

V 29 # 2

Radio Digest

Summer

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

Hazel Johnson

Charles Sheldony

Jean Removes Her Mask

Burns and Allen • Ray Perkins • Countess Albani

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!

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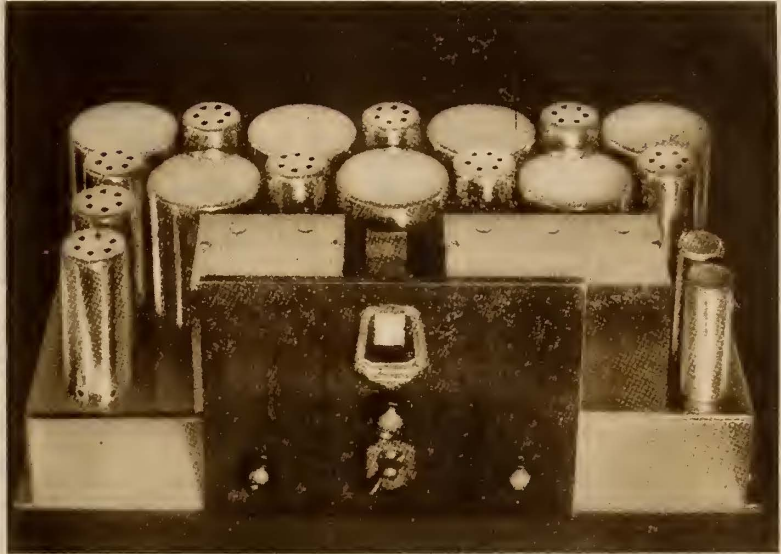
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I will train you at home



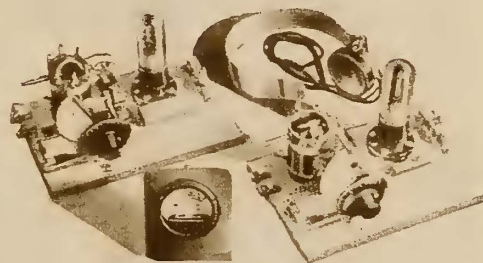
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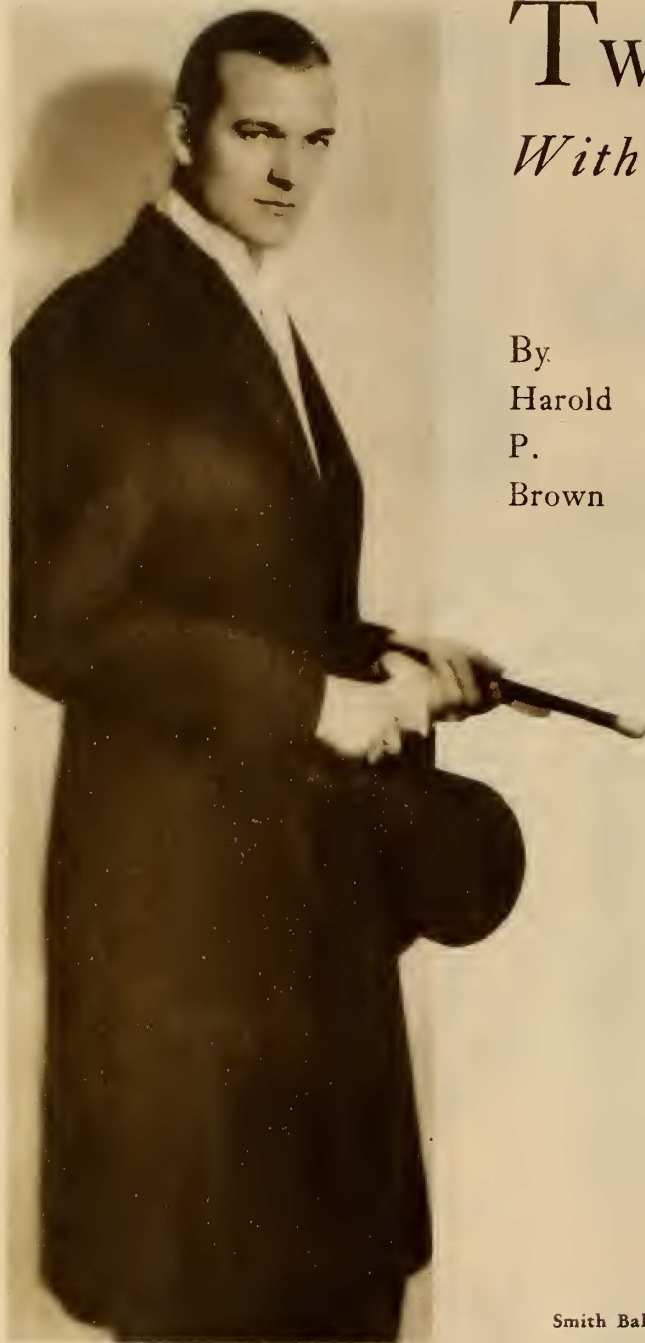


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TWISTS AND TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

By
Harold
P.
Brown

tending 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. He told her that he was headed for the Brooklyn Bridge, and bade her goodbye.

"The man who overheard the excited conversation collared the unfortunate fellow, discovered his troubles, looked at his 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."

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 ex-

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 fine etching in the NBC presentation of *The Flood Is Rising*, described as "A True Story by Geno Ohlischlaeger, 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 KFYZ, 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 KFYZ, 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 KFYZ 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 KFYZ 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.



Hazel Johnson, blond venus of KFYZ, Bismarck, North Dakota



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 I 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 darted across the sidewalk and tapped a little sign to an optical shop with her fingers. "Sure I'm superstitious.

FLO 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.



Close Harmony with

“S WE-E-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 and 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!"

the Round Towners

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 nestles under the shadow of Brad Reynold's chin will have departed elsewhere. His place will be taken by Mr. Carlton Boxill 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.

"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 Ramapoo mountainside 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 Com-

DOES the boy from the country have any chance these days? Ask Mrs. Simmons down in the Missouri Ozarks about her boy, Robert. . . . And she'll invite you to tune the young man in as he sings from the NBC studios in New York. He is thinking of her as he faces the mike.

pany, 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!



G. Mallard Kessler

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, Ida., 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., Bellbuckle, 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 Massachusetts and the postmistress in the isolated tiny



THE ARTIST

'PERKINSCRIBIA'

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 wittiest 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-piano-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 worth-while suggestions. When Ray recently announced his shirt-saving linoleum necktie 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 ingenuous 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. Boy! You have a splendid chart, and believe you me, if I ever had an affaire amour (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 Perkin-scribia inspires. Says one:

"Well! Such recompense for lost programs! Despite tonite's evil reception that was a trig little bit. 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 slipt on a kimono' really never 'lived.' I know a Cinderella who slipt into some Rayment, cut rite out of sunlight—one spring morning—and lived whistily 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 exhilaration 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 wise-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 gentleman (up 'til now) and then to home . . . and I put pleecemen 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 ooy-ooy—we're off to the land of "Yes men" and Hollywood 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.

it. That old street and a couple of adjacent ones has been pretty darned good to you and me, and I know I have some of the grandest friends a gal ever had, along that old Mazda Lane. No, I'm not sore on Manhattan, I'm just fed up with it I guess, in fact, I suspect that at heart I am still a wild and wooly westerner, pardon my wet glove, not so wild *nor* so wooly, Broadway having extracted quite a portion of that—but western "anyhoo." I loathe old made over "walk up" apartments and funny antiquated plumbing with bathtubs that take all day to fill and Micky Mouse families running around so called kitchenettes, which are really old clothes closets that have had their faces lifted. No—I like shiny new places with kromium fixtures and smelly new paint and that's what you get out West. I like shiny new ideas too and N. Y. is so conservative it won't let you try them out, so I'm going out West, to the land of platinum blondes—no I'm not going to be one—and try out some of my new ideas at KFI, and as Ben Bernie would say, "I hope they like it." Just an "apple knocker" from the wide open areas, DID I hear you remark?—Okay—I glory in it.

Getting back to that gorgeous N. Y. skyline tho, it's sure an eyeful and it makes me marvel at the wonder of the old burg, at that. Now we're passing the building of my favorite afternoon newspaper and I'm waving farewell to an awfully nice Radio columnist who has always been especially good to us. Oh—there's that dear old Gal with the lamp who guards our harbor. Goodbye old thing, take care of N. Y. while I'm gone.

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

Hot Freckles, I've fourteen days of 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

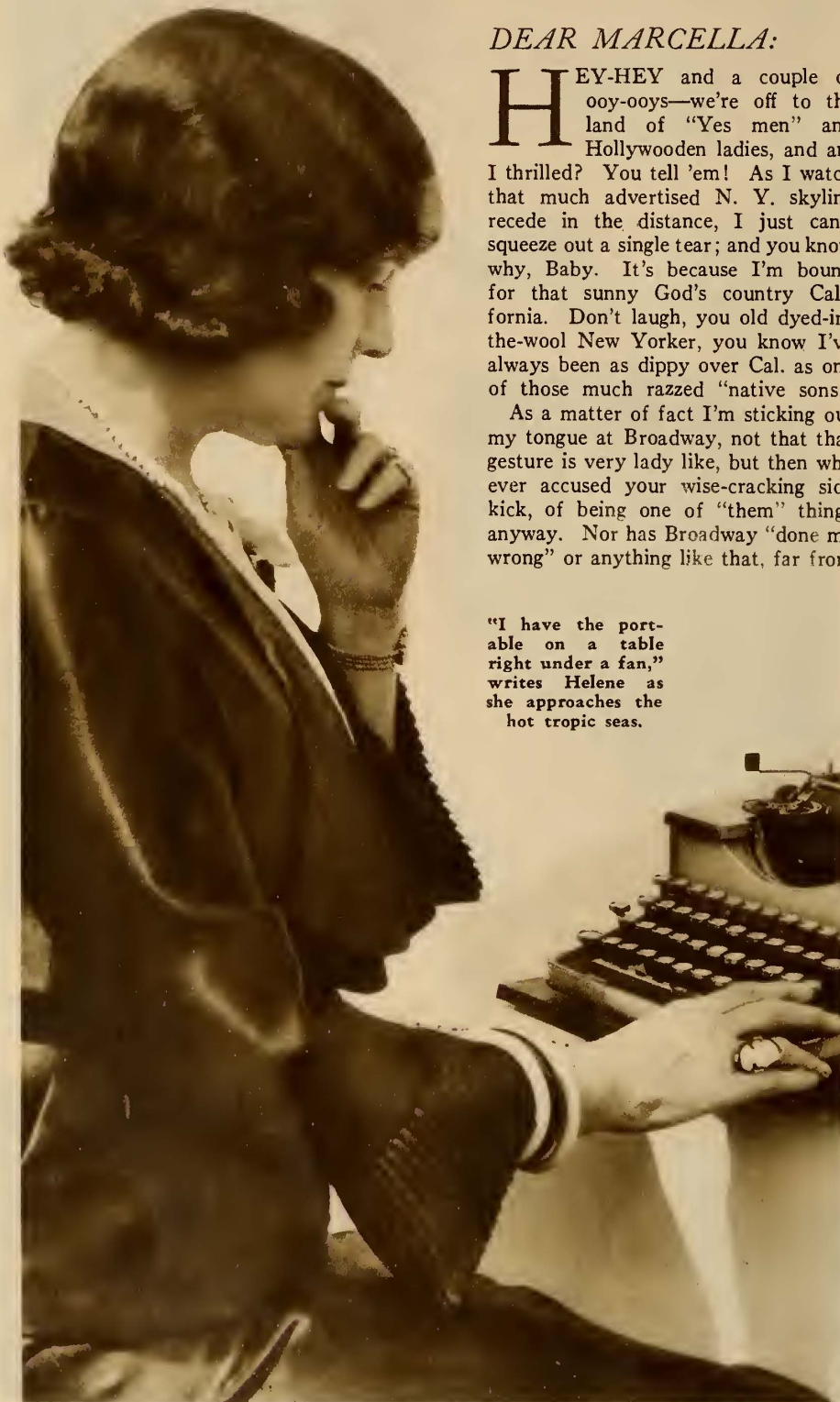


Photo especially posed for Radio Digest by Michael Gallo.

