Ace. Graham McNamee, knowing that he will not fail us but prove a thousand times his genius and loyalty.

—Blanche E. Hall, College Springs, Iowa.

ISHAM, BOW PLEASE!

JUST ran on to Radio Digest a few months ago when looking for something to read to pass an evening away, and have not missed a copy since. I think it a grand magazine.

So that several radio offices are submitting their choice for an all-star orchestra. Here is my selection, first, last and always: Isham Jones and his entire orchestra, with his vocalists, Eddie Stone, Frank Hazel and others, I think they are an All-Star band if there ever was one. Please give us a story, with pictures, of this grand band leader and composer. Anyone who can write such tunes as "I can't Believe It's True," "Let's Try Again," "I Only Found You For Somebody Else," his latest—"There's Nothing Left To Do But Say Good-bye," and others, (even, "I'M In The Army Now") deserves a break.—J. D. S.

FAN CLUB WHOOZOO

I AM compiling a list of all the fan clubs in the country which, when completed, will be sent to everyone who wishes a copy. I should like to hear from anyone who has, or knows about, a fan club.

This list will make it easy to locate the popular clubs in all parts of the country and interested as well as help along the interests of all such organizations by making them known to a great many fans. I am sure that every club officer will wish his or her club to be on this list.—Jean MacKenzie, 7244 South Shore Drive, Chicago.

A SAY FROM ALBERTA

I LIKE Miss Mary E. Hanlon, believe Rudy is giving too much time on the Fleischmann program to guest artists, and other people.

When I listen to Rudy's hour, I want more Rudy. The occasional guest artist, such as Ruth Etting, Maurice Chevalier, Irene Bordoni, or Helen Kane, is variety, but, one a night is enough, with the "Piano" himself.

I live at a great distance, and sometimes our reception is poor, but, I listen if at all possible.

This is my first letter to Radio Digest, and I hope I may have a say in V.O. — Laurence W. Galet, Wainwright, Alberta.

"Pie-Plant-Pete" (Claude W. Moyer)
Talent Hall Billy Songster

Station is constantly being changed, and I like to keep up-to-date.—I. Mary Staley, Frederick, Maryland.
This charming little miss from Nashville, Tenn., has a quarter-hour of her own on CBS-WABC. You hear her sing those better songs on Mondays at 6 p.m. and Thursdays at 6:30, EST. The orchestra which frames her voice so appropriately is that of Fred Berrens. The program goes as far west as KSL, Salt Lake City.
KSTP EMPLOYS 250 ON FULL TIME

THE passing of Calvin Coolidge, former president of the United States, was probably felt stronger at KSTP in the Twin Cities than at any other radio station in the country.

It was Calvin Coolidge, sitting in Washington as the nation's chief executive in 1928 who pressed a gold key at his study in the White House to start the KSTP transmitter and send this powerful station on the ether waves in its inaugural program on March 28 of that year.

As President, Mr. Coolidge was a staunch friend of the National Battery station and was pleased to start this radio unit to the place it now occupies as one of the major broadcasting units of the entire country.

Special wire communications were established from the KSTP transmitter at Radio Center, Minnesota, to the White House and as the elaborate inaugural programs were completed and the stage set, Coolidge pressed the button at 7 P. M. which set the transmitter in motion and the first program was on the air.

Since that time KSTP has been on the air continuously, broadcasting with 10,000 watts power and occupying full time on its present channel.

At that time KSTP was known as the "baby of radio stations" because many sister stations had already forged ahead, but the Minnesota station has since that time gained a front row in the field of radio.

KSTP has both the red and the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company, has a full-time staff of more than 150 employees, maintains a full-time symphony orchestra, has the largest library west of New York valued at some $80,000, and has spent almost one million dollars on improvements and new construction during the five years which close in March.

The old transmitter which Mr. Coolidge put on the air has gone. In its place can be found the new 50,000 watt unit representing the latest transmitting equipment, operating with one-hundred per cent modulation with crystal control.

KSTP also has installed a new diesel engine which generates light and power for the station, making it absolutely independent of the elements and outside power companies.

In addition KSTP has constructed new studios which occupy the entire twelfth floor of the Saint Paul hotel in St. Paul and has a $100,000 improvement program underway in Minneapolis. This latter includes the addition of four new studios, new offices and control rooms, and a new studio organ.

Mr. Coolidge had appeared on local broadcasts presented by KSTP on two different occasions. He came here to appear at the fair grounds in St. Paul on occasion of the state and then came to Cannon Falls, Minnesota, to dedicate the John Colvill Memorial erected in honor of this great fighting hero.

The new studios on the Saint Paul hotel are the last word in studio construction. From the master control room which has duplicate equipment throughout to allow for emergencies to the spacious audition rooms where programs are heard by advertisers before they are sent on the air, the equipment is second to none.

Lucrezia Bori of Metropolitan, prima donna, one of G. E. sponsored stars

VOICES for SALE

(Continued from page 15)

her importance is indicated by her concert dates and the invitations received from operas throughout the world. Several years ago she triumphed at Covent Garden in London in her first foreign appearances. This year she will sing in Italy at the request of Il Duce.

Lily Pons, since her debut in 1930 has become an American idol and is easily the greatest of the coloratura sopranos to be heard.

John McCormack, has charmed American music lovers for almost a score of years and returns season after season to the plaudits of increased audiences.

