

Radio Digest

NOVEMBER, 1931

25 Cents ★



HARRIET LEE, CBS RADIO QUEEN

Vaughn de Leath • Kate Smith • Lew Conrad

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

Why must millions suffer with *pyorrhoea*?

WHEN permitted to go unchecked, pyorrhoea can rob you of your teeth; make your face look pinched and old; undermine your entire health by spreading virulent poisons throughout your system.

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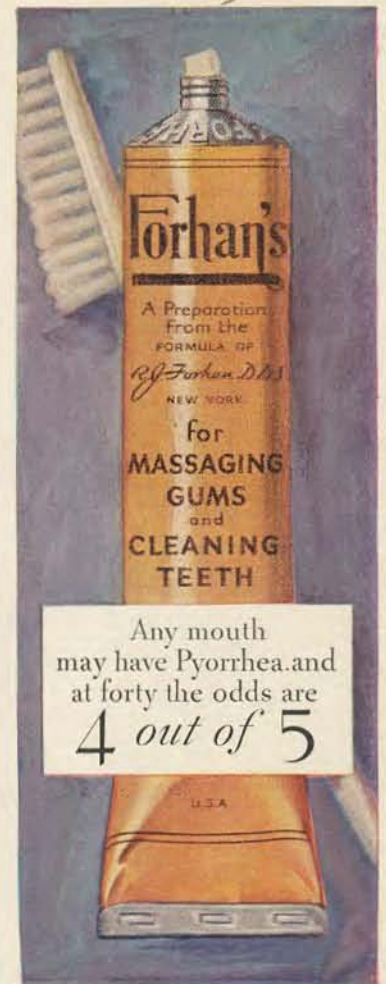
to guard the health of your teeth and mouth. Remember, that *half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhoea.*

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor

November, 1931

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MARY WOOD BEATTY, soprano of the Supreme Serenaders of KOA, Denver. Lucky for Denver she's married and impervious to the advances of many would-be wooers. B. and R. in Denver. E. at University of Colorado and a Pi Beta Phi.



EDNA O'KEEFE is the life of the party at KFRC, San Francisco, where she is on various programs all day long and far, far into the night. But she loves it, never gets tired, always has a smile and the listeners write odes to her.



MARGARET DAVIS is the thrill girl in those dramatic sketches you get from KYW, Chicago. She can utter a piercing shriek in defiance of the villain or she can coo like a dove for the one she loves. Pretty and ready for photo electric cell.



BEA SINGER of WPCB, New York, and that's exactly what she is—not a bee, but a singer, but she hums and has something to do with honey. Her dimple and her smile come extra for those who hear her on Broadway.

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"For 16 Weeks



I enjoyed every broadcast from VK3ME MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA"

This is not a "freak" record. Hundreds of other Scott All-Wave Receivers—all summer long—have brought their owners loud, clear, perfect music and song from the other side of the world.

EVERY now and then, the story of some phenomenal instance of extremely long distance radio reception breaks into the press. DX fans usually find little interest in such stories because they know the performance which they relate is invariably due to "freak" conditions.

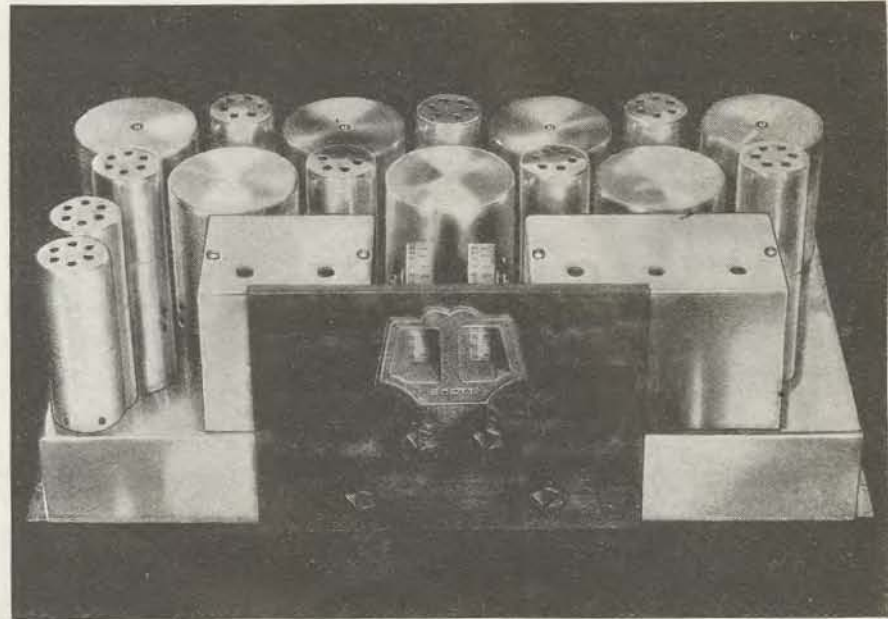
But DX fans KNOW, when my receiver brings in every broadcast from VK3ME for 16 consecutive weeks, that full credit must go to the receiver that did the work. And when they learn that hundreds of other receivers exactly like mine, and located in all parts of the world, are piling up equally sensational records, they are well satisfied that the Scott All-Wave is not only the most powerful, most sensitive receiver possible to obtain, but the one receiver that fulfills their lifelong hopes.

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Away last spring I made up my mind to eclipse all standards of radio reception—distance—power—selectivity and tone. I believed the Scott All-Wave would do it, so I set out to make a day-to-day log of VK3ME, Melbourne, 9560 miles away from my receiver. I tuned in every broadcast, on the loud speaker, and to prove to the entire world that I heard every VK3ME program with full volume, and with perfect tone and clarity, I made a disc recording of every broadcast! Half of these records I sent to VK3ME. The others are at my laboratory and will be played for anybody who asks to hear them.

Not a Special Set

The Scott All-Wave Receiver that you may buy, will in no way, differ from the one I used in my 16-week test. It will be identical to the hundreds of other Scott All-Wave Receivers that tune in voice from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Indo-China, and South America every day in the week—summer and win-



ter. The set that I will send to you will actually be tested on reception from G5SW, Chelmsford, England, or 12RO, Rome, Italy, before shipping!

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Again, I challenge the whole world of radio to any kind of competitive test, between 15 and 550 meters. I guarantee that the Scott All-Wave will bring in the most stations between 15 and 550 meters—that the Scott All-Wave will leave no doubt as to superior tone quality—and that it will give actual 10 kilocycle selectivity over the Broadcast Band.

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This cablegram verifies the first 10 weeks' reception. To date there has not been time for my log of the last 6 weeks to reach Melbourne.

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Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name.....
Street.....
Town..... State.....

E. H. Scott

News, Views and Comment

By Robert L. Kent

THIS has been a busy week. Dinners, parties, radio programs and visitors! The Radio Fair dominated New York. First, there was the showing of new receiving sets . . . models for every room and purse . . . from beautiful midgets to fine consoles. And every last one of the cabinets represented an improvement in design.

The center of attraction at the show was broadcasting from the crystal studios and the television demonstrations. It was like a mob scene in the movies. Everybody wanted to see the radio stars who made personal appearances and equally as many wanted to familiarize themselves with television. There can be no question about the interest of the public in television. Thousands of radio homes soon will be television homes. . . it is up to the manufacturers to get busy and meet that potential demand. How many of you who read this would like to own a television set even knowing that the art is in the same stage of development as radio eight years ago? I'm serious about this. Drop me a card

and tell me what you think. It's a straw vote. What do you say!

Big news! Radio Digest is offering Personally Autographed Photographs of Radio Stars. Get yours. Read the requirements on pages 6 and 7.

More news . . . we are planning our own beauty contest. An announcement will be made in a forthcoming issue. Watch for it. Readers of Radio Digest will be the voters. Radio Beauties from Maine to California, North and South will be entered by radio stations. Pictures of these girls will appear in your magazine throughout the period of the contest. It's going to be a whale of a contest and every one of you will have the privilege of helping to select the winner.

Both the National Broadcasting Co. and Columbia are busy places these days; many new programs going on the air. There is a list of them in this issue. Read it over and listen in on "opening night."

Here's a yarn to remember: It's the story about a thirteen piece band that is so good it can be three bands

and a ladies' ensemble at one and the same time. It happened on a recent Real Folks program at NBC. Harry Salter's band was doing the honors. The sketch called for four different bands and these musicians portrayed each of the four vying for top honors in playing sour music. Harry says it is more difficult to play off key than to render a first rate program. That's an idea for aspiring young saxophone players to remember.

A "Radio Man's Watch" on which temperature changes have absolutely no effect, has been invented by Dr. Charles Edouard Guillaume. It's a long, technical story and we haven't the space to tell it here, but it is an important invention for radio because seconds are vital in opening and closing programs and this watch will be welcomed by announcers and others in the studios.

When Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, on NBC, announced to the listeners during her program recently that "Johnny" Johnstone, the man behind the news at the National

(Continued on page 94)

Scoring an EXTRA POINT in smoking pleasure

It's the *extra point* that wins football games—and it's the *extra smoking pleasure* that wins friends for Beech-Nut Gum. Try chewing a stick of Beech-Nut before you light up the next smoke. Cool, refreshing, flavorful, it quickens your taste sense, makes every smoke taste like the first one of the day—adds to your smoking pleasure. Remember, always, there is no other gum so good as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint,
Wintergreen and
Spearmint Flavors



Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER



WGAR



COVERS THE CLEVELAND MARKET

The Friendly Station of Cleveland

WGAR, a new Station for Cleveland, less than a year old, has won the immediate favor of listeners throughout the greater Cleveland area. Mainly because it brought to them for the first time, regular reliable reception of Amos 'n Andy, and other popular blue network features.

Two of the three large department stores of Cleveland use WGAR regularly to reach Cleveland's buying public. Inside their 35 mile primary area are 1,028,250 radio listeners.

WGAR reaches this lucrative market at less cost per person than any other medium

STUDIO
STATLER HOTEL

TRANSMITTER
CUYAHOGA HTS.

WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY
CLEVELAND

G. A. RICHARDS
President

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

PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FAVORITE

Radio Star

Personally Autographed



Rudy Vallee

HAVE you a Radio Favorite? Would you like to have an intimate photograph of this artist or announcer? Personally Autographed? This is your opportunity! Act without delay. Take advantage of this offer and select from the list on the opposite page the name of the Radio Star whose autographed photo you want. For the first time Radio Digest makes it possible for its readers to obtain a **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED** Photo of an outstanding radio personality.



Kate Smith

You can obtain this **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** of your **FAVORITE RADIO ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER** by filling in the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page.

Read the requirements carefully.

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THIS offer is open to *all* readers of Radio Digest who join our growing army of subscribers. This is easy medicine to take **BECAUSE YOU SAVE A DOLLAR BY SUBSCRIBING** and in addition you get the **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH**. The price of a single copy of Radio Digest is 25 cents, totaling

\$3.00 per year. **THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS ONLY TWO DOLLARS.**

Also Radio Digest is delivered directly to your home each month. No disappointments because your newsdealer is "sold out." No going out in bad weather to purchase a single copy from your newsdealer.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A YEAR'S subscription to Radio Digest together with the **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** makes an **IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**. If you want to take advantage of this Christmas offer fill in the coupon and we will send a special gift card to the person for whom the subscription is intended.

Mailing of this card will be so timed that it will reach the recipient of the gift subscription on Christmas Eve.

If you have a friend who enjoys the Radio your Christmas problem is solved, for you will increase his enjoyment of Radio Broadcasts by enrolling him as a subscriber to Radio Digest. Send in

Christmas Gift Subscriptions **EARLY** so that we may make the necessary arrangements to send the announcement of your gift.

All Subscribers Can Get a Photo

YOU may obtain an **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** of your favorite **ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER** simply by **RENEWING** your subscription **NOW** for another year, or—



Graham McNamee

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WHICH

Radio **?** Radio
 Artist **?** Announcer

Do you prefer—Select from this list

Ben Alley
 Amos 'n' Andy
 Georgia Backus
 Don Ball
 Pat Barnes
 Andre Baruch
 Irene Beasley
 Ben Bernie
 George Beuchler
 Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
 Ford Bond
 William Brenton
 Brad Browne
 Henry Burbig
 Phillips Carlin
 Chuck, Ray and Gene
 Clara, Lu and Em
 Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
 Russ Columbo
 Phil Cook
 Jesse Crawford
 Bing Crosby
 Louis Dean
 Vaughn de Leath

Three Doctors
 Morton Downey
 Douglas Evans
 Fray & Braggiotti
 Gene and Glenn
 Floyd Gibbons
 Irma Glenn
 Lois Havrilla
 Bill Hay
 George Hicks
 Ted Husing
 Theo Karle
 Jean Paul King
 Frank Knight
 Landt Trio and White
 Ann Leaf
 Harriet Lee
 Little Jack Little
 Vincent Lopez
 Mary and Bob (of True Story)
 John Mayo
 Graham McNamee
 Bill Munday
 Helen Nugent

Ray Perkins
 Nellie Revell
 Freddie Rich
 Kenneth Roberts
 B. A. Rolfe
 David Ross
 Lanny Ross
 Singin' Sam
 Sanderson and Crumit
 Domenico Savino
 Toscha Seidel
 Sisters of the Skillet
(East and Dumke)
 Kate Smith
 Vincent Sorey
 Carlyle Stevens
 Tastyeast Jesters
 Lowell Thomas
 Rudy Vallee
 James Wallington
 Ted Weems
 Lew White
 Paul Whiteman
 Tony Wons
 Harry Von Zell

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Send PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO of (Artist or Announcer)

Name

Gift Subscription for

Street

Name

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City, State

NOTE: Subscription price for two years is \$3.00 and entitles you to select two PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS of your favorite ARTISTS or ANNOUNCERS.

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

A FEW nights ago you may have heard the first of a new series of programs under the artistic and scientific direction of Leopold Stokowski. It was a distinct radio triumph in transmitting the intricate harmonies of a great orchestra. Much credit for the success of the broadcast is due to the scientific genius of Stokowski himself. When the gods contemplated his career they were undecided whether to make him a great engineer or a great maestro.

His touch makes things go, musical or mechanical. Months before you heard that broadcast you might have seen him collaborating with the electrical experts in evolving a new system to pick up and give to you the last fibre of quivering sound that his great orchestra could produce. On the night of the first broadcast new equipment had been installed in each of the seventy-one stations of the Columbia System which carried this program. Even the classic hall of the Philadelphia Academy of Music had been altered to meet the acoustical requirements Stokowski desired. He experimented with and without crowds in the auditorium to study such sound variations as might occur.

The new electro-dynamic microphone made its premiere on this occasion. Smaller and yet far more efficient it registers every cycle from 20 to 10,000 per second, which covers the entire audible range so far as music is concerned. On his desk before him as he lifted his baton the director watched a galvanometer which told him precisely at every instant the volume produced by his orchestra and the volume winging off the antenna and away through the network of lines that traversed the country. A series of buttons at his finger tips each button controlling a colored light in the hidden booth of the operating engineer, each color with its own meaning, made it possible for Stokowski to direct the modulation. And thus the gods are served for Stokowski directs the millions of little one-legged notes that march across the page into swirls and masses of perfect harmony at the same time he threads them into thousands of miles of copper wires which throw them over the mountains and vales by measured waves of electrical impulses.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY it is worth noting that this costly program bringing the ultra of fine music to the humblest home without charge is made possible by the enterprise of the Philco company—an answer to those self-interested propagandists who are seeking to destroy the free competitive system of broadcasting. You will find the attacks against American broadcasting growing as the season advances and the time comes for Congressional agitation. The money that Philco is putting into the Stokowski program might be considered the price of black and white advertising space on the part of those who would prefer to have our broadcasting operated by the government.

* * *

STAGE celebrities who have come to radio often express their joy at being able to "tour the country" at each performance. They rejoice that at last they can move out of their travelling trunks and settle down in apartments or even homes in the suburbs and enjoy life as it exists beyond the zone of steel rails and hotel rooms. Isn't it just human that ol' Seth Parker and his Jonesport tribe who have acquired their fame solely through

the ether lanes should suddenly decide to pack up and go galivantin' across the continent over the trails the troupers have surrendered without regret? So, off they go with a prodigious schedule of stops along the way that will carry them through twenty-three states, zig-zagging to Vancouver and around back by Miami on "hum" to Jonesport, Maine, (711 Fifth Avenue, New York) in time for Christmas.

Radio Village

JIMMY MELTON'S ma came up from her home in Ocala, Fla., to hear the boy sing in the studio the other day. She brought along Jimmy's little sister Mary. That child simply was too proud for words while she sat by her handsome big brother and heard him sing into the mike before all those people. They met Mr. Aylesworth, and the Revelers and a whole lot of w. k. people while they were in Radio Village.

* * *

DID you ever hear about Lee Morse and her "Honey"? You know she just up and says "Honey" to everybody and don't mean anything special sentimental about it at all. It's just an old Southern custom. Well she came up to NBC and commenced saying "Honey" off hand to Bob Downey who comes from New England and was asked to play her accompaniments. Bob takes it serious and put quite a store by it. The only way he could get her being so impartial about the way she spread her "honey" around was to marry her and that's how she happens now to be his "Honey" Downey.

* * *

RUSS COLUMBO showed me a package he had under his arm the other day. It was a fan letter in poetry. The title read, *Voice of Love*. "A lovely thing beautifully done," said Russ, "so I had it framed." Oh Romance! Romance!

* * *

GUY LOMBARDO, the w. k. Kanuck orchestra leader, likes to take his exercise racing around in a speed boat but he hasn't been able to beat Floyd Gibbons who holds the speed record for circumnavigating Manhattan Island.

* * *

AND Floyd Gibbons, by the way, has another decoration. He is an honorary member of the Forest Ranger Force of Yellowstone Park. He earned the title by fighting a fire that he ran into while there. And he got a check for \$7.20 at the rate of 30 cents an hour for fighting. Save your money, Floyd, and you'll be rich some day.

* * *

ALL the New York newspapers gave Rudy Vallee a great sendoff for his part in the George White Scandals. It was the first time he ever got into anything of this kind without his Connecticut Yankees to back him. He carries on like an old timer, say the critic scribes.

* * *

TOO bad about Coon Sanders coming to Radio Village and getting put away in a back street hotel in the cloak and suit factory district. They're on two short periods a week late at night over NBC.

H. P. B.

ELEVEN YEARS OF MAKING FRIENDS BY MICROPHONE

Eleven years ago a Westinghouse Radio Station inaugurated the world's first prearranged and scheduled radio programs by putting on the air the Harding-Cox presidential election returns.

The months that followed brought new thrills in rapid succession—the President's inaugural address from Washington, the first broadcast of a church service, the first boxing contest blow-by-blow, the first baseball game play-by-play, the Armistice Day address of Marshal Foch.

These, and similar Westinghouse Radio Station achievements, added new friends to the growing family of listeners until now one of these stations alone is a source of entertainment and information to some 800,000 persons a day. Responses often received from distant, unexpected points on the world's map give evidence that almost everyone, at some time or another, listens to a Westinghouse Radio Station.

Radio has changed a lot through these exciting years . . . but friends are still made through the microphone exactly as they were eleven years ago. The same high standards established by Westinghouse Stations in the pioneer days of broadcasting make 980, 990, and 1020 kilocycles favorite tuning points on many thousands of radio sets today.

WESTINGHOUSE • RADIO • STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA

990 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford
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KDKA

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COMMERCIAL OFFICES

Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel William Penn

KYW-KFKX

1020 kilocycles

New York, N. Y., 50 East 42nd Street
Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Building



LEW CONRAD

Among His Souvenirs

PRESSED flowers and black butterflies from a dear old lady in Connecticut, hand-knit socks and a sweater vest from a motherly admirer in Vermont, salt water taffy from a sweet young thing in New Jersey, and Edelweiss from the distant Alps, "for good luck" are among the many odd souvenirs received by Lew Conrad. His voice has a vibrant touch that echoes responsively on the heart strings of his feminine admirers. They send him adoring letters and loving tokens which he fondly treasures although he may never expect to see the donor. Not the least among his souvenirs does he prize a curiously carved letter opener. It is composed of various bits of colored wood. The blade is thin, tough and sharp as steel. It was made for him by the father of a young admirer in Chicago. When he left the air late in the summer the National Broadcasting Company received thousands of letters of regret from feminine fans.

So They Call Lew Conrad

"Body and Soul"

Lovely Ladies Write Him Tender Billet-Doux... They Rave About His Voice and Send Him Presents Too... "I Weep to Think Others May be Writing You the Same Loving Lines," writes One

By Richard Chaplin

THE voice of Lew Conrad, orchestra leader and tenor heard frequently on National Broadcasting Company programs, was recently described so effectively and originally by a sentimentally affected young lady from Massachusetts that the young singer is now the possessor of a nickname which will probably stick to him permanently.

"You have the voice of soul, and my body simply vibrates when I hear you," wrote the New England damsel. And from that time on Conrad has been known as "Body and Soul Lew."

The musical career of Lew Conrad began when he was a small boy in Philadelphia. At a very early age he took up the study of the violin. His musical education was interrupted, however, when he was ten years old by the death of his father. Lew started to sell papers and worked as an errand boy in Philadelphia, and later in Boston, where his mother moved when he was twelve.

He worked his way through high school and Tufts College, at the same time putting as many hours as possible on his music. At Tufts he attended classes all day, had rehearsals and played in dance orchestras evenings, and got around to his studies usually after midnight.

"As a result," he says, "I formed the habit of sleeping only four or five hours a night, and that still is my limit."

Many of the young women who listen to Lew's crooning over the air apparently suffer more from lack of sleep than he does, to judge by their letters, which pour in by the thousands. Perhaps Conrad's strange influence on the female heart may be explained by science. His voice was psycho-analyzed as "unconsciously emotional, regardless

of refinement and musical culture," and as possessing "a pronounced primitive appeal that opens up the soul of the multitudes."

Although he started his career as a violinist, Lew comes by his voice naturally. His father was a soloist at the Cathedral of Tours, France, and his mother sang in a church at Leeds, Eng-

ROMANCE always beckons just beyond the horizon of the visible . . . but especially does it call to the lonely maiden or repressed housewife in the voice of a singer who seems to understand and sympathize. So this young tenor, Lew Conrad, has symbolized the mystic lover of the air for many who find in his voice the answer to their unsatisfied longings—the dream hero of fantasy.

land. After leaving college he played in the Cleveland Symphony and other orchestras until two years ago, when he was given a National Broadcasting Company audition and began to broadcast regularly.

The impassioned fan mail started almost immediately, and has continued ever since. For some reason many women apparently feel that they can unburden their emotions fully when writing to a radio artist, and Lew's fans are certainly emotional. But no matter what requests they make, and

their demands are varied, they all get a letter of thanks in reply. It doesn't seem to have occurred to any of the writers that Lew might be married already.

But he is.

And so while the lovely maidens are searching their minds for sufficiently endearing terms in which to vent their emotions, Lew is practicing or planning for his favorite recreations, which are golfing, speed-boating and fishing. During the summer he leaves the NBC studios in New York after midnight and drives to Boston to see his mother over a week-end. There is little traffic, and he keeps the accelerator well down towards the floor board.

He has a motor boat on Marblehead Bay, and does some deep-sea fishing during the summer. But while speed on the ground and in the water thrill him, he doesn't think so much of airplanes. Once after singing at an army camp he was rewarded by a chance to go up in an observation balloon. Lew still remembers how dizzy it made him, and is content to stay out of the air hereafter. Air, he thinks, is a fine thing to breathe, and to send your voice through, and to put in tires, but that's about all.

And now perhaps some of Lew's feminine admirers should be allowed to express their opinions of him. Here they are:

"Of all your programs I like the morning ones best, because your voice is fresh and sweet early in the morning. I am in my twenties, good looking and cheerful, and devoted to your voice. Your picture graces my dresser. I am always careful to be alone when you sing. I love you devotedly, but can do nothing about it. . ."

"I am faithful to you Lew beloved.

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What Would They

Famous Explorer Pictures What He Thinks
Would Happen First Time Indians Heard Radio

By F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES

THE EXPLORER

F.R.G.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.E.S., F.R.A.I., F.A.G.S.
Member of the Maya Committee of the British Museum

MANY times since I began my talks over the National Broadcasting Company's networks on the ruthless wilds and primitive life as it actually exists in the jungles of Central America, I have been asked the question—What would happen if suddenly a radio were

tuned in from there to New York or some other great city?

It is funny, but during the whole of the seventeen years I have lived among primitive tribes in some of the most remote regions of Central America, I have never thought of it. I will try to draw a picture of what would unques-



tionably take place.

You have traveled by dug-out and trails through the jungle a hundred and fifty miles into the interior of a country where no white man has hitherto set foot. Here you come upon a tribe of Indians averaging five feet in height, copper in hue, and all naked to the waist. They are living fifty to sixty families in each large communal bush-house built with cohune palm thatch roofs, bamboo sides, and the bare earth as floor. They have never heard of the United States or the British Empire; they have never heard of a ship, a railroad, an automobile, a telephone or electric light, and money of course is unknown to them. They know no world outside their own rigidly proscribed circle. Here they live, till, plant their little corn-patches, breed and die, walled in by the dense jungle, which is so solid that in many places I know of you could not proceed, even with Indians hacking a trail for you, more than five to six hundred yards in a day. They are completely isolated. How they got there, whence they came—it is a riddle, unknown.

YET I have found, and lived among, several tribes of Indians in exactly this position. Now what would happen if it were possible to tune in to New York on the radio? Normally quite stoical, they would be rooted to the ground. Although they might make no sound or movement, their eyes would betray them—terror, sheer, stark terror is what they would experience;

Summer styles which mean bare to the waist are in vogue all year round among these Indians

a definite conviction that it was the voice or music of the spirits. Nothing would induce them to touch the apparatus—it must be the mouth-piece

Do?

of either the demons or the gods. And so they would remain, petrified.

Possibly they might remain like this—mute, without ejaculating one single sound; on the other hand after a minute or so with a simultaneous maddened shriek they might flee precipitately and force their way into the bush. But one thing is certain; if they fled they would return. No terror can keep them away from the only home—the only world—they know. But whichever they did their reaction would inevitably be the same; that this terrorizing thing was nothing mortal, that no mortal voice or music could come from nowhere, and that it must therefore be of the Spirits.

As they found that they suffered no injury, after a time decision would be made in their minds as to whether the spirits were evil or good.

It must be remembered that with all primitive and degenerate tribes their lives are entirely ruled by their belief in spirits.

There are many evil, but few good. And in the hypothetical case I am describing a meeting would be held among themselves to decide in which category, good or evil, the

new visitation should be assigned. If perchance they wanted rain for their milpa (corn patches), and it so happened that rain fell within the next few days, there is no question they would believe it was through the sounds proceeding from this mysterious source. If at the psychological time the Chief's wife had a child, this also would be accounted to the benevolence of the spirit sounds. But if a drought continued, or an Indian was bitten by a snake, or a child died, or a hundred and one other unfortunate occurrences, then nothing in this world would ever convince them otherwise than that it was a voice of evil. There is not a single incident in their lives which is not

This picturesque description of life and habits of primitive tribes in Central America was written especially for Radio Digest by the famous explorer who narrates his experiences regularly over the network of the National Broadcasting Company from New York.

ascribed to the action of spirits; even such a simple thing as an Indian stubbing his toe against a log of wood, or a woman falling and hurting herself; or even—to us a trifle, but to them an event of importance—a fire going out through carelessness and lack of attention, the Indians would never believe any of these things was his or her own fault. It must be the influence of an evil spirit.

I had a remarkable instance of how these people are affected. I was living among the Maya Kekchi Indians in the interior of the jungle on the borders of British Honduras and Guatemala at the time I had discovered the great Maya city now known to the world as Lubaantun. For some time I had been engaged with gangs of Indians in felling the jungle, clearing the ruins and excavating, when I fell ill with malaria fever. In despair I foolishly wrote a note to my secretary, Miss Jane Harvey



Where dreams come true—if you ever imagined such creatures were only the figment of an alcoholic mind

Houlson, who has been with me for years, and who was then in a settlement a great distance away on the coast waiting for instructions from me. My note was laconic. "Jane, I am ill. There's a lot of work to be done and I need you."

The Indians took this note to the river, where it was carried for many miles by other Indians in dug-outs down to the coast, and thence by circuitous channels eventually reached Jane. Without wasting a moment she at once proceeded in an old schooner to the settlement on the coast which was the nearest one to, though still many miles from, where I was in the interior. Here fortunately the Indians were still awaiting her. (As a matter of fact they would have waited for ever.) And entirely alone except for her native guides she began the hazardous journey; day after day up the river, sleep-



Happy family enjoying the balmy air in their open canoe

ing at night in the jungle. And one day as I lay ill in my bush-house I heard sounds approaching. It was Jane. She entered the bush-house with behind her an Indian nervously carrying her typewriter. And shortly after her arrival she began the work of tapping out my notes.

ONE or two Indians looked in. The news spread like fire. The whole tribe assembled and gazed in amazement through the crevices of the bamboo sides of the shack. Then one more daring than the rest crept within; it was the signal for all to follow; and soon the bush-house was jammed with Indians. Not a sound escaped them. There they remained until the tapping had ceased.

Every day they continued to come, and shortly they would jabber away in their language of which, of course, Jane could not understand a word. Then they began bringing their sick, and laying them on the earth floor beside her.

"Whatever are they doing?" she asked me plaintively one day when I came in to discover there were four or five adults and a number of children lying around in this manner.

"My dear girl," I answered, "They have come to the conclusion that you are tapping out messages to the spirit-world, and communicating with good spirits who will aid and send blessings upon the Indians. And all this jabbering is that they are asking you to send messages for them. Now they are bringing their sick so that you may pray to the good spirits with whom you are in communication that they will make them well."

And this went on during all the months that Miss Houlson was up

there typing my articles and despatches.

I only wish it were possible to carry a radio down to these parts when I return there, as I shall do early next year, and pick up a station. It would be invaluable to me.