by the MINUTE in RADIO

Frank Luther, tenor, is a native of Kansas and knows horses. He rides them mornings in New York, and spends 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 99 44/100% 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 Dumke 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 Vallee, unable to take a real vacation, will fly between New York and Maine for his spasmodic rests.



Graham McNamee pursues the rubber pill up the Adirondacks.



George and Mrs. Olsen (Ethel Shutta) and the baby Olsens.



Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker) goes golffy.



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

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare feeding the fishes their worms.

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-da-ing June 10, '10, at Cambridge, Mass., and has been at it with variations ever since. Just you try to tell an O'Connor sometime!



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, naughty 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.



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.



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.



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.



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.



CURT PETERSON is no lady but NBC read his odd chirography on application as "Miss" Peterson. His voice sounded good on phone and they hired him anyway. Married after campus romance at Univ. of Oregon.



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



PAUL RICKENBACKER, KHJ-CBS, Los Angeles, Pacific Coast edition of David Ross. It's his voice. Born near Chicago and brought up in his dad's Chicago theatres. Played in "Seventh Heaven." and "What Price Glory."



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.



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.



BOB SWAN, KHJ-CBS, chief announcer. Began vocalizing as boy soprano. Later yo-hoed in Navy. Subsequently crooned himself into radio. Copped mike pilot's license when regular announcer disappeared. Married 11 years.



NORRIS WEST, WCAU-CBS, Philadelphia, tells who's what on the Curtis Institute of Music programs. His people helped William Penn pioneer. Was president dramatic society in military academy. Stokowski thrills him.



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.



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.



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.



ROBERT TAPLINGER, WABC-CBS, New York. Tells who Columbia artists are in regular weekly interviews with members of staff over chain hook-up. 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 and 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 maudlin 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 give the girl liquor. He kept his pledge. Not long after the event Julia again became intoxicated at a dance

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

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.

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.

ASITUATION 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 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.

Snebly 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 horny head to wreck the happy plans of the little god of love.



No chance for breach of promise in the romance of this happy pair. Wayne King and his bride, the former Miss Dorothy Janis of Ft. Worth, vow that their love shall last forever, forever and forever.

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 of 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)

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

WITH SUMMER COMING ON. Few songs have been as appropriate for the beginning of this column, or from a seasonal standpoint as this song. Frankly, were I to emulate Sigmond 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 been 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 repurchase back from Radio Music, after the radio executives found that the publishing of music was something more intricate than they had at first thought. As Davis, Coots & Engle they had many hits, including "Dream a Little Dream of Me," "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You," "Why," in fact all the music from "Sons O' Guns," though perhaps they are closest to me in that they were the publishers of one of my own tunes, "My Cigarette Lady."

I am glad to see Keit-Engle start off with such an auspicious beginning, as this song will certainly be one of the most popular on the airwaves, not that that will enrich the pockets of the writers or publishers much until some system is devised whereby those who really enjoy the strains of such a tune contribute in however small a way financially, to reward those who fashion this means of enjoyment. That is the nightmare which confronts orchestra leaders like myself, who depend on writers and publishers for songs. Our programs are no better than the songs, and the day that song-writers fail to come through with real hits for us to play for you, is the day our programs cease to be interesting, but I am wondering just how long writers are going to continue to write and publishers continue to sort out, weed out, fix up and publish songs when all their effort does not even give them a livelihood! Something must be done, and done quickly, but it is a relief when such songs come along as this tune, which show that writers like Messrs. Turk and Ahlert are still exerting

themselves to write tuneful hit songs.

I hope their efforts will always be rewarded, as they are two of the most consistent writers in the business.

Maybe I have forgotten to mention that the tune is a beautiful waltz, and we take 45 seconds for the chorus.

MY EXTRAORDINARY GAL. This is another example of a tune which I personally felt that I could not do justice to vocally, and which I felt was one of the oddest rhythmical and musical contributions to popular song-writing in a long time, and which I doubted would catch on with the public. My drummer, Ray Toland, however, came to me speaking most enthusiastically of the song. The title itself led me to believe that the song would be just the type of song it turned out to be—a sophisticated type of song, a mixture of blues, sophistication and rhythm. Its exceedingly odd tonality going, as it does, to a half-tone below the note one would normally expect to find at the top, made me doubt very much that it would ever have any commercial possibilities, only to find it one of the most popularly played tunes on the air, and very often requested in my fan mail.

Striving as always to be impartial, and to give credit in these articles to songs which really have merit as decided by the public, I felt I should say something about the song.

Way down from the hot state of Texas comes Terry Shand, Larry Funk's pianist. You will remember Larry Funk as the boy with the Band of a Thousand Melodies, the boy whose little four and five piece aggregation entertained you so many times from the NBC studios, and who later followed Mr. Rolfe into the Palais D'Or Restaurant. Larry is one of the finest boys in the business, a very fine banjo player and leader of orchestras. Terry Shand, whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting, is very happy at the success of his first song. Possibly his Texas environment had something to do with the odd construction of the piece. I would certainly never have picked it for a popular tune, and I am still wondering why the public should decide to take it into its bosom.

I rarely go wrong in my *positive* declaration that such a number would not catch on, as I rarely make such a definite, dogmatic statement, but it is pleasant to be surprised sometimes, especially when it is an agreeable surprise, because the publisher of the song, Abe Olman, is one

of the men in the music profession whom I enjoy meeting and knowing. Further than that, his able and agreeable little assistant, Lon Mooney, has purchased a half-interest in the song, and I would like for Lon's sake, if no other, to see the song do big things in the way of financial remuneration to all concerned.

THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC. The singing Santlys, of whom I have spoken before, and who formerly were three, are now two. Joe Santly, whose unusually large eyes have given him the epithet of "banjo eyes," has left his brothers, Henry and Lester, and the other two boys are carrying on the business which has been going since 1929. All three boys are old-timers in the profession, and good pickers of hit songs. It is no small wonder that they have picked a song by two boys who, though living out of town and writing out of town, have made a definite impression on Tin Pan Alley, such an impression that now Tin Pan Alley has become Gerald Marks and Buddy Fields conscious! Remick started it by taking a song that the boys wrote called "With You On My Mind I Find I Can't Write The Words," but it was not until "All Of Me" that the boys really demonstrated that they could write a hit song. They followed "All Of Me," which Berlin, Inc., published, with a lilting 6/8 tune which everyone hums after hearing it the first time, "You're The One, You Beautiful Son Of A Gun."

During the stay of "Scandals" in Detroit, Mrs. Vallée and I journeyed out to Blossom Heath Inn, a very lovely and pretentious estate on the outskirts of the city, where very fine music under the able direction of Gerald Marks at the baton, and Buddy Fields at the drums, holds forth. In the lobby one finds a large one-sheet board with pictures of the two boys, and like Benny Davis's billboards in the lobbies of theatres at which he is playing, copies of the various songs they have written. The music was excellent, and both the boys were extremely congenial, and spent a lot of time at our table.

I was indeed happy to play for them, two nights later, on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour, from Detroit, one of their songs which has since been running through my mind a great deal, "The Night Shall Be Filled With Music." I thought at first the song would probably be along the lines of "Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long," a sort of negro spiritual. It is strictly Tin Pan Alley in flavor, having nothing of the Oriental or negroid about it.

Except for saying that it is a good, clean musical composition, there is very little to be remarked about it otherwise. I doubt if it will line the pockets of the boys with very much gold, but it makes a good spot on anyone's radio program. And for the two boys, who are a couple of the finest fellows I have ever met, may I sincerely hope that they have many

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, Marlo 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,



Latest Portrait of Rudy Vallee especially photographed for Radio Digest by Harold Stein.

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 super-perfectly, 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 dictate 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 nauseum. Certainly a showman should take cognizance of the word *appropriate*.

The only reason I omitted Irish songs from my program, which came smack 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 Rubinoff either preceded or followed me on Sunday evening with his unusually great collection 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 refrained from doing it for a long time, until the publisher of it finally convinced me that were I to mention it as Walter Donaldson's song, it would help our listeners-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 heretofore 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



Harry Richman: "Do you think I'm getting over?"

Sylvia Fox: "I hope so. Let me know if you don't."

Harry: "I mean with the radio audience."

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 Digest," 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, Douglas & Gumble.

SOMEBODY LOVES 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 Chicago 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 headquarters in Chicago for years, and branch offices in other parts of the country, is another one of those men whose offices 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

readers care to read it, as it reads like fiction, though it made him several hundreds of thousands of dollars; likewise some of you may remember the "Naughty Waltz," and "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

I had the pleasure of meeting this quiet man several months ago, when in New York he visited me at the Pennsylvania. He promised at that time to send me the history of some of his greatest songs as material and notes for lectures I intend to give some day on the history of some of the most interesting songs ever published. This same Mr. Forster published one of my first songs, namely "I'm Still Caring," which also did good business for both of us. From time to time he has mailed me various tunes, hoping that I would like them well enough to feature them, and at last I believe he has done it.