Tito Schipa, new with the Metropolitan this season, sang over the Sunday series on his first air concert to be given after his debut. With Martinelli he is a favorite throughout the country.

And Lucrezia Bori, who is considered almost an American because of her long residence here, is without an equal in the French operas that are produced for her year after year.

Certainly there are many good programs now on the air but on no other does the listener have the opportunity, perhaps for the only time during the year, to hear the greatest voices of our time.

Martineelli of the Metropolitan opera as Shylock sings on the G. E. programs
IVE Charlotte Geer credit for showmanship. She can be relied upon to present a good program whether she is speaking for Rotarians, writing an episode for her own broadcast, or reviewing an elaborate NBC venture!

If you are a constant reader of Broadcasts Wimwom in the Newark Evening News, then you will know that Charlotte Geer is the Dialist, the darling of all the studios from A to Z or more precisely ABC to WJZ, not to mention Jersey stations WAAM, WAAT and WOR.

With nine years of radio reviewing and a superfine dramatic critical faculty, we feel impelled to refer to her as veteran radio reviewer, but veteran, mind you, only in the sense of proficiency, nothing to do with age!

In private life the Dialist is Mrs. Olin Potter Geer. She lives at 2 Melrose Place, Montclair, N. J., with her lawyer husband, her twelve-year-old daughter, Blanche, and two sedate Scotties. Angus is the wee companion of Miss Blanche’s leisure hours while Tammie is without doubt the Laird of the living-room because of his aristocratic bearing and the tilt of his ears perpetually cocked for stray bits of radio gossip.

It was in her charming green and orange sun-parlor, surrounded by a galaxy of pictured radio celebrities, that Charlotte Geer was interviewed by your not too humble servant of Radio Digest.

Fit setting for the Dialist! Walls hung with famous likenesses of stars. Stands and tables laden with silver framed autographed photographs. Big stars, little stars and comedies. A veritable milky-way but for two familiar corked couths grinning from the front seat of a dilapidated taxi, with a characteristic scrawl announcing, “Love and kisses to Charlotte from Amos and Andy.”

Besides photographs, there are letters and telegrams signed by the sponsors of radio favorites. Faith in the Dialist’s radio criticisms prompts some of the biggest advertisers to appeal to her for a confidential report on some special program, even to the extent of telegraphing her at her camp in Maine last Fall when NBC wired her to listen to the General Electric Hour’s latest program.

“Of course I was flattered,” she has to explain to me, “but when you consider that for purposes of insuring a peaceful vacation I had refrained from installing a telephone, you can imagine my indignation on being awakened one night about 11:30 by a messenger whose zeal would have done credit to Paul Revere, for he had roused the whole village in his efforts to deliver the telegram.”

Charlotte Geer’s Weekly Schedule

Monday—Column conductor and radio critic.

Wednesday—Speaker for Kiwanis, Rotary and business clubs.

Thursday—at home. Contract Bridge for her own amusement.

Friday—Author “Silas of the Hill Country” over WOR, 4:5.

Sunday—Critic on the Heath with her own family.

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CAROLINE GEER

laughed . . . and when she laughs she blushing. She has a beautiful complexion, sparkling brown eyes and carefully groomed brown hair which, with her aristocratic little nose, tends to heighten the look of a French Marquise about her. When I commented on it she hastened to assure me that far from being French, she is the scion of Dutch-Colonial ancestry beginning with Van Cortlandt and including among other picturesque figures of a fast disappearing New York, Delancey Nicoll and Thomas Fortune Ryan, both of whom were uncles of the Dialist.

“But you asked me how I came to write Silas. Well it was in response to letters from readers of my column. They urged me to give them a program over the air, similar to the one I presented over NBC net-work two years ago, which was interrupted by my nervous break-down. But I think Silas is really my protest against unwholesome characters in modern novels and plays. His philosophy is a paraphrase of an old saying: ‘Love and let love.’ My fan-mail justifies my faith in a program that swings back to fundamentals. The slower paced life of the country. The mode and spirit of Nature not nearly as raw as the half-baked ideas of a jazz-age culture seeking new sensations.

“Lots of people have asked me if I wrote the Silas sketches before I knew Carroll Ashburn. Yes I did. I met him through Leonard Lewis, the Beau Balladeer on WEAF. Nevertheless I think Mr. Ashburn was pre-ordained to play Silas. I am further indebted to Leonard Lewis for the character of Ruth played by Mrs. Lewis who is Ann Merrill on the air. Mrs. Ashburn is descended from a theatrical family second only to the Barrymore dynasty. Her stage name is Welba Lestina, her maiden name before she became Mrs. Ashburn.

“She has created the role of Cousin Lidy, Silas’s crotchity housekeeper, although she is accustomed to quite opposition roles.

“Of course, in the beginning, we started in a small way. There were just Lidy, Ruth, Silas and Joe Hynard, played by Leonard Lewis. But with radio one character seems to lead to another. The next thing I knew I had written a full-fledged fire-scene in a moving picture house, and an audience had to be supplied for it. That necessitated a supporting cast. Then we had another thriller, requiring molls and gun-men. Think of it. I had to call on the members of both the Plainfield and Montclair Junior League groups, for molls and molls!

“And those idols of the pampered rich played the parts of very creditable hus-sies and vamps! The ‘Bad Girl’ roles are much more popular with the younger set than the appealing heroine type.