Now we must look at it from another angle. Civilized people are as ignorant of the habits, customs and psychology of primitive Indians as the latter are of theirs. It would be almost impossible to convey to those living in great capitals the difference between their lives and those of primitive Indians. Imagine if one had a microphone and could speak while there! A description on the spot of the life, scenery, rituals, ceremonies and customs of these strange people would come as a vivid surprise. It would literally be listening to another world. Not one of those dream novels in which the tropics are portrayed as a land of waving palms, coral-sand beaches and scented warm nights; it would be a world where the jaguar and the tapir crash through the underbrush; where the throaty gurgle of the alligators rises up from the river; where in the night the miasma rises together with the vilest sound of all—the droning of millions of mosquitoes. The jungle, that wakes to life as the sun goes down, with a combined orchestration of cicadas, tree-frogs and crickets; the whistling of night-birds and the strange voices of innumerable life blended together in one mysterious medley of sound.

PEOPLE in the cities would hear the Mating-Dance and feast in the Week of the Scorpion and Moon of the Ape, to the God of Fertility. They would hear the shrieks and howls and the pagan wrath arising in the night as a wooden effigy of the God of Barrenness is hurled into the midst of a roaring fire of which the flames are leaping fifty feet into the air, and illuminating the jungle. They would hear the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms, the crashing of seed rattles and the three curious notes played on reed pipes.

It would not surprise me, in view of the rapid strides with which science is advancing, if it became possible for some great broadcasting company to evolve a means of reproducing faithfully these things for the people of civilized countries. I could promise that there would be no paucity of listeners-in. As I said before, it would be a revelation to us modern. I can imagine nothing more fascinating, nothing more intriguing, than to take a radio down to the jungle and watch the reactions

of the Indians when the spirit voices came through. Even more I should like to be an eye-witness, if it were possible, of the millions seated in their easy chairs when over the radio in their comfortable homes came the real, ruthless jungle with its blood and sweat,



F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, the Explorer, with the Sukia Woman (witch doctor) of the Laca Indians

with its life and laughter going hand in hand with sudden death.

Yes, I should very much like to watch their faces.

Adventure Notables on N. B. C. Programs

HIGH adventure now rides the air waves.

With a staff of war correspondents, explorers and sea-dogs narrators the National Broadcasting Company is bringing the world to millions of listeners annually.

By twisting the dials, Mr. Average Citizen may scale the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa with Carveth Wells, ride the bounding main with Count Felix von Luckner, or, live again with Floyd Gibbons a breathless moment at the battle of the Somme. Or, while fancy dictates, your listener may be whisked from his arm-chair to stand in awe with F. A. Mitchell-Hedges before the lost cities of a vanished Mayan race in Yucatan, and then be translated in the next breath to the polar ice cap with Sir Hubert Wilkins.

Such is the magic of radio. And, the demand for lecturers on travel is inter-

esting. These interesting fellows are appearing on NBC networks more frequently and in increasing numbers than they did last year, indicating perhaps that the public prefers seven-league boots to prosaic brogans.

On the NBC roster of adventurers there are three war correspondents—Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas and D. Thomas Curtin. Gibbons' "Hello Everybody!" is familiar to millions of the radio audience. His lectures dealing with his adventures in the War bring him thousands of letters from devoted listeners.

GIBBONS began his newspaper career on the Minneapolis Daily News and worked later for the Milwaukee Free Press and the Chicago Tribune. He represented the Tribune in the War. From the very beginning he found excitement on every front. He was a passenger on the S. S. Laconia when it was torpedoed and sunk in 1917 off the Irish coast. He was rescued after a night in a small boat and cabled his newspaper the first graphic account of the disaster. Gibbons lost an eye in action at Chateau Thierry and was awarded the French and Italian Croix de Guerre for gallantry.

Lowell Thomas, whose nightly digest of the day's news is closely followed by an army of listeners, was attached to the Allied armies at the request of President Wilson to write the history of the World War. He served on many fronts and is credited with discovering "Lawrence of Arabia." He has written a number of exciting travel books.

D. Thomas Curtin, whom Lord Northcliffe described as "the man who saw more of the war than any other correspondent," is the author of the series of "Thrillers" heard over NBC networks each week. By the aid of a dramatic cast Curtin relates exciting moments of his experience while working under Northcliffe with the Times.

The explorers bulk large on the adventurers' list. This chain also has two authorities on Africa, Dr. Arthur Torrence, student of tropical diseases and Carveth Wells, often called "that handsome liar."

David Newell, member of the Matto Grasso expedition to Brazil speaks frequently upon South America. These lecturers devote a portion of their time to children's lectures. Wells and Torrence tell interesting animal tales of the jungle and Newell relates the exploits of "Jake," his big game hound in the wilds of Brazil.

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S N A P P Y !

Make It

True Story of a Taxi Driver Who Had Rhythm

By Abe Lyman

HELLO, everybody. This is Abe Lyman speaking.

Do you mind if I start right off by laying claim to a few titles? Here they are:

I probably have been fired from more jobs than any other musician in this country.

I probably am the only American orchestra leader to play in London who didn't give the Prince of Wales lessons on the drums and who didn't meet the Prince socially.

I was the driver of the first Yellow Cab to appear on the streets of Chicago.

I was called "Movieland's Favorite" because so many motion picture stars came to the Cocoanut Grove, at the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles, during the five years I lead my "Californians" there. (I just learned there is at least one dissenter. She is Thelma Todd, the screen star. She sent my engagement ring back a few days ago.)

They tell me I was born with rhythm, that I showed early indications of being a drummer by sitting in the middle of the floor of our tiny Chicago apartment and beating out ungodly noises on a tin pan with a spoon. I can't quite seem to recall that, but I do know that I always wanted to be a drummer and to lead an orchestra.

I guess I must have been pretty determined about this drumming business, because I worked for a long time in Chicago movie houses without any pay just for the experience. I remember being fired from my first job, for which I received no salary, and telling my boss, "But you're not paying me anything." I remember even more vividly his reply, "I don't even want you around the place."

Later I got a job as drummer in the Fox-Lake Illinois at \$5 a week and room and board. I used to sit in the orchestra pit and watch Buster Keaton and Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle work, and wish I could meet them. And I used to get a great kick out of Tom Mix's stunts, and wish that I might ride his famous horse, "Tony." Not so many years later I became a close

friend of all three of the screen stars and rode "Tony" as often as I wanted.



Abe Lyman ready to go

It was after I lost this and countless other jobs that I became a bit discouraged about drumming as a means of earning a livelihood, and got a job as a taxi driver. I was pretty proud of the fact that I was given Chicago's first Yellow Cab to drive.

But the orchestra leader bug was still there, and, in 1913, I took a job at \$6 a week as drummer in a Chicago cafe. For the next five years I played in and around Chicago until my brother, Mike, and Baron Long, owner of the Vernon Country Club, in Los Angeles, where Harry Richman, Cliff Friend, Buddy De Sylva and others got their start, sent for me to come to the Coast.

Quitting my job in Chicago, I packed my bags and took the train for Santa Monica, where my brother ran a night club known as The Sunset Inn, which was quite a gathering place for the motion picture stars. A few days after I arrived there I organized a 5-piece band and started playing there. I used to play the drums and lead the orchestra.

WE were getting along pretty well at the inn until my brother and I had an argument and he fired me. And believe me, his firing me was the greatest break of my life. The reason for our disagreement was that my brother said he never had heard of a drummer leading an orchestra. I told him if I couldn't play drums out in front I'd quit. He fired me before I had the chance.

That was one time it was a good break to be fired. A short time later I took my band into the Ship Cafe, in Venice, Calif., and there I met Norma and Constance Talmadge, Thomas Meighan, Blanche Sweet, Gloria Swanson, Charles Ray, Bebe Daniels, Clara Kimball Young and a lot of other actors and actresses who were just baby stars at that time. Apparently they liked my music and talked about it, for Abe Frank, owner of the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles, came in to see me and asked me to add four more men to my band and play in the Cocoanut

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John Anthony in CBS Sea Stories

ON the morning of May 17, 1923, a New York taxi driver was sitting in his cab at 125th Street. It was early. Fares were few. He picked up a morning newspaper. A glance at the front page and he almost jumped out of his car. A minute later he was tearing down the street.

He had read that William Beebe, the noted naturalist and leader of a research expedition to the Galapagos Islands, had returned from there the day before with his ship and scientific treasures.

The connection between a group of islands six hundred miles off the western coast of South America, a scientific expedition to them and a taxi driver may seem remote to you. It appeared strange to Dr. Beebe, too, when, after patient waiting in his machine at the wharf where the Beebe ship was docked, Martin Christiansen, taxi driver, accosted him.

What Mr. Christiansen told Dr. Beebe, however, thrilled the latter to such an extent that he devoted an entire chapter of his book, "Galapagos—

REALISM

World's End," to Mr. Christiansen's story. Where the scientific expedition had spent two and one half months of comparative ease on these volcano-born islands, able seaman Martin Christiansen and eight other members of his crew had met adventure, suffering and two of them, death, when they were marooned there for nearly half a year by the trick currents and doldrums of the Pacific Ocean.

What "Red" Christiansen told Dr. Beebe he told millions of radio listeners when, almost twenty-five years to the day after he and his companions had been marooned on the small Pacific island, he appeared before a microphone of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the leading role of a radio dramatization of the harrowing experience that he and the eight other members of the crew underwent during their months on Galapagos.

This broadcast, one of a series of programs known as Romances of the Sea, was, perhaps, the highest degree of realism yet attained in radio drama. As though it had happened only yesterday, "Red" Christiansen stood before the microphone and related a vivid-word picture of months without fresh water when he and his companions drank nothing but turtle blood and brackish water; of months when they ate nothing but raw turtle meat, and of months when they were without clothing or coverage for the cut and bruised feet.

While the brick-topped Dane carried the theme of his horribly real story, a brilliant cast of actors and actresses re-enacted the events that befell Martin Christiansen and the others on Galapagos twenty-five years ago. During the entire broadcast a 25-piece symphony orchestra furnished music that served as a background for the drama, brought out the characters, stressed the emotions and carried out the intent and meaning of the spoken word to the fullest extent. Nearly-perfect sound effects completed the realistic picture.

Galapagos was but one of a number of realistic dramatizations of the best-known sea stories of all time that have been included in this series of broadcasts, heard over the Columbia network from 9:30 to 10 P. M., EST., every Sunday and Tuesday. The opening program of this new and unusual series

*Sea Stories with Alice Brady
Gotham Chauffeur to
pagos*

By NELSON

featured such well-known stage stars as Alice Brady and John Anthony in a dramatization of the ancient, picturesque legend of *The Flying Dutchman*, upon which Richard Wagner based his opera of the same title.

Other well-known sea stories selected by the sponsors for inclusion in this series are Robert Louis Stevenson's ever-popular *Treasure Island*, *The Strange Story of Aaron Smith*, *The Golden Peacock* and *Out of New Bedford*.

A GREAT number of these stories which have been dramatized for *Romances of the Sea* are based on actual happenings. For instance, *The Golden Peacock* is based on the story of a trading vessel, whose cargo included some golden peacocks belonging to the Mogul of India, which was wrecked off the East African Coast. Several attempts to salvage the golden peacocks have been made in past years.

Every effort has been made by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., who are in charge of the production of these dramas, to make them as realistic as possible. Consequently, when it was decided to include Galapagos in the series of dramatizations, someone suggested that Christiansen be found to play his own part. "Red" had been on the air before, and they knew he would be more than willing to take part in the broadcast if only he could be found.

This was easier said than done. A visit to the headquarters of the taxi company for which "Red" had worked was unsuccessful. "Red" had given up taxi driving two years earlier. Investigators were despatched forthwith to find "Red" Christiansen, "and find him quick." Several of the newspaper radio columns asked "Does anybody know where 'Red' can be found?"

After searching for nearly a month, one of the investigators found "Red." Since turning in his taxi he has been serving as janitor of an apartment house in Washington Heights. "Red" was more than willing to take a few

adds ZEST

and John Anthony Bring
Mike as Hero of Gala-
Tale

S. HESSE

hours off from tending to the wants of his tenants to live over again the months of hardships on Galapagos.

It really wasn't necessary for "Red" Christiansen to rehearse his part in the radio drama. He remembered every incident clearly. But it helped to create the realistic picture to have "Red" coach the other actors to read their lines just as they had been spoken twenty-five years ago. When, after hours of rehearsal, the dramatization was put on over the air, it was hailed as one of the most thrilling broadcasts since the beginnings of radio. Let's let "Red" tell you the story which was re-enacted:

"WELL, I suppose the story begins when I signed up with the bark 'Alexander' down on the other side of the world. That was at Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. It was in November, 1906, and I was just 19 years old. The 'Alexander' was loaded with a cargo of coal, bound eastward across the Pacific for Panama. She carried a captain, mate and second mate, cook and sixteen of us men.

"I had been living at a sailor's boarding house run by Nellie Simonds. The day we shipped, November 6 it was, I remember Nellie rowed out in the bay where we lay. She brought some refreshment along as a parting gift. We hoisted it up the side. I don't mind telling ye that her brand of refreshment made a bigger hit with us than the stuff we had to drink before we got through.

"After some singing and some farewells, we slipped out of the harbor toward the open sea with every sail filled. The captain had made the same trip before in seventy days. And so, everything pointed to our being in Panama in a little over two months. Louis, the cook, had 140 days' rations stowed away. Mebbe you don't know that marine laws require a sailing ship to carry rations for twice as long a period
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Alice Brady, famous actress, to enact roles in Sea Story series



Chaos!

Former Commissioner Contemplates Hostile Elements May Deliberately Wreck Present System by Wave Grabbing

By H. A. Bellows

AGAIN the stage is being set to sell American listeners the idea of discarding the American Plan of Broadcasting for the European system, if "system" it might be called. Enemies of our broadcasting who are envious of the sums spent in advertising on the air are maneuvering to take the free competitive program plan out of the hands of private owners and deliver your radio entertainment into the control of a politically appointed government bureau. The first move to attack the American Plan is to break up the range of channels over which our broadcasters now function.

To start this crumbling process a certain amount of public dissatisfaction must be stimulated. Then some kind of a plausible front must shield the real motives. A certain high powered press agent has suddenly become endowed with the rank of "an educator" and sent to Europe. He sends back cabled interviews with himself as "an educator" telling of the superior excellence of the Russian system of broadcasting. These interviews are published in newspapers throughout the country. When he returns he will doubtless begin operating on a revival of the Fess Bill to set aside 15 per cent of the wave lengths allotted to America for the exclusive use of—well, now you guess who; but you will be told it is for "educational purposes."—Editor.

NEARLY five years ago, after months of discussion, Congress passed the Radio Act of 1927.

In this act Congress specifically assigned to the Federal Radio Commission the duty of allocating licenses to transmit radio communication. Since the passage of that law, the Federal Radio Commission has exercised the power of allocation conferred on it by Congress.

Whether the Commission has used this power altogether wisely or not is beside the point. It has done its work in an orderly and systematic manner, on the basis of the best engineering advice it could get, and with relatively little subjection to political influence.

There are a great many people who, for one reason or another have failed to meet the standards of



Vice President, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., Former Member Federal Radio Commission

public convenience, necessity or interest set up by the law and inter-

preted in the general orders of the Federal Radio Commission. These people want to broadcast, but they cannot secure licenses as long as the law is administered in an orderly fashion. Naturally, they would like to see the allocation of broadcasting licenses turned into a political free-for-all.

There are others who, though authorized to broadcast, have been unable to secure from the Commission all the advantages they would like to have. The commission knows that the total amount of facilities available for broadcasting is sharply limited by engineering requirements.

These people believe that they would stand a better chance of getting what they want if allocations were to be made by Congress itself, because they know that Congress has had little opportunity or desire to study the engineering problem of radio communication.

They, too, want to see the allocation of broadcasting facilities turned into a political free-for-all.

When Congress enacted the Radio Law of 1927, its members were wise enough to realize that the problem of allocating radio frequencies, both within and outside of the broadcast band, was a highly technical one. They were content to lay down general principles for the guidance of the Radio Commission, knowing that Congress has more important things to do than to decide whether a license shall be given to John Smith or to James Brown.

Enormous pressure is now being brought to bear on Congress to undo its own wise and sane work. People who see in any orderly system of allocations little chance for securing what they want for themselves, hope that if chaos is again precipitated, they may be able to grab something worth while. Their only hope is in a return to the intolerable condition which existed in

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Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler Heads New

EDUCATIONAL SERIES

A GREAT deal of wind has been taken out of the sails of those who are trying to use the cause of Education as a cloak under which to wedge off a certain section of the broadcast spectrum. Leading educators of recognized achievement are cooperating with the leading broadcasters in promoting cultural programs in the most effective manner. This movement is fostered by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education of which Levering Tyson is the director.

Both chain systems conducted comprehensive education features last year. The Columbia Broadcasting System's School of the Air was eminently successful. As Radio Digest goes to press with this November issue the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with Mr. Tyson's organization has announced a program of lectures that could not be surpassed by any single educational institution in the country. The announcement states:

A GROUP of thirty weekly radio lectures on present-day economics and psychology will be inaugurated on Oct. 17 by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; Dr. James Rowland Angell, president of Yale University and Dr. Ernest L. Bogart, president of the American Economic Association.

The two branches of discussion will share the weekly educational period, a prominent economist and a leading psychologist speaking for fifteen minutes every Saturday night at 8:30 o'clock. The entire series of addresses on economics and psychology will be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company. Other subjects in the series will be offered for transmission over the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting Company and subsequent lectures will be offered to both networks, Mr. Tyson said. In each case the time is donated gratis by the broadcasting organization.

There will be thirty lectures in each series. The first ten addresses in the economics series will deal with the causes of economic depression and possible solutions. Unemployment insurance, national economic planning, the merger movement and other problems of modern economics will be discussed in future lectures.

Thus will the idea, born when a small group of educators met in the Winter

IN ANSWER to those who berate the American Plan of Broadcasting comes this announcement of still greater strides in promoting education by radio. No more significant list of American educators could be assembled than those who will be heard in this series. Our national legislators should make note of what is being done for education by radio before yielding to the importunities of those who have selfish interests.

of 1929-30 to consider the possibilities of radio in promoting adult education, become a reality. The series will continue indefinitely and has adequate financial support. Nor will it be confined exclusively to the proposition of adult education. Radio as an instrument of education in the classroom is being worked out and one day must come, Mr. Tyson asserted.

But at present the council is emphasizing the idea of radio in adult education, and a distinguished group of educators from all parts of the country have enlisted in the cause. In addition to Dr. Butler, Dr. Angell and Dr. Bogart, others who will participate in the series of lectures on economics and psychology, which will run concurrently, are Jane Addams of Hull House; Edwin F. Gay, Professor of Economic History, Harvard; Walter R. Miles, president of the American Psychological Association; Edward S. Robinson, Professor of Psychology, Yale, and Robert S. Woodworth, president of the Social Science Research.

"Not only have we had the wholehearted support and cooperation of educators throughout the country," said Mr. Tyson, "but it has been amazing to discover that the educators and broadcasters alike have been quick to realize that a different technique is required for the classroom and the microphone."

The subjects that might be covered in a college course in economics and psychology will not be treated in this radio lecture series. Only such topics as capture the popular imagination and offer a solution of problems close to every listener's heart will be on the schedule.

Economics and psychology were selected as the subjects of the first series, it was explained, because of their current interest in the public mind.

Complementary to the psychology lectures, a syllabus prepared in connection with the addresses will be mailed upon application to the listener as a preliminary guide following the initial lecture. Copies of Dr. Butler's opening address, with information pertaining to subsequent lectures, will be mailed free of charge upon application. There will be a nominal charge for the syllabus and for printed copies of subsequent addresses in the psychology lectures. Literature with a list of readings and references in the economics series is also being prepared. The purpose of these booklets and pamphlets is to serve the listener as supplementary literature.

MR. TYSON recently returned from the International Conference on Education in Geneva where he said that educators from every country were awake to the possibilities of radio in carrying cultural thinking and knowledge to the masses of the people. He compared the problems of utilizing radio for educational purposes in Europe and the United States. National boundaries there are not so far apart. Programs can be carried through more uniformly without interference by difference in time. He said:

"The problem abroad is considerably simplified because of geography and centralization of government. There they are not confronted with the network idea with all its ramifications, geographical and financial, along with the all-important element of varying time in different zones. For instance, the signal of 2LO at Chelmsford, England, may easily be picked up in any part of the British Isles, while the powerful Warsaw transmitter may be tuned in on almost any part of the Continent. Such a system eliminates the necessity of a network. Moreover, the Central Government, which controls and operates the broadcasting stations, helps to simplify the problem.

"But on this side of the water," Mr. Tyson continued, "we meet the conflicting forces of private ownership of radio stations under government regulation, the time-zone bugaboo and the difficulties to be encountered in broadcasting over a network, aside from the tremendous expense involved."

Hear AMERICA

THE treasure-house of Americana has opened its rich stores to radio.

And "The Parade of the States," radio's newest and much discussed radio program, is the result.

In the Cathedral Studio at National Broadcasting Company several weeks ago there assembled an unusual company of artists. There was a native of Budapest, Hungary. And a native of England. A symphony orchestra made up of men who represented in nationality a concert of European nations.

"Parade of States" and Salutation

By DUKE

An American author. And finally, a noted pianist and composer who claimed as his birthplace, Virginia. They were assembled for the premiere performance on a nationwide network of "The Parade of the States," the answer of the General Motors Corporation, its sponsors, to the assertion that there can be nothing new in radio.

"I am only a young American," Erno Rapee, famed conductor of thousands of symphony concerts, had told me a few days before as we chatted in his offices high above Fifth Avenue. "I am only twenty years in this country. And now I am studying state by state the musical lore and native composers of America. It is giving me a long waited for opportunity to learn more about the original musical traits of this our own country. "The Parade of the States" requires countless hours of research. And I have found, in preparing the music for our programs, a great wealth of characteristic American material, an amount which will, I believe, surprise even most Americans, themselves."

Erno Rapee is musical director of the new radio program, a Monday night Red Network feature which he calls something "distinctively new in radio." More than a score of years ago Rapee, a native of Budapest, was assistant conductor of the Dresden Orchestra. His triumph as leader of the Roxy Symphony and in other important radio and concert roles is musical and radio history.

So, for the premiere of "The Parade of the

Erno Rapee, Conductor



First!

a Musical Pageant to All Sections

PARRY

States," there were, in the studio, Rapee and his symphony orchestra. Charles Webster, an Englishman and one of radio's best known actors was in the cast. It is Webster's role, strangely enough to read, each week, a tribute to the particular state of the week and his opening tribute, written by Bruce Barton, author, was to Virginia. It must have caused some interest to find that Webster, an Englishman by birth and famed for his impersonations on the air as Abraham Lincoln, was reading the evening's tribute to Virginia, the cradle of the Confederacy.

And, heading a large cast of singers and musicians was to be found John Powell, a native Virginian and called by Rapee, the "most romantic of American pianists". The assets, resources and romance of the various states will form the basis for the music of each program. The Virginia tribute, typical of others that were to follow, opened with a "symphonic poem," entitled *Virginia* and written by Rapee himself. It included a paraphrase of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia* and some Virginia Reels. Next listeners were transported by music to an Indian wedding festival, followed by a musical representation of the Legend of Pocahontas. A gay Virginia hunting scene next was pictured in music, with lords and ladies of the manor house gathered together on New Year's day for the hunt. *A-Hunting We Will Go* and *Brown October Ale* were included in this bracket. Finally, the *Negro Rhapsody* composed by John Powell and rendered by the orchestra with Powell at the piano, concluded the program.

Choice of the state to be honored each week will depend on the national attention directed at the various common-

Erno Rapee Delves Into Uncle Sam's Song Chest and Finds Priceless Treasure

wealths. Virginia was given the place of honor due to the celebration of the Yorktown Sesquicentennial and as a final number on the opening program there was A Yorktown Sesquicentennial number including the Virginia University airs and a medley of patriotic airs associated with the state.

The procession of states to be honored through to December 21, will follow this order:

October 19—Virginia	November 23—Massachusetts
October 26—Arizona	November 30—Idaho
November 2—Connecticut	December 7—Ohio
November 9—Alabama	December 14—Georgia
November 16—Oklahoma	December 21—Missouri

(Continued on page 89)



Illustrated by Gaspard Ricca



Vaughn de Leath, whose popularity as a radio star has neither dimmed nor flickered in ten years. She now comes to light as a woman of great inspiration, as an inventor and as a good housewife

The Firm of GEER-

Vaughn and Livingston did not even ago but now they are one of the

By Anne

LIVINGSTON GEER is a great artist—and so is his wife, Vaughn de Leath. Which is a very diplomatic and gentle way of imparting the glad tidings—to those who write burning questions to Marcella—that Vaughn de Leath is married.

That Little Bird, appointed to see all, hear all and know all, called me aside the other day and whispered, "Do you know that Vaughn de Leath's husband is a famous portrait painter?"

"Do tell?" was my original ejaculation, not daring to appear as if I shared in this odd bird's omniscience.

"So while Toddles and I go through our day's mail," continued Marcella as she slowly made her way through a mountainous stack of letters, "suppose you act as our ambassador and call upon the Geer-de Leath Household with our compliments."

Half way up the street, ready to carry out my orders, and I heard the shrill, familiar voice of Marcella, "Don't forget the toothbrush!"

"Yes, don't forget the toothbrush!" echoed Toddles through her mouthful of cracker crumbs.

"Don't forget the toothbrush," I repeated mechani-

cally over and over again—"toothbrush, toothbrush—brush."

Upstairs in the National Broadcasting Company's reception room, my mind full of toothbrush, I met Husband Artist and Wife Radio Star.

There is a rich warmth about Mr. Geer's personality which betrays a great depth of sympathy and understanding and he is gifted with a rare perception that brushes aside faulty human traits and reaches only for that which is fine and pure and lovely.

Never working at cross purposes but instead, always cooperating with each other whenever possible, Mr. and Mrs. Geer stand out conspicuously as two successful people whose careers marriage has heightened and not dimmed.

DURING the program, for instance, as Vaughn de Leath was singing some of the old favorite songs, Mr. Geer acted as her critic and advisor. Then as we sat together discussing Miss de Leath's inventions, Mr. Geer quickly but painstakingly sketched them on paper.

And here is where the story of the toothbrush comes in. Now, there's nothing about a toothbrush that would throw anyone into a fit of ecstasy—I mean, of course, by *anyone*, those of us who have, through much discipline, become faithful subjects of this Bristled Buddha.

I guess the only kind of a toothbrush that would gain nation-wide attention would be one designed to fall automatically into children's hands directly after every meal. But Vaughn's invention is not of that kind. Still it is deserving of radio listeners' attention in that it reveals the ingenuity of one of their old favorite artists as an inventor of bright

Firm de LEATH

want to meet each other some seven years happiest couples in radio circles

B. Lazar

promise. From the picture which Friend Husband sketched for me, it is small, graceful and convenient to handle, an article which would be the pride of any veteran of the toothbrush brigade.

Miss de Leath's inventive mind did not stop with the toothbrush—one might indeed say that her mind never stops—for her various activities support the theory of perpetual motion.

For instance Vaughn de Leath has found the panacea for that starched shirt-bosom bulge. It's christened a

Shirt Bosom Sta-put and consists of four lengths of stitched tape. One end of each length is fastened to the armored breastplate, and the other to the leather portion of the suspender. With this restraint the bosom front hasn't a ghost of a chance to bulge.

Then there is a road runner—whose noble purpose in the world is to enable victims of flat tires to run their machines to the nearest garage.

IT SEEMS odd that these practical inventions should have come from a mind that is so ethereal as Vaughn de Leath's, for even when you look at her, although she is by no means slight of figure, you get visions of flowers and perfumes and all of the lovely things that are associated with the truly feminine nature.

For seven happy years these two young people have been making parallel strides to progress—never conflicting—never co-elbowing. In the studio where some of the wealthiest and most famous men and women have come to have their portraits painted, Mr. Geer quietly and unobtrusively works with brush and canvas. He is well-built, has blond hair and searching blue eyes that never miss a person's inner nature. That is perhaps why people of means do not hesitate to pay him many, many hundreds of dollars for his masterful work.

HAD it not been for the persistence of a Mutual Friend, Vaughn de Leath and Livingston Geer would still be operating in separate spheres of endeavor, missing each other's beautiful companionship. Something like seven years ago this Mutual Friend discerned the possibilities of a blissful



A sketch of Livingston Geer drawn by Mr. Geer himself for Radio Digest

union if only he could get these two young people to consent to meet each other. But Vaughn, always a popular girl, couldn't stand artists and *couldn't be bothered*, while Livingston didn't want to meet any girls. But *Came the Day*, and every matinee and evening performance there after found Livingston Geer in the audience of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, the stupendous Broadway production of that season in which Vaughn de Leath was the prima donna, and as Vaughn says, he knew every line of her part and became her unofficial understudy.

Seven years of happily wedded life tell the rest of the story. Every weekend they drive up to their simple country home in Westport, Conn.—The Hitching Post—and there gather fresh inspiration for their week's work in the humming city.

Mr. Geer has made a very profound study of colors, and is always experimenting with them. Thousands of years ago, our ancestors saw only the shades of black. Red was the next color that came within the low range of their vision, declared Mr. Geer, and as he said this, I glanced rather dubiously at my glaring red jersey suit. And violet is the newest color that has come to man's perception.

Mr. Geer spent several months in Oklahoma painting the portraits of some old Indian chiefs there for a wealthy Oklahoma oil man, and as this particular tribe is rapidly becoming extinct, Mr. Geer's paintings will be the only record of their existence and will undoubtedly find their way into a national museum for posterity.



Vaughn de Leath in her country garden

Loves to Go Places but Yearns for Home

KATE Smith

By HILDA COLE

ALL her life Kate Smith had felt the urge of the nomad. She longed for the wings of a dove or something like that. The wings not being obtainable she used roller skates. And once she looked longingly at the big and mysterious tank of a gasoline truck. Where did it come from? Where would it go? What was it like on the inside?

It was big, new and empty. She clambered into the dark interior—lucky for her the fumes had been cleared out, but not so lucky was the fact that she found herself unable to crawl out as she had crawled in. She yelled but no one heard her as the truck roared away. She rode all the way to the next town before she was discovered—*was she scared!* They telephoned her family and then sent her right back home to Washington on another truck. So, after all, the adventure had been fairly successful.