There have been many songs with this same title, but few of them as interesting and as well written, especially from a balanced lyrical and melodic standpoint, as "Same Old Moon." Messrs. Ed Rose and Billy Baskette, the latter being a man who has undeniable talent to crash through for a really big hit, are responsible for the song. Besides providing me with a song which it was my great delight to sing during the summer of 1929, "That's When I Learned To Love You," Billy Baskette is known in the past for such great tunes as "Waiting For The Evening Mail," "Hawaiian Butterfly," "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France;" in other words, he is a real dyed-in-the-wool song-writer. He seems to have been very quiet since his last big hit, although every now and then he tries his hand at fashioning another tune. This, I would say, is the best tune he has done in a long time. Certainly Billy Baskette was more than responsible for some of the charm that I have found in "Same Old Moon." We are playing it both as a waltz and a fox trot on this coming Thursday's program, and I hope by the time this article reaches you you will have heard it many times.

Mr. Forster has been rather quiet since retiring actively from the business and closing his New York branch which was headed by Abe Olman, who now has his own music company, but this shows that he is certainly on the alert for good tunes, and I am grateful to him for having given me a tune that I can justly reprise on our Thursday evening hour.

REMEMBER CHERIE. Here is a song that will probably hardly sell enough copies to pay for the printing, though I will be happy to be agreeably surprised. Larry Spier, of the Famous Music Co., is publishing the song mainly because it is one of the most beautiful ballads he could ever have included in his catalogue. A bit too tricky in melody and construction to ever achieve a sensational popular success, the song nevertheless has made a very wonderful duet

for Miss Irene Bordoni and myself, enough so that letters have poured in requesting a repetition. I suggested to Irene that she write me a French version, which she did, and which we divided between ourselves and rendered in Detroit.

Two of the writers are well-known to song lovers—Sam Coslow and Pierre Norman. Coslow and Norman collaborated in the writing of Maurice Chevalier's great hit, "You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me," and each has been heard from independently since. Pierre Norman, whose mind quite naturally inclines toward the better type of song, has written what might be termed a "piece of material," which we have featured several times on our Fleischmann program, namely "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread," never really popularly published. Coslow is better known for his "Just One More Chance," which Mr. Crosby brought into well deserved prominence.

Here they are in the writing of one of the better types of songs which, as I say, will probably hardly repay them for their effort if they wrote it in the hopes of financial remuneration. Knowing both gentlemen, I am sure that their's will be a great happiness in the fact that the song will be featured by many of the outstanding radio artists.

There is nothing really typically French in the flavor of the lyrics of the song, but it is a song which I certainly enjoy doing, and which I found running through my head for many days after my first

hearing of it. It has a rather high passage in the middle, which was made easier by several of us reconstructing it and making it less "rangey."

The mention of this song is assuredly one of the best proofs of the fact that songs described herein are not those necessarily which are destined to become big hits; rather songs which I feel are worthy of mention from one standpoint or another.

JUST ANOTHER DREAM OF YOU. Thus we begin and end our article of this month with a waltz, and in mentioning this waltz it is necessary once again 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.



Harry Richman: "How do you like my fiddling, Rubinoff?"
Rubinoff: "Mower and mower."

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

REVAMP. "You are sitting on top of the world NOW; but Old Debbil 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 usually 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 specially 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 Coastocoast 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 pernicious 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 blurbs radio broadcasters will quickly find their way out of the troubled waters and Old Debbil 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 plaything 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

COUNTESS
ALBANI

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 fairminded 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 salaams 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-



Countess Albani

jure her title. It is rightfully hers and she wears it like a true gentlewoman. In fact, it belonged to her long before she endeared herself to radio.

OLGA ALBANI was born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1903. She was christened Olga Hernandez. In 1908 she changed her address to America and she has been here ever since. Nine years ago . . . the man she loved and married entered her life. He, incidentally, was a Count . . . and she became Countess Olga Medolaga-Albani. The title had no significance . . . the man had all, as time has proved.

It wasn't until after the birth of her son, however, that her friend Sophie Braslau persuaded her not to waste the beautiful soprano voice she possessed. She had always sung . . . ever since she could remember. But in those early days her father and mother had been her only audience, with perhaps an occasional performance graced by the presence of a brother and sister. When her friend mentioned "sing for the public," Countess Albani refused—point blank—because she thought it meant the stage. Later, after much persuasion, came the agreement to try for an audition at NBC. Here, her clear soprano and her superb rendition of songs brought that station's artist bureau to her side with a pen and contract. Then came the usual routine of auditions for possible clients, followed by her present successful commercial programs. She has been on the air three years now . . . and several offers from producers for prima donna rôles have left her unmoved. She is essentially a radio artist.

Now that she has embarked on this singing career, she is giving all her energy to the perfection of her voice . . . and the pleasure it affords her listeners. She chooses her songs carefully and all her emotion and her great dramatic sense rides freely through the interpretation of her songs. She is unconsciously a superb show-woman . . . she is a sincere performer.

But often she wonders if her public receives her as warmly as they do others, because of her title. If they feel this woman of blue blood is not one of them—and she is, she will vehemently assure you—then shouldn't the title be dropped in favor of the public?

Countess Albani learned that her title certainly did not prove a magic key to the sealed door of radio stardom; hard work and perseverance opened the way.

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 beagles, 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 Gefulter Schweinskopf, Westfalischer Schinken, Gefultes Spanferkel, Netzroulade Galantine and Sulzpastete 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 Frankfurt 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 mineral 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



"It's an art," says George.

EATATORIALS

BY

George Rector

GEORGE RECTOR broadcasts on the **OUR DAILY FOOD** program which may be heard over the dual NBC networks, each weekday morning with Colonel Goodbody and Judge Gordon, 8:45 A.M. EST, WEAJ; WEEI; WTIC; WJAR; WTAG; WCSH; WFI; WGY; WBEN; WCAE; WRC; WTAM; WWJ; WLS; WOC; WHO; WOW; WDAF; and 9:30 A.M. EST on WJZ; WBZ; WBZA; KDKA; WBAL; WHAM; WJR; WRVA; WPTF; WJAX; WFLA; WIOD; WMAQ; KWK; KSTP; WIBA; WTMJ; WSM; WMC; WSB; WAPI; WSMB; KVOO; WKY; WBAP; KPRC; WOAI; WBT.

are very good, if you know what I mean. I have always gotten a laugh from some

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 ills 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 post-humorous 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 Gerfultes Spanferkel im Backofen gebraten? Which, when spelled out in alphabetical soup, means suckling 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 gastronomical 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 all Mongolia, for he packed the jury by staking them to their first dish of roast porker.

* * *

Nowhere in Europe does prosperity shine as in Berlin. The town has gone through the mangle of circumstance, 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 agency, even though Berlin hopes to snare its portion of the 500,000 American tourists who will flock over 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, steady, 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

D. Thomas Curtin
digs into New
York police files
for dramatic facts.



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.

MANY times as I work on these series I find myself wishing that my good friend, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was still living. I formed a warm friendship with the creator of Sherlock Holmes.

One of the truths which I hope my listeners will get out of these Tuesday night dramas is the patience, persistence and tenacity shown by some of these detectives in running down a criminal.

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.

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.



Buddy Rogers and Jeanette Loff

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 Nellie 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.

Voice of the

"JUST NELLIE" TO THEM

IT 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 we love 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. Martha Hassel, 437 Delaware Street, Sharon, Penna.

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 that I had written in—requesting some news on Frank—and I sure am glad that the letter was given such a prompt reply. I do greatly enjoy 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 criticism, but the controversies thus caused are amusing. One thing of late has occurred to me. That is the superior showmanship evidenced 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 Froos; 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 fans are many and he seems to rate 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 credit 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 Dance 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 this aggregation and also no conductor, as all its members would play some instrument—for co-directors, however, we nominate Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders.

All Star Dance Orchestra

Piano—Joe Sanders
(Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
Banjo—Harry Reiser
(Cliquot 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 Downing
(Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
Bass—Elmer Krebs
(Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
Vocal—Joe Sanders

Why not a nation-wide poll for dance orchestras only conducted by RADIO 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 had 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.

Listener

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 unskilled one finger pianist," "the illiterate lyric writer," "the so-called singer who barks and wails" are perfectly descriptive of some atrocities put on the air. But how can we get 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 acknowledged my letter—probably because it stung. We listen to those programs that promise to 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.—William E. Bryant, 4606 Thirteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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 idea you've had since I've been reading 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 very interesting. I should like a peek at the letters received by Kate Smith, Ben Bernie, Ted Husing and Graham McNamee. This next sounds silly, I suppose, but I think there must be others as curious as I. During the course of an evening's radio entertainment we hear five or six selections which are played "by special permission of the copyright owners". I think an article, by someone who knows, would be of interest to many of us who haven't any idea of what steps must be taken in order to get permission to play the piece. We notice several readers have sent in lists of their favorite orchestras, singers, etc. Why not have a list some month, or for several issues, and let your subscribers vote on them. And why not add a space for the fans to vote on the one radio entertainer who is the big favorite—the one whom they would rather listen to than anyone else. I think everyone has one.—Evelyn Faux, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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 Vallee's St. Patrick's Day broadcast. I felt sure that the signature would be "Michael O'Donagan" or "Patrick McBrien". Instead it was "Francis Brown", which does not smack of much Irish atmosphere. Rudy presented the program as he did, I believe, because he is a showman and knows the secret of successful broadcasting. By eight o'clock March 17th, listeners were beginning to weary of Irish programs just as one wearies of too much of any good thing. However, Rudy knew that his listeners expected a bit of Irish and they got it. What was the matter with Ray Perkins' Irish song? Surely Ray's brogue is satisfactory. A pro-

gram of an hour's duration needs to be well-balanced and have some contrast or it would be monotonous and uninteresting. As Rudy has never gone in for singing Irish songs, I believe it was better for him to remain just Rudy and let those who shared the Fleischmann Hour supply the "Irish atmosphere." I am certain that Rudy is not ashamed of his Irish ancestry or he would not mention it in his writings, interviews, etc. If that "entire community" wanted some Irish airs, why didn't they write Rudy some fan letters and make their requests, as Rudy's programs are made to a great extent from requests from listeners?—Just a Fan from Port Jervis, N. Y.

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 you have not mentioned so far. How about giving the crooners a break. We are some of the folks who enjoy a good crooner such as Pat Kennedy-Fran Frey, Don Novis 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 Pittsburgh Radio Digest Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE'LL 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 thrilled 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 announcers are fine and I wait impatiently for the continuation. Who says we don't adore announcers! Their beautiful speaking voices are among my greatest delights and I am sure they are helping us beyond measure in self improvement. The biographies have been wonderful—and still are—but the slate has hardly been scratched. Fans would love more of the little anecdotes that fit in and add so much to their scrapbooks. I've been reading Radio Digest for three years and wouldn't miss it for anything. Please give us a nice story about Tito Guizar.—Hazel Rhoades, 1749 N. Winchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG?