“As Polly Heely, a Plainfield Junior League girl, confided to me that: ‘Broadcasting was more thrilling than quail-shooting!’ And another aspirant, Dorothy Finch, kin to a Supreme Court Judge, and M. F. H. of the Rumson
CHARLOTTE GEER is shown here with her radio group preparing for one of their broadcasts over station WOR. Carroll Ashburn (kneeling) plays the part of "Silas of the Hill Country." Next to him, reading from left to right, are Charlotte Hall, Charlotte Geer, Leonard Lewis, Ann Merrell and Welba Lestina. Directly behind Mr. Ashburn, from left to right, are Mrs. Edith Cooke, Mrs. Anita Kneil, Mrs. Gerish Bauscher, Miss Josephine Merrill, Miss Katherine Emery, Miss Julia Vogt, Harry Mack, announcer, and Miss Phyllis Cox. The Ariel Ensemble of WOR is also shown at the left.

Hunt Club, said: 'I'd rather broadcast than attend the biggest ball of the season!'

"But credit must go to Carroll Ashburn who produces Silas. He spends hours developing the amateur talent I bring him for the smaller parts, training them in the technique of voice production for the microphone. One of my most versatile actresses is recruited from the Montclair Amateur Dramatic Club. Although her husband is assistant treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation, Charlotte Hall is going in for radio as conscientiously as if her livelihood depended upon it. She is taking private lessons to perfect herself on the air. Oh no, it isn't going to be a profession; just a vocation, she told me and she can play parts ranging from elderly women to chorus girls, with equal facility.

"You asked me about our fan-mail. We have baskets of it from all over the East. Thanks to the WOR coverage, and I want to say that many of my best episodes are based on letters requesting my advice concerning all kinds of troubles, personal and financial. I present my advice in dramatic form and I wish you could see the gratitude with which it is accepted and acknowledged. Ordinarily, advice is difficult to administer, and is rarely ever followed, but such is not the case with mine. And speaking of gratitude, that brings me to Mrs. Oakley W. Cooke, manager of the Bamberger Broadcasting studios. It was she who received the idea of the Silas scripts, with open arms, according us the most favorable afternoon spot on her station. And before I forget it I want to tell you about our public appearance at the Job Haynes' Home in Bloomfield.

Because of Carroll Ashburn's engagement in Elmer Rice's New York play, 'We the People,' we are unable to fill the many requests for public performances. However, we did manage to visit the large Family of the Job Haynes' Home giving a program of songs by Leonard Lewis and two Silas broadcasts. What a welcome we received! The oldest member of the Family was ninety-three years old and the youngest a mere chit of seventy. They were all so grateful and appreciative that we were thoroughly spoiled.

"Applause is something we rarely ever have on the air. You can't imagine how gratifying it is to our artistic vanity to hear it again, even beaten out in the thin feeble hands of the aged. It was a terrible let-down to go back to the studio. No doubt our air audience represented by a small black disc suspended from the ceiling was waiting anxiously for us. But our hearts were with the audience we had left at the Job Haynes' Home, and not caged in an empty room shrouded with drapery with nothing but a 'Silence' sign to encourage us." Mrs. Geer smiled and her brown eyes lighted happily as Angus and little Blanche entered the sun-parlor. There were many more questions I wanted to ask; but after all this particular Sunday was mother's day and Charlotte Geer is a devoted mother.

Two careers in the Geer family have not lessened the atmosphere of mutual sympathy and love which seems to have blossomed in a well-rounded character for all the roles that the "Dialist" has chosen to play as author, artist and mother.
Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

K TAB, the Oakland station that moved over to San Francisco four years ago . . . moves back again to Oakland. The station has opened up new studios right down-town in Oakland. The new studios are well appointed and should be the originating point for many wonderful programs in the future. Oakland has needed this full time outlet to the radio world for a long time. You see, Oakland, California, in reality has over 500,000 population.

D DYE ADAMS, KFWB's "Melody Girl", Hollywood, was "Master of Ceremonies" of the "Pageant of Good Times", held recently in Oakland. Miss Adams is one of the few ladies in radio who can act as M. C. before a great audience. She is the "Woman 'Dobbsie" of the West.

S PEAKING of Dobbsie . . . . he still maintains his wonderfully large following . . . . loved by shut-ins in all parts of this great Western empire. Tune in Don Lee network, 8:00 AM, for Dobbsie.

T OM GERUN'S Bal Taberin orchestra, heard regularly via NBC-KGO, network, 'tis rumored, goes to New York soon . . . . on a long contract with one of Gotham's leading hotels. Tom and his boys are better than good, and will make a big hit.

I RVING KENNEDY and Lord Bilge-water are being missed these days by the "Spotlight Revue", KGO, Saturday nights, 9:30 PM. They had remarkable audience-getting ability.

H ARRISON HOLLOWAY, the genial manager of KFRC, San Francisco, has developed another artist who is making a real hit with KFRC fans. He is none other than "Adhesive Pontoon" . . . . the colored boy on the "Jamboree", "Doakes & Doakes" are also good, and will be sponsored one of these days by some far-seeing firm. They could sell goods as well as entertain!