Kate told me this little adventure as we were waiting back stage at the Palace on Broadway where she had just completed her record run of eleven weeks.

"I guess that started it," she said. "I'm really a little ashamed at the impish mischief I got into. I wonder where those boys are now that wouldn't let me ride their bikes? I was awful about it. If they didn't let me ride I would kick the spokes out of the wheels. Of course I didn't realize then how really terrible it was. I wonder if those boys still hold a grudge against me?"

From singing at school affairs, she soon broadened her scope of entertainment. Now after school hours, provided of course that she did not stay up too late, Kate was allowed to sing at various affairs in Washington. She was in demand at the Elks Clubs, Ma-

sonic Temples, and indeed every kind of organization conceivable that included in entertainments and benefits. But before her even yet—like a villain in a fairy story, pranced the knowledge that, when she was old enough, she was to study nursing.

CAME the war. She sang for the original A. E. F. before they sailed for France, and for the Red Devils when they were in Washington. Kate could put over the sentimental songs that were popular at the time. Do you remember? *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight—There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding*—and those perfectly huge men just loved it.

As our Kate grew up she became somewhat less of a rakish tomboy, and began to take more of an interest in household affairs, cooking and sewing. She even had a little spell of playing

with dolls, which was quite a come down from her monarchy in gangdom.

After graduation from high school, without honors but with an adequate percentage of marks—Kate obediently went away to study nursing at Georgetown. The family insisted upon it, but her heart was not in her work, and she longed to begin her theatrical career.

"The very biggest kick I got out of nursing," says Kate simply, "was in giving transfusions, and I did give a great many of those. One time I gave over a quart of blood to a girl who was in a coma and wasn't expected to pull through. But she did. It was a direct transfusion and the doctors advised me to lie quietly after it was all over. They said I'd faint if I tried to get up and walk around. But I did get up and I didn't faint. I'm cursed or blessed with an unbelievably robust health."

Kate being big and capable, must have been a most reassuring person to have about as a nurse.

"As much as I hated medicine," she added, "I do love to take care of people when they're sick and need some real, good care. Now that I'm in radio and have everything I always longed for, I do enjoy nursing. When I was actually in training, I constantly looked forward to the thing I couldn't do."

After the war was over, Kate sang for General Pershing at a special dinner given at the White House. Later on she sang for President Harding and President Coolidge. She was frequently greeted by some celebrity anxious to pay special compliment. President Harding predicted that one day she would become a great singer.

The Anchors-Aweigh clan down at Annapolis will not forget Kate. She sang regularly for them at graduation





Ka-ka-Katy, Morton and Bing—
A Queen, a Jack and a King,
Yet Aces they're all
At Columbia's call
And Lordy, how they can sing!

from 1921 to 1926 and regretted very much when circumstances made it impossible for her to go on.

After one year of study at Georgetown, Kate announced quite vehemently that as a nurse she was a good singer, —and the family gave in. They had decided by this time to let her follow her own inclinations, and agreed to let her venture into the theatrical profession.

Her first experience on the legitimate stage, which came directly as a result of her amateur appearances in Washington, was in *Honeymoon Lane*. Eddie Dowling heard her sing and approached her after a benefit performance in the Keith theatre in D. C. It did not take them long to come to terms. Kate packed her trunk for New York and went straight into an excellent production. It was a great success, and ran two years from September, 1926, to May, 1928, in which time she never missed a performance.

HOWEVER, during that period she was terribly homesick. After each performance she would shed her "footlight face," go back to her apartment, and despondently dream of Washington, and the good, informal old days. She never went out on parties with theatrical folk, but kept very much to herself. Every Saturday would find Kate on the train heading for Washington, and each Monday would find her back in New York again, frolicking, gay and care-free, through her performance.

"I missed my gang," Kate says, "And you know, New York isn't a very friendly place to complete strangers. I figured that people just didn't have time to bother with me, so I kept pretty much to myself."

She affirms that she has always shied away from people who were willing to push her up the rungs of the ladder through introduction to theatrical magnates. She didn't like the idea.

She had several amusing experiences while playing in *Honeymoon Lane*. It was against the rule for the actresses to wear real flowers on the stage during a performance. One day a young lady of the ensemble violated the rule, wore real flowers, and one of their treacherous petals fell on the stage. Kate slipped on it, skidded dizzily and finally flopped down with much reverberation on the floor.

"I did have the presence of mind," recalls Kate, "to go into a silly pose, and there I lay sprawling prone on the floor with my hand beneath my chin cherub-wise and a pious smile on my face. The comedian, who was a little fellow, came over and struggled to lift me up—but it was too much for him, and in the end I carried him across the stage and lifted him in a chair to recuperate.

"Another time," she went on, "I kicked my shoe off in the beginning of one of my dance numbers, and had to finish it like Diddle Diddle Dumpling with one shoe off and one shoe on. The shoe I kicked off went sailing beyond the orchestra leader, past the saxophones, past the violins and finally, I believe, landed in the lap of an indignant matron."

She hesitated, and pushed back some of her blonde hair from her forehead.

"When I was playing in *Honeymoon Lane*," she went on reflectively, "I really

"When the moon comes over the mountain . . ." but let Hilda Cole tell you the rest of this interesting Kate Smith story of which this is the second and concluding part.

got one of the biggest thrills I've ever had anywhere. There was a bridal party filling up two rows of the theatre. After my number was over they all took off their corsages, — tea roses, gardenias and showered me with them. Oh, they were beautiful!"

Toward the latter part of the life of that production, Kate had trouble with her tonsils that led to quincy throat. She was miserable a great part of the time, but was so anxious not to miss a performance that she often went on, she says, in "perfect agony," and had to consult a doctor the moment she came off. The show closed in Chicago in May of 1928. She had been so utterly miserable and worn out that she packed her bags, went back home to Washington again, and was happy to be reunited with her family and friends. There she recuperated, and coaxed herself into good spirits with canoe rides down the Potomac, swims in the Chesapeake, and picnics in Virginia.

But, as might very well have been expected, Kate soon became restless again. Within a year, even the pleasant homeiness of life seemed incomplete. She wanted more footlights.

Kate, with a typically swift decision, and without quibbling, wired New York for bookings, packed her bags, and came to the Metropolis again to work for Keith.

SHE worked fifteen weeks for them, making a tour of most of the big cities in the country. Everywhere she went, she got a very "big hand." Kate sang all the popular music, interpolating her melodies with jazzy syllables—and short dance steps.

"One time," Kate says, "In a Midwestern theatre, I was wearing a long string of pearls. In the midst of my song they broke and went rattling over the stage and into the orchestra pit.

(Continued on page 88)



Ardent admirer of Mahatma Gandhi and eager to help his cause Miss Spring obtained this autographed snapshot of him through a mutual acquaintance.

AS the measured and inspired words of Mahatma Gandhi came sweeping across the Atlantic and over all America a few weeks ago no one in this country could have listened with keener interest and attention than Miss Helen Spring in her apartment on Long Island. Miss Spring, famous American actress, spent a year traveling about India in 1930. She found that the people of India, high caste and low, revered this great leader almost as a deity. She has continued to keep in touch with leaders there from her home in New York. She receives the Indian newspapers that are published openly and surreptitiously. She tells of atrocities she beheld there with her own eyes.

—Editor.

“LIVERIED men stand and salute when Caesars pass. Their legs are weary with standing, their hearts weary with disgust. The Caesar holds them in pay. They have neither love nor reverence.

“Far different are the men and women who snatch an hour from a busy day and waste fifty-nine minutes of it that the sixtieth might bring them a fleeting glimpse of a Ruler of Hearts. The crowds that gathered on that moonish Saturday morn came not with the bought salute of the hand but with the unbought homage of the heart.

The one question on all lips was, Has he come? Is he there? The psychologist could have answered ‘Look into your hearts for there he truly is.’”

(Comment in a Bombay newspaper on the day Gandhi sailed for England.)

INDIA on

America Became Suddenly Conscious of India as Never Before when the Voice of Mahatma Gandhi Swept Majestically Across the Country from His Modest Quarters in London--When this Great Leader Speaks All Else that is His Country Listens for Mahatma Gandhi is India

“Do I have to speak into this little thing?” These were the first words which an expectant American radio audience heard of the voice of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, as he faced his first microphone. I was listening with perhaps more than ordinary anticipation because I had but recently returned from a year's travel in India where I had witnessed the amazing effects of Gandhi's leadership of the Indian people in their fight for political and economic freedom. I'll confess I was no little excited and anxious, for this was to be Gandhi's first broadcast, and those of us who had participated in various radio programs can scarcely



You may remember Miss Spring as the leading lady in the most recent presentation of the stage play of *The American Tragedy*. She prays for Gandhi's cause.

forget the trembling and trepidation, if not actual stagefright which we experienced on the occasion of our first appearance before the “mike.”

ACQUIRING leadership in India is one thing, and holding a critical American audience is another. I couldn't help but wonder, would he “get over?” The delicious chuckle which followed his words put his listeners entirely at their ease—for it made them realize that here was a plain and simple human being who was mildly amused at the type of mechanical contrivance before him. Perhaps his success in retaining his hold upon the hearts and imaginations of the masses of Indian people, lies in his ability always to proclaim himself first as the man, and then as the leader.

Seated cross-legged on a chair, and gripping the “mike” firmly at its base, he did not begin at once, and even through the miles of separation the silence could be sensed as the silence of his prayer.

“In my opinion the Indian struggle bears in itself consequence not merely affecting India, but the whole world,” he began, and for twenty minutes his slow clear baritone was distinctly transmitted. People everywhere were thrilled by the richness of tone, and his fascinating diction. From the depths of his voice one might easily visualize a tall, broad-chested man who takes his voice culture seriously, and it is hard to believe that such quality of tone could come from the very frail body of a sixty-seven year old man, who deprives himself of virtually all worldly comforts, and whose only sustenance is goat's milk and a few pieces of fruit each day.

Many of our best and most interesting announcers could look to this novice of the air for pointers on how to hold

the AIR

By Helen Spring

an audience. People who are not particularly interested in India's freedom, people to whom kaddar, untouchables, lathis, ahimsa, and the Congress movement mean nothing, found themselves listening to his every word. His voice



Snapshot Miss Spring made of three Indian girls of well-to-do family wearing the homespun of the Gandhi followers. The instrument is the cithara.

was calm and serene, and he appealed to the intelligence. The inflexions of his voice were not varied, but were intensely sincere, and his word carried conviction.

It was not my good fortune to meet the Mahatma while in India, for he was the guest of the British Government behind the bars of a jail near Pooma, but while I didn't meet him personally, I felt I knew him well, for the pulse of India beats through Gandhi. Everywhere there seemed to be a sense of him. His doctrine of love and his weapon of non-violence was being reflected through the masses for whose

freedom he is making a desperate fight.

I did, however, meet a number of his leaders, many of them men and women of wealth and excellent education, who, like Gandhi, have given up their entire fortunes, donned the homespun garments and were living a life subjected to hardships and even imprisonment.

He is the leader of the Indian people who is making a desperate fight for their freedom. His doctrine is love. His weapon, non-violence, and that is why—unlike the average political speaker—he never condemned the country against which he is struggling; nor does he ever use malicious words against any individual anywhere. On the other hand, he admitted India's people are not perfect or without blame, and he patiently teaches them to—“First put your own house in order before expecting consideration of your foreign ruler.”

TO be a politician in India customarily means to give up all wealth, to don crude homespun, and to live a life subjected to hardships and even imprisonment.

Gandhi's diction made one recall his background of intelligence, modest wealth, and a university of London education. Except for a slight “de” instead of “the,” his address was in the King's best English. His wealth has been given to India's cause and his European attire has been discarded for a loin cloth, because until the half-starved millions of his beloved country can afford to wear more, he will not allow himself the luxury of more regal robes.

Mahatma is a name which the people



Farm workers are being taught by the Gandhi followers to weave their own textiles in order to carry on the strike against the purchase of British goods.



Miss Spring in a gorgeous green sari which she wore while in India. It was a gift made of chiffon with real gold inlay and consisted of a single strip seven yards long used as a drape.

of India have given to Gandhi. It means “the great soul.”

In my opinion the three outstanding points of his speech were: First his admission that India is not perfect, that it has many shortcomings. This required courage. Most modern politicians are extremely reluctant to make any admission of weakness. Second, his public acknowledgment of the participation of the women of India in this struggle for freedom, and the psychological as well as the practical effect of their splendid assistance. As you know, it is Gandhi who has encouraged women to emerge from their state of purdah to a position where they are socially conscious and

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TELEVISION

By MARSHAL TAYLOR

NO QUESTION about it everybody is waiting for the next chapter in the television story. Just like the dramatic thriller all the little tricks to create suspense have been presented naturally if not artfully. The eager fan is waiting tensely for the conquering hero to emerge unrestrained from the baffling toils of the laboratory.

Last month we stated that television is here. We stand by that statement. It is here even though it be somewhat cloyed by obstacles making it less than perfect. A survey at the Radio-Electric World's Fair in New York showed that the interest of the 50,000 who attended was predominantly concerned with television.

At almost any day or hour we may hear the announcement of the R. C. A. television receiver—the "pre-commercial" model, as it is called. It is understood they have definitely eliminated the rotary scanning disk in favor of the cathode ray tube. It will be more costly but much simpler to operate owing to the fact that the amateur will not have to bother himself about moving mechanical parts.

The cathode tube is a curious looking affair resembling somewhat a bell-shaped bottle, the bottom utilized for a screen, similar to the ground glass plate on which an image is thrown in the back of a camera. The screen may vary in size from three to eight inches square. Resources of many of the world's greatest experimental laboratories have been joined to produce this remarkable tube. German scientists came to confer with the experts from General Electric and Westinghouse at the Camden laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

Just the cathode ray tube alone will cost approximately \$125, which will be no little set-back for the amateur who makes his own receiver.

"Suppose it rolls off the table when you take it out to clean the socket?" remarked one young enthusiast who had just purchased his first kit. "I'm going to play with the disk system until they get one of those tubes down to what an



Hollis Baird of Boston (left) and U. A. Sanabria of Chicago, boy television inventors who meet at fair in New York. They will try to make pictures like this move and talk to you through your radio receiver

ordinary chap can buy for at least no more than a day's pay."

Philo Farnsworth on the Pacific Coast is still a mystery man although he is said to have afforded some star-

"THE big problem in television has always been, is now and probably always will be to obtain high definition and yet retain sufficient brilliancy for satisfactory reproduction of the picture at the receiving end," said Sanabria.

"What did you learn from the demonstration at the radio show?" Sanabria was asked.

"We learned that there is no myth about the public's keen interest in television," replied Sanabria. "We know now that every contact in the circuit must be welded and not bolted. Every piece of apparatus must be built in duplicate so that in case of emergency the show will not be stopped."

"We have learned that greater brilliancy is essential. And this means that we must turn to water-cooled glow lamps. We are at work on tubes of this character, and when I get back to New York I hope to demonstrate the improvement they offer to television. Incidentally, we are using helium instead of neon in the glow lamp now because it gives a whiter picture. The neon tube gave a pink tinge to the image."

ting demonstrations with enlarged images. He too has been working with the cathode ray as an electric scanner.

In the meantime the National Broadcasting Company is progressing with the installation of its new 5,000 watt television transmitter on top of the Empire State building in New York — in fact right in the heart of the city surrounded by a veritable giant's gridiron of steel framed structures. The NBC being a member of the R.C.A. family doubtless is proceeding to keep step with the R. C.A. television receiver which

has been announced for release to the public within the year. A fund of \$125,000 has been appropriated for the building of the studios and transmitter; this notwithstanding the fact that all NBC studios in the great Rockefeller Radio City, now under construction, will all be equipped for television.

Ultra-short waves will be used for the NBC television broadcasts—43,000-46,000, 48,500-50,300 and 60,000-80,000 kilocycles. Other short wave groups will probably be used for the synchronization of sound. These very short waves have a very limited range and that is why the NBC obtained the highest point in New York to carry out this project. The Empire State is the tallest building in the world. The studios will be on the eighty-fourth floor which is about 1,000 feet above the street level. The antenna will be strung from the mooring mast which towers 250 feet above the building. Since these waves are said to travel only as far as the horizon from the point where they emanate it will be seen that the lofty mooring mast will be very useful between times while waiting for dirigibles.

While the world waits for the dawn of the cathode ray system no time is being lost with the scanning disk devices of which Jenkins, Sanabria and Hollis Baird are the chief exponents in this country. Sanabria's widely heralded "ten-foot image" did not come up to expectations. It lacked sufficient illumination to be seen well from the full length of Madison Square Garden, and

(Continued on page 90)

Vis - a - Vis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

FIRST to project a fight by television, the Columbia Broadcasting System can now boast that it was the first to broadcast a football game over the visual air . . . even though the football game was followed on a chart while wistful Ted Husing synchronized on sound from the sight of the event.

We had hoped to perfect a miniature baseball field to be utilized for television purposes in following the World Series, but efforts failed because of lack of time and lack of proper devices to make the contraption worth while. However, W2XAB did project box scores of the games each day of the series.

Experiments with a football board were carried on for a month before proper sizes and proper color contrasts could be developed. In the final analysis a football play board was painted black with all lines and notations in heavy white.

An oversized football cut out of sheet tin was painted white with the black letters of the teams on either side and an arrow showing toward which goal the team was working.

Thin wires were utilized to move the football across the field as either team made a gain or loss. Movements were in complete synchronization with the description by Husing on the regular CBS network.

I may be presumptuous but it seems to me that this experiment should go down in history as marking the first football game to be broadcast anywhere by television. At least, it was as near to the real thing that present day apparatus makes possible.

An odd incident was reported during the month. One of our South American singers playing in Vincent

Sorey's Gauchos program on the television waves received a letter from his home country, Argentina. He became so excited that night he couldn't play at all. It was a revelation to him.

BUT, careful analysis proved that after all it was not extraordinary. He had not been seen by television; he had, on the contrary, been heard over the sound channel which is W2XE, and which operates on 49.02 meters. W2XE, by way of mention, has been heard regularly in Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the world.

Half a dozen fan letters from Radio Digest readers ask me to define "tele-

vision." Well, I talked it over with Edwin K. Cohan, CBS technical director who for many years has defined everything in radio. What Mr. Cohan told me went something like this:

The present method requires four essential devices for transmission and reception, in addition to the ordinary electrical amplifying equipment such as is used for regular broadcasting. These four devices are—a powerful source of concentrated light to illuminate the object, a scanning disk to control and direct the illumination, a group of photoelectric cells to pick up the reflected illumination from the object and translate it into electrical energy, and last, a neon tube connected in the output of the television receiver to reconvert the electrical energy back into light.

In non-technical language these devices may be briefly described as follows:

Scanning disk — This is conventionally a metallic disk upon the surface of which are 60 very small perforations near the outer edge. In the transmitter this disk is located between the source of light and the lens, and is driven by a synchronous motor revolving (at the present time) at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute. It requires one complete revolution of the scanning disk to completely "scan the object" and therefore, at the speed mentioned, we are able to obtain 20 revolutions or 20 complete images per second.



This television ghost is most startling as it flits out of the dark shadows of the night across your screen. It comes over W2XAB Thursdays at 9:30. Some say he walks too seldom.

THE perforations in the scanning disk are so located as to permit the control of a beam of light passing through them. This directs the said beam of light across the object being televised in straight lines from
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RECENT guest artists on Radio Digest's television program were Margery Swem, left, and Charles Umbach, right, in a program entitled "Song Stories"—a skit written especially for television. Both of these artists have theatrical backgrounds and represent the type television will be eagerly seeking before long.

Below is Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who, as a Radio Digest guest artist, staged the first evening television program of calisthenics.



White Paint Creates A GHOST in TELEVISION

IS television already by one of those mythical corners? Are the programs interesting? Would it be worthwhile to invest in one of the modern shortwave and television sets now on the market?

The answer is yes to all three questions. Television promises to blow the lid that is keeping broadcasting in the dark higher than a kite. Radio Digest has been conducting its own school of experimental television broadcasting. W2XAB, that's the television station operated by the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been the scene of our activities. And we have become convinced that a new art of entertainment is well under way and that many of the problems that seemed insurmountable a few months ago are now at least partially solved.

NOT the least of the difficulty revolves around make-up. Television does queer things to the human face. A man without trace of a beard may look like one of the Smith Brothers at the receiver end. And then again the chap who is clean shaven but whose beard is noticeable comes through perfectly and requires absolutely no paint. Some persons find black lip stick necessary and others use brown to obtain a natural effect when that tricky scanner is turned on. Noticed a beautiful, flaxen haired damsel in the studio who had been experimenting for some weeks with different types of make-up. That



Harry Glick

night her lips were blackened and her face was powdered a brick red. She had tried everything and she came through in a natural manner with that particular make-up on.

One of our guest artists was a black haired dark skinned type. We experimented and found that unless we rubbed just a trace of white grease paint under the eyes the entire face was distorted.

One of the most effective make-ups is that of the Television Ghost, a weekly feature at W2XAB. He plasters his entire face with white grease paint and then paints a black circle where his eyes are, another for his nose and another for the mouth. Then he drapes a white sheet over his head like a hood. When that man shrieks into the mike and gestures with his bony

hands he's a ghost all right. His face looks like a grinning skull and his stories are shuddery things that should prove a great help to purveyors of antidotes for insomnia.

Another chap who had no more trace of a whisker on his face than a young girl gave us a jolt when we looked into the receiver. The sides of his face appeared as though covered with heavy fur-like muskrat skin. A thin spread of white grease paint fixed that.

These few incidents picked at random give an idea of only one phase of television experimentation. Experiments are going forward in many other directions and even now the television sets available to those interested represent a tremendous advance in the art. Television broadcasting has plunged forward, equipment is being improved constantly and the receiving sets themselves show the progress that is being made in the manufacturers' laboratories.

THE technique of program building also is being studied and successful experiments have been made with every conceivable kind of act. There have been boxing bouts, comedies, parts from theatrical productions, magicians, pantomime, marionnettes, et cetera. Radio Digest staged the first evening television program of calisthenics. Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who has been broadcasting a program of ex-

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Good Music and a Pleasant Chat Enhance the

Voice of Firestone

NEW Fall Program Presents the Commercial Phase in Way to Appeal without Offending the Listener. . . Readers Asked to Criticize

ONE of the finest of the new fall programs that we have heard this season is the Voice of Firestone. Good music and a good talk that entertains and informs you without boring. The Voice, incidentally, is literally the Voice of Firestone, for Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. is the speaker. You can't go wrong with James Melton for tenor, and Gladys Rice, soprano—and Melton, of course, identifies pretty well the Firestone Quartet which takes a name according to the hour of the day or night it is on the air.

Then there was William Merrigan Daly and his 30-piece symphonic orchestra which afforded a most delightful relief from the deluge of jigg-jazz that seems to be coming to the ether surface again for another kick or two before expiring.

It was a pleasing program all the way through and no one could take offence at Mr. Firestone's comparison between the old days of the horse and buggy and the modern motor car with its resilient pneumatic tires. He did not stress his own brand of tires, he just talked about the significance of rubber as it makes life more comfortable and convenient for us today.

There may have been something in this talk by Mr. Firestone of value to other sponsors who are putting sizable appropriations into their broadcasting. He takes a broad and human view without making the slightest allusions as to comparative merits of his particular merchandise.

We asked for a copy of the talk and would be interested to hear from our readers as to their opinions or criticism concerning it as a type of advertising on the air—but, if you didn't happen to hear the broadcast do not forget that the talk was handsomely garnished with music that was happily arranged sufficiently apart from the stratas of frothy syncopation on one side and the dry pedantic of the ultra-ultra on the other.

Mr. Firestone's comment follows:

"Friends and neighbors, the privilege

has been given to me to speak to you briefly on behalf of the Firestone Organization and its multitude of dealers. I greet you as friends, because that is the spirit in which I come before you. I salute you as neighbors, because the magic of radio makes it possible for me to come as a guest into your home for this little while, and because this same magic instrument draws the whole nation together as one community, and we are becoming more and more neighbors in fact.

"Insofar as it is possible, I would like to take you with me in these weekly talks as we seek out the romance and the fascination of the great rubber tire industry. There is indeed much more in a well-ordered business than inanimate merchandise and cold economics. There is a sweeter and nobler side, and a wealth of fine sentiment that I wish to present to you in a series of word pictures.

"May we now turn back the pages of memory and view for a moment the conditions of yesterday. You folks who are now past middle age, let me summon the recollections of your childhood. Do you not remember what an event it was when father hitched up his best-looking horse in his best buggy and took the family to the nearest town, five or ten miles away? Do you not recall what an extraordinary experience it was if you traveled to distant places, fifty or a hundred miles away, by train or otherwise? All such events were looked forward to with eagerness and planned for with enthusiasm and exultation, because travel was so tremendously circumscribed by time and distance and inadequate facilities.

"Now let us spring lightly across the intervening period of thirty or forty years and live once more in our today. If we want to travel five or ten miles, or even twenty-five or fifty miles, we do it in a matter-of-fact sort of way and without preliminary thought or preparation. An hour's ride in the modern automobile or a short evening trip are sufficient for our purpose. If

we want to travel a thousand miles in any direction or to any location, we merely set aside four or five days of convenient driving and we have arrived at our destination comfortably, whether it be in a great city or far away in the wilder country.

"These things are true because pneumatic tire, made of rubber, have been perfected in construction and manufactured in almost endless quantities at amazingly low cost, and have been made available to people everywhere without regard to wealth or social position. I would not detract in the slightest degree from the tremendous credit that is due the automobile, and the foresight and genius that have made it possible. But the automobile could not be the great and wonderful thing that it is without pneumatic tires upon which its occupants safely ride in comfort.

"Good springs and shock absorbers perform their essential service, but have you not noticed how hard the going is when one or more of your tires are flat? Can you imagine riding for pleasure on solid tires of any kind? No, friends, it is the air cushion within the rubber tires that makes travel comfortable, and adds to it the zest of pleasure and enjoyment.

"Perhaps the other evening you drove to a neighboring town to visit with relatives or friends. Or it may be that something was urgently needed in the home and you went quickly in the motor car to secure it. Probably father drove to work today or mother went shopping. Perhaps within the week you took the children out for a picnic supper some place where the trees grow tall and the flowers bloom, where the birds sing sweetly and the lazy brook wends its peaceful way. Maybe you went out just for a pleasure ride to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine by day, or to revel in the moonlight or the brilliance of the starry heavens by night. All of these things you do with assurance and satisfaction because the perfected pneumatic tires take you

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The Duchess de Richelieu

THE BEAUTIFUL Duchess de Richelieu was a recent guest artist on Radio Digest's Television program at W2XAB, operated by CBS. Short wave carried her voice to all parts of the world. The Duchess is intensely interested in charity and she has given a number of concerts to aid unfortunates. Through her singing, the Duchess was instrumental in raising more than \$100,000 to fight the White Plague in France and that government honored her by bestowing upon her the gold medal of the Reconnaissance Francaise.

Lavender and Stardust

Kathryn Parsons, Columbia's "Girl O' Yesterday" Makes Memories Live Again

By Thomas J. Randall,
Author of "Virtue O. K'd!" and other novels

EVENING had come quietly and, one by one, the lights of the village in the hollow below had blinked on, each a tiny star; and, now, a great, mellow moon was shouldering over the tree-tops.

Crickets chirped in the wet grass by the side of the porch, and, up on the hill-side, a whip-poor-will called. Through the night came the odor of clipped clover and roses from the little garden somewhere beyond in the shadows. . . It was a glorious night, a night for silence, waking dreams, and the aroma of a good cigar.

My hostess, a lovely, little old lady, an aunt, came out to us there and we talked quietly. Then, after awhile she stole away, and soon out from the darkened house came music. In a moment she returned, walking softly, and whispered—

"Ssh, the Girl O' Yesterday. . ."

Listening intently my ear caught the sound of a voice, sweet and clear, singing "My Old New Hampshire Home". . . An interval, then "The Little Lost Child," "Break the News to Mother," "Comrades" and "The Banks of the Wabash."

Softly the voice came, and softly rocked the dear little old lady while her husband, helpmeet of many years, sat quietly by, the glow of pipe shining in the darkness. . . Then it was over, and someone within snapped off the radio.

"My mother loved those songs," said the little old lady, musingly; and, then—

"You're a writer," she continued, "you know many and can meet people. . . When you get back to New York why don't you look for this girl, and when you find her I wish

you'd tell her for me how much I love her programs. . . She—she makes me young again. . ."

I promised, little thinking that I

would meet The Girl of Yesterday so soon; but, meet her I did, at the Columbia system's annual artists' dinner at the Hotel New Yorker, and it struck me then that there was a story in her song collection. Where, thought I, did one so young, so beautiful gather together such a library of old, sweet songs. She laughed when I asked her, and then became serious.

"**I** LOOK for them until I find them," she said, simply, "and sometimes it's not easy. . ."

"One dear little old lady wrote to me and asked for 'The Volunteer Organist.' I tried and tried to find it, searching through library files and through the little, musty music shops I know down near Washington Square. . . Many knew the song—some the words, and a few the thread of the melody, but none knew it all, and none knew enough of it so I could put their combined recollections together. I had about despaired, and, then, an old, old man, who lives in a little shack down on Chesapeake Bay sent it to me without even my asking.

"I wrote to the little old lady, to tell her I was going to sing it for her. . . I received a black-edged letter from her daughter in reply. . . She died the morning of the day I was to sing for her."

She was silent for a moment, this black-eyed, black-haired girl. Then—

"It is amazing how many of my listeners love the bright old songs, the Harrigan and Hart masterpieces, the old bar-room ballads, the lovely, old wooing-songs. I receive countless letters from the Irish neighbor-

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Kathryn Parsons, the "Girl O' Yesterday," is as quaint as her character. She sincerely loves to spread happiness!

"Hitting It on the

*Just a Few Words about the Production Man
Who Stages Programs and Brings Them
Through on the Dot*

"WHO is that fellow over there with the watch in his hand?"

That is the question most frequently asked by visitors making their first inspection of the Columbia Broadcasting System studios.