WAS surprised to find Radio Digest ten cents thinner this month. Would rather pay the quarter and have it 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 imagine a radio fan being interested in Irvin Cobb's writing or Dean Archer's. Clarence

Whitehill's article was very good. Never miss a Fleischmann hour but did not hear the 17th of March program announced as being of Irish atmosphere, although I do remember the Mullen sisters. Too bad about all "them there" Ashtabula Vallee fans going wrong. Can anyone imagine Vallee being ashamed of his Irish or better side? Of course everyone knows that was his mother. Many thanks, and here's looking for a twenty-five cent Digest in June.—Sidney Smith, Absecon.

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 cover. Then you come along with the May issue half-size, fifteen cents, and I don't 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 forget 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 I appoint with regard for looks only, not talent, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, James Wallington, and George Beuchler. Print more pictures of men—we get tired of girls. Can anyone tell me when Buddy Rogers broadcasts? Let's have a picture of Will Osborne, I've never seen a picture of him, nor heard him broadcast, when is he on? Here's to Morton Downey, George Jessel, the Four Lombardos, Art Jarrett and Lanny Ross—long may they broadcast. I'd like to say this in conclusion. I like the old Radio Digest best and I'm disappointed in it. Please won't some of you radio fans write to me, especially Eugene W. Cain, who complained about the photos—I've no complaint—I have about 50, since August—so there!—Miss Winifred Stabler, Box 8, Geronimo, Oklahoma.

DEFENDS 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 to say that they did not care for Russ Columbo's singing. If they do not appreciate his singing then they don't know anything about it. I think he has the finest voice on the air. I would like you 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 to be a constant reader of your delightful Digest.—N. D. Alexander, 98 Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPEAK UP, NELLIE!

MY HUSBAND and I sit up every night to hear Nellie Revell's program on the radio and enjoy every minute of it and always say "it is too short". Last night it was especially good. We are interested in the different ones you have spoken of and like to hear who they are but are more interested in Nellie Revell than anyone else, so will you please tell us a little about your own dear self.—Sarah C. Pierce, 29 Union Street, Hornell, New York.

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 and also in the different radio artists and announcers. I live in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn., and would like to see a picture of Fred Wade of WTIC and also of Walter Hass of WDRG. 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 but no two look alike.—C. L. G., Hartford



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.

"**I**JES' come down from de Mekinac for broadax 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' fit'in' 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 Felicitas 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 epics 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.

Tom Lewis "Jimmie"—Waldo Pooler as "Joe Peno" and Warren Munson as "Eddie"



The sketch "Joe and Eddie," presented by WGY every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6:00 P.M., is built around the adventures of Joe Peno and his friend Eddie, a straight character, employes of a night-club. Eddie, played by Warren Munson, is a night-club entertainer, and Joe is a humble jack-of-all-trades working in the kitchen or as bus boy in the dining room. A third character Jimmie, manager and fixer, is taken by Tom Lewis, who also assists in writing the script.

WMBH—Joplin, Mo.

"**U**NCLE 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



Colonel Reiniger

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.

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.

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 cuddled 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 horse-woman 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 stand-bys 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



Mrs. Sandman and "Jimmy" on the Magic Carpet.

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 WTOG, 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 dramatics 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.

WLW—Cincinnati

Don Becker tells how Peanut Pietro was conceived

PPROMETHEUS . . . 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-



Alice McCorckle, 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.

WJR—Detroit

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.



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

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.



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



Naomi Hammett

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 WTMJ of Milwaukee, for a year and one-half, and was staff artist and M. C. for all radio sta-

tion's 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 newsy, entertaining and the music must be the best. Getting the news was easy—a current issue of RADIO DIGEST solved that problem quickly. But there were so many good musical features on WCKY'S program schedule from which to choose that Maurice



Fred Jeske

Thompson, WCKY's studio director, was at a loss as to which to select. He wanted a trio for the program. WCKY had no less than a dozen excellent instrumental and vocal trios on the air. What to do?

Director Thompson had almost decided to resort to the good old "drawing" process of quick elimination. He would write down the names of his trios on slips of paper, place them in a hat and draw the lucky one. That would be the RADIO DIGEST Trio.

Then Thompson was struck with an idea. If two heads were better than one,

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 famed as having "the best looking program on the air."

"Off the Air," the Debutantes are Ruth Heubach-Best, Maray Hartwell and Nabelle Schuping.

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.



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.

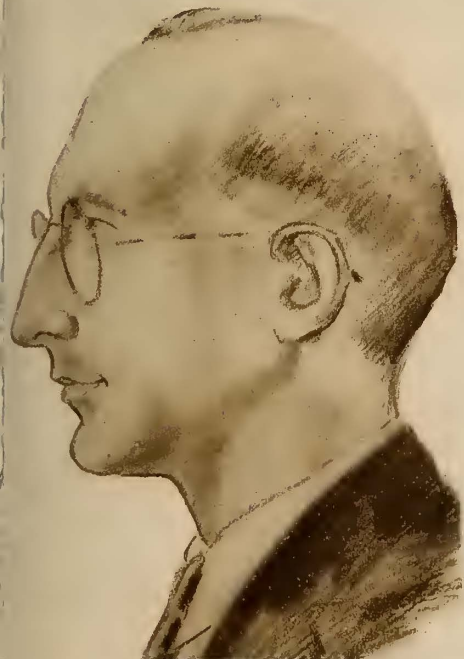
WFLA - Tampa, Fla.

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 vis-

itor 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.

club, their places were filled by Frank Meadows and Joe L. Haddon; 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



Bert Arnold

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



San Angelo Lions Club Cowboy Entertainers

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.

Perkinscribia

(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 our 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 Golden Gate as the one I did. I resemble 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 hollowed tones, 'It's Armstrong—pure cork linoleum.' And it was swell of Miss V—to take one pained 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 estate; the moonlight streams through the trees, a nightingale sings, the air is sweet with the flowers, golden candlelight streams out from the mullioned windows . . . I, dressed in draperies, flit about entranced, intoxicated, my gypsy blood (or maybe its sprite) surging up and dominating the good old 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 conception. And there as I stand with the moonlight on my new face, my Prince of Pineapple comes through the mullioned windows . . . Perhaps I had better stop. He probably fell and broke his neck."

Practically all of the letters have something to say about the product of Perkins' 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 performance. . . . Privately, regarding all this blah 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 considered writing you and complaining that you, among your many other attainments have taken up a great disappearing 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 Houdini'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.) (Thurs., 7:45 p.m.)
- 7:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell (Tues.) (Thurs., 7:45 p.m.)
- 7:30 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—Kate Smith La Palina Program (Mon., Tues. and Wed.)
- 8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Gloomchasers—Colonel Stoopnagle & 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 Shutta and George Olsen's Orchestra (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 Foamers (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 Jettick Melodies
- 9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Bayuk Stag 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'Avrey 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 Bernie'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 Ladies (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-7
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 simile but you *are* IMMENSE.) Then she states her problem and explains that she shrinks from 'public exploitations' but 'if this membership helps *you*, to h— 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., 257 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 in 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, 2906 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?

CHATTE R



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in
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Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to Work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to make **REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!**

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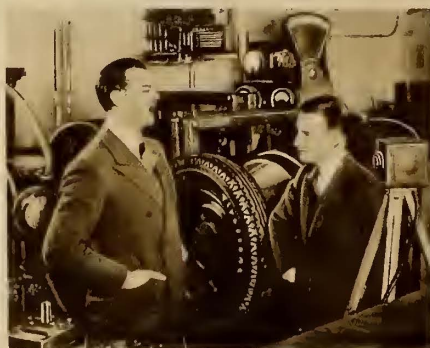
AUTOMOBILES operated by executives of WOR, New York, are equipped with radio. The reason? Because no matter where the executive may be he can tune in this station. The call letters sent out every fifteen minutes are in reality a code—that is the manner of broadcasting the letters constitutes a signal. Each executive thus can be summoned to headquarters in a hurry . . . Russ Tarboz, 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 Tillotson. 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, is sending out a handsome booklet filled with statistical data about the station and the market it covers . . .



Testing Volume of Tibbett's Voice

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, and who hails from station WLVA, Lynchburg, Virginia, is the lad who wrote the show.

* * *

WLWL, 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 Delatone Company are two new sponsors at WGN, Chicago . . . 17,000,000 homes in this country have receiving sets, it is estimated . . . WCFL, 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 WLBG to WPHR. Nelson T. Stephens is manager . . . Shortwave station W8XK, operated by KDKA, Pittsburgh, has been moved to the ultra-modern 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 greyhaired, 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 "entertain-

ing." 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 Whiteman 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)



Marian S. Carter

DOES THE LISTENER LISTEN—

G. A. RICHARDS
President

JOHN F. PATT
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Patronize a Quality Station
with a Quality Audience

to any particular Cleveland station? No, he tunes in on programs that entertain, educate and give him the news of the day. In Greater Cleveland radio listeners habitually tune in on WGAR, The Friendly Station of Cleveland. The only station in Northern Ohio to carry Amos 'n' Andy and other famous features of the N. B. C. Blue Net Work.

WGAR

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STUDIO AND OFFICES, STATLER HOTEL, CLEVELAND • Affiliated with N.B.C. Blue Net Work

The Quaint MR. ROLFE

*He Prefers "Bum" and "Trouble"
to the Glamourous Night Life*

By Bide Dudley

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

BIDE DUDLEY, who writes here of the quaintness of B. A. Rolfe, is the dean of New York theatrical critics. For seventeen years he was Broadway columnist on the Evening World. He had become interested in radio even before the merging of the World with the Telegram. Twice daily he comments over the WMCA airway concerning the latest amusements now. Mr. Dudley becomes a regular writer for Radio Digest.

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 his pals. 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 growls 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 Radioway.

Betty
White



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.



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Harry Horlick conducting.

Concert music; orchestral novelties; tenor solos; two piano novelties; gypsy songs—

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The Great
ATLANTIC & PACIFIC
Tea Co.

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

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.

K F W B, 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 Holliway, manager of KFRC, although he is only 31 years old! This incongruous fact is qualified when it is explained that Holliway 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.



Dr. F. C.
Shaklee



Ray Paige



Edna O'Keefe,
KFRC, San Francisco, Calif.,
popular and
beautiful

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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. Line-age rates will be sent on request.

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**1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF
IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE**

The New **HOTEL**
EDISON
47th St. West of B'way. NYC.