T HE regular audience of CBS now extends to Asia . . . . according to Dick Evans, the genial publicity director of KSL, the Salt Lake City "Monarch of the Rockies" . . . . reporting that the new $0,000-watter drew favorable comment in the Japanese Advertiser, published in Tokyo . . . . and the Home Journal, of Melbourne, N. Z. . . . . which seems to be stretching things out in great shape.

J UNE McCLOY, picture star, is heard with Johnny Hamp's Hotel Mark Hopkins orchestra, over NBC-KGO network, every week-day night. Miss McCloy, a singer of song, was one of the last group of girls glorified by Florenz Ziegfeld before his death. She was a major principal in the Ziegfeld production "Ha-Cha," and has appeared on many sponsored radio programs as a guest star.

Miss McCloy and Johnny Hamp are helping to bring up the standard of Western programs . . . . a thing much needed when compared with programs from the East.

W ITH Ted Brown, energetic "Globe" reporter, and his not so energetic partner "Sleepy" Dolan, photographer, becoming involved in a smuggling case, the tempo of the "Headlines" thriller is accelerated, in the current episode 8:00 to 8:15 PM, Don Lee network. While guests at a ranch in the Santa Barbara foothills owned by a wealthy Central American planter, the two newspapermen suddenly pick up the clues they lost in San Francisco's Chinatown.

This snooping business should be followed by many others on the radio. Intelligent snooping will improve any program. Here's one from which we can learn much.

"O RIENTAL FANTASY" is a new dramatic feature presented by KFOX each night, excepting Sunday, at 8:00 o'clock. The possibilities of the idea are far-reaching, and the series of programs breaks itself into several stories, with six or more episodes each. Different countries of "the old world" serve as the logical atmosphere. Ardis Long, staff writer of KFOX is the originator of the feature.

L ILYAN ARIEL's performance of the piano solos . . . . on Raymond Paige's recent presentation of Rhapsody in Blue . . . . earned her a personal letter of congratulation from Howard Ely, celebrated organist of KMBC, Kansas City, the letter being filled with flowing praise for the work of Miss Ariel and Mr. Paige in doing justice to this modem American classic.

F OR the first time over a statewide network, Governor James Ralph, Jr., of California, spoke from the State
capitol at Sacramento, and was heard throughout the state, when he delivered his biennial speech to the legislature, at the opening of the session.

The broadcast, originating with KFBK, Sacramento, was carried by the Don Lee system exclusively, providing listeners with a comprehensive insight into the much discussed doings of the California governing body and the current policies of Governor Rolph.

Mr. S. S. Fox, President and Manager of the Salt Lake City Station, KDYL, had this to say in a recent issue of his splendid station magazine, "The Voice of KDYL":

"Fifty thousand broadcasts took 500,000 speakers, singers and musicians into homes of this territory through KDYL in 1932; microphones carried the words of leaders in science, politics, religion, education and the arts, for the benefit of our listeners.

"The outstanding feature of the year was the presidential election, with the conventions and campaigns preceding. More than 165 hours of time were devoted to the two conventions, to addresses and the election returns."

A new year affords a period of check-up on accomplishments. Mr. Fox talks with pride about his 1932 accomplishments ... furthermore, why shouldn't all station managers be able to do so? It will be interesting to read the 1933 report of KDYL next year.

The "Buy American Made Merchandise" propaganda has prompted KFOX, Long Beach radio station, to set aside a thrice weekly program, during which the local Chamber of Commerce presents a three-minute talk of general interest, designed to promote the purchase of Southern California made products. The idea has created somewhat of a sensation within the jurisdiction of the station as well as infinite good-will among merchants and manufacturers of the districts served by the station.

WHOM—Jersey City

Broadcasting is largely a young man's business. Thus, it is not surprising to find the responsibilities of WHOM, Jersey City, on the none-too-broad shoulders of Roland Trenchard, whose thirty-fifth birthday only recently passed.

Trenchard, a resident of Orange, N. J., was born in the neighboring community of South Orange. He graduated from the Columbia High School there and then pursued a general business career.

He came to radio about three years ago as commercial representative of a Newark broadcaster. The beginning of his microphone career leading directly to his present executive position was quite by accident. He had interested a sponsor in a certain program. A test was arranged for an hour later. The artist whom Trenchard had in mind for the program could not be reached by telephone. Time was fleeting but the resourceful Trenchard used every passing second to advantage. He wrote continuity, picked up the artist and drove madly to the studio arriving at the crucial moment. There was no time to arrange details and Trenchard was forced to put on the program himself. His voice and microphone presentation so pleased the sponsor that he wrote into the contract that Trenchard must announce the program thereafter. Soon he became Assistant Studio Director.

WASHINGTON

IN NEW YORK’S
most central
location...

Theatrical and business districts are but a few minutes walk from The Woodstock. Subways and surface cars at the corner. Delightful guest accommodations. Excellent popular priced restaurant and grill room.

Daily Rates
SINGLE ROOMS from $3.50
DOUBLE ROOMS from $5.50
(with private baths)

HOTEL
WOODSTOCK
43rd STREET EAST of BROADWAY, N.Y.
A KNOTT HOTEL

These merry WGY singers seem to have found their names and maybe a 'pitcher in the paper'.
NEW ZEALAND, Britain's island dominion "floating in seven seas of space," was the guest of honor recently during a three-hour good will broadcast from WCKY, the station of L. B. Wilson, Inc., in Covington, Ky.