The reply: "Oh, him? Why, he's just the production man." Usually this discourages any further questions, and sends the visitor on his way with only a vague idea, or perhaps no idea at all, of exactly what is a production man.

John S. Carlile, who is Production Chief at Columbia, could say truthfully although modesty forbids it, that the production man is the most important individual during the rehearsing or broadcasting of a radio program; that inside the studio the production man is the absolute monarch of all he surveys; that only by a wave of his hand does a program start and end; that artists, announcers, engineers, and audience take their cues from him, and him alone.

The production man is a comparatively recent development in radio broadcasting, who grew up quietly and unobtrusively while radio was undergoing the change from a mere mechanical toy to an important medium of entertainment.

In the ancient days of broadcasting, say ten years ago, there was no such thing as a production man. An announcer, an engineer and one or more artists would get together anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour before broadcast, decide what sort of program they would put on, and then shoot it. Time wasn't so important then, because there were no sponsored programs. It didn't matter much if they ran short or ran over.

IN THOSE days, talent consisted of second and third-rate entertainers who had seen their day, more frequently, youngsters who had not yet

had their big opportunities. Program directors, who were station managers then, couldn't afford to pay much for talent, and held out the rather feeble inducement of free publicity to reconcile the low wage scale. Ten dollars was a lot of money for a half-hour program.

Then came the sponsored programs. The possibilities of radio as an advertising medium did not undergo any lengthy and tedious experimental progress. Advertising people are quick to lay hold of a new thing, and the sponsors came with a rush. The cry went out for more and better entertainment, and high priced talent stormed the doors of broadcasting stations. There was gold in "them thar studios." The loud speaker was replacing the earphones in the American home, and radio ceased to be a novelty.

All this was lovely for the future of radio, but rather tragic for the reputation-less fellow who had been doing his stuff for a pittance and publicity. The



Arthur Pryor, Jr., (seated) responsible for the elaborate production of *The March of Time*, directing rehearsal. Even the *March of Time* must hit it on the nose and finish "on time"

N O S E "

By J. G. Gude

once indigent but now prosperous station manager no longer called him at the last moment, to beg him to do a half hour spot, to "just help me out of a jam, old man; Joe was supposed to go on for me, but he phoned and said he had a heavy date." Those boys found themselves, just when radio began to be worth something, very much out in the cold.

But then a curious situation arose—a situation not anticipated and for some time puzzling to program directors. For some reason or other the big-name artists who were flocking into radio were not doing so well. In many instances it was just a case of temperament. Although radio was paying out big money, it was nevertheless looked upon with condescension, if not utter disdain, by much of this high priced talent. It was difficult to get many of them to rehearse, because they didn't think rehearsals were necessary.

But even those who weren't temperamental had trouble. Accustomed to an audience, whose response they could intuitively feel, many of them almost died of fright when faced by nothing but a microphone. This was equally true of monologists and other funny men of the stage, and singers. What radio needed was showmen, but where were they?

ANNOUNCERS might be equipped with lovely baritone voices, ingratiating manners and red-hot personalities, but when a perfectly good contralto sounded like an alley cat just because she didn't know how to use her voice in front of the microphone, they might not be aware of it. Control room engineers knew which dial to turn and how far, in order to get the sounds from the studios as clear and clean as possible, but when a French horn sounded like a moo-cow, they weren't expected to know the difference.

Then the second and third-rate performers, who had been left out in the cold when radio got rich, began to drift back. Used, in the old days, to putting on half or even full-hour shows, single handed, they knew how to project their personalities into a lifeless metal gadget and through the ether. They had

learned, through long practice, how to modulate, inflect, and otherwise control their voices or their musical instruments in order to obtain true reproduction of sound. They knew, in short, what is now referred to as microphone technique.

At first, they were simply seated alongside the engineer in the control room during rehearsals, to time programs and to pass judgment on the quality of performances. The timing of programs, of course, took on a new importance. Time became radio's stock in trade, and it couldn't be wasted. That meant more rehearsing of programs, and the haphazard, slap-dash methods of broadcasting became a thing of the past.

The production man was a natural development of radio's metamorphosis from an electrical toy to an art, or industry (take your choice). His title is self-explanatory; he is the producer of radio shows. As the development of radio along technical lines kept step with its commercial growth, the program builders—idea men and continuity writers—were becoming more ambitious, more imaginative. The modern production man's job is to put the ideas conceived by these program builders into programs as they were conceived.

The most difficult, if not the most important end of production is the studio set-up of orchestras. In general, the arrangement of orchestras for broadcast work is based on the regular standards of instrumentation. Engineers claim that there are set rules

Oh, Yes?

*Pity the poor Production Man
Who does the best he ever can
Putting the bassos on the spot,
Telling tenors what is what,
Asking sopranos "what to heck?"
Taking maestros by the neck
Grilling 'em all across the pan—
Pity the poor Production Man.*



John S. Carlile, production chief of CBS

for the placing of microphones in order to get the best reception, and the up-to-date production man will always first try to set up his orchestra around the mikes. Juggling mikes is sometimes necessary in the case of orchestras of unconventional character and make-up, but it is usually avoided if possible.

ALL of the large studios at Columbia are spaced by numbers along two parallel baseboards, and lettered along the other two. When an orchestra is finally set up the position of each member of it is charted. These charts are kept on file, and are referred to the next time an orchestra of the same make-up is rehearsed.

These records save the production man a good deal of time, for he does not have to go through the same juggling process again. They do not mean, however, that two orchestras, made up of the same number of strings, brasses, woodwinds and traps, and playing the same piece of music, will sound the same if set up the same way, even assuming that the individual members of the two orchestras are equally skilled musicians. A difference in the way their selections are scored may require an entirely different set-up. Some orchestras, for instance, go in strong for solos by one player, or one section; others may have their pieces arranged for full orchestra most of the time. Then, there is almost invariably a difference in the instruments themselves. The first violinist, an important musician in the average orchestra, might have a fiddle that is brittle and bril-

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A real girl of the Golden West Miss Field has sung herself into a nice contract with the NBC, New York. She is lyric soprano. Born in Lawrence, Kans. Lived in Oklahoma and Texas. She studied voice four years in New York.

Catherine Field

**Harriet Lee**

(Chosen Radio Queen of 1931-32)

VIVA Queen of Etherland! Behold Queen Harriet with her hat off! Gaze on the lovely mass of honey colored hair! Long may she wave! She has her throne room at WABC, New York,—and her court? That's another story!



Peter and Aline

BETTER known to radio listeners as Ken and Joan Lee in the NBC program, *Raising Junior*. You know, of course that Aline has been away for a time while another little Dixon was arriving in this world. This is the first picture of ma and pa since. Imagine these two kids being parents!



Mary Williams

A Titian blonde with lily white skin and a silvery voice that simply makes you surrender, dear. She clicked with the Ziegfeld Follies, Strike up the Band, Yours Truly and many others. Now she's head over heels in love—with radio. Made her debut on WMCA. Who's got a match, please?



Tashamira

(LEFT)

FANTASTIC sensation of all Europe Tashamira was recently brought to America where she is becoming equally renowned. You can see her dance on air over W2XAB of the CBS television waves, New York.

Winnie Shaw

(RIGHT)

EYES and hair coal black and a voice that has just had its first try at radio over the CBS Round-up. She followed Ruth Etting in the Follies for the New York show. But there's a strong possibility she will become a regular on the Columbia staff.



Broadcasting from

New Era Demands Frequent Shifts In Programs

ARE we approaching the dawn of a new era in radio programs, an era in which the creators of programs will draw even more heavily upon the long time experience of other media designed to maintain public interest? On Broadway, for instance, the most successful producers of legitimate plays have long since learned that an *Abie's Irish Rose* comes only once in a generation so far as the length of run is concerned. They have learned that plays which last even half as long are great exceptions. They have learned that a normal success will not last more than a season. They have proved some supposed failures to be successes, but it didn't take an unlimited amount of time for the change to occur. They have learned to provide a continuous flow of new vehicles (meaning new plays) for even their greatest stars. They have tested out the possibilities of revivals and have demonstrated



that intervals must elapse between successive revivals of even the greatest masterpieces played by the most popular stars.

In the moving picture field, much has also been learned about the maintenance of audience popularity. In the largest cities the big features are run for a period of weeks, but with competitive territory well protected as regards releases. And from this peak, we drop down to the same show for a full week and to the two-shows-a-week house the latter policy being that of the great majority of photoplay theatres. The stars don't come back with revivals; they always appear in new vehicles and in many cases the time which elapses between two releases by the same star is deliberately made long. Even so great an artist as Chaplin intentionally stalls on the frequency of his screen appearance. He knows the difference between satiating the appetite of the minority of his audience and making nearly 100% of his potential audience eagerly await his next appearance.

The very essence of successful newspaper publishing is to keep newsy. No one will read forever about even the most intriguing murder case—no one will read about Lindbergh every day with equal relish—no one wants a presidential speech every day. The showmanship of newspaper publishing lies in the constantly changing panorama of interesting events and people which is spread before the reading public—even the features must go through periodic revamping of policy or base their success on hooking up with something of a newsy character.

But what, you may ask, have all these obvious things to do with the future of radio programs? Only this. That it may behoove more of our creators of programs, sponsored as well as sustaining, to think more deeply into the question of how long even the greatest programs can be expected to retain maximum popularity—of how long the programs of lesser merit should be run—and of whether it is better to seek a turnover audience (as in the theatre and movie business) for a limited time before shifting the program (as happens in theatres and movies) or work for a repeat audience of growing size during the first part of the cycle and diminishing size as the cycle ends. In both instances there is also the question of how long a cycle lasts—where one is dealing with a turnover audience and with a repeat audience.

Let us get even more specific. The great plays on Broadway can run long only because they draw their attendance from all over the country. New Yorkers don't keep going back to the same show, but the audience keeps up because the out-of-towners can't all move in pronto and *en masse*. With the movies, where speaking nationally, the attendance is largely drawn from local inhabitants, three or four days for one show have proved about the desirable maximum for a given show. Moreover what works in the theatrical and movie business is not guesswork, because the daily and nightly attendance for each and every night is exact box office knowledge.

What then does this all suggest as regards radio programs? Suppose we start with Amos 'n' Andy, on the basis that they are the *Abie's Irish Rose* of the air or the Charlie Chaplin of the air. Possibly the experience of theatres and movies, when dealing with comparable successes, indicates that peri-

the Editor's Chair

odically Amos 'n' Andy should be withdrawn from the air entirely, in order that their reappearance could be worked up with all the fever of reawakened interest—instead of trying to keep up continuous interest on too long a basis. Possibly it means when they come back after a vacation that they would change the setting of their amusing dialog. There is no doubting that darky humor and negro dialect are permanently entertaining, but Amos 'n' Andy don't have to work on a taxicab and restaurant forever and a day. Understand, none of this has anything to do with the greatness of their present act or the popularity of these two favorites—it has only to do with the ultimate length of their popularity and the size of every night's audience which their sponsors have a right to expect after a run of colossal success.

THE same sort of reasoning goes for a whole lot of other radio acts, but with far greater force of reason. Radio hits can't last forever and sooner or later a new technique must be developed—a technique which preserves the popularity of given programs by changing the play with adequate frequency—a technique which preserves the popularity of radio stars by changing the vehicles in which they appear with proper frequency—a technique which produces well-timed gaps in certain types of programs and the continuous appearance of certain artists in order to whet the public appetite and make for greater audiences over shorter periods of this time.

The editors of Radio Digest believe this new era of program conception has arrived, although as yet it can hardly be said to be under way. It is going to be hard for a lot of broadcasting stations to accept this important principle of showmanship, particularly when it means periodic gaps in time schedules and makes it necessary to create new programs of a masterpiece variety with greatly increased frequency. Similarly it is not going to be taken easily by some of the radio stars whose current popularity convinces them that all America wants to hear them once or twice every day—for years and years to come. It won't be an easy idea for the script writers and program conceivers and directors. But in the end, the new era will be the greatest thing that ever happened for radio and all who play a part in broadcasting. For the new era will cause people, in greatly increased numbers to make dates with their radio even as they do now on a vast scale with the theatre and the movies. The public will become increasingly conscious of not being able to put off until tomorrow what it really wants to hear, because it will become increasingly posted on the fact that great radio programs, even as is true with plays, movies and newspapers, are coming and going with a rapidity that demands the making of personal plans to keep from missing a high percentage of the best.

Under this relatively new conception, the editors of Radio Digest predict that millions and millions of new radio sets will be sold and that each and every set will be in more constant use. In other words, the creator of a good program, which is not too long lived in character, will know that he can win over a comparatively short period of time an audience that is from two to four times as large as any reasonably

good program can expect to hold, day in and day out, over a more extended period.

You know sometimes, the broadcasters fail to realize why the newspapers do not have to give radio such a great break in the editorial columns. They do not stop to appreciate that the newspapers must give news service along every line that represents wide-scale human interest, but that the number of new programs that make good news are scarce rather than plentiful. Newspapers give lots of space to stock prices, to baseball, to horse-racing and a lot of other activities that mean little by way of direct financial gain to the publisher, but in every instance continuous widespread news interest is the answer. The newspapers always have and always will render news service to the public but even the most ambitious broadcaster must recognize that there is a fundamental difference between news on the one hand and on the other publicity based on a program story or an artist story hoary with age.

The new era is here. We predict it's here to stay. And in large part its realization will involve an application of showmanship principles to the air which have already been developed to considerable of a science by Broadway producers, movie feature producers and newspaper publishers.

—RAY BILL



HITS ♦ QUIPS ♦ SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

NOT so good. Not so good. Feeling very low. This New York University professor has had it published all over the world that anyone who whistles is a moron. Suppose somebody'd find it out about me? Where would I be? Sh-h-h, don't breathe it to a living soul . . . promise me that . . . listen . . . I whistle. . . . Don't ask to hear me now. I wouldn't for the world. . . Oh, me oh my. . .

* * *

Don't tell me! What? Really? . . . And you, too? . . . And you? . . . And all of you too. . . Honest? . . . Do you, really? . . . Well, I guess I'm not the only one then. Let's all be miserable

together. . . Wonder about people who snore? Isn't that some sort of a whistle?

* * *

Come to think of it aren't there a lot of people who come right out in the open and whistle over the radio? How about Bob McGimsey? Guess I'll call up Don Higgins and

see what he can find out about the mental rating of this triple-toned whistler? How terrible he must feel!

* * *

Hello Don. Get me the low-down on this whistling racket over at the NBC, will you, please? Yeah! Ask those two X-Rays, Perkins and Knight. I don't want to slander anybody but I think I've heard them doing something that sounded mighty like whistling. . . Yes. . . What? . . . Holy cat. . . You don't mean it? . . . What a shameful confession for an otherwise bright young man like you to make. . . Oh dear. . . No, no, no, please don't. . . Stop it. . . He was really starting to whistle in my ear. . . but maybe it was just a wire whistle or something.

I'll find out about those low browed whistlers at Columbia too.

* * *

While the boys are investigating let's take a look through the mail and see

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twist the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from \$1 to \$5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

what the Indi-scribes are sending us. Oh Rufus, let's have the Indi files. . . My what a big bag, didn't think you'd need a truck to bring it in though. . . "Yes Miss-tuh Indi, an' tha's anuthuh one out in de stock room. . ."

* * *

Gosh, sure gotta have more space now. . . Well, let's start opening them. I'll open 'em and you read 'em.

* * *

Here's one from Charley Stookey at KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr.:

Dear Indi:—

While broadcasting the Nebraska State Fair at Lincoln September 4 to 11, the Gooch Milling Company (sponsors of the remotes) presented on the air the three ladies whose bread, made with Gooch's Best Flour, had won first, second and third places in the Culinary Arts Exhibit.

The general manager of the company was asked if he wouldn't like to introduce the ladies on the air. Finally he consented, but it is doubtful if he'll ever face a mike again. He had written part of his presentation talk and everything went okey until he ran out of written matter and started to ad lib—then about every thirty words he'd pause and say "paragraph."

He caught himself the first time—mumbled an oath under his breath and went on something like this:—

"We are mighty glad to be able to present to you today the three ladies whose bread took first place at the 1931 Nebraska State Fair—paragraph—(dammit)—Ah—er—You know that for 21 consecutive years Gooch's Best Flour has won this honor, and naturally we are proud of it—paragraph—(oh, hell)—Thank you."

Those of us in the studio nearly died laughing and scores of folks on the air got quite a kick out of it too, judging from the calls which came in for the few minutes following his broadcast.

His explanation of it was that he had talked to a dictaphone so long, he couldn't do other than say "paragraph" when addressing a microphone.—We wonder if he says "paragraph" to the missus when he calls up around 5:15 explaining that he won't be home for dinner.

* * *

Ben Bernie on the Blue Ribbon Malt Program: "Our next number will be *You Call It Madness and I Call It Love*. Ladies and gentlemen, you call

it madness, I call it love, and my dad calls it boloney." From Eleanor Merriam, 6025 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Here's one from Olive M. Cook, Twin Falls, Idaho. "Wouldn't you call this a horse on the announcer at KTFI who referred to the song Calvary, 'you have just heard the song Cavalry?'"

* * *

Dear Indi: The other day during the Crosley Hour over WLW at Cincinnati I heard, "Our next number will be I'm Keeping Company with a vocal refrain by Ralph Simpson." Mrs. E. R. Kell, Box 113 Wilmore, Ky.

* * *

Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma on a recent visit to Texas talked over the Columbia chain from KRLD, Dallas. At the same time Rufus and Rastus were broadcasting from WRR, which divides time with KRLD. Something must have gone awry on the switchboard because as soon as Governor Murray said "Good evening, Radio Audience," we heard the two black face comedians cut in with "throw him out! Throw him out on his haid!" From Dorothy Hudel, 7118 Cherokee Trail, Dallas.

While listening to a western play over KEX I heard the hero ask the heroine if she could cook. She replied: "Can I cook? Why, I'm bow-legged from riding the range." from Mrs. G. T., Box 406, Woodland, Wash.

* * *

Heard on the Variety Program over WENR: Announcer—"And here's Edwin Delbridge—Deep in the Arms of Love with Sallie Menkies." From Margaret Gutwald, 3143 North 12 St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

The most humorous incident I have heard was during Tony's Scrap Book reading. Tony said he saw a sign over an ice cream counter that read: "TAKE HOME A BRICK, YOU MAY HAVE COMPANY." Sergeant William C. Stilley, Company F, 16th Infantry, Governor's Island, N. Y.

* * *

Marjorie Mapel, 4523 East 18th Ave., Denver, Colo., one of our high school contribs takes up the question of Wave

Grabbing, and should the teachers and deans get a strangle hold on broadcasting. Heading her thesis *The Student's Lament* she says:

Someone's always taking the joy out of life. Now must we have the joy taken out of RADIO, just when we were beginning to think that the increasing number of young teachers were understanding modern youth—they walk out on us and support the Fess Bill. Well it goes to show!

We grind all day, from morning till late afternoon, then we come home to a little relaxation, The Radio, and what do we hear? Super classics, Professor So and So's talk on Medieval History, plus a few interesting governmental reports? How wonderful! But no, thanks, we would rather listen to Rudy Vallee, Smith Ballew, the wise-cracking Sisters of The Skillet—. And if we can't—what then? Do we step out for our fun? Just when we were beginning to have it at home!

Permit me to tell you this, you supporters of the Fess Bill, you can educate us intensively all day in the class room, but when you try it on the air—Well, we'll give you the air!

* * *

This rather good poem from Frank O'Brien, Los Altos, California.

RADIOLAND

The throbbing city, the sleeping vale,
The crowded highway, the mountain trail.
The silent desert, the surging sea,
Neighborhood—nation—infinity.

A palace, a hovel, a ranger's shack,
A homestead far off the beaten track.

A mansion, a flop-joint, a great hotel,
A fireside, a prison — heaven and hell.

A king and an outcast, a preacher, a drunk,
A buyer of Rembrandts, a dealer in junk.
A lady of grandeur, a skirt of the slums,
A college professor, a couple of bums.

A sage and a halfwit, a cop and a thief,
A face wreathed in smiles, and a head bowed in grief.



The guilty and just, the chained and the free.
Jim, Jack and Mary, and you and me.

* * *

RAY PERKINS OF NBC UP AND SAYS—

I know a Scotchman who would give \$1,000.00 to be a millionaire.



"New lamps for old!" announced the first air salesman as he kicked a kink out of his Bagdad balloon carpet and brandished a polished oil burner. "Darby Dardanella now sings our theme song WICK UP! WICK UP! EVENING SHADOWS FLEE."

Good old England is back on her fleet.

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson not only will make a good wife, but she will make her man a good husband.

The present galaxy of debts who attend finishing school are always ready to start something.

* * *

"TO THE PLAID EYES OF— JESSICA DRAGONETTE

THEY WRITE OF EYES — OF
BROWN AND GRAY
AND THOSE OF DEEPEST BLUE;
BUT YET, THE EYES THAT LIGHT
MY DAY
ARE "PLAID" EYES — WISTFUL,
TRUE.

ONE EVENING, 'ERE THE SETTING
SUN
SANK SLOWLY IN THE WEST,
GOD TOOK EACH COLOR—ONE BY
ONE,
AND MADE THESE PLAID EYES
BLEST.

A BIT OF GOLD, A BIT OF GRAY
A HINT OF HEAVEN'S BLUE;
AND WHEN THE DARKNESS
TURNED TO DAY,
HE GAVE THOSE EYES TO YOU.

ACROSS THE WORLD — ON LAND
OR SEA

AND IN THE AZURE SKIES,
THERE'S HAPPINESS AWAITING
ME
WHEN I BEHOLD YOUR EYES.

AND IN YOUR DEPTHS, PLAID
EYES I LOVE,
IS SOMETHING — TENDER,
TRUE;
FOR, FROM THE HEAVENS FAR
ABOVE,
THE ANGELS GAVE US—YOU."

—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Indi-Gest:

We've a radio fan so erratic
We are sure he has bats in his attic;
When nothing comes in
But a horrible din
He sits down and listens to Static!

The above is a lim' from the
"limerick tree" of a radio widow.

—G. D. Stockton, 57 Maple St.,
Hudson Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Two of our best Indi-Scribes finding themselves within a day's mail of each other got together postally and composed the following "colyum" of verse and prose for us. We had to hold it until we got the additional space we were howling for.



"Ah the storm is upon us! The lightning flashes—thunder crashes (Shake it, Tony, shake that thunder sheet). The screeching wind and the merciless waves. We're lost! We're lost!"

Lay of a Might-Have-Been Minstrel

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my favorite station,
My favorite artist in all the nation!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned

As others his opinion spurned;
Who hasn't argued pro and con
With battle cry: "I'm right—you're
wrong!"

If such there be, go mark him well,
He has no place in V. O. L.
High tho his titles, proud his name,
He's a looker-on at the listening game;
Who tunes and gets not the radio craze,
Who "fans" no program in all his days;
Living shall forfeit the right to know
The thrill of this aerial age, altho
He tunes his set, and lends his ears. . .
Boy! . . . what he misses!! . . . eh,
old dears?

* * *

WHEN MIKE FEELS FUNNY!

What IS funny? What induces people
to crinkle up their faces in defiance
of beauty advisers—stretch their lips to
the cracking point and indulge in a
long, loud, spontaneous, inelegant and
youth-restoring guffaw?

This sad, weepy old world NEEDS
to laugh—it WANTS to laugh—it's

CRYING to laugh! But what makes
one half of it emit cackles of purest glee
leaves the other half staring blankly
into space, wondering what the joke is
all about!

It's amusing to note the effect of
what you may consider a good joke
upon a gathering of festive spirits.
Have you ever told a funny story in
your best comedy manner and had the
carefully worked-up climax greeted
with an anti-climactic silence, and a
woeful lack of comprehension upon the
part of the solemn souls present? And
then you suddenly wish that you had
spent the evening at home, reading Les
Miserables! How would our best radio
humorists feel if they could but see
the reception accorded some of their
choice bits! Fortunately they cannot.
Altho the listeners' reaction is con-
veyed to them thru the medium of
"fan" mail, the shock of the Dear Pub-
lic's insusceptibility is mercifully mod-
ified by the delay attendant upon its dis-
closure via the mail route.

East and Dumke, twin editions of
avoidupois and good spirits present
"Sisters of the Skillet"—the grandest
fixit firm ever permitted to operate
without a license! What they don't
know about housekeeping is plenty, but
this minor detail doesn't prevent them

from giving advice cheerfully if not
helpfully! This SOS service is occa-
sionally extended to a brother of a Sis-
ter of the Skillet in distress, and it
proves the efficiency of this flourishing
concern when the Brothers horn in! A
lively and refreshing departure from
our sob-sisters of the love-lorn "coly-
ums" and other popular forms of res-
cue-the-perishing service. Here's to
them. . .

WHILE THE TOAST IS BURNING!

East and Dumke,
Skillet Sisters,
Full of pep
These polly misters!

Problem solvers,
Nothing vexes,
None can stump them
Naught perplexes!

What lovers, too,
Of "pome-tree"—
The dishwasher
Variety!

Hearty laughter,
Lilting song. . .
Whoops! what fun
When they are on!!

WE HAVE yet to hear anyone say
that these boys are not really funny,
but doubtless someone, somewhere,
is saying just that! As in the case of
the radio listener who grimly elected Roy
Atwell, CBS funster, to the Pet Peeve
records—a sort of listeners' lament con-
ducted by Nick Kenny for the relief of
those long-suffering critters afflicted
with pet radio abominations. Mr. Atwell
crosses his fingers, ties his tongue, and
achieves truly marvelous concoctions.
Adulterated doses of historical episodes
tumble apologetically out of one's loud-
speaker, motivated by so obvious a de-
sire to edify and please that one is
glued to the spot! If you are an apt
scholar, you will soon be unable to ask
your dinner-partner to pass the sugar,
please, without becoming involved in
your pronunciation. Most diverting—
especially if you are really in earnest
about wanting that sugar! Try this on
your chauffeur. . .

TONGUE MAGIC

Gicky, streasy, garry tum
Mannot cake the motors hum;
Unnatural history laid in mortar—
No—unnatural history made to order;
Tidewater Inn as seen by a knight.

I mean Tidewater Inn, the scene—
(that's right!)
The host Oil Ratwell—Rat Oilwell. . .
no! no!

Well Royat—oh, let it go! let it go!
English as she is spoke (and how!)
In the better garbled circles now.

Only three in a long list of clever comedians—practiced in the amiable art of beguiling a nation into good humor. And at the present time of general business depression their services are of inestimable value to the country at large. If we couldn't laugh, we might have to cry—so long may they ether-wave! . . . these rib-tickling heroes!

* * *

Sorry I haven't had a chance to sort out those fresh limericks hot off the limerick tree cause I just got a long thick envelope from Don Higgins. I'm handing it to you without comment. And if Bob Triggerfinger of CBS doesn't step on it you'll never know what Mort Downey and those other expert whistlers of Columbia have to say on this burning subject.

* * *

They're All Whistlin'!

By Don Higgins

CALVIN COOLIDGE came out for Hoover, England went off the gold standard, the Lindy's flew over flood-swept China, and it remained only for Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University to announce that "whistling is an unmistakable sign of the moron." Then the world shook.

Professor Shaw, deep in the study of the road to culture, proclaimed through the morning press that all whistlers were morons and that world leaders were non-whistlers. His words went 'round the world and back again.

Friends of Premier Mussolini snickered and admitted Il Duce had whistled. Chairman Borah of the senate Foreign Relations Committee said that of course he whistled. The White House remained silent. And S. L. (Roxy) Rothafel, off in distant, censored Russia in search of art and music for radio, was unreachable.

Thousands wrote the professor and the papers in protest and the news finally reached the ears of Robert Hunter MacGimsey, by summer a Louisiana attorney, and by winter a permission of the copyright owners, the world's champion three-toned "harmony whistler," heard over National Broadcasting Company networks.

Mr. MacGimsey's ear burned red. Discovered whistling in his bath, he admitted, "Yes, I whistle. I also chew gum and the ends of pencils in moments of thought. Professor Shaw must be spoofing. But if you're asking me, it's hardly fair to say that whistling has any more to do with a man's mentality than playing the bass viol—probably not as much. If so, what about the yodlers and Swiss bell ringers?"

He tried to reach the professor by telephone in a challenge to prove it. "Forget it," replied the professor, "I

meant only lip whistlers."

"But I am a lip whistler," MacGimsey said. The professor hung up while MacGimsey, desperate, recalled three fellow faculty members of Shaw, had examined his whistle and found his mentality A-1. "One of them did some very nice whistling himself, in fact," Whistling Bob added.

Radio rallied to the whistlers' defense. Stars of NBC spoke boldly. Said Jesse Crawford, Poet of the Organ and amateur whistler:

"People who like to whistle and can carry a tune, do so as a natural reaction depending upon their contentment. Of course, a moron may whistle but all whistlers are not morons. I don't believe an unhappy moron can whistle. Whistlers are to be envied."

"Whenever a play or motion picture presents a person happy or well-pleased, the character usually breaks into a whistle. Most of us are not gifted enough to burst into song, nor is it natural in public places. I am very inclined to whistle personally, but then, of course, I might be a moron."

The controversy caused Vaughn de Leath, contralto and occasional whistler, to revert to Shakespeare: "The man who has no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." Whistling indicates a happy disposition and a certain exuberance or gaiety. I suggest that the professor try a little whistling himself.

B. A. ROLFE, whose orchestra sets a happy tempo for the nation, denied whistlers were morons, including himself, and added: "Inasmuch as I interspersed whistling in vaudeville acts and found it got the applause spot, I concluded it has a financial and entertainment value." He does object to whistlers off key.

Ray Perkins, The Old Topper and NBC wit, avered: "It (the professor's comment) sounds a great deal like our old friend, George Bernard Shaw. If it's not one Shaw it's another! He might put a P in front of his name. Personally, I confine my own whistling to a few bars a day and I have my whistle whetted twice a week."

Lewis James, tenor of the famous Revelers Quartet: "I whistle often and, being a singer, that may make it doubly bad. I disagree in self-defense."

Leslie Joy, baritone and announcer: "I whistle for my dog, and he's a very intelligent dog. I figure that if my dog will come when I whistle that neither he nor I am a moron."