When Rum Breaks Love Bonds

(Continued from page 23)

Grover home on the eventful evening of January 10th, with the engagement ring in his pocket, the girl's father 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 girl? It did not. 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. 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 thereafter 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 on appeal the 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. "Offspring are the natural result, and oftentimes 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 WEA. The Palmolive program has been off the air since the first of the year. Frank Munn is a brunette, 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 brunette, five feet, four; with well defined features and very striking eyes, and she is both gracious 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?—Arthur P. Pfost, 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 Lanski, 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 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 blonde; and 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 but his favorite hobby is making amateur movies.

Who are the Sylvania's? Who are the members of the Vermont Lumberjacks?—Mrs. Millie Sage, 304 West Hall Street, Sandwich, Ill.

ANS. The Sylvania's are conducted by Ernie Golden and also known as the Rondoliers. Singly they are all soloists of repute 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, bass. Their pianist and arranger is Charles Touchette. The names of the Vermont Lumberjacks are withheld by request of the sponsor of the program.

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Let’s Start to Merrie England!

Let’s try G5SW, 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, too, 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.

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Here’s Radio Colonial, Paris, France, and it is on the air for the SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear those dulcet tones of a spirited 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.

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Want to hear some more? Sure! Where do you want to go? Germany? All right. Here’s Zeesen. It can be SCOTT-ed 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 ALLWAVE 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.



Tired of Germany? Then let’s jump to Spain on our “Magic Carpet.” Here’s EAQ, Madrid. Hear the castanets and guitars? Always typically Spanish music from this station between 7:00 and 9:00 P.M. You’ll enjoy EAQ doubly because they thoughtfully make their announcements in both English and their native tongue.

Opera Direct from the Eternal City

Want a quick trip farther south? Here’s Rome—12RO. The lady announcer’s voice is saying, “Radio Roma, Napoli.” From here, between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. daily, you’ll hear grand opera with its most gorgeous voices and with the finest accompaniments.

So you want to hear what’s doing on the other side of the world now? That’s easy, let’s get up early and pick up VK2ME, from Sydney, Australia, any Sunday morning between 5:00 and 8:30 A.M., or VK3ME, Melbourne, any Wednesday or Saturday morning, between 4:00 and 6:30 A.M. Hear the call of the famous bird of the Antipodes—the Kookaburra. There’ll be

an interesting and varied program, music, and always a talk on the scenic or industrial attraction of the country.

Australian Stations Sound Close as Home

Can I get Australia easily? Why, of course you can! In a test didn’t one SCOTT ALLWAVE pick up every regular program from VK2ME in Chicago, 9,500 miles away, over a whole year’s time? Quite a record? You bet! And what’s more, the programs received were recorded on phonograph records, and one was even played back to Australia over long distance telephone, and they heard it clear as a bell! That’s performance!

These are but a few of the more than 200 foreign stations that may be heard by SCOTT owners.

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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 Molasses 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 photos 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.



Lanny Ross

"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 Keys 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 Keys stepped almost 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 Keys, 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 nonchalance 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.



NANCY MILLS WHITMAN

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.

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Lawrence Tibbett

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."

He Loves Mountains!

Just Give Lawrence Tibbett a few tall Peaks to Climb and He'll Be Perfectly Happy—His Life Has Been Like That as He Ascended Artistic Heights

By John Rock

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 dials 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.)

LAURENCE 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 Bakerfield, 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 top-most 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 longful 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 hopping 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 f'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

SEVEN 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, lonesome 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 dozens every morning but who need mental daily dozens 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 in-

LAST season Miss Drachman, as an expert in historical research, had occasion while examining old books and files to become well acquainted with the man whose voice is that of Cheerio. She was greatly impressed with his absolute sincerity and noble purpose. This article is the result of her observations.

valid. 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.

Then 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 dozens 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 eastern time every weekday 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



CHEERIO has his helpers to paint the morning sky with sunshine. From left: Wallace Magill, Geraldine Riegger, Lovina Gilbert, Patrick Kelly and Harrison Isles—and the Canaries.

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 tune 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 become a channel through which 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."



Sunbeam, one of Cheerio's little trillers.

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 go 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 everybody 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." "Sob sister." "Professional cheer-up." "The complete bore." "Peddler of pabulum." "The hot-air king." "Nothing more nor less than a dull aching sensation in the neck." "Someone adoring the sound of

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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.

Highlights

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 WEA-F 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.



Irene Taylor



Paul Whiteman

in **Halftone**

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.



Sunda Love

John C. Daly

"Give Me Air,"

By LEONARD STEWART SMITH

"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?"

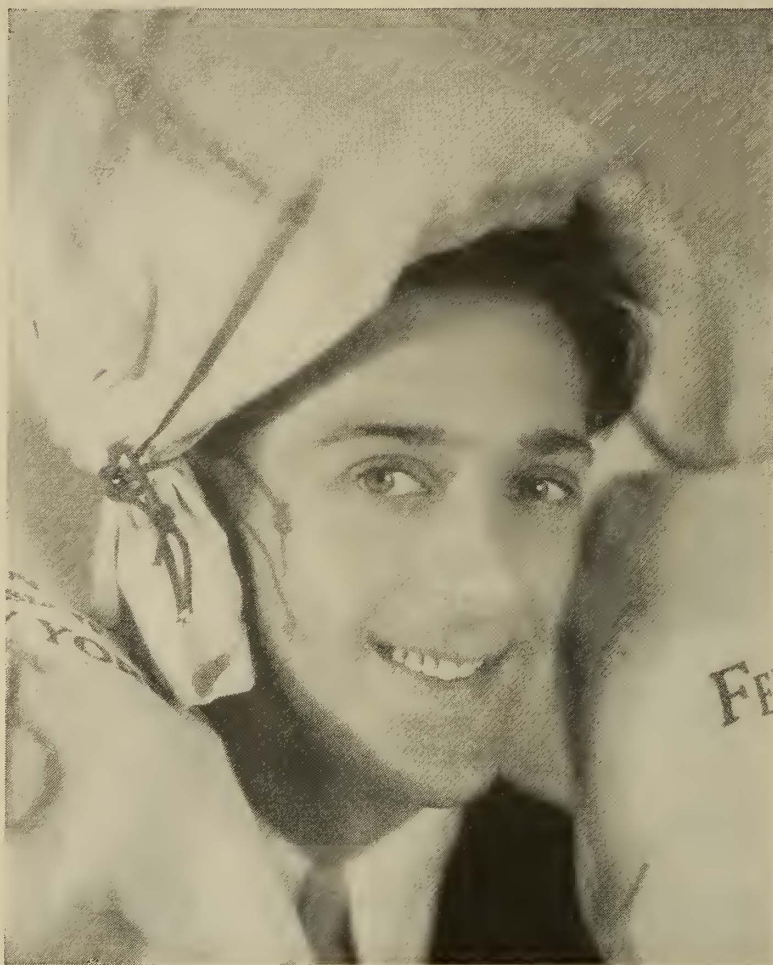
HE LAUGHED, and so did his radio representative, attorney, and adviser-general.

"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 door step and beg that person to let him in. That was me trying to get into radio.



At first all that Georgie Price wanted was a chance at the air. No sooner did he get it than he wanted to get at the gold in the mint by running for the Sec'y of the Treas.

that I am glad, and feel very, very well repaid for the year I devoted trying to get into radio. What a year!"

I wondered if I had been hearing straight. That Georgie Price, one of the biggest names in vaudeville, a standard, sure-fire headliner for years, had had to devote a whole year to getting into radio. I had presumed that the only reason Georgie Price had been so slow in getting 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

Says GEORGIE PRICE

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

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.

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.

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

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BOBBY BENSON

SOoooo! 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?



Mrs. Johnny Marvin

(Read about Johnny on the opposite page)

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 Indianas '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 wanta 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'!



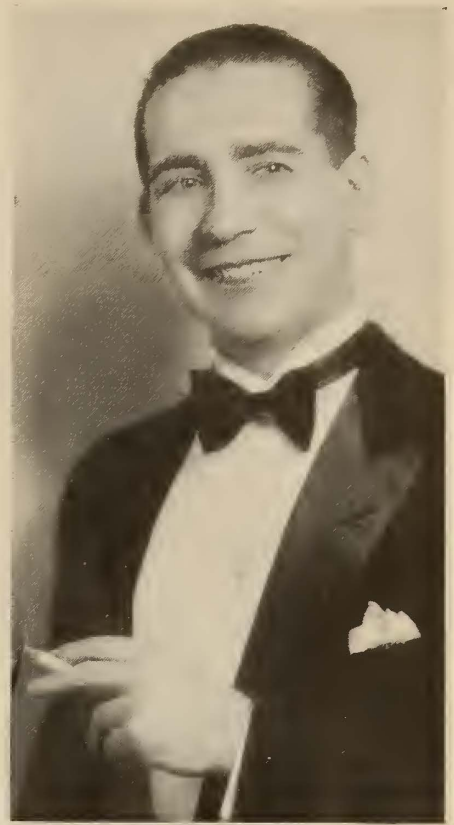
BE A BARBER

and

See the World

Says JOHNNY MARVIN

BY EARLE FERRIS



Johnny Marvin

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 "Cimmaronn" 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 on 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 shampooing 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 Sergent 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 Sergent 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

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By PETER VAN STEEDEN

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?"

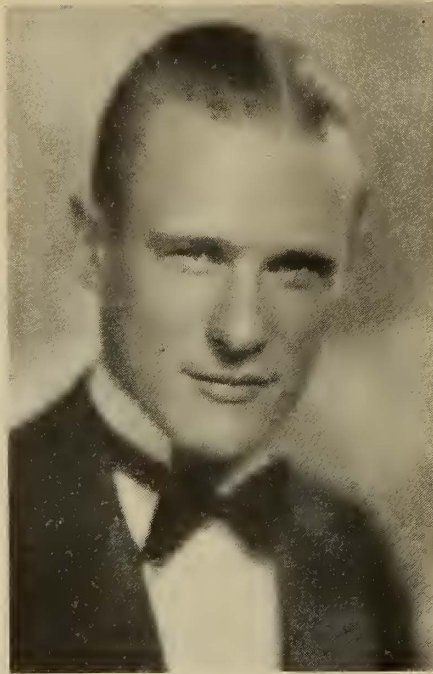
The answer is: It affords only a slight indication. It isn't nearly as definite a sign-post on the road to public preference as you would naturally expect. Here's why.

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 back-



Peter Van Steeden

PLEASING the PUBLIC

Orchestra Leader Says "Know People"

THERE'S many a young orchestra leader with big ambitions working hard and hoping eventually to make the big chains and national recognition. Here's a message from a young man (Van Steeden is only 28) who has already achieved unusual success. He's on the WEA network Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. He spends 24 hours making arrangements for each 15 minute program. He keeps prepared four weeks ahead of his schedule. Then there are two dress rehearsals to match up all ends and make sure that time and action are perfectly synchronized. He is an authority in his field.

ground 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 fox-trot 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 torrid 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.