New Zealand, 1200 miles southeast of Australia, in the southern Pacific, is 7000 miles distant from Covington and the latter's next-door neighbor, Cincinnati. It takes 30 days, traveling by fast steamer and train, to journey between Cincinnati and New Zealand. Yet WCKY's program reached the "down under" populace in 1/20 part of a second.

For many months thousands of New Zealand DX fans have been sending in reports of WCKY reception there and asking for a special program. In response, L. B. Wilson, president and general manager, and Maurice Thompson, studio director of the Kentucky 5000-watter, arranged the special good will broadcast from midnight to 3 A.M., which developed into a contribution to international peace and understanding.

New Zealand standard time is 16½ hours ahead of eastern standard time, so that N. Z. folk heard the start of the broadcast at 4:30 P.M. Sunday their time. Messages from many notables were read during the program, and facts about New Zealand were given from time to time, for the benefit of listeners elsewhere.

The Right Honorable George William Forbes, P. C., prime minister of New Zealand, cabled a message of greetings which was read during the broadcast. He thanked WCKY for arranging the good will program and stated the press had been notified, so that New Zealanders might tune in at 1490 kilocycles at the proper time.

Messages also were received and read from: Sir Ronald Lindsay, British ambassador to Washington; Mr. Walter Macleod, British vice consul in Cincinnati; Governor Ruby Lafoon of Kentucky; Governor George White of Ohio; Mr. W. F. Wiley, general manager of the Cincinnati Enquirer and president of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. Frank W. Rostock, president and editor of the Cincinnati Post.

Sir Ronald said, in part:

"Broadcasting does much good if it familiarizes distant countries with the entertainments and the interests of each other. If we can laugh at each other's jokes, we may understand each other better when we debate serious problems. Such mutual understanding exists most easily among English-speaking peoples.

At Ottawa the British commonwealth made a notable experiment in the mutual solution of economic difficulties. I hope that our example will be more widely followed, for the depression is universal and can only be overcome by international action. Hard times may be defeated by hard thinking directed to a common purpose."

Prime Minister Forbes said, in part:

THE people of New Zealand send cordial greetings to the people of the United States of America and with them sincerely trust that 1933 will bring substantial improvement in the present world-wide economic conditions. We greatly appreciate the action of WCKY in arranging this good will broadcast."

Governor Lafoon greeted Kentuckians now living in New Zealand and adjured them to be good citizens of the commonwealth in which they now make their homes.

Governor White said he counted it "a privilege to salute our friends in that great dominion of the south Pacific, and to express the good will Ohioans feel toward them. As people concerned with problems like theirs and sharing common hopes and aspirations, we will
look forward to that early time when television will intensify and cement the understanding and neighborliness which have been cultivated by radio."

Mr. Macleod, in a brief but witty message, told his New Zealand listeners that the people of the United States have the "liveliest feelings of regard for both Australia and New Zealand."

Mr. Wiley sent greetings to New Zealanders and expressed his desire to visit their country. Mr. Rostock said, in part: "Through radio, mankind is becoming more and more conscious of being like a family in one house. When we fully understand this we will quit destroying each other in wars, or choking each other to death by restrictive tariffs."

Studio Director Thompson arranged a diversified musical program. For the first hour listeners were entertained by the orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez and Mark Fisher, from New York and Chicago on the NBC network. The other two hours were taken up by special talent and staff entertainers of WCKY, including Fern Bryson, musical comedy star; the Jewel Sisters, Ellis Frakes, Dixie Dale, the Dixie Vagabonds, Ruth Heubach Best, Helen Brooks and Betty Gilmore, Homer Bernhardt and the Virginians, male quartette.

Eddie Bayer and his Liberty Theater Orchestra of Covington, were heard throughout the program, and the Mendelssohn Singing Society's male choir of 40 voices was another stellar feature. The announcers were James S. Alderman, Russell Hodges, Bill Haley and Maurice Thompson. The continuity was prepared by Elmer H. Dressman.

The Good Will Broadcast was made the occasion of a party in the WCKY studios, at which Mr. Wilson was host. Guests included Cincinnati and Covington radio editors, officials and artists.

Cablegrams and letters from many near and far-distant points are assuring WCKY that the New Zealand broadcast was a great success, both from the standpoint of international good will and of popular entertainment.

Scene in main studio, WGY, Rochester, during presentation of great thriller drama, "The Shadow," with Jack Lee as the producer.

Hist! the Shadow!

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, we take you behind the console of your parlor into the big studio where the dreadful Shadow has his haunt at WGY, Rochester, N. Y.

RAIN laden wind moans about the turrets of an isolated castle, a forlorn dog howls at the eerie, cloud-shuttered moon. Tense whispers disturb the oppressive silence of vaulted corridors.

The Shadow, that awesome spectre of the radio, glances apprehensively at a chronometer, crunches the glow from a cigarette and tensely awaits a white shirted youth's permission to strike terror to the hearts of his followers.

Weird music—climatic chords in minor keys—solemnly calculated to provide mysterious atmosphere in the absence of the motion picture industry's flashing lights and flickering neon tubes.

Far back in the studio a sound effects expert follows his script to a rayon-circled cue, and flails a leather cushion with a yardstick. Down in Bristol Valley an elderly lady starts from her rocking chair as the resultant fusillade breaks the silence of the night.