Breen and De Rose, noted harmony and song-writing team, issued jointly: "Many song writers whistle while making their arrangements. True, some can't do any more than whistle their tunes, but they compose them. Anyway, whistling airs your thoughts." Peter

De Rose recalled his song "Whistling Willie" (adv.) as a bright piece.

Several days later, Raymond Knight, "Cuckoo" commentator who hides behind the name of Ambrose J. Weems, boldly cast aside anonymity and came out with a statement. He came out a bit confused, but nevertheless he came out. And he settled the matter.

INTERVIEWED by the press of Australia, Letvia and New Jersey, Mr. Knight spoke his mind (taken off the shelf with the advent of winter).

"I have been asked," asserted Mr. Knight, "to state my views on the Whistle-Moron situation. I want to apologize to my public at this time for not coming forward sooner with a statement.

"The delay has been due to a misapprehension on my part. When first informed that Professor Shaw stated that only Morons whistled, I immediately went out among my Irish friends and collected statistics to prove that the Moriartys, the Finnegans, the Murphys and the Flannigans whistled just as often as the Morans."

"This set me back about forty-eight hours and in the meantime the market has been flooded with thousands of replies to Professor Shaw.

"However, in order to whistle it is necessary to pucker up the lips, and since lemons and pickles cause a puckering of the lips, I have been asked by the National Citrus and Pickle Growers Association (whose coat of arms bears a little figure of Puck on a field of tulips) to answer the professor.

"This can be done in one withering blast. I shall waste no time on recriminations. I shall waste no time on detailed statistics. I shall waste no time on homely women—

"I merely ask Professor Shaw, with a slight smile of scorn playing around the corners of my lips and in my moustache—Professor, is it or is it not true that one of the greatest artists of all times was a Whistler!"

"A fig for your hypotheses Prof! You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time!"

Just as Mr. Knight finished, MacGimsey stepped forward triumphantly and revealed that Dr. Prescott Lecky, professor of psychology at Columbia University, had found him to have an intelligence quotient greater than seventy-six per cent of the public. MacGimsey's rating was an I. Q. of 109, compared with a grade of 20 to 50 for imbeciles and from 70 on down for morons.

The world is safe for whistlers, or vice versa.



"TALK about pick-up and speed, do you know, Mr. Ford, that this little two cylinder doo-hickey can put my voice down from here to New Zealand as quickly as you can hear it across the room?"

Henry Ford



**Floyd
Gibbons**

THESE postures show Henry Ford at the time he made his personal debut in Radio. Note the concentration revealed by his face.

Tuneeful Topics

You Didn't Know the Music, and I Didn't Know the Words

IT WON'T be another *Just One More Chance*, though it is entirely written by Sam Coslow, who wrote the words of that composition which has achieved such a popularity due mainly, no doubt, to the wonderful phonograph record made by Bing Crosby, which seems to be in every home. I believe Coslow outdid himself in this particular new song, one of the torchiest of torch ballads, a song which has as its unhappy story "what might have been."

It lends itself more to the feel of a beautiful ballad than to the dance type of song, though if played expressively, with the right instrumentation and the proper speed it becomes an admirable stimulus to the enjoyment of a public on the dance floor.

There is one little difficulty in singing the song, and that lies in the pronunciation of the word "music." The "ic" syllable in "music" has always made it a difficult word to pronounce when singing; only one who sings considerably can appreciate these little difficulties, which, after all, are not insurmountable if one only exerts the diction producing factors to his or her aid.

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, believes that when he carries the lyrics of any particular song around with him for weeks, that the song must have something. That was the case with *Just One More Chance*, and is likewise the case here, with his latest bid to the hall of musical fame.

We take about a minute and ten seconds to play the chorus, and as I have already said, it is published by Famous Music, Inc.

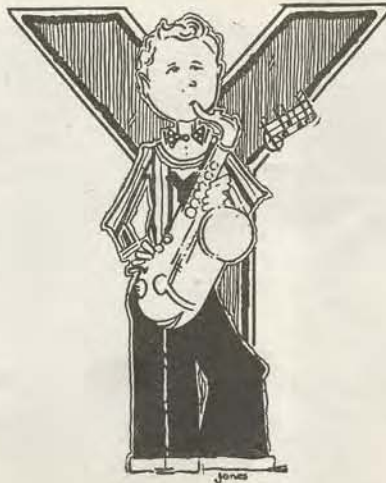
I Love a Parade

HAROLD ARLEN, writer of *Get Happy*, *Hittin' the Bottle*, *One Love*, etc., pianist par excellence, with a most excellent voice, was formerly featured with Arnold Johnson, but lately he has written the material for several more or less successful shows. Incidentally, his *Get Happy* was perhaps the greatest material ever provided for one of the cleverest girls on the stage, who was lost to musical comedy and dancing when she became the wife of Roger Wolfe Kahn—Hannah Williams.

This same Harold Arlen, turns ex-

By RUDY
VALLEE

tremely sentimental and classical in the writing of a little gem called *I Love a Parade*. Its radio attractiveness may have been enhanced by a little brainstorm that came to me as I considered its presentation, my idea was to follow my vocal chorus with a chorus played by two trumpets and a trombone, with the stirring beat of the drums, as they briefly touched on six or seven standard march compositions, such as *Stars and Stripes*, *Spirit of Independence*, *Anchors Aweigh*, *Stein Song*, in fact, any march which, as children, we have come to associate with parades, the beating of



drums, the blare of flashing trumpets.

I Love a Parade will probably never mean very much as a best seller for Harms, Inc., but it is certainly one of the most stirring tunes it has been our pleasure to present in a long time. Naturally we play it in march time.

My Sweetheart Tis of Thee

I SPENT last Sunday at a rehearsal with Johnny Green, the young Westchester County society boy who was practically disowned by his father for his resolve to go into the field of music and composition in preference to his dad's seat on the exchange, but who subsequently showed his father that he knew better than Dad wherein his tal-

ents lay, after his writing of *Body and Soul*, and *I'm Yours*.

Together with Eddie Heyman he has been writing material for various Paramount short subjects out in Astoria, and he has directed many of the orchestras for the incidental music which was cued in on many of the very fine Paramount pictures where incidental music has contributed to your enjoyment.

Due to his cultural nature and background, Johnny writes not so much for the masses as for the classes, though in the writing of this new musical comedy which Peter Arno has sponsored, in several cases he has written an approach to the commercial type of tune. Heyman, I believe, deserves even more credit than Green for his titles and his exceedingly clever lyrics. Even Lew Brown might well look to his laurels as one reads over the score of *Here Goes the Bride*, the inspiration for which probably came to Arno shortly after his own trip to Reno.

Perhaps I have an unusual interest in the show due to the fact that the singing star is none other than my little Florida protege, Frances Langford, who has been sustaining on WOR. The two songs she sings are both excellently suited to her, and I believe if the show is anything at all of a success little Frances will create a great deal of Broadway talk about her.

The Sunday I caught the show in rehearsal the cast had been at it for many hours on end, and they were all extremely fatigued; yet even at that there was a very apparent quality about the show which leads me to believe that, given a fair chance, it should be a success. Edward C. Lilley is directing, and the very efficient manner in which he handled things that afternoon leads me to believe that my protege is in very good hands. But to get to the songs themselves.

First, the outstanding song in the show is unquestionably the theme song. It would not have been the theme song had they not expected it to be the outstanding song; that, of course, is quite self-evident. Cleverly enough, Heyman selected as his title *My Sweetheart Tis of Thee*, which is, of course, a pun on the composition which in England is *God Save the King*, and which in America has been *America*, and which, for many years preceding the final triumph of the *Star Spangled Banner* was

the reason for many a very disgruntled theatre audience clambering to its feet and standing at attention. It still is, for that matter, as there are still many bands and orchestras, as well as audiences, who are not so very sure of the ascendancy of the *Star Spangled Banner*, and the strains of *America* bring many of them instantly to their feet, while others, with a sheepish and foolish expression on their faces half sit and half stand, not quite knowing what to do.

The gist of the song, *My Sweetheart Tis of Thee*, is simply that the song the individual is singing at this time is, as the title implies, of that person. It has nothing to do with Tennessee mamies, moonlight and roses, or any of the things with which songs deal. Rather is it expressly a song to her—to him, and it is an extremely lovely one.

There is a direct change of key in the sixth measure, very typical of the desire on the part of Johnny Green to be different—musically different. However, the change is a lovely one; though a little difficult to assimilate, once learned it will cause no trouble.

Unless the song is restricted I am sure that it will bombard you from your radio quite a bit as soon as the show makes its debut in New York, which is to say two weeks from the time we write this article, though of course as you read it the show will have already opened here, and either be on its way to prosperity for its producers, or maybe, heaven forbid, have gone the way of so many shows. I sincerely hope, not alone for Frances Langford, but for my old school-mate, Peter Arno, Mr. Lilley, and all the hard-working members of the cast, that it enjoys a real success.

"Here Goes the Bride" Three Rhythm Numbers

THERE are three fine rhythm songs in the show. When I say "fine," I mean fine. They are just the sort of thing we have been looking for for our dance programs, both on the air and at the Penn. People like fox trots, brisk tunes to which they may walk around, keeping in perfect step with the beat of the rhythm. These are tunes which any band may play as fast as they

desire with no subsequent damage to melody or lyrics, as they are written for fast dancing choruses. You will probably hear these tunes often as the various bands play on into the wee hours of the morning over your favorite station.

Quite the cleverest of the lot, in my opinion, is the song which Frances Langford sings later on in the show. It is called *Music in My Fingers*, and what a clever song it is, too!

Then there is another which the boys have called *OHHH! AHHH!* and still another which will be interpreted by some radio stations as rather risqué and doubtful of broadcast permission, though in the show it will be perfect for the chorus girls in one of their dances—*Shake Well Before Using*.

There are several other songs in the show, one especially which Frances sings called *Hello, My Lover, Goodbye*, a lovely thing though one which will never be commercial due to its intricate construction and its most non-commercial make-up. Still even this may occasionally find its way to you; it certainly will through the medium of our programs, as it is the type of song that I enjoy doing best.

These are all published by Famous Music, for whom Johnny Green writes

almost exclusively, and the three rhythm tunes may all be played extremely brightly, though the irony of it is that some bands that usually tear the heart out of composers by playing some of their ballads *extremely fast*, will probably play these tunes *extremely slowly*.

I Don't Know Why

I AM a little late in discussing this tune, mainly because I was late in hearing it. It remained for the aforesaid Crosby to really popularize it, as it fits him admirably.

It was written by Messrs. Turk and Ahlert, of whom I have said reams in past issues of *Tuneful Topics*, two of the cleverest writers in Tin Pan Alley. Its construction is that of the very short chorus, half the usual length, or sixteen measures, and it lends itself admirably well to the slow, schottische tempo for which the Lombardos especially are famous.

My good friend, Rocco Vocco, of Feist, may take the bow for this one, and it is probably the saving grace of that particular firm in these dark days of great overhead and little or no profit.

We play the chorus at about 35 seconds, and, as I have said, it is published by Leo Feist, Inc. (Continued on page 93)



Marion Brinn the soap box crooner who has been taking part in both television and chain hook-ups over the Columbia system

G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Two of the most attractive and interesting radio artists are those delightful Ponce Sisters, Ethel and Dorothea. These talented young ladies were both born in Boston, but raised in New York and were both graduated from Brentwood Academy.

They have been on the air five years. You've heard them on Eveready, Val-spar and Camel programs . . . and at the Roxy and Palace theatres. They've made phonograph records and some motion picture shorts. These are about the homiest . . . (no, not homeliest . . . far from that) . . . I should say, home-grown-est girls I've met in many a day. Healthy, happy, talented, devoted to each other and to their Dad. Their mother having died a few years ago . . . these motherless girls succeeded in keeping the home fires burning by keeping house for their father . . . who is an executive in the NBC Artists Service Bureau. Not the kind of housekeeping that's done with a can-opener and a delicatessen store. Dorothea does the marketing and Ethel does the cooking. Then they both wash the dishes . . . and make a lark of it. And refer to the washing of the dishes as pearl diving . . . and the drying of them is

called polishing pearls. Excepting for the traditional wash-woman one day a week, they have no outside help in the management of their home. And when the house is tidied and vegetables prepared for dinner . . . they practice their songs for the next

day. Ethel, the pianist, is the older . . . but Dorothea, the comedienne, is the taller. She is five feet seven. Ethel is only five feet five. Each weighs 125 pounds. Dorothea has dark hair and gray eyes. Ethel has light hair and is dying to be a blonde . . . but is afraid of Dad. Neither uses make-up of any kind. Don't require it. Neither of the girls are married. Are waiting, they

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAf mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chin-fest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

say, to find men like their Dad (that will be some chore). The family spirit in the Ponce home is beautiful. And as Mr. Ponce is very prepossessing in appearance and manner, the trio forms a pretty picture when they appear together in public.

When President M. H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, entertained Amos 'n' Andy at the Lotus Club, New York, there was great speculation as to what artists he would select. Of all the splendid singers and musicians at his call, Mr. Aylesworth

picked the Southernaires Quartet for that occasion. The Southernaires are four talented colored men who have been a popular NBC feature for many months. They appear on Major Bowes Capitol Family program . . . are frequently heard on the RKO Theatre of the air . . . and on the Mobiloil and Great Northern programs . . . and, of course, "Southland Sketches." Three of

the quartet are college graduates . . . and the fourth is a high school graduate. William Edmondson, the manager of the group, hails from Spokane, Washington. Homer Smith is a native of Florence, Alabama. James S. Toney was born at Columbia, Tenn., and Lowell Peters, the fourth member of

the quartet comes from Cleveland, Tenn. The four youths met and formed their quartet two years ago in New York's famous Harlem. In addition to frequent radio appearances, the Southernaires Quartet sing at many Church entertainments.

When Gene and Glenn go fishing, they don't always get fish, (without they buy them), but on their last vacation, they did create a splendid opportunity for two young men who knew how to meet opportunity when she knocked. And that's Lum and Abner. . .

who through pinch-hitting for Gene and Glenn, have become regular features on the NBC network . . . and are soon to make a personal appearance tour for Quaker Oats Company. Lum and Abner's right names are Norris Goff, who is Abner, and Chester (Continued on page 92)



Nellie Revell at the Fairbanks Studio in Hollywood, Calif. Left to right: Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Nellie Revell and Douglas Fairbanks

Silhouettes

By CRAIG B. CRAIG

Helen Nugent

PRIDES herself in being an old fashioned girl in a modern setting. Contralto—twenty-seven years old. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 6, 1904. Attended Mount Notre Dame Academy in Reading, Ohio, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Studied at the latter for four years. Winning a scholarship each year.

Easy on your eyes, Irish descent. Beautiful pink and white skin. Five feet five and one-half inches tall. Weighs 125. Large hazel eyes. Lovely dark brown hair. Sometimes it looks black.—Would make a swell health "ad."

Taught school for a couple of years before doing anything professionally with her voice. Put in six seasons with the Cincinnati Opera Company. Soloist. Then joined a mixed quartet in her home town. This brought the opportunity for a radio audition. This at station WSAI in Cincinnati.—Made it. Scared pink. So began her broadcasting career. Her voice registered so well through the "mike" that she was made a staff soloist of that station.

DECIDED to conquer New York. Arrived here September, 1928. Joined Columbia in January, 1929. Soon featured on more than a dozen programs.

Fond of the movies. Likes Garbo and Shearer, also John Gilbert. Movies that are chock-ful of romance are the kind that thrill her.

Gets lots of fan mail. Answers most of it herself. Particularly interested in letters from the sick confined in hospitals and from soldiers stationed in remote places.—Mushy letters don't appeal.

Superstitious—Oh, very!—Believes in 'em all. Thirteen at a table—under ladders—black cats—spilling of salt and all the rest.

Likes to read popular fiction. Chinese

THE author of this series which *Radio Digest* has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the *Financial Digest*.

stories particularly. Fond of all sports. Swimming and tennis her favorites. Never gets her head wet when swimming. If it happens—the day is spoiled. She plays an exceptionally good game



Helen Nugent

of tennis. Good for the wind. Good for the form.

Relishes all kinds of shell food. Boiled lobster her favorite. Eats lots of spaghetti, and she says that she herself prepares the best stuffed pepper ever tasted.

She likes big men. Ideal type must be six feet or over. Also must be plenty good looking. (Likes to show 'em off.) He should have lots of character in his face. Personality plus. She thinks man's best quality is sincerity.

Woman's greatest charm, according to Helen, lies in a crown of glorious hair. She must be fairly good looking too, but to be particularly appealing, she must have that crown of glory.

She hates to go to bed and she hates to get up.—When she finally does retire, she dons silk nighties. Particular about this. They must be silk and they must be beautiful.—Sleeps on her left side all night. Vividly remembers her dreams.

VERY prim. Everything must be just so. She takes great pride in her home. Has a great habit of frequently shifting the furniture from place to place. Loves her piano and a canary bird that sings incessantly. The bird was a gift from Harriet Lee, her closest friend.

Terribly temperamental. Moody on the least provocation.

Twilight and the fall of the year sadden her. Things are dying. Thunder and lightning storms frighten her nearly to death. Hides her head under the covers if they occur while she's in bed.

Plays piano. Accomplished. Likes violin best.

She can't whistle. She tries and tries. Not a peep—this annoys her and she tries again. Says she'll do it yet. Snaps her fingers with a loud crack, but has to use the fourth finger to do it.

Originally Helen had ambitions of becoming a dancer. She found she could manage her vocal cords better than she could her feet. Consequently—

Rehearses every day. Spends as much as eight hours a day with her music. Rehearsing and broadcasting. When



Connie
Boswell

she finishes she goes to a musical comedy for relaxation.

Still nervous every time she sings. Loves radio work. Says the future of it is unlimited, especially with television in the offing. Likes to listen to the radio plays. Believes that better scripts would improve them some, although they're pretty good as is.

Once made a slip of the tongue into the mike.—Bumped into someone in the studio—forgot she was on the air—apologized saying "I'm sorry." Listeners wondered why she was sorry.

Missed a performance once. She failed to appear for "Manhattan Moods" at scheduled time. A substitute served. The studio phoned and found her in bed. She had completely forgotten that the broadcast had been switched from Tuesday to Monday night. It will never happen again.

Has an elaborate wardrobe. Most of her clothes are black. Likes sport clothes best. Wears them a lot. These are mostly blues and browns.

Uses little make-up. Lipstick and powder, with a touch of mascara at night.

Unmarried, but not sour on it. Believes it would be swell IF you could find the right one.

Her pet aversion is people who affect an unnatural manner of speaking. Nothing more irritating than that throaty tone of the would-be ritz.

Helen got her big thrill back in Cincinnati. It was an Atwater Kent radio contest. Seventy-five contestants. She was fiftieth on the list. She had some real competition.—She won.

Dislikes jewelry. Very seldom wears any.

Speaks French excellently. Sings in five languages. Loves stories. Never forgets a good one.

Terrific yen for sweets. A box of candy and all kinds of desserts are seventh heaven.

She has traveled quite a bit. Been all over the States. Likes the coast best. Particularly San Francisco. No special reason—just does. Some day is going to buy a big home out there.

New York night life is too strenuous. Besides that she thinks it is very much over-rated. You can't take part and still stay in condition. Consequently she doesn't play at it at all.

She's lucky. She once won a Chrysler in a raffle. Although she likes to ride she doesn't drive, so she sold the car. Had a hard time doing it too—even at a price.

Been in a plane once.—An unhappy experience. She flew steadily for eight hours. From New York back to Cincinnati. Her mother was ill. She arrived just in time to say good-bye to her mother, who was leaving on a longer journey.

And yet she sings to make other people happy.

Connie Boswell

COLLECTS hanks of her friend's hair. Ties the hanks with little ribbons. Has been doing this as long as she can remember.

Has a suitcase full. Carries a pair of scissors in her hand bag just for this purpose. Maybe she'll make a mattress some day.

Constance—her real name. Nicknamed "Tony" when she was a kid. Changed to "Connie" when dignity set in.

She's the middle sister of the Three Boswells—Connie, Martha and Vet, (Helvetia—phew!) originators of the now famous Boswell Rhythm. Synco-

pated harmony that gets right under your skin.

Connie is the little girl with the big voice. The one that sings the deep contralto.—Four feet eleven. Tips the scales at 105. Great big light brown eyes. Raven black hair. Very proud of her hair. Olive skin, just 22, and single.

She hails from New Orleans, Louisiana—a locale where close harmony is second nature. Connie has heard the southern negroes sing at their Spiritual meetings and in the fields or at work on the wharves loading cotton, where they sing as long as they have strength to work. When the singing stops—so does the work. Theirs is a real natural harmony. Once in a great while the white folks get this natural gift of harmony. The Boswells have it—yea!

Connie started her musical career at the age of five.—Mastered one of the most difficult of all instruments—the 'cello. It is one of the smallest 'cellos in captivity. Her mother has it tucked away in a closet down home in New Orleans.—Vet learned the violin before she was seven and Martha played the piano even before she started her schooling.

First appeared as a trio when but kids. Used to play at all sorts of school affairs and church socials. Classical music, then. In addition to being an accomplished 'celloist, Connie plays piano, guitar and that beloved of all instruments—the saxophone.

Loves the profession. If she or the other girls had it to do over again, they'd follow the same line.

Regular youngsters. Father used to drive them to school down home. When he'd let them out, Connie and Martha would go into a huddle and decide on the movies in preference to school. Vet being the youngest would tag along. She'd invariably spill the beans about them playing hookey. Not that she

(Continued on page 82)

Station Parade

*Pageant of Personalities and Programs
as they Appear Across the Continent
for the Biggest Show on Earth*

THERE are about 600 radio broadcasting stations in the United States. There are 96 pages and cover in *Radio Digest*. Obviously we cannot give a full page to each station and have any space left in which to tell about the popular radio folk who are heard alike over all parts of the country.

Station Parade aims to give highlights from the individual stations as they are scattered across the continent. All stations are invited to supply us with information that would be of interest to *Radio Digest* readers—especially those readers who reside in the vicinity of the station contributing the station notes.

Sometimes we hear that material has been sent and we do not use it. Where special material is prepared for *Radio Digest* that has not been sent to the daily newspapers special consideration will be given. We publish syndicated material with great reluctance because it cannot be used until long after the newspapers have had a chance to use it. *Radio Digest* comes out only once a month. Our editorial contents are sent to the printer from six to eight weeks in advance of the date of publication. Mere program listings of local stations require too much space and are uninteresting to the great majority of our readers. But brief notes about personalities and programs are sure to find their way into *Station Parade*. Station managers should not depend on our buying "write-ups" about their stations from free-lance contributors. Authentic information should come directly from the station representatives.

—Editor.

Maybe Harry Can't Get a Girl?

ALAS for the Three Bachelors of WAAM, Newark. They were so sure they were girl-proof they locked arms in front of an open mike and sang a challenge to all femininity at large. They became known to the listeners as Norman, Harry and Sonny. Gay, happy and free they sang ballads and taunted every girl who listened. Now this couldn't go on forever for all three of the young men were really very nice, good to look at and most excellent material on which to operate to design a first class husband. Sonny was the youngest. More than once he felt feverish impulses as a pair of luscious eyes were leveled at him. Girl proof? Ha!

Ha! A little moonlight, a gentle touch on the hand, murmuring leaves, whispering wavelets—a kiss—and they scattered rice over Sonny's departed bachelorhood. In the meantime Norman had begun to feel the effect of irreparable crevases in his armor. Dan Cupid's darts wedged through. Presto! Off to the church walked Norman with wedding bells tolling a knell to his bachelor days. And now only Harry remains.



"Yer-rrrp! Yerp! I'm yerping from WNAC, Boston, where I'm a gift artist. Nancy Howe is my girl friend. Yerrrp!"

Perhaps Harry is a bit cynical. He is the type of man in appearance that artists love to portray as vigorous heman, a clean cut square jaw, keen gray eyes, dark wavy hair and altogether presentable. He smiles and says he still can sing. He does sing bravely and sincerely. He declares he will carry on. But there is a certain box of fudge that keeps coming to him through the mail.

He's come to look for it with some show of eagerness. After all there's an old saying about the way to a man's heart is through his gastronomic system. And, Harry, you may be a marked man.

A Prolific Radio Script Grinder

HOWARD REED, script writer for the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, has probably written more dramatic material in the past seven years than the average author does in a lifetime.

Reed began his radio career with WOR with a radio play which showed a natural flair for air productions. He wrote "Black Fear" which went over WGY and the New York State chain in 1926, and continued writing serials for the Schenectady station.

At present Reed has written more than three hundred scripts for stations WGR, WKBW and WMAK of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, and he is still going strong with new ideas.

Reed has heard his stories over the air from a dozen different stations from coast to coast. He has written scripts for WTIC in Hartford, KOA in Denver, WHAM in Rochester, and WJR in Detroit.

His one bit of advice to those who would be writers for the radio is "write the script, cut out the parts you think are good, and you'll have a show."

Governor Ely Appoints Official Radio Advisor

GOVERNOR JOSEPH B. ELY of Massachusetts has taken active recognition of the census report that Massachusetts ranks as one of the first states in the country in the percentage families owning receiving sets. Something should be done about it. So he officially appointed George A. Harder of WBZ-WBZA as Radio Adviser to

the Administration. It will be Mr. Harder's duty to supervise and arrange all broadcasts in which the governor is to participate.

Regarding the appointment, Governor Ely said: "In these times when 52 per cent of Massachusetts families own radio sets, the governor must do his part in discussing with the people matters vital to them. I believe that next to the press, the radio is the most powerful force in moulding public opinion.

"No governor can devote the time to informing himself fully on the new wrinkles of a science so complex as broadcasting, or to the arrangements incidental to his radio engagements. It is for that reason that I have entrusted this work to Mr. Harder who has had a wide experience in the field."

Governor Ely is widely-known to the broadcasting fraternity as the original "Radio Governor". His belief in radio as a great democratic institution prompted him at the outset of his administration to have a special microphone installed in the Executive Chamber.

Almost overnight the hitherto unknown practice of a governor sitting at his desk and addressing a message to the people from one end of the state to the other was adopted by the chief executives of other New England states, New York and Pennsylvania.

The governor's use of the radio has proved itself an effective means of stirring widespread public interest in current problems of the Administration. Governor Ely knows its effectiveness and by dint of a forceful radio personality and able treatment of his subject always commands statewide attention while he is on the air. The special messages he broadcasts to the people inevitably bring a flood of complimentary telephone messages, telegrams and letters.

It is believed that the Governor's appointment of a personal adviser on matters of radio is strong evidence that he intends to intensify his use of the microphone during the remainder of his administration. It is likewise argued that Governor Ely's acceptance of radio as a primary means of moulding public opinion will point the way to its general adoption by other state governments.

Harder is one of the pioneer officials in the New England broadcasting field, entering radio after several years in newspaper work. He is a graduate of Harvard and saw action in France during the war with an ambulance outfit. Besides his special

work for Governor Ely, Harder will continue in charge of public relations and program and editorial features for the New England Westinghouse stations.

Boston Director Also Composer

CHARLES R. HECTOR, director of the Yankee Network orchestra, seems to have scored a hit with his song, *When I Whispered Sweetheart*, which had its premiere in Boston a few weeks ago. It was sung for the first time by Lee Le Mieux, former mill girl, who now is widely known as the popular girl baritone of the Yankee Network.

The initial effort of Mr. Hector in writing music was accepted by one of the largest music publishing concerns in America, the House of Kornheiser.

American, International and Mechanical rights have been obtained by the composer.

Mr. Hector who started out in life to become a medical man, turned to music after three years study in a Berlin medical school, still retains his ambition to become a symphony director, regardless of his initial success as a composer. In fact he viewed the acceptance of his writing efforts as another step toward his announced goal.

At present he is working on another musical number which has been accepted by the House of Feist, and will appear in printed form in the early future.

Quick Success for Mill Girl at Microphone

LEE LE MIEUX, latest addition to the Yankee Network's staff of artists, possesses a voice the quality and clarity of which strongly resembles that of Kate Smith, radio's big mamma, who tips and breaks the scales at 204 pounds.

The petite Lee Le Mieux differs from Kate in several respects, the greatest difference being in weight which is 82 pounds less than that of her more illustrious contemporary. Her voice, too, is lower. Lee is really a mezzo-contralto, sometimes referred to in speaking of singers of popular songs, as a "girl baritone."

Her debut over the Yankee Network, which took place only a few weeks ago, was an unheralded event that has already accumulated a large mail response. Several sponsors of programs now in preparation for late fall broadcasts are angling for her services.

How Miss Le Mieux stepped from the whirling spindles of a woolen mill to the microphones of WNAC is an Horatio Alger story from true life. Forced to give up mill work because she was not constitutionally suited for such strenuous labor, Lee sought other employment. Her friends suggested she make something of her voice via the radio and she clicked into the WPAW staff via the audition route. Naturally big hearted and realizing that the Yankee Network offered larger possibilities for this unusual artist than his own station, Paul Oury, manager of WPAW, brought her to Boston for an audition which was promptly arranged during one of Big Brother Bob Emery's "audition days" at WNAC. Immediately she became a full-fledged member of the Yankee Network artist staff.

Miss Le Mieux is 24, was born in Taunton, lives with her mother in Pawtucket, and has three sisters and four brothers.

Kay-Dee Did Kall Kiddies Klub at KDKA

By DOROTHY DAVIDSON

MANY parties and other fun are in store for children who are members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub recently organized by Uncle Kay-Dee who is heard daily through Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA at Pittsburgh.



When Uncle Wip of WIP-WFAN says "monkey business is goin' on" over his program he means monkey. Only this happens to be Mona the chimp on Uncle Wip's knee

Uncle Kay-Dee, in real life C. A. "Tony" Wakeman, broadcasts at 5:30 o'clock each week-day. Each of the young members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub is presented with an attractive membership card. No restrictions are required regarding residence, children of cities and towns distant from Pittsburgh being eligible the same as those residing within the Pittsburgh district.

Within a week 2,500 members were enrolled in this new "klub" for children. Many are from far distant states and communities.