IT'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 hydrosurfaces. 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



Catherine Mackenzie

"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



Here are the Three Keys to harmony—a piano, a voice and a guitar. Slim and his magic guitar is in back; then comes Bob Bon, the sugary tenor and Bob who makes those ivory keys hop up and down so melodiously.

“H A-D E-H O-dee-ummm—
um—waddy-daddy-doo—”
sing the black chanters 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 ren-
dezvous 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 ca-
pable of drowning himself in the
ecstasy of the rhythmic tooting and
drumming of his band.

H E 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 Colum-
bia network, last year, really brought
attention to the peculiar adaptability
of negro harmonizing to radio broad-
casting 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 enter-
tainers to win real sponsorship on a
national network. Their tour of the
theatre circuits has been surprisingly

SUPPLEMENT

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).

Marcella

"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: 53 Park Boulevard, Malverne, New York, and I am sure she will be most happy to hear from you.

I thought my Little Bird, Toddles, 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 Toddles, 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 Toddles for not getting out some information fast enough.*) Also give her my thanks for trying so hard to get me what I wanted—and still 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 RADIO DIGEST. It is that particular article and the picture accompanying it that caused me to

pester you and dear Toddles 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 'old 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 Toddles find out anything about Miss Lee Wylie (? about the spelling) and Madame Marcus—the two women on Leo Reisman's program?

"I 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 Revellers, 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 ? for spelling) as the baritone? Did Dewey and Woodyard change places, or what? Honest—I'm puzzled! (It's "Men About Town" and Darrell Woodward.)

"As for your answering my questions through the RADIO DIGEST, Marcella darling, I send you stamped, self-addressed envelopes for your answers because—I am impatient at best—I want my questions answered now not 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.

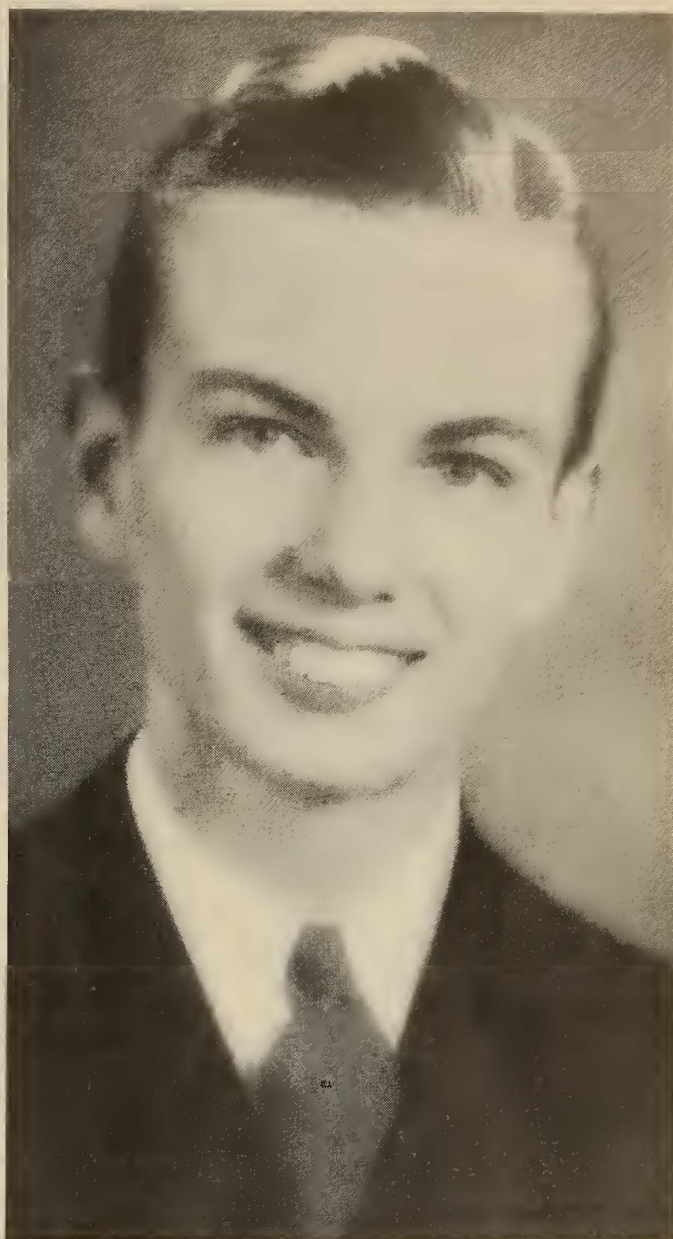
That baby, born under the regime of President Wilson, is none other than the same Buddy Harrod whom you now hear announced daily as conducting the Cardinal orchestra from Broadway over a CBS-WABC network. Well, you veterans, the younger generation certainly is growing up!

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 youngster. 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 sending 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.

Here 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, and 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 orchestras, 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

Voice of the

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 Venuti
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 pic-

ture 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 Ks.

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. Have I read **RADIO DIGEST** constantly for a long time, and never have I seen a word concerning Sam Herman, xylophonist. There is an artist who gives a program that is really different and worth-while, and whose appearance we anxiously await.

Xylophonists 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 xylophonist. 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 bookfull 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 headliner 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 to **RADIO DIGEST**, and a long printed life, cheerio.—R. Moriarty, Plattsburg, N. Y.



Billy White whose tenor voice is heard with Frank Westphal's Orchestra, CBS, Chicago.

Listener

SHOULD FEEL BETTER

I HAVE been reading the RADIO DIGEST since 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 Benminister, The Glades, 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 Lombardos, intact
1st Trumpet—Victor Lombardo
2nd Trumpet—Ernie Birchell of Wayne King
Trombone—Mike Durso of Rudy Vallee String Section—P. Whiteman's violins and bass
Pianos—W. Gross and C. Burwell of R. Vallee
Banjo—Harry Reser
Drums—Joe Plotke of Maurie Sherman
Leader—Rudy Vallee
Co-Director—Wayne King

Soloists—Ethel Shutta and Fran Fry, in addition to Rudy Vallee, Ernie Birchell, Carmen Lombardo, and Joe Plotke.

In my opinion, a sweeter combination could not be named. Every member is a finished musician and the singers are something to rave about. If it were possible to bring these artists together, waltzes, semi-classics, and light, popular fox trots 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; 10BP 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, 15 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. Pruett, 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 Uttal and Ted Husing.

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's 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,



Ruth Lyon, NBC, soprano, knows how to go and stir up something for herself when hungry.

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 never occurred to her that when he repeats song titles, he is playing a *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 we all 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. I think he has an 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 our favorite 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, Charttenburg, Germany, together with five lovely photos—one of a studio in Frankfurt, one in Fluxenburg, and two of Berlin; the other an airplane 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 RADIO 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 Remsen—who is, to my mind, about as lovely a contralto 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 subsequently "Here's How," have been shipped to the Coast to write music for various great personalities, one of their first being that great Frenchman. 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 introduced in a very unusual manner, with various persons in the picture each taking 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 unaware of what the second chorus had in the way of lyrics, and was into them before I realized that they were extremely humorous. I could not hear it, but I was told that the audience was convulsed with laughter as I came to the lines about scrubbing my back and having 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 dramatize successfully in a photoplay, Rian James' indictment of orchestra leaders who sing softly, supplied Donald Novis, (who really does the singing in the picture, "The Crooner," while David Manners raises the megaphone in a way which would antagonize most anyone,) with three or four songs, none of which I thought were really outstanding. Irving 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 "Sweethearts Forever."

Outstanding from the picture, evidently, from the requests which phonograph dealers have received, is **THREE'S A CROWD**, which is supposed 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 demand from dealers, that I record it, which we subsequently did. Our arrangement 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, Inc., who are the 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 dabbling 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 observations in music—a song which is really a successful attempt at injecting something relative to numbers and figuring 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.

Leo Feist 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 Lewis . . .

The old King of Jazz, Whiteman 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" under the Whiteman 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 brightly, 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 discussing 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 teamed 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 feather 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 Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

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 dancing, 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 outstanding 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 one 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 Gal," "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 Patsy 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.



One of the country's most popular dance orchestras, Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees, becomes an exclusive Columbia Phonograph Company feature by the terms of a contract signed by Rudy Vallee, it has been announced by H. E. WARD, President of Columbia, shown here with MR. VALLEE. Recordings of several selections have already been made under the new contract.

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 Feist 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. Remick, Inc., have a song for which I am sure the Lombardos 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 Lombardos 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 unplayed. 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 *Tuneful Topics*, appearing exclusively in *Radio Digest*, should be read regularly.—Editor.

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

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, this 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 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 undoubted talents before a great cosmopolitan audience without brushing elbows and skirts with 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 potentates 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 wreck 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'."