An agonized cry wracks the old lady's nerves, and in the studio a smartly attired Miss is implored to scream more feebly.

Back and forth the action carries, changing emotions color the progress of the story, action reigns supreme. But before the microphome the characters stand rooted to the floor. The script calls for the heroine to rush across the room to the side of her fallen lover. The girl does nothing of the kind. She has a chalk circle on the floor and she stays in it. It really doesn't matter, because the lover has probably dropped into a chair to relax and enjoy his dying gasps.

The old lady in the rocking chair doesn't see that; she hears faltering footsteps and visualizes the noble heroine as she falls on her knees beside the poor, broken thing which sounded so strong and handsome during the first sixteen minutes.

WHAM's "Shadow" dramas, pictured, on the air, on this page, are presented each Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock, produced by Jack Lee and sponsored by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company in the interests of its Blue Coal which is distributed in Rochester by H. H. Babcock and Company.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Nuisance enjoy conversation, go to Theatres and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight.

No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

MRS. GERTRUDE BERG. (Mollie Goldberg in The Goldbergs.) The brains of The Goldbergs, radio's famous family, is Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who plays Mollie Goldberg.

Mrs. Berg, distinctly a radio product, came to the air without stage, screen, opera, concert or literary reputation. A talented young woman, she brought to the studio a good idea which has earned her nationwide success.

Born and raised in Harlem, when that section was still a white settlement, she was the daughter of a hotel keeper named Edelstein. She attended the local public schools, Wadleigh High School and Columbia University. She is married to Louis Berg, a sugar merchant, and they have two children, Chenay, a boy aged 10, and Harriet, a girl of 6. Mrs. Berg is 30 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. She has dark brown hair and eyes.

She likes to dance, sing and paint for diversion. Her favorite color is navy blue.

All of the members of the supporting cast in The Goldbergs are Jewish, James R. Waters, a veteran of the theatre, adept at portraying Jewish characters plays "Jake Goldberg"; "Sammy" is played by Everett Sloane, and "Rosie" is played by Helen Rowland.

TOM HOWARD, The Wise Boob, lean and lank scarecrow comic of musical comedy and the movies, bids to establish a fresh formula of air comedy based on outlandish characterization and situations familiar to those who saw him as "The Spy" in the Greenwich Village Follies, as the dimwitted mayor with Joe Cook in "Rain or Shine" or as the wise boob with Marilyn Miller in Ziegfeld's "Smiles."

Tom, with his short and agile partner, George Shelton, whose joint japery has been filmed in a half hundred talkie shorts, is heard every Tuesday and Friday evenings on the nightly nine o'clock (EST) Columbia series. He is one funny man who is the same droll character both on and off stage, for twenty years a lovable clown to fellow trouper.

Born June 16, 1885, in County Tyrone, Ireland, Tom came to America as a babe in arms, the son of an immigrant mason. He grew up to become a Philadelphia grocery clerk, rising (at six a.m.) as errand boy, clerk and manager until he learned to recite "The Face On the Barroom Floor," and became an actor forever after. In the last two decades, Tom has roamed the country alternately as monologist, stock trouper, and comedian of burlesque, vaudeville, Broadway and the films. He creates his own skits and works entirely without a script; lives in a New Jersey country home with his actress-wife and son and daughter, and commutes to New York.

VET Makes Good (Continued from page 13)

I Play a Saxophone (Continued from page 23)

In addition to his Club Royale work, Doerr was helping to popularize the saxophone in recordings. His Club Royale records are still remembered and through his RCA-Victor work he became known around the world. His recording of "The Sheik" and "Dapper Dan" had a sale of over one million, three hundred thousand, a mark among popular recordings in those days.

In 1923 Clyde decided to try Chicago. He clinched a two-year contract at the fashionable Congress Hotel, organized a new band and went West. He was even more successful in Chicago and his fame as an orchestra director became nation wide. He broadcast over Station KYW in Chicago and also made money. He became so well known that he was offered a flattering contract in vaudeville and toured the entire Orpheum circuit as a headliner. Finally, his orchestra disbanded in the Windy City and Doerr again came East to make records for RCA-Victor.

In 1925, he organized his famous saxophone octet, obtained an important commercial account with Station WEAF a year later, a program that ran for over two years. He has been with NBC ever since.

In 1926, the Doerrs built their home in Forest Hills and it is there that Clyde finds time to write his marches and saxophone arrangements.

Doerr has been associated with many nationwide programs during his seven years in radio. He was conductor of the Davis Baking Powder program in 1926, 1927 and 1928; conductor of the White Rock program in 1929; the Elgin program in 1930 and leader of his own saxophone octet in 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933. He has been soloist and associate artist on many leading programs since 1925. These include the Eveready Hour, RCA-Victor, Goodrich Silvertown, Royal Typewriter, Maxwell House, Schratzland, Fada Radio, Quaker State, Paramount Publix, Jack Frost, Mobilol, Best Foods, Friendship Town, Cities Service and many others.

Doerr's marriage in the west was an important event, and a bit unusual. It happened sixteen years ago. Doerr, then an intermission from work at the "Tchau Tavern" in San Francisco, a landmark now gone. His bride was Hilda Trudeau, a concert soprano, harpist, linguist, and accomplished musician. Clyde just went out between numbers, got "tied up" by a parson, and returned to play the next number on the program.