Fred Goerner is Real Pioneer Broadcaster

A PIONEER in radio broadcasting, Fred F. Goerner, cellist, has been appearing in musical programs from Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA since the inception of broadcasting. In fact, Mr. Goerner even broadcast in experimental programs from the original KDKA transmitter before the first program for public reception was sent out in November 1920.

Mr. Goerner is a native of Pittsburgh. He received his elementary education in the city's public schools after which he attended the Oberlin Conservatory from which he was graduated in 1916. He is a resident of Ingram.

During the World War he was graduated from the United States Naval School at Harvard University. From 1918 to 1920 he studied at Dresden, Germany.

The manner in which Mr. Goerner entered radio broadcasting is rather unique. During the experimental work which preceded the first broadcast he was a service engineer with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. and it was due to his connection with the company that he succeeded in playing over the station during the days when early radio history was being made.

WNBO Boy Announcer to be "Big Shot"

RALPH SHAFFER, the youthful announcer at WNBO, Washington, Pa., has a style suggestive of the dynamic Floyd Gibbons. His versatility may be compared to that of Ted Hus- ing. Whether it's a football game or a "soup and fish" affair with the "high-brows" Ralph just seems to blend right in with the occasion and his followers are legion in number. He is Warner Bros. representative with the station and directs their policies followed in

broadcasting. When the Warners "hook-up" is completed in Pittsburgh, Ralph will be the "big shot." It is his privilege to introduce the various talking picture stars to his audience and as a result he is an authority on those bits of news concerning them in private life that the radio listeners delight in hearing about. His position as Governor Gifford Pinchot's announcer did not require a larger hat or affect his radio personality other than to increase his friends.

WCAU Plans \$350,000 Studios

EXPANSION plans for WCAU in Philadelphia involve the proposed expenditure of \$350,000. Three floors will be added to the Franklin Trust Building* for studios which will be designed as the last word in studio equipment. Special reservations are being made for Dr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who will supervise the construction of studios he will use according to plans he has worked out since he has entered into broadcasting. He has spent two years of constant experimentation in the study of the science of broadcasting as it particularly embraces the transmission of orchestral music.

In addition to the general administrative offices and studios, there will be an experimental laboratory especially constructed for Dr. Stokowski where this noted musical authority will continue his studies and experiments in the transmission of music with the assistance of a radio engineer, assigned exclusively to him for this particular work.

The broadcasting facilities will include seven studios of various sizes to accommodate every known type of program. Each of these studios will be as sound proof as modern science can make it—constructed with a floating floor, walls on springs and suspended ceiling. Each is to be a room within a room, with partitions of double glass of two different thicknesses to prevent transmission of vibration. A special flexible accoustical treatment will enable the period of absorption and reverberation to be changed according to the size of orchestra or number of people in the room.

Every studio will be air conditioned automatically thereby maintaining a



Betty Lee Taylor, organist at WGY, Schenectady, is taking up piano lessons. You'd be surprised what this infant grand does with its electrical connections with the big pipes

normal temperature and humidity throughout the entire year.

Another exclusive innovation of station WCAU'S new quarters is the separate room outside of the main studio for the conductor. Here, within a glass enclosed accoustically treated room, the conductor will hear the program—not as it sounds in the studio, but through loud speakers as it sounds when it reaches millions of listeners everywhere.

Through a double curved glass, embracing this enclosure, the conductor will be on a platform flooded with spot lights, whereby every move of his baton will be clearly visible to every musician in the orchestra.

Another feature shows there will be with each studio, a separate control room, whereby the program may be properly blended before it is sent through the main control room to the transmitting plant, and then broadcast to the listening audience.

Provisions also are being made for observation galleries, whereby the many thousands of visitors coming to Philadelphia, who have never seen a large broadcasting station, may observe all of the movements used in sending programs of national importance over the air. There will be visitors lounge rooms, separate rooms for artists and announcers, an extensive music library, special audition rooms and the general offices of the company.

Arthur M. Clark, nationally known engineer, with a reputation for sound proofing and accoustical engineering, will be in direct charge of the entire installation of the new station.

*Late dispatch states the Packard or some other near-by building may be used instead of Franklin Trust.



Max Vinsonhaler, new dramatic director of KOIL

These plans anticipate the broadcasting of television programs, by providing for a television transmitter, necessary lighting equipment and dressing rooms.

WUPETYFUF REVUE

"Here we are again
On the air again,
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
Here to play for you
And be gay for you
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
We hope you like it
For we are doing it just for you
And if you're happy, then we'll be happy,
So here's to another Revue!"

WITH this jolly song and a rollicking tune each Thursday morning at eleven o'clock (EST) the "Wupetyfuf Revue" goes on the air from WPTF, in Raleigh, North Carolina. The name of the Revue is easily discernible from the call letters of the Station—W-P-T-F—and the entire half hour keeps up the informal spirit of fun and happy harmonies introduced in the little song at the first.

Kingham Scott, staff wit, is master of ceremonies for the Revue—and hilarity and sparkling tunes certainly take over the air when this jovial master reigns supreme for thirty minutes.

One of his favorite "acts" for the Revue is to present original parodies on programs regularly broadcast from the station. For instance—Kingham Scott presents the "Poets' Corner"—With voice quivering with suppressed emotion and a background of heart-breaking music such as *Hearts and Flowers* for accompaniment Kingham reads:

"I lay me down neath a chestnut vine,
I dream of thee, sweetheart of mine.
Pine scented flowers swinging high
Thou art mine—I know not why.
Don't shrink as the buttercup
That pallors in the morning dew,
Seek the hope of the evening star
With breath of life anew.
All hopeless lies the mark of time
With fretted brow and fevered lips;
Calm as the waning moon
The heated day to cooling night slips.
Ah, no! A million nays!
Come from the mocking brow—
But unswaying and dismayed
We dash the spray from off the bow."

Kingham follows this plaintive poetic outburst with sparkling bits of music either by himself or by some other member of the staff—for the master of ceremonies is as versatile as he is entertaining, holding a place as organist and pianist on the staff entertainers.

Perhaps turning from such levity Mr. Scott will select to read the account of "The Coquette" as written by himself: "I found myself staring rudely at her.



"Gully-gee, how'm I gonna git 'at Jawbreaker in my mouth?" asks Little Elmer at KOMO, Seattle.

She turned her head the other way—perhaps a bit embarrassed, perhaps a bit abashed, then she nodded her head in the direction of a man standing next to me. A surge of jealousy ran through my veins, but I said nothing. Just as she turned her head in my direction a man came within sight and she dashed off to meet him. . . My opinion of her was quite correct. She won first prize over thirty other horses."

Dramatics are introduced into the Revue with quite a touching version of *My Buddy*—"They had been pals ever since they met many months ago at a training camp. They had shared their meagre possessions together and fought through thick and thin side by side. They had become separated for a long time, and suddenly one day they met! Crowds of humanity surged past them as they met. With a fond embrace they greeted each other.

"Harry, old man, it's you!"

"Yes, Tom—it's me! Oh! I'm so glad to see you once more before I go—before I go!"

"Harry, you can't leave me like this—just when we've found each other again! Harry!"

"It's no use, Buddy, they've got me—I'm going west—west!"

And he caught the train bound for Leavenworth!"

Well, as Kingham would appropriately say—"Drop in on WPTF sometime on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock through the medium of your dial set! The Revue will enjoy having you tune in, just as much as you will enjoy the Revue!"

Carolinas Add Two Links to Eastern NBC Chain

TWO Carolina links were added to the NBC chain within the last few days (October 10) with ceremonies that brought Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina on the same program with Governor I. C. Blackwood of South Carolina. The two new NBC stations are WWNC of Asheville, N. C. and WIS of Columbia, S. C.

A studio party with many headliners was held in honor of the event in the NBC studios in New York. Erno Rapee directed. On the list of guests who entertained were Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees, Jesse Crawford, Russ Columbo, Vaughn de Leath, Little Jack Little, Ramblers Quartet, Amy Goldsmith, Fred Hufsmith, Gladys Rice, Theodore Webb, Veronica Wiggins, Henry M. Neely, Mexican Typica Orchestra, and Rapee's Concert Orchestra.

Station WWNC is owned by the Asheville Citizen and the Asheville Times. It operates on a frequency of 570 kilocycles or 526 meters. WIS is owned by the Liberty Life Insurance Company and operates on a frequency of 1010 kilocycles or 296.9 meters. Each station has a power of 1000 watts.

The addition of the two stations brings the total number of NBC outlets to eighty-two, including WEAJ and WJZ of New York.

"Scandalous Past" of Dumb Major is Exposed Here

"HULLOOOOO PEEPUL!!" This is the noon time signal from WGAR, ushering in the Song Parade. The perpetrator of this unholy yell is none other than the Dumb Major of this parade of WGAR crooners—Rocky Austin—nee Rockwell Hughes Austin. He is by no means as diminutive as the automobile that was named after him. Anyhow, to get on with the mysterious life history that now arises to confront our hero at the above Cleveland station.

He was born March 25th, 1900, in Catskill, New York. Jumping over those years when Rocky as a little boy was the bane of existence of a number of neighbors on account of the large number of broken windows, we find our young man just on the threshold of

manhood, entering the Albany Military Academy at Albany, New York. During his senior year he became major of the school battalion, which probably accounts for the ease with which he assumes command of the Song Parade. Major Austin, just to show what a versatile young man he was, became president of the student council, chairman of the debating team—where he received plenty of practice for future announcing—and ended up by collecting nine letters in all—for football, basketball and baseball.

Upon graduating he honored Cleveland with his residence, where in the course of a prolonged career he has been automobile mechanic, buyer of men's furnishing departments, file clerk, has peddled handbills and at various other times he has sold automobiles, vacuum cleaners, kitchen utensils, aluminum wear and fire extinguishers. He has never yet gone in for bootlegging. He says he has also painted, though he refuses to state what.

Rocky entered radio work in 1926, which makes him a veteran in this comparatively young business. After three years with a local station, filling various spots on the bill, he went to New York where he played six months at famous "Barney Gallant's" night club down in the "village"—and also had numerous other engagements in other places of nightly frolic. He knows personally a number of the night club stars of New York, including the well known Texas Guinan.

The lure of radio and especially radio in Cleveland was too strong, however, and Rocky returned to continue over another Cleveland station. During this time he also coached a girls' basketball team that won the State Championship for two years.

On February 20th, of this year, Rocky became a permanent fixture in the WGAR studios—and does just all sorts of things in addition to being the Dumb Major. He has programs called "Rock Gardens"—"Memories"—"The Minute Man"—"Rocky's Review," and also is constantly called upon for personal appearances in front of various organizations.

He describes himself as "Single—sound in wind and limb—has five teeth out"—and we add that his smile is his greatest asset!

World's Youngest M. C. At WJAY, Cleveland

CHILD radio artists are certainly not a novelty anywhere, and are usually tolerated merely because they are children. But WJAY in Cleveland claims a young master of ceremonies, who would be a star on any radio program, regardless of age or experience.

He is little Jackie Hughes, 8 year old announcer and singer. WJAY for over a year has been claiming for him the honor of being the youngest radio master of ceremonies. In all that time there have been no others to challenge this claim.

Jackie takes full charge of his weekly program, listed as "Jackie Hughes and His Gang," and the program itself has become most popular with children in the Cleveland station's territory. It is put on each Saturday morning between 11:15 and 12 noon, so that all school children may hear it, and the amount of mail that Jackie gets would enlarge many an older performer's head.

Jackie Hughes has been performing before the microphone for three years starting in the ranks of child entertainers when he was only five, rapidly rising to the top because of his inherent and unusual ability. For some time now he has been featured in WJAY's weekly program utilizing child artists of 12 years and under.

Little Jackie has also broadcast over stations WHK, and WGAR of Cleveland, WKBN, Youngstown, and WADC, Akron, Ohio. He is in the third grade in Lakewood School and is active in all boys' sports and playtime gatherings.



Dorothy Churchill of KQW, San Jose, California. Miss Churchill is soprano soloist at this pioneer station

WLW Presents Ohio School of the Air

EDUCATION by radio is not a new thing in Ohio where the Ohio School of the Air entered into its fourth consecutive year October 12th. Quite different from the little hand bell with which the teacher summoned the children from the schoolhouse door of old was the great peal of silver-toned bells of the WLW organ. Nearly 400,000 students answered the call. Some of the students in the back row sat 2,500 miles away from their teacher.

More than 120,000 children were registered as pupils of the Ohio School of the Air from the Buckeye state alone, last year, with over 3,000 school-rooms throughout the state reporting a regular use of the Ohio air school courses. B. H. Darrow, director of this unique school which is a division of the Ohio Department of Education, estimates that approximately 10,000 schoolrooms throughout the country made use of this Ohio educational feature during the 1930-31 term.

"Through the Ohio School of the Air school children of our state and of the entire country have the opportunity of receiving training directly under the nation's foremost educators," says Dr. Darrow in pointing out that his faculty is recruited from the ranks of leading university and public school pedagogues.

No classes were held during the initial session of the WLW air school, the time being taken up with exercises marking the opening of the fourth fall term of this pioneer radio school.

George White, Governor of Ohio; Frank E. Reynolds, secretary of the Ohio Education Association; B. D. Skinner, Director of the Ohio Department of Education; and Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, were among the notables to gather at the studios of WLW to attend the opening exercises and to deliver brief talks to the school children of the air.

WGN Studio Notes

THE return of Wayne King and his orchestra to WGN was the signal for a home coming celebration that took the form of a tremendous amount of welcoming mail. King was recipient of 200 telegrams, and nearly a thousand letters on his opening night. The letters came from all parts of the continent and one letter came from Mexico City, Mexico. Another came from Quebec, Canada.

* * *

Votes on the most popular radio program have been coming into WGN by

the thousands during the last week. Scanning of the piles of returned ballots indicates plenty of admirers for the dance orchestras of Earl Burtnett, Ted Weems, and Jan Garber. With Wayne King back on the air, there is added another popular band to garner votes.

The radio sketches, Orphan Annie, Harold Teen, Uncle Walt and Skee-zix, the Gumps, Louie's Hungry Five, and Painted Dreams have fared well in the balloting.

* * *

Easy Aces, a comedy of bridge errors, satirizing the great American pastime as it is usually played, is now heard three times a week on WGN at 7:15 p. m. and are booked for this same period on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights.

Easy Aces comes to WGN from Station KMBC of Kansas City where for over a year it was one of the most popular features in the Missouri Valley states. The feature is written and produced by Goodman and Jane Ace. Ace is a newspaper man who for a year wrote a column on the Kansas City Journal-Post called "Lobbying."

* * *

FROM the theatre box office originates the title *Fifth Row Center* the name for the new theatre review which WGN listed for each Sunday at 5:15 o'clock, immediately preceding the music of Wayne King and his Aragon Ballroom orchestra. *Fifth Row Center* will present an intimate chat about some one of the outstanding plays appearing in Chicago and will be followed by the personal appearance of the star of the production.

In presenting *Fifth Row Center*, WGN is enlarging its already successful policy of presenting stage stars of prominence to its vast audience of radio listeners. In the past year WGN has brought to radio such famous people of the theatre as Otis Skinner, Grace George, De Wolf Hopper, Tom Powers, Oscar Shaw, Blanche Ring, Lillian Kemble Cooper and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Some of the coming stage attractions for review and presentation of principal stars are: Lionel Atwell in *Silent Witness*, *The Third Little Show* with Beatrice Lillie and Ernest Truex, *Girl Crazy*, *Crazy Quilt* with Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy, *Private Lives* with Edith Taliferro and



Miss Irma Hall at WJSN had the contest judges worried when they saw this photo and were deciding on the new Radio Queen. However, friends say this photo never did the real beauty of Miss Hall justice

Donald Brian, *The Venetian*, Surf with Walker Whiteside, *Against the Wind* with Minnie Maddern Fiske, *The Admiral Crichton* with Walter Hampton and Fay Bainter, *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, and the Theatre Guild's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*.

"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE," radio dramatization of the popular Tribune cartoon strip, has returned to the network, to an estimated audience of five million children. Twenty-nine stations now carry Annie's adventures. Annie's return to the NBC chain is

the result of her continued popularity in and around Chicago, where she has been presented nightly from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel, coupled with her satisfying "test" of last spring, when she was heard over an experimental network of six stations. So successful were her adventures, and so instantaneous the listeners' response, that immediately upon conclusion of the series, plans were made for the broader network.

* * *

The five greatest dance bands in the Middlewest will be presented to WGN listeners nightly this fall—Wayne King's, Ted Weems', Earl Burnett's, Art Kassel's and Tweet Hogan's.

Earl Burnett, "the toast of the coast," and his band from the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, touched off the winter's dancing season at the Blackhawk restaurant, and Art Kassel and his "Kassels in the Air" served up their grand inaugural at the Bismarck hotel.

Earl Burnett's aggregation will take up the work of Coon-Sanders' orchestra of other years, in specializing in programs for the collegiate crowd at the Blackhawk. As soloists he will have Jess Kirkpatrick, former stellar half-back at the University of Illinois in 1921 and 1922, Arthur Jarrett, Gene Conklin and Harry Robinson. Between dance groups a specially picked lineup of entertainers will assume the spotlight.

Burnett's band was the favorite orchestra of the movie colony on the Pacific coast during its stay of five years. They appeared in many talking pictures, including *Broadway Melody*, *Coquette*, *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, *Reaching for the Moon*, *Puttin' on the Ritz*, and *Viennese Nights*. Among his own compositions are *Sing Another Chorus*, *Please, Leave Me with a Smile*, *Mandalay*, and *Do You Ever Think of Me*.

Art Kassel is a Chicagoan who has played his way into national fame as a radio and recording orchestra leader in the old home town. Back in 1923, he

had aspirations to become a commercial artist, but he couldn't keep his hands off a saxophone and clarinet. So he decided to devote his entire time to music. He also is a composer, with a number of hits to his credit, the most popular being the sensation of two years ago, *Around the Corner*.

Tweet Hogan's peppy crowd of musical youths will hold forth at the Drake Hotel, while Wayne King, "the waltz king," and Ted Weems will continue to play for thousands of dancing feet at the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms respectively.

* * *

HOTTEST program ever sold in Michigan was at Marquette. Bob Kaufman had rushed a portable to a fire and was telling the WBEO listeners all about it when Al Loomis of the advertising staff saw the owner of the store in the crowd. There would have to be a fire sale, of course. He sold the startled store keeper the idea on the spot and Bob told the listeners to come in for bargains the next day.

* * *

Station WTMJ at Milwaukee has one of the fastest nut programs on the air. It is called the Three Flying Filberts. They fly from one subject to another without stopping. They are Bob De Haven, Dave Willock and Julanne Pelletier. De Haven is a member of the Haresfoot club at the University of Wisconsin, and has written several plays and revues for that organization.

* * *

Green Bay, Wis., merchants have sponsored a program over WHBY which will be for the benefit of disabled World War veterans. Every Tuesday night at 7:15 some authorized representative will tell the veterans how to file their applications for compensation and answer such queries as may be sent to the station. The information will be applicable to all veterans of the United States.

* * *

In answer to a demand for detailed information as to its advance program

listings Station KSTP, St. Paul, Minn., is issuing a weekly bulletin or "tiny tabloid." In the issue before us is an attractive picture of Marc Williams, Cowboy Crooner, singing to a bright faced baby in the hands of a nurse.

* * *

A LETTER from York, Nebraska, states that Jerome DeBord and Henry Peters, "The Yodeling Twins," who received the Radio Digest award for being the most popular team in the West have moved from KGBZ to KFEQ at St. Joseph, Mo. DeBord has been a radio entertainer for the past nine years, and Henry Peters for five years. They have been yodeling together for the past three years. They were scheduled to make their first broadcast from St. Joseph September 15 and the deal calls for a daily broadcast.

* * *

WE do not hear often from KOA, Denver, of late. A picture received which we were unable to publish shows a group of international educators around the microphone. It was taken during the convention of the World Federation of Education Associations.

* * *

STATION KABC of San Antonio sends a clipping from the San Antonio Light which reads in part: "While WOAI is broadcasting (the World Series) in English, KABC will be putting the play-by-play report of the contest on the ether in Spanish for the benefit of the large Mexican population of Southwest Texas. . . This will be the first time in history that the pellet will be called a 'pelota' in anything but a slang sense."

* * *

OUR old friend Bill Ellsworth, formerly of WIL, St. Louis, we are glad to learn has been made manager of KUOA, owned and operated by the University of Arkansas. It was Bill Ellsworth who gave WIL the title of "the friendly station." To bring KUOA



This is the WTMJ Little Symphony Concert Orchestra which has made such a stir within the radio horizon of the Milwaukee station

up to par the university has decided to put on a few commercials to help carry the cost. To be identified with a university station has given Mr. Ellsworth a great thrill. He has a yen for altruistic broadcasting even if he does have to sell a little time to get along. He has a knack of creating an atmosphere of cordiality. He wants to feel that he can do a whole lot more for some other fellow than the fellow can do for him. The sincerity of the man has earned him strong attachments with those who have been identified with him in the past. So it happens he has been able to bring many of his former associates to the Arkansas station. Radio Digest wishes Mr. Ellsworth the best of luck and hopes he will keep notes coming here about the activities at the Fayetteville station.

* * *

Kansas City Campfire Girls are intensely enthusiastic over the programs being conducted for them by Mondane Phillips over KMBC. She comes to them every Saturday morning at 9:45 as Mary Ann. She plays the role both of mother and daughter. A mid-week program is presented Thursdays at 4:45 in the afternoon.

* * *

John Henry has been made station director of KOIL at Council Bluffs and Omaha. Mr. Henry leaves a radio editorial job to take command in place of Hal Shubert who resigned to enter another field of radio activity. For several years Mr. Henry was managing editor of the Daily Nonpareil of Council Bluffs, a powerful publication covering southwestern Iowa.

Pacific Coast Notes

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

BILL RAY, energetic assistant manager at KFVB, Hollywood, resurrects his Ragtime Revue for Sunday night patrons. It had been carefully stored away for more than a year. "Not good, but loud," softly whispers Bill between station announcements and the band begins to thump away with "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or some other tune of years gone by.

* * *

Robert Bowman, KHJ's technician-announcer, who in a pinch can also strum away on the fiddle, has wandered to other fields. Now the young man is at San Diego as KGB's program manager.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago Roy Leffingwell wrote his first song, "Every Girl's a Flirt" . . . and women wore puff sleeves, bustles and derby hats. Now he dashes off his latest, *I'm Afraid That I'm Falling in Love* and the cycle

swings around to where all these accoutrements for milady are back in style again. Leffingwell is KECA's music-philosopher and a well known composer with more than 200 tunes to his credit.

* * *

Liborius Hauptmann, former music director at KGW, joins up with the KTM staff as leader of the concert ensemble and pianist for the little symphony at Los Angeles. His colleagues dub him "What a Man" Hauptmann, since all the other members of the symphony are of the fair sex.

* * *

KMTR's debonair organist, Harold Curtis, has gone Hollywood in a big way these days. His family chariot is equipped with a French top, looks sporty and chic.

* * *

Dean Metcalf teams up both as a staff baritone and announcer for KFWI, San Francisco, and once in awhile he even essays the role of pianist. Although he took an education course at the University of Southern California, he later became interested in radio work and started his career at KFI five years or so ago.

* * *

Dave Ward, KELW's chief announcer, gets another job. But he keeps 'em both. He now directs a ballroom orchestra in a nearby town and moves the group bodily from studio to dance hall and back again a couple of times a day. And in between, without any provocation at all Dave lustily lifts his voice in song as a solo performer.

* * *

L. Scott Perkins, NBC continuity scribe, is a son-in-law of Roy Leffingwell, western pianist-composer. Scott lives down the peninsula at Redwood City and both he and his wife drive the car along the smooth highway . . . not all at once of course, but at different times for each has a personal conveyance.

* * *

Roy Ringwald, versatile young man in his teens, comes back from the east a sadder and wiser boy. He started out to conquer the world with a vocal trio. Now he sings, plays the piano and organ over at KECA, Los Angeles, and enrolls in the state university to finish his education. Roy didn't begin to lift his tonsils in song while in the bathtub as so many tenors do. Not a bit of it. He began to sing while wringing out suits in the Santa Monica bath house where he was an attendant.

* * *

Dr. Wade Forrester, "singing chiropractor," has closed up his Los Angeles shop because he says Angelenos don't respond to night treatment. He goes back to Oakland and sings over KROW.

He had been heard over KELW, Burbank, for a number of months with a program.

* * *

Carl T. Numan, KPO's publicity impressario, is a son of the coast's oldest radio-music critic. Numan, Sr., has for twenty-five years been in succession music, drama and radio editor for the Los Angeles Examiner.

* * *

Lee S. Roberts, California composer, who gives the Sperry Smiles program over NBC, has two sons . . . one twenty-one and the other fifteen.

* * *

Sydney Dixon's robust tenor voice isn't being heard much from KYA studios of San Francisco these days. He has been busy in the commercial and executive departments.

* * *

Clarence Muse, colored star who was discovered by Bill Sharpley at KNX a couple of years ago, is one of the characters in the new Sky Dwellers Sunday program at KTM. For twenty years the Sky Dwellers, stage players, have met on both sides of the Atlantic. Now all of them are in Los Angeles in the talkies and they again meet in informal mood and entertain.

* * *

Julius Brunton's voice is once more ringing around the KJBS (San Francisco) studios where he is owner-manager. He went to Honolulu on a honeymoon jaunt.

* * *

When KFRC opened up for business nearly ten years ago Harrison Holloway was on the job as engineer. He is still there but is now the station maestro. A short time later Monroe Upton joined the group and he's still there . . . with a dozen radio aliases ranging from Lord Bilgewater and Simpy Fitts to sundry other nomenclatures.

* * *

Glenhall Taylor says he would rather be a pianist and staff member than a station manager. And he ought to know because he has managed two or three stations since he was KFRC accompanist six years ago, later directing KTAB and KTM. Now he is pianist at KTAB once more.

* * *

Dick Dixon believes in spreading honors around. First at KGER, Long Beach, he is now across the street at KFOX in the same city where he does a midnight organ hour from one of the picture palaces. Small, wiry and energetic, Dick always had a sneaking ambition to own a string of hot dog stands.

Though KQW, San Jose, has been taken over by the Pacific Agricultural

(Continued on page 87)



If your table can't look like this for Thanksgiving—
Photo Courtesy of Mosse, Inc.

THIS year when the President issues his Thanksgiving proclamation, he will doubtless have to scratch his head—if Presidents scratch their heads ever—and think hard to find anything to be thankful for; of course we can always be thankful we aren't as badly off as other people.

But such a hymn of praise seems to be rather negative. And I have decided, entirely without word from the White House, to assist President Hoover in his task of digging up something to be thankful for. I should begin with the depression. And when the loud chorus of raspberries or perhaps cranberries, in this instance, had died away, I should repeat: Yes, the depression.

Why shouldn't we be thankful for it? It has furnished a topic of conversation for over a year now; it has given twenty million husbands an excuse for not buying a car or not presenting the wife with pearls for her birthday. It has permitted us to escape every social duty, every patriotic duty, every religious duty we didn't wish to face. And it has furnished us with the most amusing comedy in two theatrical seasons: A study of a whole world so afraid of its own shadow that it won't move. The natural resources of the world haven't grown less, certainly; the population hasn't decreased, when you consider the whole, to any appreciable extent. Machines have freed us for higher things than the mere business of living. Then what in the world is the matter with us?

Nothing; except that we have frightened ourselves into a kind of paralysis. We have all been so afraid our incomes would cease that we have stopped buying; and thus, with true brilliance, we have cut off our incomes at the source. Commerce isn't a stream with a begin-

ning and an end. It's a circle; and if you break it anywhere, it can't function. During a year now we have not purchased the things we needed because we trembled lest next year we shouldn't be able to buy them. Next year is here almost, and we are beginning to discover that certain things we must have, whether we can afford them or not. The day we all become convinced of that fact and rush down to the stores and start buying again, the depression will end; and we shall suddenly find that we can afford what we need.

THE depression has been a blessing in many ways, you see; I never had much interest in finance before, but now I can almost understand people who chatter about international exchange, credits, and so forth. I am getting back to first principles; I have never before appreciated people, just plain, everyday people, so much as I do now although they have always been the most important element in my life.

And when I face a problem, no matter how big it is, I try to put it in terms of people and of the existence I know best. Primarily I am a housewife, even if I happen to keep house over the radio and have about one million neighbors, close neighbors, who train their ears on me and catch me in any slip I make. And so my contribution to the depression literature is a depression dinner for Thanksgiving. The prime essential, of course, is a grateful heart and a smiling face. The depression is a huge joke; if you don't agree with me, observe what a lark our depression dinner is going to be.

First of all, nobody is going to have to bear the whole cost of it; every person invited could well afford to pay for

Economy

They can be just as elaborate holiday—and you can have what you can get

By Ida

it, because it isn't going to be a bit expensive, but we are like a crowd of children playing a game. The game is depression. We imagine ourselves low in funds; and then we try to see how good a time we can have without much money. I know before we start that we shall learn only an ancient truth: Happiness doesn't depend upon wealth.

But the rule of the game is to consider ourselves poor. Therefore, every guest must contribute something toward the meal. Eight of us will share the food—and the entertainment; we shall assign the various items to people who can best supply them.

However, my recently acquired politico-economic knowledge intrudes at this point, and I lay down another rule. Because we have a surplus of certain products in this country, at our depression dinner we are going to substitute

A Thanksgiving Dinner

Tomato Juice Cocktails
Egg and Pimiento Canapes
Chopped Onion Broth
Celery Olives
Roast Fresh Ham with Bread Stuffing
Gravy
Mashed Turnips Riced Potatoes
String Beans
Cranberry Jelly Cubes
Harvest Cole Slaw
Little Pumpkin Custard Pies
Cider Pop-corn Fruit

Tomato Juice Cocktail

2 large cans of tomatoes and juice
2 medium-sized green peppers
1 chopped onion—3 tablespoons sugar
Cleaned outer stalks of one bunch of celery
2 teaspoons salt— $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
2 bay leaves, 6 whole cloves, 4 peppercorns
Cook these ingredients together for ten minutes. Strain them through a fine sieve or cheesecloth and chill. Serve in small glasses with the egg and pimiento canapes.