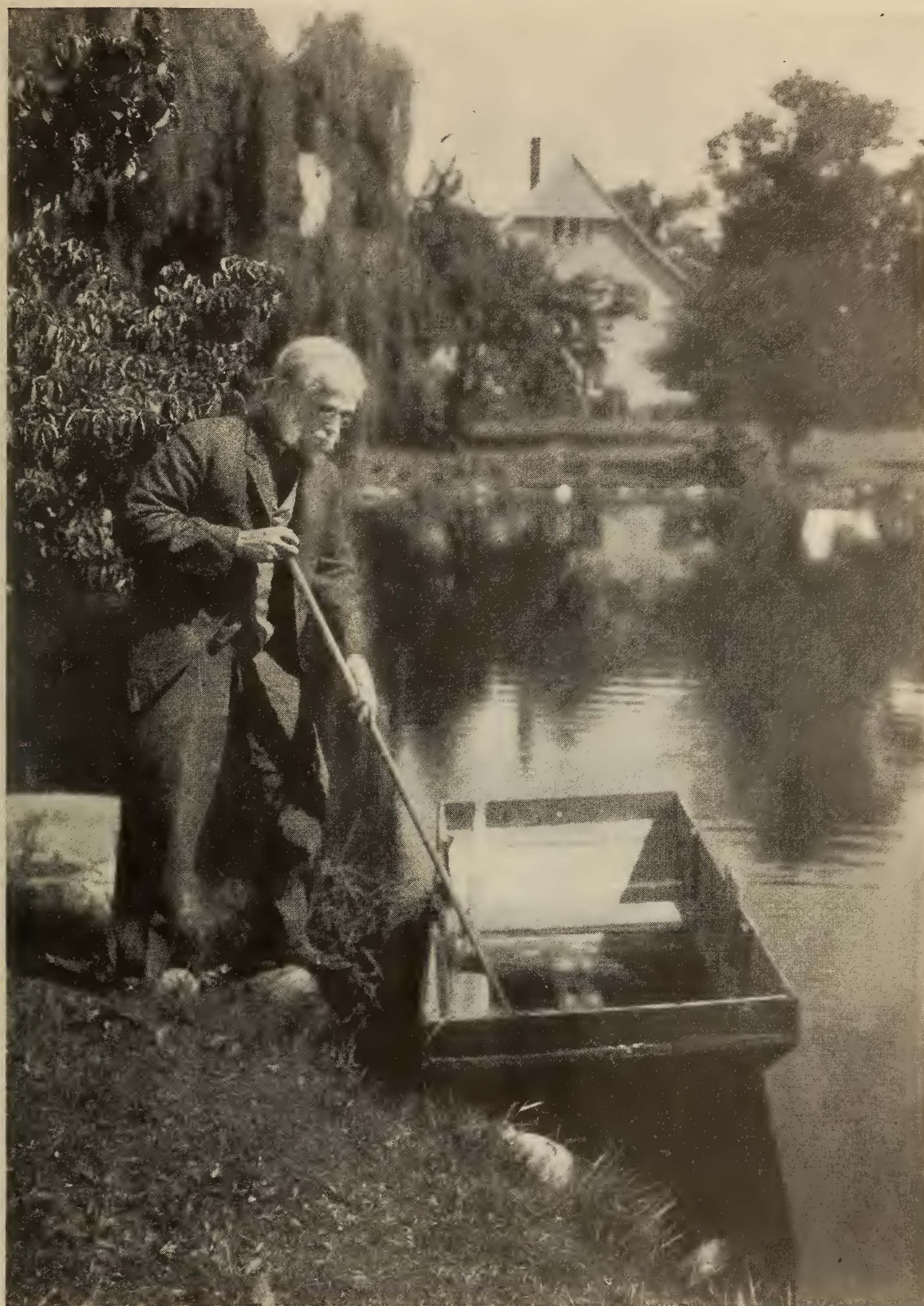
Such argument is almost too ridiculous to notice. The writer assumes that once he has purchased a radio receiver the world owes him endless amusement. By the same token if he should buy a piano the world should send him its greatest musicians to sit down and play for him without further compensation. 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 for 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.



Jackson Photo, NBC

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. 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 Armstrong 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.

Thus 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 nimble 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 writ-

ing best sellers . . . You know, she wrote 'Ex-Mistress', 'Good Night, Nurse', 'No More Orchids', and several more of the lurid literature type just what you'd send to a maiden aunt . . . if you wanted to kill her."

The door opens softly and red-eared 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.

"Why Barbasol is my sponsor," Ray explains. But Nellie insists.

"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 ballyhooligan 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 derbies. 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 razzberet."

"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?"

"Neither—I mean both. You're a Republicrat."

"Can't I be a Democrican?"

"All right, Nell. We'll start a new party. And we'll call it either the Republicrat or the Democrican 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?"



HERE you see Nellie Revell as she appeared at the microphone while describing her guest artist, Lois Bennett, as "A Dresden China Doll."

"Ed Wynn . . . 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 lipsticker."

"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 croon. 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.



Rita Gould

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 premieres 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 WEAJ 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, heretofore, 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 origin-



Eleanor Talcott, beautiful star of the microphone, whose contralto voice is heard every Wednesday afternoon, in programs of the Toe Ticklers, broadcast over the WBZ-WBZA networks, Boston.

ated 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 culled 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 WEA 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-arctic, 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 edu-



Naturalist, Professional Man, Orator, Broadcaster—Gray McClintock—who pioneered to that lonely, isolated, great Northwest in search of health thirty years ago. But his was a wonderful mission!

ated, 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.

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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.

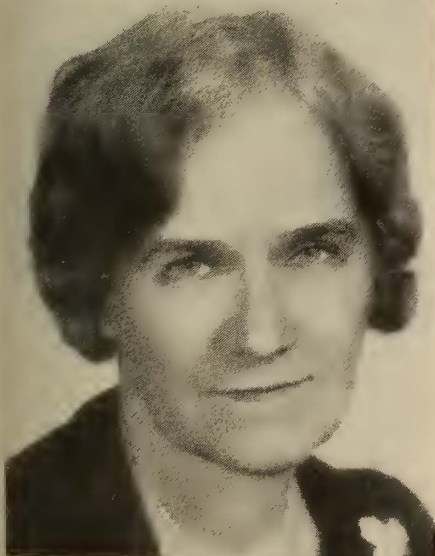
Three years ago, Dick Smith joined KMBC as program director. On the air he has served as triple threat man, as announcer, dramatist and singer. In sports Dick turns to the more robust activities such as hunting and fishing and, so far, he has managed to retain the athletic figure of his football days 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 Berwin, Kathleen Wilson, Barton Yarborough, Michael Rafeetto and Billy Page, need no make-up to look like the characters they portray. Billy, who plays the irrepressible Jack Barbour, actually is fourteen years old, and a high school student, like Jack Rafeetto, 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.

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WNAC—Boston, Mass.

THE original intention of Irwin 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, coached 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.

Left—Minetta Allen, well-known on the legitimate stage, turned to radio for the first time when she undertook the role of Mrs. Barbour, the mother in "One Man's Family."



"Bill" Pope, WLBW's manager in the character of "The Old Sage" whose philosophical talks have been well received by the radio audience. Poetry and philosophy have been this old chap's long suit and hundreds of poems have been read by him.

He is heard every Tuesday announcing the regular Boston Petite Symphony Orchestra program over the Columbia Broadcasting System from station WNAC. He is popularly known as Earle Nelson's "pet announcer," having announced his programs for several years.

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KDKA—Pittsburgh

THE Bronc 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 cow-punchers 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 WEAJ, 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

JOHAN 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 quartermas-

ters 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 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.

THELMIA 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.



John McCormick, WINS program director, and featured baritone in *The Songs of Ireland*, Sunday Evenings.

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 among 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 first establishment of policy.

KFON became identified first as the "Piggly Wiggly Station" and in 1928, took the name of the Hancock Oil Company Station, under a long term con-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1932. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ray Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Ray Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Editor, Ray Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Business Managers, Charles R. Tighe, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, Caroline L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

R. Bill, Editor-Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1932. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 753, Reg. No. 3L487. Certificate filed in Queens Co., No. 1126. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

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.

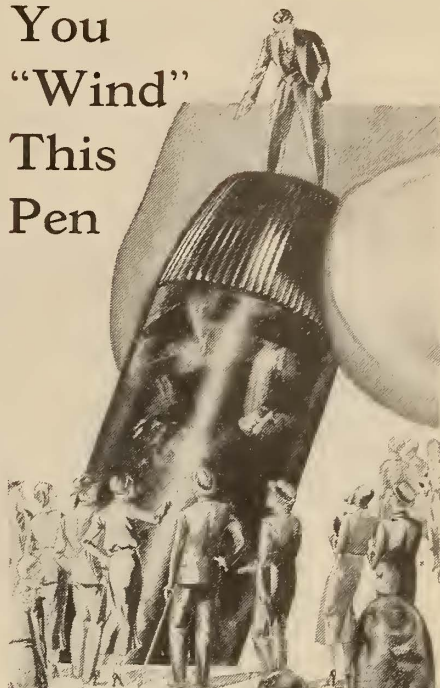
WITH hundreds of letters from radio listeners in practically every Province of Canada, the west coast of this country, the Hawaiian Islands and the British West Indies, expressing surprise and astonishment at the reception of programs from Station WBT, it is evident that the Carolinas' high power transmitter 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 \$3.50 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.



Left to right—The Conklin Ensemble, \$3.00. The new \$3.00 Conklin Pen. A genuine Conklin at \$2.75.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Toledo Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
NOZAC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

*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



C. Kirk Knight

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 WEAJ 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, Recommissioning 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 imploring 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.



**Prominent Persons
of the Radio Industry**

SINGLE
from
\$3
DAILY

DOUBLE
from
\$4
DAILY

SPECIAL
WEEKLY AND
MONTHLY
RATES

make the Hotel Lincoln their
New York Headquarters

It is ideally located—convenient to all
the studios, theatres and shops

Every modern convenience

1400 ROOMS

Each with RADIO, private bath-Servidor

ROY MOULTON
Manager

The NEW HOTEL
LINCOLN
44th-45th ST. at 8th AVE. N.Y.C.

Bob White Writes, Produces and Acts

FIRST Dramatics: William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia (oldest Prep School in the country, founded in 1689). Played Cohan's part in school drama, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" (1920). After matriculating at the University of Pennsylvania, quit to join Chautauqua (Tent Show), to play lead in "Turn to the Right" (1921-22). Returned to Philadelphia and entered real estate office; stuck with it for two years, saved a thousand dollars (more or less); quit to join Hedgerow Theatre in Rosevalley, Penn. (Experimental theatre playing "highbrow drama"—O'Neill, Pirendello, Shaw, Chekov, Glaspell, etc.) Three summer seasons there, returning to real estate each winter. Third year assisted in direction. Ann Harding principal summer star. Played one of the two white men in "Abraham's Bosom" (Pulitzer prize play), by Paul Green, which was first produced at Provincetown Theatre, N. Y., by Jasper Deeter, genius director at Hedgerow Theatre.

LEFT season at Hedgerow for stock company, juvenile job, Jackson, Mich. (1925-26). After seven months there returned to New York to play two Broadway shows—both flops. Also did first radio work at WABC, N. Y. Returned for three weeks special summer engagement with Hedgerow Players at Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, starring Ann Harding.

In the fall, 1927, back to New York and joined road company of "Three Wise Fools," playing juvenile lead. Left N. Y. October 1. Married to ingenue Betty Reynolds, October 31! Had known each other 43 days and were married on the stage, in riding clothes, between a rehearsal and evening performance. Bob left company same day to return to New York to achieve "bigger things." But landed in Chicago, joined Evanston Players in Evanston, Ill., and remained there six months. When company closed Bob and Betty took joint engagement with Chautauqua company of "Shepherd of the Hills." Bob stage managed, drove car, played two parts. Betty played boy part.

Returned to Chicago for loop engagement in "Companionate Marriage." Lasted five weeks. Then, no job! . . . and a son getting ready to be born! (Fall of 1928.)

Bob convinced the manager of station KYW that he was a continuity writer and announcer! Joined staff. Christmas week—Bob was doing radio work at station and "doubling" as guest juvenile in revival of "Companionate Marriage" for opening of Evanston Stock Co. Bob White, III, being born in

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't 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 alibis 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 the music 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.

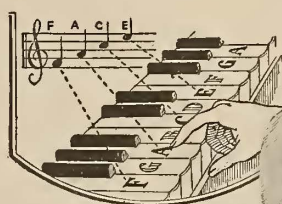
Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need

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 Book and
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 you 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.