Doerr's marriage was important because his wife helped him mightily along the way. Her French forbears taught her thrift and she knew how to make ends meet when wages were low and money was scarce. Her sound musical judgment and business sense also helped her husband in important decisions. And Doerr is generous enough to give her full credit for whatever success they have achieved together.

Clyde was born June 24, 1896. His father, Albert Doerr, a farmer of Colwater, Michigan, was an accomplished violinist and organist.

His sense of humor is well known in the studios and there is nothing he enjoys like a good story or a joke well told.

Doerr is the composer of many well known saxophone numbers and marches. Among these is the "Vermont Academy March," which he wrote and dedicated to Vermont Academy Saxtons River, Vermont. The words also were written by Doerr and were first sung over the
lights and shades into the radio play I feel that Walter Connelly is the perfect Charlie Chan.

But again Charlie could go wrong before leaving the broadcasting studio for your home if the production were not ably directed. And once more Charlie is treated as a friend by the human understanding and skillful directing of Vernon Radcliffe of the National Broadcasting Company—the director, let me add, of the widely praised Radio Guild.

And now along comes Harry Salter, his regular orchestra reinforced by Hawaiian or Chinese music makers—as the show requires. Nothing is too much trouble for Harry in building the right musical setting for the play.

From the author who created him, right along the line we're all enthusiastic pals of Charlie Chan—and here's wishing you the same!

Ken Murray
(Continued from page 17)

like this. Before anyone had time to register as a "Doubting Thomas," Ken had the bundles unwrapped and was stuffing handfuls of the laugh making ammunition into the lads' hands.

The ink was dry on the contract before much more was said and, though they didn't know it, radio fans had Santa Claus making a second trip for them. Just to set the gloomy lads completely ga-ga before he left them, Ken pulled an unused ace out of his sleeve, as he reached for the old fedora. (It's not a fedora, really. It's a beaver, a green one, and Ken says he shot it himself). "Oh, before I forget it I want you to see my straight."

Now, the "straight," as it is known to amusement people, is the poor lad who has to feed the funny man the questions which bring out the laugh-producing answers. He is about as interesting to the men who make up the program as an Easter bunny on Christmas Day. They lapsed into their frowns again and prepared to shake hands with a fellow whose life job is to look and act dumb. With the same unannounced and sudden disappearance that had brought forth the material, Ken blew out the door again.

Before you could say "Stravinsky" he was back with the biggest surprise of the day in hand. On hand is better, for there at his side was one of the neatest little bundles of female pulchritude that God and the warm sun of California have ever conspired to make. "Meet my 'straight'," boomed Ken. "This is California's gift to radio. Helen Charleston, boys."

What Ken said from then on was wasted on the group for all eyes were focused on the charming little lady Ken called Helen. And no wonder. A pretty face, of a type not often seen on Broadway, but suggestive of the warm west coast sunshine. Trim, yet soft feminine beauty at its best, was the picture she presented to the avestruck boys. A jaunty, stiff-brimmed black hat, set atop a thick tuft of soft brown hair, lent a touch of quaintness to this little miss. Puffy, leg-of-mutton sleeves, a part of a trig black tweed ensemble, topped off the picture. She didn't say a word. She didn't have to, because she "spoke for herself" by just being there.

The contract signed, and the tension of the scene slipping fast, Ken told the boys about Helen Charleston. He met her out in California when he was playing a vaudeville engagement. She had signs of ability but no hint of it having been developed. That was five years ago. Ken had visions of going on the radio then. He could see, in this unsophisticated little Californian, a real microphone jewel, providing she was properly groomed for the role. He undertook the job. She could sing, but just a little. Ken had her brought to the right teachers and then got her out on a platform with a band, to sing choruses. It didn't make any difference what band or how much they could pay. Sometimes, in the early period of training, the band was bad and the pay was worse. "And you should hear today," continued Ken.

"The same went for her playing the part of my 'straight,'" declared. "For five years I've been drilling her in that role and today Helen will stand up to the best of them."

Helen blushed, then turned crimson. But the big cigar continued to wag, while Ken extolled the Californian's abilities.

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IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK
TO STAY AT THE LINCOLN
... IS A HAPPY REMEMBRANCE

An interesting cosmopolitan atmosphere... Cheerful Rooms... Pleasant Service... Fine Restaurant... Moderately Priced... Around the corner are theatres, clubs and glamorous Times Square...

Conveniently accessible to railroad terminals, steamship piers, the business and shopping centers...

"A Perfect Hotel for The Visitor"
ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH, RADIO and SERVIDOR

Special suites and sample rooms for visiting sales representatives.

Special weekly and monthly rates.

HOTEL LINCOLN
JOHN T. WEST, Manager
44th to 45th Sts.—8th Ave.—New York
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT "A RELIANCE HOTEL"
Lou Katzman (Continued from page 16)

helped along. Andy, you know, is famous for his guitar playing. Well, this is how it started. Andy was a saxophonist in Katzman's orchestra. One day during rehearsal Katzman found Andy strumming on a guitar. "How come?" queried Lou. "I didn't know you played the guitar." Andy said he was only "foolin' around" with it. Lou encouraged him to take it up seriously and today Andy is considered radio's foremost guitarist. Little things like that have often developed into big things for Katzman.