Dinners

appetizing as those meals of yesteryear—lots of fun in seeing out of very little.

Bailey Allen

for some of the traditional and none too plentiful dishes those things of which we own a superabundance. It's amusing to consider that a surplus may cause a lack; we continue the paradox and declare that the way to end the lack is to eat it.

If you don't think depression tastes good, just examine the menu given in this article and let your mouth water.

Note how much wheat that dinner requires! Yet it is a well balanced, appetizing meal; the charm results from using a little thought in preparing the food and from converting a simple repast into a party.

IN THE recipes, we have included ingredients of which there seems to be a surplus in the food markets. Nevertheless, we mustn't neglect

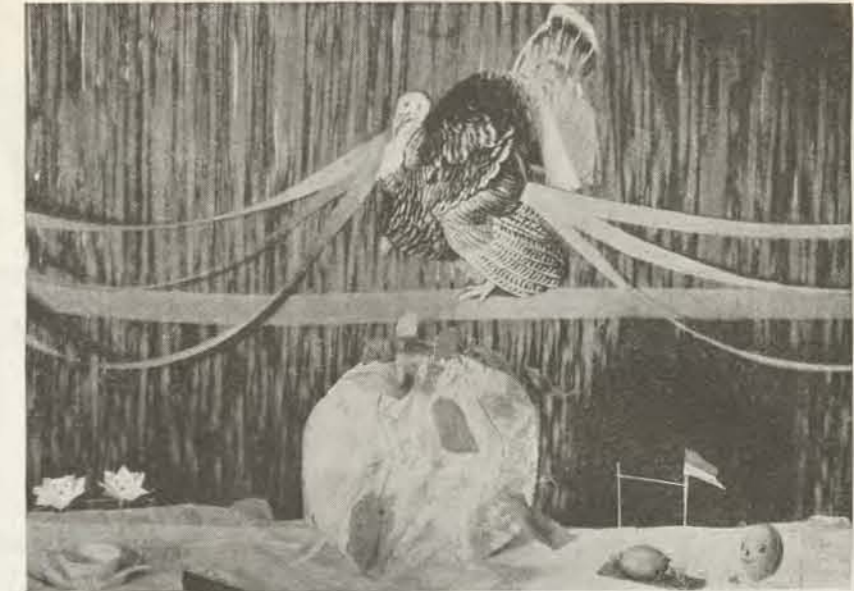
And How to Make It

Egg and Pimiento Canapes

With a medium-sized biscuit cutter, shape eight slices of bread in rounds. Brush them with one-half cup of melted butter and brown them in a hot oven. Cut three hard-cooked eggs in three even slices to make three rings each. Mash the yolks; combine with two tablespoons of minced pimiento, two tablespoons of mayonnaise, one-eighth teaspoon of dry mustard, with salt and pepper according to your taste. Thoroughly blend these ingredients. Spread the prepared canapes with the egg-yolk mixture; place a slice of egg-white on each canape, and sprinkle with minced parsley.

Onion Soup

Caramelize in a heavy frying pan one teaspoon of sugar; add three tablespoons butter and twelve small fine-minced onions. Cook these all slowly until the onions are brown. Add two quarts of meat stock or eight bouillon cubes dissolved in two quarts of hot water; salt and pepper as you wish. Cook this mixture slowly together for thirty minutes; serve in bouillon cups and sprinkle the top of every serving with grated Parmesan cheese.



—You can still enjoy your dinner on a setting like this
Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.

the wheat crop; and here's how to concoct the bread stuffing. Melt four tablespoonsful of butter; add one medium-sized onion—I guess we have plenty of onions, too—and this medium-sized onion you should mince, not to make it different but to make it more effective. With it put one-half minced green pepper; and saute until the onion is yellow. Add next two and one-half cups soft bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and enough water to moisten. Mix the whole thoroughly and use as a stuffing for the roast fresh ham.

I haven't heard whether there is also an overproduction of cabbage, but I next display a recipe for a salad that's good whether we have a depression or not. To achieve the harvest cole slaw, shred very fine enough white cabbage to make three cups; and combine with one cup of fine-chopped, unpeeled red apple and one-half cup of halved seeded raisins. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with one-half cup of mild-flavored boiled salad dressing. Arrange in nests of lettuce; and garnish with a dash of paprika.

THE dessert, always a climax in the meal, is a triumph because it now gives us a chance to dispose of a lot of over-blessings. To prepare the pumpkin custard pie, combine two cups cooked, sieved pumpkin, one cup of light brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ground ginger, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, and two cups of rich or top milk; let these ingredients stand for five minutes, to ripen the seasonings. Slightly beat two eggs; and add them to the pumpkin mixture. Transfer the pumpkin custard filling to

two pie pans or to little patty pans lined with plain pastry, the edges having been built up. Bake in a very hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit—and continue baking until the pie filling is firm and brown on top.

But we are not going to deliver three or four blows at the depression and stop; we shan't forget the South. The tablecloth and napkins for our depression dinner are to be of cotton. If possible, the lady guests will wear cotton clothes; and, in areas where the raw cotton itself is available, the centerpiece for the table might be a heap of cotton-boles with apples and yellow persimmons or wild grapes or autumn leaves. Those who live where apples are much in evidence, may provide a centerpiece to consist of a pewter or wooden bowl filled with autumn leaves, apples, and any other fruit they can obtain easily.

AND—oh, we were overlooking the pop-corn industry! Somebody must do something to relieve the depression in the pop-corn industry. Nothing is more depressed than depressed pop-corn. Well, our favors are to be of pop-corn, but booming. We construct little cylinders of cellophane packed with pop-corn, the ends of the containers being twisted tight, so that the cylinder will be almost rigid. Then we wrap every cylinder in yellow crepe paper, again twisting the ends; and about three-quarters of the way around the yellow paper, we put green, securing the ends again, but leaving some of the yellow showing thru along one side and at the ends. Thus we have an artificial ear of corn that is nevertheless real and that is in perfect harmony with our depression dinner, the most light-some affair of the season!



Evelyn Hoey, wistful and charming actress who was guest star on a chain program recently

TODAY I had luncheon with an old friend—a girl who was graduated in my class and who went on to become a doctor. In the course of our conversation, Dr. Evelyn mentioned a serious disease which she characterized as “pernicious pity.” “The plague of pernicious pity” she called it.

“I’ve seen too many of my patients retarded in their recoveries by the over-zealousness of these chronic pityers. I’ve finally decided that people who play the part of Job’s comforter to hospital patients should either be barred from the doors or operated on for their malady—pernicious pity. The idea of visiting patients and attempting to drown them in pity! It’s criminal. Why one of my patients told me just the other day that she was sending out cards to her friends with this hint—‘For pity’s sake, please omit pity.’ I don’t blame her, either. I’ve heard some of her friends—I’ve seen them in action—cheering up a patient with stories of an aunt or an uncle or a niece or a nephew who died from exactly the same trouble for which my patient is receiving treatment! How they pitied her! Pity—it’s a plague, and one of us will have to devise a cure for it sooner or later.”

A diatribe against pity was somewhat of a novelty to me, but somehow or other I’m inclined to agree with Dr. Evelyn. I’ve met some of these chronic pityers and I’ve seen some of the damage they do. For instance, take the case of Margery. After two years in New York, she was finally able to furnish a tiny one room apartment. It was a charming place and Margery was naturally very proud of it. Then her mother came to town. It so happened that I was present when Mrs. Winters saw the apartment for the first time.

“**O**H, my dear child, if I had only *known* you were living like *this!* Margery, you must come home. You can’t go on living cooped up this way. I can’t have my only daughter living in one room. You poor child!”

You’re right—Margery never enjoyed her charming little apartment again. From that day to this, cobwebs of pity have marred the decorative scheme which Margery worked so hard and so happily to achieve.

I saw pity at work in the Waldorf last week, too. At the table next to me were two young girls. From their con-

For Pity's Sake!

*Thumbs are down on Purveyors of
Sympathy. They are foes to
happiness and progress*

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on Care of the Skin, Heard
on NBC Every Tuesday Morning

versation, it appeared that one of them was wearing a new fur coat.

“It’s terribly smart, of course,” said her companion, “but you’ll never get any wear out of it, you know. Sue had one just like yours two years ago and it was being repaired all the time. It’s a shame. I’m sorry you didn’t let me know you were buying a fur coat.”

PITY, I’m afraid, is often a cloak for less commendable emotions. Envy, malice, covetousness, all of these are sometimes seen in the mask of pity. It isn’t always the pitied who suffer from this plague, either. Pernicious pity can be a boomerang to the chronic pityer as well. Slowly, but surely, the state of mind hammers the tissues of the face into a mold which reflects the thoughts. Inevitably one’s customary mental state shows itself to the casual passerby. When we say to a child, “Don’t make a face like that! It might freeze that way” we are saying something that really has an element of truth in it. So beware of pity—pernicious pity—pity which is not compassion, not sympathy, but a destructive disease which in time devours the pitied and the pityers.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

Social Life

in the

Gay Nineties

By

Marguerite Richardson-Wood

The author of this article recently broadcast on the *Woman's Radio Review Hour* over NBC. Mrs. Wood is thoroughly familiar with every phase of social life both here and abroad. Her main interest lies in collecting antique furniture, textiles, glass and china. As a woman of great culture, her talks should be an inspiration to the radio audience.—Editor.

THE phrase "Naughty Nineties" or even "The Gay Nineties" as these years are called by the present generation, carries with it a strong element of ridicule. The emphasis is put on the negative side, along with the repressions, until our grandchildren believe we led most terrible, cheerless and unhappy lives. This is far from the truth.

Then there was a standard of living, which had dignity and charm. Our manners had to be good. We were not tolerated if rude or inconsiderate of the older generation. Invitations did not

hours, and although I was told to sit quietly in the corner and not speak a word, still when there both ears were kept well forward and eyes wide open! All the talk sank deep into my untutored mind.

Unusual entertainments were most welcome even in those days. This dinner of twenty was to be a progressive affair. Every second course the men took their napkins and wine glass and moved to the right two places. Think what a flip-up this gave to conversation! No sticking with people who would not say a word until they had finished the fish! And so it was planned.

The great night arrived and as the guests came down the stair the butler handed each gentleman a tiny envelope with their names on the outside, while inside was written the name of the lady they were to take into dinner.

I witnessed this pageant from behind a curtain in the hall closet!

THRILLED to the tip of fingers and toes, I rushed down the back stairs, tore through the kitchen, where I heard Mary-Ann exclaim, "Glory be! look at that child! There's some *diviltry* brewing in that tousled head, all right, all right!" There was indeed, for I longed to hear how "grown ups" talked at play. What could they possibly talk about when they had such good food in front of them. I dived right under the dining table! There I made myself as comfortable as possible on my Mother's foot-stool, just as the guests were taking their seats. The talk did not register for some time in my child's mind; not until the second course had made an impression on the gaiety of the company. What they said seemed very silly to me but what they *did* intrigued me tremendously!

One man, a great beau of my oldest sister's loved olives—that was the day



Marguerite Richardson-Wood

before stoned olives were in existence—so as not to appear too greedy he put these stones under the table! I counted them carefully for future reference. When he teased me the next time or pulled my curls unmercifully, I would have something to say that might make him consider me in a different light!

SOON I noticed another man kick off his patent leather pumps, and there was a hole in the toe of his silk sock! That sock harbored the foot of a most debonair young lawyer, brilliant and witty, who had just been made a Judge in our District Court. I fear I put those pumps as far away as possible from those august toes! Yes, he found them again, but not until he had gotten down on his knees and reached long and hesitatingly under that table!

Later when the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing room and the proper pumps were on the proper feet, I emerged from under the table to see what was left to eat.

My recollection of the front stairs was very dream-like and very long! My nurse found me sound asleep across the doorway to my nursery. Her exclamation was forcible—"We entirely forgot to put the poor child to bed, we did!"

Years passed and my own "coming
(Continued on page 87)



In Grandmother's Day

come our way, no matter what names our family held, nor what figure our father's bank account showed, unless our training was correct.

I was the youngest of three girls, and a most adventurous youngster. The training for social life of my older sisters occupied much of my waking

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

Peter Van Steeden

By Wallace B. Liverance

INNUMERABLE stories, both real and fancied, have been written of those who have risen from the humble obscurity of the farm or the small rural community to positions of prominence in the large city or in the affairs of the nation. This, however, is not concerned with the farm boy who made good in a big way in the big city and returned to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. Rather it is of one, reared in the hurly-burly of a great city and under the handicaps which confront the city boy from a family of modest means, who, through his own efforts and at the early age of twenty-eight, has attained eminence in his chosen profession, not only in New York, the city which from early infancy has been his home, but throughout the nation.

Whyte's Restaurant, famous old Fulton Street eating house but recently moved from the downtown financial section up into the Forties on Fifth Avenue, is crowded to capacity at the dinner hour. The hum of voices of patrons seemingly fills the large room to overflowing. Suddenly the strains of soft sweet music are heard through the din of voices. Conversations are hushed and cease altogether as the diners one by one become conscious of the perfect orchestral harmony. Nor are they resumed until the last note of the selection has been sounded, and then only to discuss the exceptional technique of the orchestra supplying the music, and the slender graceful young man in evening clothes who directs it.

But the patrons of Whyte's Restaurant are not the only ones who are privileged to hear this music. Even as they are enjoying it, so is a countless mass of people from coast to coast, up into Canada and down into Cuba and Mexico, in farm house, cottage and mansion, wherever a radio is to be found. Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra are before a microphone and the harmonies which they produce are being carried out into space over the great network of the National Broadcasting Company. It is of this cultured versatile young orchestra director, composer and arranger that this article is concerned.



Peter Van Steeden

Destiny may not shape our ends but surely there is some great force which supplies that divine spark that enables a certain favored few to accomplish the seemingly impossible; handicaps do not deter these from their purpose. As one of the many thousands of boys taking advantage of the public school system of New York City, the outstanding traits of Peter were a quiet determination, a meticulous thoroughness and an eagerness to learn which were foreign to the great majority of his playmates.

THESE characteristics, together with judgment beyond his years, placed him in a position of leadership among his associates which he did not seek but which he did not evade. We who knew him at that time appreciated the latent possibilities within the boy but felt that, because of the lack of available funds in the family exchequer to develop them, they might never be realized.

But young Van Steeden was one to be reckoned with; his was a heritage handed down through generations of Dutch ancestors. He early determined on a college education and matriculated, without funds, at the close of his high school career in the Engineering Department of New York University. The element of luck, which favors those who work, was somewhat kind to him at the outset. He applied for a scholarship and with that quiet determination, which is and always will be associated with him, persisted until it was granted him. This partially solved his financial problem. However, there were many expenses to be met, but young Peter characteristically met them by earning the necessary money himself.

As a boy, Peter was a student of the violin. With an inherent love for music, he continued his studies and became proficient on that instrument. A natural leader, he organized while still in high school, an orchestra composed of boys of his acquaintance who had received some musical training. While that orchestra did not persist, memories of it evolved the idea whereby he was to secure funds to put himself through college.

HE organized and directed a college orchestra popularly known as "Van and His Collegians," which acquired a wide and most favorable reputation, and with it as a source of revenue he did not want for sufficient wherewithal to meet the expenses incident to his college training. Without funds at the beginning of his college career, he finished with money in his pockets.

Through college, Van Steeden the young industrial engineer, at once secured a position in keeping with his university training. However, two factors diverted him—his love for music and the young lady who had been his inspiration since grammar school days. His soul cried for a musical career and his practical nature demanded that he earn more money than could be obtained through his profession for a great many years in order that he and the young lady in question might realize the dream

that long had been theirs. His natural inclination toward music won out and from that time his progress has not only been meteoric but constant. The dream came true and in the Van Steeden home now can be found two additional members of the family of the younger generation.

Reviving his college orchestra, which for some time continued to be known as "Van and His Collegians," Peter spent two summers at the socially famous Adirondack resort, Paul Smith's. As "Van and His Orchestra," he then opened the season at the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island furnishing dance and concert orchestration there for a year. Throughout this time and even while in college, he and his orchestras had been heard frequently over both WEA and WJZ, which then were totally separate units and not a part of a great broadcasting system, although he personally was given no publicity. It was while substituting for B. A. Rolfe, famed leader of the Lucky Strike Orchestra, at the Palais D'Or Restaurant during the summer of 1928, that his unusual ability and musical proficiency won for him the interest of the National Broadcasting Company. At that time, they contracted with him for the exclusive use of his services.

UNDER the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company, and through the kind offices of Edwin W. Scheuing of the NBC Artists' Service, Peter managed the transcontinental tour of the Ipana Troubadours, and for ten months he conducted the Cliquot Club Eskimos on a coast to coast tour. While he was given no official recognition on the latter trip, readers of this article who danced to the music of the Cliquot Club Eskimos at the Tulsa Club in Oklahoma, the Playmore Ballroom in Kansas City, Missouri, the Broadview Hotel in Wichita, Kansas, the Graystone Ballroom in Cincinnati, Ohio, the State College Commencement Hop in East Lansing, Michigan the McGill University Convocation Dance, Montreal, and the thousand and one other points where the Eskimos were heard will now know that the young leader who wielded the baton so effectively was none other than the subject of this sketch, Peter Van Steeden.

Upon his return to New York, Van Steeden and His Orchestra, for six months prior to the opening of the New Yorker Hotel, broadcast as the

New Yorker Hotel Orchestra three times weekly over a nation-wide hook-up. He was made musical director of the Johnson and Johnson musical melodrama and has been closely associated with the Nat Shilkret Victor Dance Orchestra and the Florence Richardson Orchestra. His exceptionally well chosen and beautifully rendered programs are now being broadcast daily from Whyte's Restaurant over WJZ and its associated stations.

It is related that on one of his transcontinental tours, Van Steeden had been booked to appear in Rockford, Illinois, and the next night in a small Pennsylvania mining town. He knew that it was impossible to reach the second town at the scheduled 8 o'clock period, but he boarded trains here and there and arrived at midnight.

THOSE Pennsylvanians, like most people, take their parties seriously, and growls and subdued mutterings ushered him in. The chairman of the committee on arrangements started rather menacingly toward the trembling Peter, who retreated a step and raised his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, swallowing, "I'd intended to open this program with *Moonlight and Roses*, but now it looks like *Just Before the Battle, Mother*."

The miners laughed; the chairman grinned; and they danced until morning.



Barbara Maurel

Peter's life ambition is to be able to conduct a symphony orchestra. Those who know him well are confident that he will succeed in this as he has in all the other things that he has undertaken.

BARBARA MAUREL

ONE must be familiar with the true essence of life and must know and appreciate art to be a great singer. That's Barbara Maurel's philosophy and she holds to it.

When she was in France not so very long ago her press agent gave out the story that Miss Maurel was gathering some interesting material, and not vicariously either, for a series of lectures on—of all things—love! That she was interviewing all of the Parisian men famous for their propensities at fencing with Cupid's darts—and that American women would at last get the authentic recipe on how to receive the attentions of men.

Every member of the feminine persuasion in this country from the flapper to the high-heeled grandmother were eagerly awaiting the return of Miss Maurel so that they could make reservations for these lectures. True, they realized, she herself was not married—but after all are not the most noted authorities on child training, themselves childless?

The situation was quite tense here in America—everyone was fairly bursting with expectation of this French revelation on *les affaires de coeur*. In the meantime, all manner of stories, and strange enough, with no element of scandal, were being circulated about Miss Maurel. Could the expert French gentlemen who knew so much about *l'amour* talk coldly on this engrossing subject without giving appropriate illustrations?

And now for the climax—Miss Maurel's own story. While newspapers flashed the dizzy headlines of her research in love, Barbara Maurel, Columbia contralto, claims that she was busy and quietly studying voice and piano. And she is such an accomplished artist that it is hard for anyone to believe that she spent her time as assistant to Cupid—a story made of whole cloth by her very efficient press representative.

Miss Maurel's background is rich and diversified and her culture has been absorbed from both sides of the Atlantic. She not only sings in five languages but is also on speaking

(Continued on page 96)

MARCELLA

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

A VERY breezy letter from Uncle Jack toppled in this morning—you know, Jack Shannon, of the Gossipers. He and Marie Stoddard have been broadcasting over the Yankee network and in Uncle Jack's own words, they have been "hitting like a rolling pin in the hand of a jealous wife on the head of a magnetic husband." Translating that into pure English, they have been going over with a wow and a bang. There isn't a radio listener in sight, I don't believe, that hasn't heard the chatter of the Gossipers, but if there should be such a solitary figure, he ought to make haste and listen in through the doorcracks on these two entertaining characters.

Which recalls an incident—it almost turned out to be an accident—that happened last summer. Toddles, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, was struck on the cranium with an idea. We should have an automobile to do things and places. Uncle Jack had a perambulator of the vintage of '28 and one balmy day was instructing my pigeon pardner and myself on how to make the roads. Toddles' fingers couldn't wait until they had the wheel and before we knew it she had us almost hitting the side of a passing machine. Uncle Jack snatched the wheel from Toddles' grasp and thereby preserved us for the noble calling of writing this column.

Our Women's Feature Editor had finished her broadcast over CBS on Front Page Personalities. In the studio were Emory Deutsch, Paul LePorte and Fred Utall. Fred, by the way, is guilty of having destroyed nine hundred feet of good film for D. W. Griffith in the picture, *America*. Fred's feet were very much in evidence, too much so for the benefit of the picture. If you remember having seen a handsome face in any mob scene or crowd in a big-sized production, parenthesis, not *America*—it probably belonged to Fred Utall, now announcer on CBS. It was suggested to Emory Deutsch to search his memory for a few interesting incidents to be incorporated in an article, and this came from Fred, "He might be called M'Emory Deutsch." Now let me explain.

ELLIOTT SHAW leaves the Revelers Quartet and the next day my desk is bent under the weight of letters asking why, when and wherefore. Well, if you really want to know, Mr. Shaw has joined the ranks of the Cavaliers who are with Cities Service.



James Melton

And talking about the Revelers Quartet, maybe you have heard of James Melton. There's a story about how he joined Roxy's gang. He went to the theatre for an audition, but was told by doorkeepers, attendants, secretaries and assistants that neither Mr. Rothafel nor Mr. Rapee could see him. "I don't want to be seen—I want to be heard," and with this he broke out into his best tenor voice which resounded all over the place. The entire staff of the theatre including Mr. Rapee, rushed to the scene to put the brakes to this vocal explosion—and Melton got the job. A note of warning to aspiring tenors—this mode of applying for a job may not always work. Mr. Melton is tall, has sparkling mischievous eyes, lives in a penthouse in a fashionable section of New York and owns a yacht. In 1929 Miss Marjorie Louise McLure became Mrs. Melton. James was born in Moultrie, Ga.—November 1904, studied at the University of Florida, University of Georgia and obtained his A. B. degree at Vanderbilt University.

EDMUND B. RUFFNER, formerly of the National Broadcasting Company, from latest reports, is with the Judson Radio Bureau. They nicknamed him "Tiny" because he reaches an altitude of 6 feet five and a half inches. Ever since he was a youngster he outlined for himself a musical career, and at an early age left home to take up any job that would give him sufficient time on the outside for study. He tried his hand at everything from fisheries in Alaska



Ed. B. Ruffner

to work in a department store. But it was all for the benefit of his career, and he undertook these tasks cheerfully, even the driving of a bread wagon in New York city during which period he saw every sunrise for five years, all of which proves that the road to the microphone is not paved with roses.

JESSE BUTCHER, Director of Publicity, told a story about a member of the Big Brotherhood of Editors who had met every celebrity in the world—from Shaw to Gandhi. One day as he was seated before the solemn little microphone at the CBS studios, just starting an oration about something or other Mr. Editor threw up his hands in despair and cried, "Oh, I can't go on with this any longer." That statement went over the entire network, but Jesse Butcher, equal to the emergency, picked up the pages, and whispered, "Don't look at the microphone, just talk to me," and the delivery continued without any further interruption. Someone ought to come along and take the scare out of this black-faced, inanimate purveyor of programs—and then perhaps we would hear from many important people who are afflicted with this thing called mike-fright.



Ford Bond

FORD BOND is an imposing figure in the NBC studios, so imposing, in fact that his friends constantly advise him to diet, and strangers call him Milton Cross when he is viewed from the rear. Not that it is anything but a compliment to be called after that august personage. Both Ford and Milton are authorities on food, but Ford has taken more than an academic interest in starting a campaign to discontinue the practice of attacking salads without the aid of a fork. He says, "The slipperiest thing on the table is the salad, and I certainly should be allowed to hold it with a fork while bringing up the heavy artillery in the way of a knife. Also I would discon-

tinue the habit of cradling it in a lettuce leaf. When it's just one of those things where I don't want the lettuce wasted, and when the salad is particularly good, I feel robbed of the parts which could only be obtained from the fevered clutch of the lettuce leaf by taking it in my hands and applying the all-day-sucker touch of my tongue." It may be that others who suffer miserably when they have to leave the choicest part of the salad on the plate, will want to enroll in Ford's worthy "Greater and Freer Salads Club." Get in touch with him at NBC or with Toddles who has been made secretary of this new organization. Personally, I don't like salads, and my platform in this coming election will be for the complete abolition of them—so Ford and I are in opposing camps. And frankly, I don't think chewing lettuce leaves dripping with French or Russian dressing would be an aesthetic gesture on the part of any announcer, especially the imposing Mr. Bond. All those in favor, say "aye"—opposed, "aye."

* * *

HARRY SALTER, orchestra leader on the Coty program over CBS, and on the Real Folks program over NBC, is a Roumanian by birth. As a youngster he would rebel strenuously against appearances before company where fond Ma and Pa would have the genius of their son displayed. One can easily visualize curly-



Harry Salter

haired little Harry protesting vigorously against the cajolings of his doting parents, for he was always minimizing his own talents—that is until he began to make professional appearances. He misses audiences terribly on his radio programs and he enjoys nothing better than to have lots and lots of guests present in the studio.

Enric Madriguera, who is responsible for Cuban melodies which are broadcast over CBS from the Biltmore Hotel in New York, is closely related to Spanish Royalty.

"Just a word from an itinerant announcer in the middlewest," writes Howard Butler, husband of Edith Thayer (the Jane McGrew of Hank Simmons Show Boat). "I am now with WXYZ, Detroit." Although Howard doesn't claim that his family came over on the Mayflower, they were among the early settlers of this, our great land—for the first Butler found a haven here as far back as 1627. Howard has been with many musical shows, and met his diminutive wife while he was connected with the Viennese Operetta Company.

Al Llewelyn is married, but his wife is not a professional woman. For the

benefit of Chas Linch and Kansan of Parsons, Kans., Ben Bernie is married. Emory Deutsch still stands among the bachelors and so does Art Gillham whose sentimental philosophy is like unguentine to fellow sufferers. Ben Bernie is one of six or seven brothers. Born on the East Side of New York, loves to bet on horses, and carries half a dozen cigars with him. Came by the name of Old Maestro at a dazzling party where Toscanini and others of equal fame were gathered. They were all maestro-ing one another, and not to be outdone, Ben broke in with "Well, I'm a Maestro myself—I've got an orchestra," whereat he was hailed with great ado as one of them. May Stewart of Charleroi, Pa. also wants to be included with the Bernie Boosters.

* * *

KHJ Shorts: Ted White is single, comes from an old Virginia family, is 32, slightly over six feet in height and has dark complexion; Kenneth Niles was married a few months ago to Nadja Vladnova, the beautiful KNX violinist; is 24 years old and is almost six feet tall; Lindsay MacHarrie is 30; Robert Sawn is 30, and comes from an old New England family. Robert Bradford is married to Jeanette Rogers (KHJ flutist), is 24, and is mixture of Scotch and Irish.

Franklyn Bauer, who used to be the Voice of Firestone, has forsaken broadcasting and is now living in Brooklyn. The Slumber Hour has been on the air since November, 1927—and the Black and Gold Room Orchestra since June 1, 1929.

* * *

TO everyone the dictionary is like an old friend—something to have around when you need it. It was not until I met Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who is Managing Editor of Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary that I even began to realize the monumental work and research that lie behind this unpretentious-looking volume. In order to get the ancestral strain of even a single word, Dr. Vizetelly corresponds with every nation which he suspects had anything to do with moulding it to its present state of development. If it's the history of a kiss or a cootie, Dr. Vizetelly can always produce a fascinating and engaging story. He is the father of some very important words himself, among them being myobism. Myobism is a good word for the curious—of course, not the professionally curious, like myself—for it means the act of minding one's own



Dr. Vizetelly

business. Now, knowing the personality behind Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary, isn't that book more than an endless alphabetically listed series of words with definitions and instructions for pronunciation? Speaking of pronunciation, Dr. Vizetelly's occupation is to teach the radio announcers over Columbia's way how to pronounce their tomatoes and vases. If one announcer calls that luscious vegetable *to-mah-to*, and another *to-may-to*, how is the poor public to know what to say to the greengrocer? There should be a uniform pronunciation for announcers, believes our noted lexicographer—considering their influence, direct or otherwise, upon the speech of radio listeners who form so great a part of our population.

* * *

GUESS who's back in town after a three years' absence from New York? None other than the man, Leonard Cox, originator of *Main Street Sketches* over WOR. Had him over to the World's Radio Show to be featured on the giant television screen—and Count Von Lueckner, Leonard, and a few other such notables waited around for a few hours while the stage was being set. Carveth Wells was master of ceremonies, Hal Stein the Photographer-Elect was mixing around as usual with famous personages, and we were all having one grand time—just waiting around, you know and being told that the program would go on any minute. Well Leonard told me all about his exploits down south. There's a quiet magnetic charm about Leonard that attracts people to him. If he's having a tire fixed, he'll be invited by the repairman to his home for dinner, and if he's sipping an ice cream soda, he'll be knowing the soda dispenser's family probably before the evening is over. It is known in radio circles that Leonard is a genius—and that he has enough ideas to keep half a dozen radio chains in full operation. But like all brilliant people he needs a practical person to manage his affairs for him—and the person in this case is Mary Olds who harnesses his ideas as they are flung through space and drives them to a suitable sponsor.