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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

Instrument Have you Instrument?

Grinnell, Ia., Betty's home town. On night of birth, New Year's eve, Bob is announced from stage as proud father—assures audience son is not result of companionate marriage. Life goes on at KYW until spring, 1929.

ONE day Bob was producing an audition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a commercial advertiser, at request of station manager. Discovers client hadn't showed up, gets annoyed, chucks job. Baby Bob is six months old! Bob became "free lance" in writing of one and three act plays for publishers of such for amateurs.

Wrote a one-act play, "Little Mother," which he and Betty played, weekends, around Chicago. In summer of 1929, Bob joined stock company in Mt. Clemens, Mich., playing two new shows each week. Betty remained in Chicago. Five weeks of this makes wreck of Bob. He returns to Chicago to dabble in radio as "free lance" actor and writer until fall. Tried out for understudy of three young English heroes in "Journey's End." He got the job! Actor took ill and Bob played "Raleigh," English school boy soldier—only American to play this part, with sixteen companies playing the show all over the world. Remained with "Journey's End" twenty weeks, then original "Raleigh" recovers. Bob tires of being understudy. Quits.

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 Bob 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 Bob playing part of Bushman's valet in the sketches, as well as writing them. Fall of '31, Bob joined staff of station WMAQ as continuity writer, producer, announcer, and what have you. Played in fifteen dra-

(Continued on page 45)

“So This Is Harris?”

Helene Handin, the Truthful Trouper, KFI, Los Angeles, Gives You the “Awful Truth” About Phil Harris

★ AND NOW!
SUN-RAY
HEALTH
LAMPS
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GUESTS...

**New York's Supreme
Hotel Value...**

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\$2.50
daily

DOUBLE
from
\$4.00
daily

SUITES
from
\$7.00
daily

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

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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 with me, but wait until he comes to N. Y. and then 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 Coconut 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—you 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 commonplace brunette head to make poor defenseless Phil the victim of my first interview I called his secretary for an "appartment" as we say in dear old Brooklyn, and the following day hied (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 it 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 sniffed 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 at that but how he can characterize songs, popular, comedy, and torch: but where he shines is during intermissions when he stands up on the platform under a "Mike" and does the Bert Williams type of number. The dancing ceases but the dancers stay 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 any place else—and I've been around, you know that old dear. In fact there is no place like the Coconut 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 tho, as he had his first Lucky Strike prog. 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 pleasing 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 thot 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 home-stead 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)

Bob White Writes

(Continued from page 43)

matic 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 Opper's famous comic strip, "Maude the Mule."

And he plays the part of the English Dr. Petrie in Sax Rohmer's mystery series, "Fu Manchu," on a coast to coast hookup of the Columbia chain.

Bob is the only actor-author in Chicago who produces his own shows!

CHATTER

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 "Unfinished."

MARIO COSTA, Argentine baritone heard over WMCA, New York, Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, is known to music lovers in

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USERS IN
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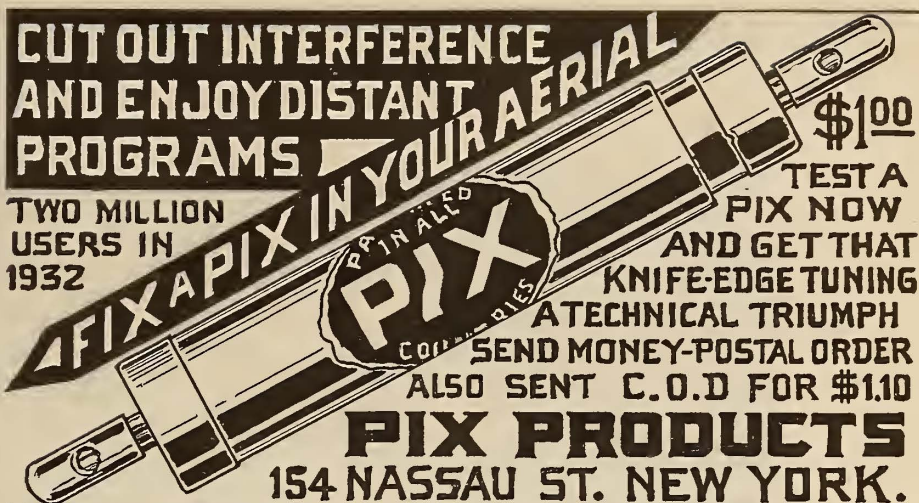
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PIX NOW
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KNIFE-EDGE TUNING
A TECHNICAL TRIUMPH**

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ALSO SENT C.O.D FOR \$1.10**

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\$1.00



Europe and South America. He also gained great popularity in the films in Argentine. . . 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 firstline radio announcers reported at the studio for their scenes in the picture of radioland. The five announcers were Norman Broken-shire, 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 señoritas for fandangoes, 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.

Subscribe Now for Radio Digest

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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.....

Marcella

(Continued from page 24)

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 Toddles."
—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 most surely must get one, for there is a very nice picture in it of Phil Dewey, together with a resumé 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.

▲ ▲ ▲

So This Is Harris

(Continued from page 44)

gue about that, you and I don't agree on that burg.

To continue this "hotcha" drummer's nonstop flight to fame, and I'll bet in those lean days, it seemed as tho he would never reach his destination, he finally landed at Balboa Beach, Cal., where they needed someone to stand in front of the dance band and gracefully wave the baton—the leader being the pianist, so Phil was delegated for the job, possibly because he knew nothing about it, at least from actual experience. The proprietor asked him if he couldn't sing and Phil didn't think he could but made a stab at Old Man River with the result that he and Old Man River have been pals ever since, it being one of his best numbers. He stayed with the job gradually got himself a repertoire and in the fall organized his own band in L.A. where he played the following six months.

From there he went to the St. Francis, the famous San Francisco hostelry where he stayed three years—so I guess he was good—what? As I remarked before he had just opened at the Coconut Grove here when I arrived (from N.Y.) in May and he certainly crowds 'em in and those that can't go to the "Grove" stay home and listen to him over the radio (KFI nightly).

The amazing thing to yours truly is the fact that he only discovered three and a half years ago that he could sing. Just goes to show that one never knows what talents one may develop does one? Look at me—who ever tho I'd be a writer—what did you say?—"There's a little doubt on that score yet"—Sure but I'm in print and that's somepin'.

Phil Harris is quite a likable chap,

and after all his years of trouping 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 tho he'd ever become "tall millinery" 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 all would be forgiven.

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 "pichur" 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 personalities to Talkies, so here's hoping! I 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 nightmares.

Helene.

Be a Barber

(Continued from page 19)

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 "Tiptoe 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.

GEORGE RECTOR'S EATATORIAL



George Rector

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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—Bologna!"

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 a new 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 "C's." 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)

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 \$150.

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 ———. 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 ——— 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."

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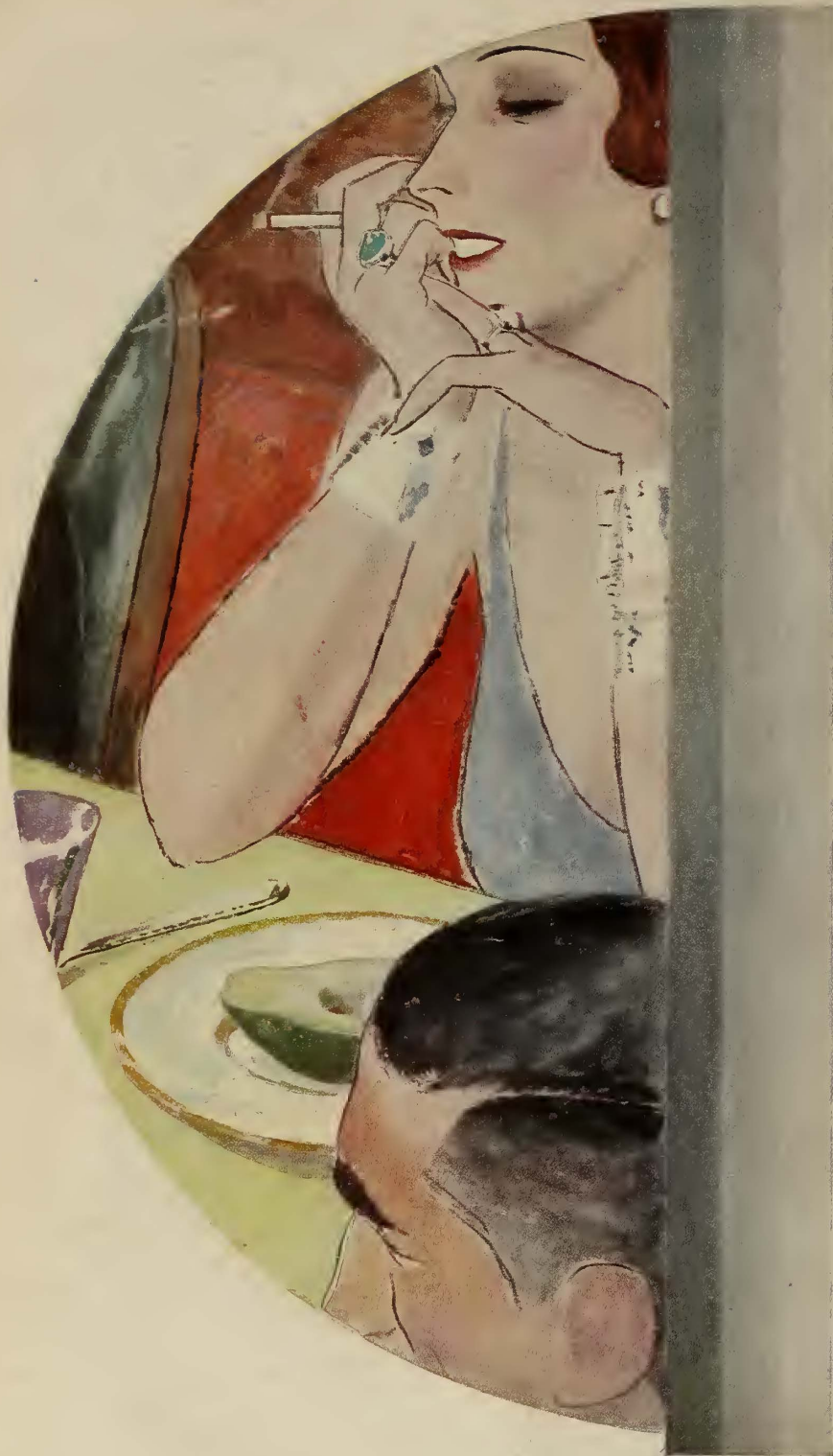
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