It's always interesting to know something about how our radio artists live. How old are they? Where do they come from? What of the home life? The low-down on Lou Katzman reveals that he is a devoted husband and father of two children. A son, Henry, is 21 years of age and already distinguished as a pianist and composer. The other child is a daughter, Beatrice, who is 13. She is studying singing. Mrs. Katzman is a very charming lady and a fine mother to her growing children. She has always been a great help to her husband in his musical activities.

For Lou Katzman was born in Odessa, Russia. His father was a noted trumpet virtuoso. Lou began the study of music when he was eleven. He absorbed the principles of music so rapidly that, in one year, he was playing trumpet in a symphony orchestra. He is truly a natural-born musician. When he was 16 he sailed for America.

During the intervening years, he made rapid strides in the musical world here. At 21 he was engaged by Thomas Edison to play trumpet solos for phonograph records. Three years later he was appointed chief arranger of the Edison recording company. At 30 he was made musical arranger for Witmark Music Company, the first music publishing firm to engage a special musical arranger. In 1923 he entered radio and, at the same time, retained his phonograph recording interests. In 1928 he became general manager of the Brunswick Recording Company. Twas he who made the recording of such famous artists as Al Jolson, Belle Baker, Harry Richman and all of those stars whom you have heard on Brunswick records.

And that, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is a brief review of Lou Katzman's career in radio. So when you listen to his music on the air you will know something, at least, about this fellow who has been bringing you radio entertainment for all these ten years. And now he's going stronger than ever!

Irvin Cobb (Continued from page 26)

NELLIE ... "You'd make a great interpretive dancer. ** Well, anyway, they stood for those rainbowish neckties and your Ziegfeldian haberdashery ... but I question if they'd ever stand for that smock."

MR. COBB ... "I have to wear that to cover up the eggs on my vest."

NELLIE ... "Well, I'm mighty glad you've got that beautiful home ... and that devoted wife ... talented daughter ... and those two lovely grandchildren.** And I'm glad that you are my friend ... and what a comforting thought to know that around the corner we have a friend.** This is a busy old world we live in ... and this is a busy life we New Yorkers lead, but you always find time for your friends ... ** Thank you, Irv, and thank you for coming on my program tonight. You are a real pal ... and a pretty good reporter."

MR. COBB ... "And I'm proud of it.** And I want nothing better when I have finished life's story than they write on my tombstone ... that is, if my family can afford a tombstone ... that he was a good reporter."

NELLIE ... "Yes, and to that I add, he was a good friend."

Tuneful Topics (Continued from page 33)

peak where enough profit was made for the two partners, George White and Harry Richman. Perhaps this was a lesson, even to the astute White, that shows of an intimate nature are never a success in the big barn type of theatre, which, to my humble way of thinking, is the reason that the two big Roxy Theatres will never succeed in the presentation of flesh shows.

Of course a song with such racy and saucy lyrics would be done by Harry Richman, as he is really an artist at presenting this type of song, and I can well imagine he did it thorough justice. It was written by two very good friends of mine, Sammy Stept and Herb Magidson, and I feel the boys have turned out, for its type, one of the best songs of its type, though I would never have expected to find it in a revue! The song will perhaps not sell many copies, but it is thoroughly enjoyable in its unfolding story. Remick publishes it, and it must be played fairly slowly.

TONY'S WIFE. I wish that I could give this one a high rating. I mention it merely in passing, as novelty songs have become so scarce that even a grade B or C plus one must be mentioned, since by the paucity of them, what value there is becomes enhanced.

Burton Lane and Harold Adamson, who have always, as I said before, been writers of the elite type of show song, have attempted to get down to the popular novelty field in the writing of TONY'S WIFE. It is far from being another one of those "Where Do You Work, John?" songs, or "Yuba Plays The Rumba On The Tuba Down In Cuba!" In fact, I doubt that master of novelty song presentation, Fred Waring, ever does present it in any of his fine stage appearances. George Olson, however, and many other of the "name" hands with enough comedy material in their members, will probably study the number thoroughly in an attempt to find some raison d'être for its presentation as a novelty number.

The first rendition of it that caught my ear was that of the charming Ramona, with the Whiteman aggregation. Although she did a fine job of it, I do believe it is a song to be sung by either a trio, a quartet, or a male voice; why one female voice should describe another woman seems a bit illogical.

I wish I could predict big things for it; Irving Berlin, Inc., selected it.

HELLO EVERYBODY!" Again in passing I might mention the songs from Kate Smith's picture, "Hello Everybody." Under the inspired guidance and supervision of her chief arranger, Ted Collins, and the very able assistance of Larry Spier, her musical numbers should be and will be not only ably presented, but well written. Most of them are unsuited to my own particular limitations; MOON SONG, however, is the one which for me seems to be the song which not only I could personally use, but should probably have the most popular appeal.

It was my misfortune to miss the premiere of the picture, and until I do see it I will reserve judgment on the other songs, and will discuss them in next month's issue of "Tuneful Topics."
HELO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer   Program Manager   Musician
Singer       Sales Manager     Reader
Actor        Advertising       Writer
Musical Director   Publicity   Director

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent opportunities in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train you for a Broadcasting career

HAVE you an idea for a radio program?
Can you describe things? Have you a Radio voice? Are you musically inclined? Have you the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can you sell? If you can do any of these things — Broadcasting needs you!

Last year alone, more than $35,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with all the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

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