* * *

I AM deeply moved, and grieved, Mrs. Miller—and Toddles has just doffed her Empress Eugenie chapeau for a monk's cowl—just because Henry Edward Warner prefers to remain impersonal in dispensing substantial beads of wisdom to his host of admirers. Mr. Warner, just read this—and it is only one of the many letters addressed to Toddles



Leonard Cox

and myself, blaming us, if you please, for not digging to the roots of your ancestry and sending forth your biography. Writes Mrs. Miller—"The paragraph you have in the June issue about Mr. Warner doesn't tell me anything. I want to know the story of this man's life with a front page picture. I have listened to his programs of original verses, songs and philosophy for three years over WBAL and WCAO and they are the best on the air. There is an appealing and irresistible charm of manner. He is sympathetic and persuasive in his philosophy that touches the hearts of all people. Just why this artist should be so modest about his broadcasting I can't understand. Why he should prefer to stay on a small station as WCAO when he could reach the hearts of so many people over a network, I cannot understand. Edgar Guest has never written anything to compare with Mr. Warner's style." Read this, Mr. Warner and weep. Then adds Mrs. Miller, on second thought, "Enclosed find check for a year's subscription for Radio Digest. Can't get along without this periodical." So that's that. As soon as Mr. Warner has a change of heart, you may be sure that our columns will be the first to bear witness to his story.

* * *

PHILLIPS H. LORD and his cast of NBC actors are making a tour of the states and those along the road who may want to meet these radio folks from the stage will be interested in their schedule. No. 1, Chicago; Nov. 2, Davenport; Nov. 3, Des Moines; Nov. 4 and 5, Kansas City; Nov. 7, Omaha; Nov. 8, Denver; Nov. 10, Salt Lake City; Nov. 12, Portland, Ore.; No. 13, New Westminster, B. C.; Nov. 15, Seattle; Nov. 18, Oakland; Nov. 19, San Francisco; Nov. 22, Los Angeles; No. 23, San Diego; Nov. 26, Phoenix; Nov. 28 and 30, Houston; Dec. 1, San Antonio; Dec. 2, Oklahoma City; Dec. 3, Tulsa; Dec. 8, Louisville; Dec. 9, Nashville; Dec. 11, Atlanta; Dec. 13 and 14, Miami. Those who are accompanying Mr. Lord are: "Mother Parker," Effie Palmer; "Lizzie Peters," Agnes Moorehead; "Cefus Peters," Bennett Kilpack; "Captain Bang," Raymond Hunter; "Laith Pettingal," Carlton Bowman; "John," Norman Price; "Jane," Ruth Bodell; "Mrs. Hooper," Gertrude Forster; and "Fred," James Black. Despite this very ambitious tour, not one program will be missed, and fans will continue to hear their program each Sunday night at 10:45 p. m. E.S.T.

* * *

HAVE you heard of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*? Well, Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, the Troupers of NBC, are working on a book that will make

Anita Loos' volume read like a funeral sermon. Helene has the duckiest little apartment on the —teenth floor of the Dixie Hotel in New York, but the only drawback is that it's too small to hold all of her fur coats. Helene, by the way, is an animated fashion plate—she gives a certain little twist to a ribbon on a dress or hat that makes it look like the latest expensive import from Paris.

When a boy walks away with a medal from every contest he enters whether it is for music, athletics, or photography, and is only fifteen, he deserves more than the few passing remarks that can be given in this column. This habit of winning every contest in which he becomes a participant is so chronic—that I believe the family moved from their comfortable little apartment on Central Park South just to get larger quarters for these trophies. He holds the championship of Greater New York as the best violinist of his age. And it is remarkable to watch this young boy, instrument tucked under freckled face (he even has a medal for having the greatest number of these golden blemishes) play the classics with the same vigor and eagerness as if he were in a football game. Toscha Seidel, violin virtuoso, under whose tutelage young Julian



Sylvia and Julian Altman
(©INR Photo)

is unfolding his great gift, has said that the boy has more than talent—he has genius. And with all of this, he's just a real boy, as handy around the house with tools as he is with his violin. Mother Altman called me up just yesterday to tell me that he won a fellowship in the Juillard School of Music. The announcement came right at the moment when Julian was scrambled under the kitchen sink doing a plumbing job and retarding a persistent and powerful spout of water which threatened to flood the whole apartment. Sylvia, his seventeen-year old sister, is the youngest graduate of New York University with a Bachelor of Science degree. She is a concert pianist and has appeared in vaudeville with her brother. Both have been frequently heard on Columbia and National programs. Sylvia is a very vivacious young

girl with a smiling voice. She and her brother are sometimes engaged in what would appear to be endless repartee to the hearty amusement of those who happen to be around. Sylvia is a master of the piano keyboard and is studying under Ernest Hutcheson. Both youngsters have attracted national attention and have been the guests at the White House of both former President Coolidge and of President Hoover. Elmer, the younger boy, is also a fine radio actor and is studying the 'cello. He's the business man of the family and when he goes to market, Mother Altman is assured of getting the finest head of cabbage and the choicest cut of meat.



C. Dickerman

* * *

IF any of the boys around WEEI, Boston ever get the toothache, they don't have to go very far to have it doctored up, for Carlton H. Dickerman, senior announcer of WEEI was trained for the profession of dentistry. In his own words, he has forsaken "the laughing gas of the dentist chair for broadcasting ether. It was a mighty struggle, though in the beginning—with his mother planning a music career for him, and his dad laying the groundwork for a professional career as a dentist. He did not take to either and compromised by often running away to the Taunton Insane Asylum gate and bribing the attendant to allow him to visit the playground for the inmates. Here he received his early training as an announcer in umpiring baseball games among the more rational of the inmates. After attending for a time Tufts Dental College in Boston, he became an electric appliance salesman, and Bostonians who bought vacuum cleaners from a cheerful, sprightly salesman, can now say that they knew Carlton Dickerman "when."

* * *

WHEN you hear John M. Davis over WCAU, you are listening to a potential winner of matrimonial, real estate and other lawsuits—for John is a lawyer, having graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1929. He was born in the coal regions of Pennsylvania but shortly after his arrival the family moved to Reading.



John M. Davis

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

NEW PROGRAMS

*Thumb Nail Comment on the Features now
Bidding for the Listener's Favor*

On the NBC Waves

Silent Cal of our days of prosperity is demonstrating that he has vocal powers over an NBC-WJZ hook-up on Tuesday nights. Mr. Coolidge is a director of the New York Life Insurance Company which sponsors the broadcasts.

Ohman and Arden, WEA, pioneers on the double pianos, are back Mondays with "radio finds" for guest artists. Well worth hearing.

Welcome back to the McKesson Musical Magazine featuring Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and a concert orchestra. WEA, Tuesdays.

"What I Would Do With the World," with H. G. Wells, famous British author, as the first of many noted speakers is good solid stuff for the thinker and the whiners who say radio is all jazz and raspberries. It's WEA, Mondays.

NBC adds one million dollars worth of new talent to the October budget.

Good plug for Uncle Sam and his House by the Sentinels of the Republic program over WJZ net Sundays.

You should become acquainted with George Barrere and his Symphony Orchestra in Melodies de France Sundays at 4 p. m. on WJZ circuit.

Devotees of the opera are informed the Chicago Civic Opera is due back for its sixth season beginning Nov. 7. Booked WJZ for thirteen Saturday nights.

Atwater Kent programs are scheduled WEA, November 15, 29 and December 13. The last program will present winners of current Atwater Kent National Auditions.

Buick Hall of Fame, dramatizing lives of famous persons, makes premier November 8, 9:45 p. m. E.S.T. WEA, with. Concert orchestra background.

Barbasol with hymns begins Sunday series November 22.

Parade of the States described in detail elsewhere in this issue started over the WEA, tour with Erno Rapee as

grand marshal. It's a General Motors new program with a broad gesture that should win many friends.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, inaugurated a new educational program series under the direction of the National Advisory Council on Education by Radio. Two fifteen minute lectures by world's greatest educators every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00. Another slap at the gang organized to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting.

Joe Moss comes on regular as a new feature through the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria. Joe's dance orchestra is the current social pet.

Up-to-the-minute stuff in the way of true life drama is presented weekly by D. Thomas Curtin, World War correspondent, who narrates thriller experiences with aid of characters in flashes of drama. Listen Tuesday night WEA, 9 o'clock.

Raymond Knight, NBC comedian, is in a new comic series called the Breyer Leaf Boys. The Landt Trio and White also are on this program. Thursdays and Saturdays 6:30 p. m. via WEA.

Richard Gordon is playing the part of the famous detective Sherlock Holmes while Leigh Lovell plays the part of Dr. Watson. The longer and more comprehensive Conan Doyle mystery stories are listed on the new series.

The CBS Circuit

Alice Brady and other stage notables are helping to put over the new Sea Romance stories in a grand way. If you have love for the mystery of the waves and odd tales that come therefrom you'll be entranced by this series which comes Sundays and Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10 p. m. Symphony orchestra background.

Regal Reproductions with impersonations of famous stars of the stage and past and present with a twelve piece band for back drop due Fridays 9 p. m.

November 1 inaugurates the new Carborundum program with a pickup of the roar of Niagara Falls (in person not a sound-effect). Dramatization of

Iroquois Indian legends. Musical setting. Ought to be good.

Major and Minor another piano duologue with the Roundtowners Quartet singing the interludes. Comes Mondays 10:45 a. m.

Station PME is a new one on the CBS travels. It's just a stage station operated by Charlie and Oscar and affords listeners amusement. Great possibilities. Tuesdays at 6:30 p. m. Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

Bob Haring and His Pilots now come Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 p. m. Tubby Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Lem Stokes, and Bob Moody supplement Haring's band. Program is sponsored by Goodyear.

Drama, special music, celebrities and other diversions are featured in the Blue Coal program which is heard Sunday at 5:30 p. m.

"Your Child" is the name of a program conducted by the famous writer in child subjects, Angelo Patri. It is instructive and of special interest to parents. Thursdays and Sundays at 8:45.

Are you air minded? Then you will be especially interested in the new series by Casey Jones who keeps you posted on the flying news of the week. He's on Fridays at 9:45 p. m.

Eight Sons of Eli are heard Sundays from 9 to 9:15. It's a double quartet from the Yale Glee Club and we'd like to see them get more than a quarter hour.

Walter Winchell has received such a glamorous fame he always is tuned in with special interest. He interviews stage and screen celebrities Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

While CBS has cut down its periods more and more to the quarter-hour lengths it sure did let out all the notches for Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra which have recently come with a Philco program that takes an hour and three-quarters. A wonderful program of music.

Another great orchestra for the Columbiads is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra every Sunday from 3 to 5 p. m.

Oldest of America's symphonic orchestras, and yet the first to go on the air in a regular series of full-length concerts broadcast over a nationwide network, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony will be heard in twenty-nine concerts during its second season. Until November 15 the baton will be wielded by Erich Kleiber, famous for the many new works he introduces.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Eddie Duchin and his Central Park Casino Orchestra, including times like 12:00 p.m., 11:00, 9:00, 7:00, 5:00, 3:00, 1:00.

Monday

THE COMMUTERS, Emery Deutsch, Conductor—Monday

Table listing radio stations and programs for The Commuters by Emery Deutsch on Monday.

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Tony's Scrap Book.

MELODY MUSKETEERS—Male Trio

Table listing radio stations and programs for Melody Musketeers Male Trio.

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY

Table listing radio stations and programs for Chating with Ida Bailey.

HARMONIES AND CONTRASTS—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Harmonies and Contrasts.

SALICON PROGRAM—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Salicon Program.

MELODY PARADE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor

Table listing radio stations and programs for Melody Parade by Emery Deutsch.

THE MADISON S'NGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet

Table listing radio stations and programs for The Madison Singers.

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities"

Table listing radio stations and programs for Anne Lazar's Front Page Personalities.

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds burst into mirth and melody. (Daily ex. Sun.)
8:15 a.m.—WABC—Something for Everyone with Ernie Naftzger, jovial master of ceremonies...

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Ida Bailey Allen elevates housework to a scientific level and educates housewives in puddings and politics...

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Breyer Leaf Boys. Raymond Knight, Landt Trio and White in music snappy and comedy light. (Thurs. & Sat.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give true cross-section of Jewish life. (Pep-sodent) (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and her Swanee Music. Enjoyable program with Queen of Crooners. (Congress Cigar Company) (Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

11:00 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer and Jack Miller rapidly climbing to fame on music scale. (Daily ex. Sun.)

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast spans the measureless seas to enlighten you on world's affairs.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Orchestra offers full-length concert for the jazz-worn.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems—and polished up so carefully by an able cast.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti illustrate harmony of French and Italian temperament in piano performances.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Three Bakers featuring: Billy Artz's dance orchestra; Men about Town; Frank Luther, Jack Parker, Darrell Woodyard and Will Donaldson—Master of Ceremonies—Ray Perkins!

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn with Dynamic Dave Rubinoff's Orchestra, not forgetting Eddie Cantor's campaign to tread the stepping stones to the White House.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour offers the best of everything in entertainment with John B. Kennedy, M. C.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Harbor Lights—Tales of the briny deep dramatized from stories which were told by old salts.

Monday

3:45 p.m.—WABC—Ben and Helen, a pair of music-ers in delightful duets.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pompeian Program—Jazz orchestra under Milton Retternberg and beauty talk by Jeanette de Cordet.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors—Martha Attwood, soprano; male quartet, Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dutch Masters Program provides a good bag of laughs—and Marcella Shields is the feminine portion of the comedy trio.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. An energizing program featuring a guest artist and the newest from Tin Pan Alley.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation brings to mike celebrated stars of the concert stage.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of Radio Digest, one of the foremost personalities on air today gives thimble biogs of your favorite radio stars.

Tuesday

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam, the Sailor, and the theme of his melodies is the storm-tossed sea.

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Swift Program, with Parker Fennelley and Arthur Allen as the Stebbins Boys in a comedy act.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing. The Mixed Quartet: Muriel Savage, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell, Arthur Billings Hunt, and George Vause at the piano.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Walter Winchell, celebrated columnist and Broadway news digger.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine, whose pages unfold a concert orchestra, guest artists and soloists.

Table listing radio stations and programs for various stations like Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, and WABC.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLUMBIA REVUE, Emery Deutsch, Conductor

Table listing radio stations and programs for Columbia Revue by Emery Deutsch.

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Hotel Taft Orchestra.

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Harry Tucker and his Barclay Orchestra.

BEN AND HELEN—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Ben and Helen.

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Ann Leaf at the Organ.

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Rhythm Kings.

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Conductor

Table listing radio stations and programs for Columbia Salon Orchestra.

THE THREE DOCTORS—Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph.

Table listing radio stations and programs for The Three Doctors.

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Bert Lown and his Biltmore Orchestra.

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—

Table listing radio stations and programs for Columbia Artist Recital.

Features

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Fuller Man. Don Voorhees' orchestra in snappy tunes—and two soloists, Mabel Jackson, soprano, and Earl Spicer, baritone.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque. Who would think that the desert could yield as flourishing and blooming a program as this?

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. For benefit of fourth estate. Of the, by the, for the, and to the—spoken word.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments are pleasant but fleeting with the famous prima donna, Mme. Alda, and Frank La-Forge at the piano.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert—always a brilliant performance—Nat Shilkret as director, John Holbrook, M. C., a guest artist, male chorus, Gladys Rice and Doug. Stanbury.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour is a real treat for music lovers. Erno Rapee's orchestra, the Revelers Quartet, Oliver Palmer, and Paul Oliver, et al.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dutch Masters Program provides a good bag of laughs—and Marcella Shields is the feminine portion of the comedy trio.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. An energizing program featuring a guest artist and the newest from Tin Pan Alley.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation brings to mike celebrated stars of the concert stage.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of Radio Digest, one of the foremost personalities on air today gives thimble biogs of your favorite radio stars.

Thursday

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Hugo Mariani and his Morning Serenaders—a thirteen piece band, but their program is a lucky break for listeners.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Angelo Patri. Noted authority on child training educates parents on how to rear children.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale—interesting dramatic sketch—with music by Jaffrey Harris' orchestra, the Rondoliers Quartet and sundry soloists.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Magazine aircasts stories of love and romance.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble—an invigorating feature with Don Voorhees' orchestra and a guest soloist.

Table listing radio stations and programs for various stations like Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, and WABC.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR W2DR W0AB W0RC

KATHRYN PARSONS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

REIS AND DUNN—
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WCAE W2TC WTAG
WEEI WJAR W0SH WFI

BING CROSBY
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC WAAB

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR W0AG WGY
WBN W2IC W0SH WEEI

VOICE OF FIRESTONE
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WGN W2IC WTAG
WEEI WGR W2DR W0RC

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
WHAM KDKA W0A W0L

A. & P. GYPSIES—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
W2IC W0SH W0L WRC

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
KDKA W0A W0L W0A

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
W2IC W0SH W0L WRC

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
WJAX W0A W0L W0A

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TRUE STORY—Cecil Secret and
Nora Sterling.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF W0SH W0BN WSAI

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—
Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE W0RC W0CAU

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
KFI K0M K0A K0L

SAVINO TONE PICTURES—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF W2IC W0EEI WJAR
W0SH W2IT W0WJ WRC

RED NICHOLS AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

PAUL WHITEMAN—
12 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

BOBBY MEEKER AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—
12:00 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

Tuesday

DR. COPELAND'S HEALTH HOUR—
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

MORNING MINSTRELS—
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE W0RC WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC W0RC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR W2DR W0AB W0RC

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

SWEETHEART HOUR—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

STAGE AND SCREEN STARS—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

COLUMBIA REVUE—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 a.m. 10:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

THE CAPTIVATORS
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

FOUR CLUBMEN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

FRANK ROSS—Songs.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

RAISING JUNIOR—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
WJAX W0A W0L W0A

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

CONNIE BOSWELL—
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB W0RC WPG

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF W2IC W0TAG W0EEI
WJAR W0SH W0FI WRC

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF W2IC W0TAG W0EEI

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ W2A W0A W0L
WJAX W0A W0L W0A

RED GOOSE ADVENTURES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC WGR WJAS W0W
WAL W0A W0L W0A

WALTER WINCHELL—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W0RC W0A W0L
WGR W0A W0L W0A

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

FULLER MAN- 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ KOA WWJ WSAI WOC KGW WOW WDAF WKY KSD KSL KGO KECA KOMO KHQ WTIK WOKI WIBC WBS WTAM WOAI KVOO

MODERN MALE CHORUS- 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

B. A. ROLFE- 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ WOC KGW WOW WDAF WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

STAR BRAND SHOE MAKERS- 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

ARABESQUE 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHES- TRA- 11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING ED- WARD ORCHESTRA FROM TO- RONTO- 12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

THREE MEN IN A TUB-Musical Program by Male Trio. 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WLBB WEAN WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

MUSICAL ALPHABET- 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WLBB WEAN WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER- 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WEAN WDRG WNAK WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA- 3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBB WEAN WDRG WNAK WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHES- TRA- 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

JOLLY JUGGLERS- 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WKBW WLBB WEAN WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

"BILL SCHUDD'S GOING TO PRESS"- 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WKBW WLBB WEAN WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

THE BON BONS, Negro Quartette. 6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA-Frank LaForge, pianist. 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ WOC KGW WOW WDAF WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

COLLEGE MEMORIES- 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30 WJZ WBAL WKRC WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

MOBIL OIL CONCERT- 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ WOC KGW WOW WDAF WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT- 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM- 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ WOC KGW WOW WDAF WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

ENO CRIME CLUB- 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WJZ WBAL WKRC WDRG WHAM WKRC WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

PALMOLIVE HOUR- 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR WCHS WFI WRIC WYGY WTAD WTAP WRAP WBSA WTMJ WOC KGW WOW WDAF WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

VITALITY PERSONALITIES- 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

Table with 4 columns: Station Call Letters, Frequency (Kc.), and Network Affiliation. Includes National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System.

COLUMBIA REVUE- 12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM- 1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 a.m. 10:00 WJAZ WBAJ WKRC WDRG WHAM WKRC WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

RHYTHM KINGS- 2:15 p.m. 1:15 12:15 11:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBB WEAN WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

THE THREE DOCTORS. Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph. 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBB WEAN WDRG WNAK WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA- 3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBB WEAN WDRG WNAK WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

Wednesday

THE COMMUTERS- 9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE- HOLD PERIOD- 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00 WJZ WBAL WKRC WDRG WRC WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

BOND BREAD PROGRAM- 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WEAN WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMLA WGLB WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO KMBC KOIL KFJF KJFY KVI WDRG WNAK WCAO WADG WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO KRLL KTRH KJL KPERC KHI KDYL KIZ

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 53)

meant to tattle—but kids will be heard.

Later attended art school. Won many prizes in competition. When doing art posters, they'd merge their talents.—Martha would get the idea and lay out the copy, Vet would do the black and white pen and letter work and Connie was a whiz at coloring. Result a swell job. In union there is strength.

First stage appearance at ten, during the thrift stamp drive, just after the war. Played a week's engagement for \$400 and bought thrift stamps with the money. Later made Victor records in New Orleans—this led to a radio audition. Made their first broadcast over WSMB in their home town. Not a bit nervous. Gloried in it.

Connie's favorite radio star is—Connie Boswell, with Kate Smith a close second.—The girls do all their own musical arranging. No outsider could get that individual touch. Funny how they do it, too. They put the cart before the horse. They never start at the beginning of a song and arrange. They take the last eight bars first, and after they have the effect they want, they take the next eight bars, and so on until the introduction is reached.

Plenty of time devoted to rehearsal. In fact all available between performances. They never sing a song as it is written. Always improvise their own interpretation of the song, composing what's called a counter-melody.

Fan mail plays an important part in their lives. They get loads of it and read eagerly for constructive criticism.—Many proposals for all of them.—Serious proposals. Many letters from college professors. One young man writes every time they broadcast—never misses. Another thing—they get just as many letters from girls as they do from the men. The girls' letters are sincere—too.

Connie is superstitious about one thing only.—She never brags about any forthcoming contract or performance.—If you do, it's ten to one it'll flop.

She's traveled all over the States. Likes her home town best. New York next best. Too busy to see much of the night life. Went up to Harlem once. Disappointed.—Not so hot. The revues are not what they're cracked up to be.

Fond of all sports. Particularly fights. Whenever she gets the chance, you'll find her in the front row at some arena. Likes rowboats. She herself pulls a mean oar.

For relaxation, she reads when the opportunity presents itself. Heavy stuff. Likes to listen to others broadcast to hear how good they are.

More talents.—She draws exceptionally well and is a sculptress of no mean ability. Does heads mostly.

She prefers her career to marriage. Happiness in marriage is possible, if you can find the right one, but what a chance you take.

Cracked up in a car once. Out for a little ride. A collision turned her car over several times. No one was hurt. Connie landed on her head. Says that's what saved her. She likes planes too—done quite a bit of flying as a passenger.

Hard work. No time for vacations. Maybe a week-end now and then. A recent one spent at Saratoga, but even then an engagement at a private affair. A party given by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Their appearance a surprise for Mr. Whitney, a rabid radio fan, numbering the Boswells among his favorites.

Took a flyer on the horses when up there. A four horse race. Each girl bet on a different horse. The fourth horse won.—Connie was the only one to have any luck at it. Another race, Connie took a chance on a horse named "Indigo." A hunch because she was to make a recording the following day of a song called "Mood Indigo." The hunch won.

AMONG the most prized possessions of the girls are the documents they received from the State of Louisiana. These documents, with the gold seal of the State affixed and signed by Huey P. Long, Governor of Louisiana, appoint, officially, Connie, Martha and Vet an Ambassador of Harmony from Louisiana to the radio audiences of the world. This was supplemented by an official proclamation of the New Orleans Association of Commerce with a similar appointment, which charges them with the bounden duty of spreading continually over the air and over the land the good cheer of the city of New Orleans.

The girls are just two years apart in their ages. Martha is twenty-four. Connie next at twenty-two and Vet just twenty. All of them born, bred and buttered in New Orleans.

Connie likes great contrasts in her clothes. Wears black and white a lot. Wears trick hats that look well on her.

Goes to bed sometime between twelve and three in the morning and gets up about ten or eleven—sleeps in pajamas—always. Flat on her back for forty-five minutes or so and then all up in a knot until morning. Loves to dream.

Eats anything as long as it's food. Especially fond of raw meat. Prepares potato soup like nobody's business.

Always puts on her left stocking first.

Likes big men best. Six feet or over, weighing about 175. Believes truthfulness is their best quality. But it's darn hard to find a man with any of it. Has no particular ideal. They just must be big he-men who can take it on the chin.

Loves to talk. If she ever gets you over in the corner, she'll bend your ear off. Funny part of it is—you like it.

Connie uses very little make-up for street wear. Powder and lipstick. Once in a while a touch of brown eyeshade.

The light brown eyes turn green when she's mad, which is seldom.

Doesn't like candy and never eats any dessert. Plain food and plenty of it.

Always on the go.—Broadcasts—vaudeville—Brunswick recording artist. Whistles with her little fingers stuck in her mouth. Plenty loud.—Not so good, but plenty loud.

And sing—shout—sister—shout.

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, for Oct. 2, 1931. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond 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—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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 Pub. Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all located at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 753. Reg. No. 31487. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

Make It Snappy

(Continued from page 15)

Grove, in his hotel. That was in 1921. I stayed there until 1926, which isn't a bad run.

When I look back at those years at the Coconut Grove I recall many interesting incidents concerning persons who since have become famous. For instance, I remember:

Lending \$20 to a young, good-looking foreigner, who had been unable to break into pictures, so that he could take out a girl. He was the late Rudolph Valentino, who, a short time later, was catapulted to fame and fortune after his tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Helping Paul Whiteman hire musicians for his first dance orchestra job in the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, where he had been playing the violin for tea with a 6-piece string ensemble.

Taking Ricardo Cortez to the Lasky studios and getting him a screen test, which landed him his first picture job. Watching Norma Shearer and Billie Dove take their first screen tests.

Cashing a pay check every Saturday for a young girl who was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for \$75 a week and who was going with one of my saxophone players. It was Joan Crawford.

Blanche Sweet's chauffeur, who used to drive her to the studios every day and to the Coconut Grove at night. It was Marshall "Micky" Neilan, now Blanche's husband and one of this country's best-known motion picture directors.

Giving saxophone lessons to a 15-year-old boy who asked to be allowed to sit on the band platform for an hour each evening to listen to the music. . . Howard Hughes, now head of Caddo and producer of *Hell's Angels*.

Allowing another young fellow to sit on the band platform several nights a week. . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., who now is head of Universal Pictures at the age of 24.

Receiving a telegram from a chap who wanted to play the banjo in my orchestra. . . Hearing six months later that he had been hired to take the leading role in *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

In 1923 we made our first record. It was *No, No, Nora* and *Sweet Little You*, and it sold more than 400,000 discs. Since then we have made more than 250 different discs.

After leaving the Coconut Grove I took my band to Chicago, and we played there for seventy-two weeks in *Good News*, in which Jack Haley, Mildred Brown and Dorothy McNulty were

starred. Then came the talkies, and we played in the talkie-single version of *Good News*. Other pictures in which we were seen or heard were *Hold Everything*, *Paramount on Parade*, *Pardon My Gun*, *Madame Satan*, six *Merry Melody* shorts, *Young As You Feel*, *Just Imagine*, *Transatlantic*, *Big Business Girl*, *Chances*, *Five Star Final* and a few short features.

In January, 1929, I accepted an offer to take my band to London for an engagement of four weeks at the Kit Kat Club and at the Palladium Theatre. Instead of staying four weeks we remained seven months, going from London to Paris and playing in the French capital at the Moulin Rouge and at the Perroquet.

Among those who came to the Kit Kat Club quite frequently to dance to our music were the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Brougham, Lady Ashly, Lord and Lady Portarlington, Lord Donagle and others of the nobility.

NO, I never gave the Prince of Wales drum lessons, nor did I meet him socially. I did, however, play a command performance before him and some of his friends.

After taking a pleasure trip all through Europe I returned to this country and, after playing at the Pavillon Royal, the Club Richman and other well-known night resorts, I began an extended engagement in a motion picture theatre in Los Angeles, doubling on the movie sets in Hollywood.

I believe I was one of the first dance orchestra leaders to broadcast, for I began playing over the air as far back as 1919. By the way, it might be of interest to some to know how I was signed for my broadcasts over the Columbia chain for Phillips Dental Magnesia. While I was still playing on the Pacific Coast, the sponsors heard my record of *Milenberg Joys* and liked it so much they entered into negotiations which led to my coming East.

In between theatrical, motion picture and night club engagements I have found time to write a few songs. Perhaps you will remember them. They are still played over the air. The best-known were *Mary Lou*, *Mandalay*, *What Can I Say*, *Dear*, *After I Say I'm Sorry*, *I Cried For You* and *You Told Me to Go*.

People always ask me to what I attribute whatever success I have attained. When they ask that, I tell them "by

giving the public what it wants, by eating pears, chewing cigars and working eighteen hours a day."

In playing for radio, for the theatre or for night clubs, my theory has always been "give them what they want." I try to please the public, not the musicians. If I am working in a new hotel or cafe, after my first few numbers I ask the dancers what they want, and from their requests I am able to tell their favorite type of music.

I always have found that most of the bands that are boosted by the musicians are the bands that seldom make good for dancing. That's usually because they are over-arranged. I'm always happy when a musician pans me, for I know then that I'm going over with the public.

In playing over the air I try to give radio listeners something they understand. I think of the folks at home who aren't familiar with trick arrangements. I try to think of the mothers and fathers as well as the young people who like the so-called "hot stuff."

In short, I strive to present well-balanced programs, each of which contains some number that will please someone. I strive for melody at all times, with a rhythm background.

The essence of my whole theory is, "Don't try to educate the public to something new which they may not understand. Give them what they know and like."

As for the pears, sometimes I don't eat anything but pears for three or four days at a time when I am working hard. They are easy to eat, they don't take my mind from my work, they taste good and they make me feel like a million dollars.

And the cigar—well, I smoke one all the time. In the broadcasting studios, on the orchestra platform, wherever I'm rehearsing, I always chew on a cigar. Just another thing I enjoy because it helps me keep my mind on what I'm doing.

That business of working eighteen hours a day is a serious one. I mean, you've got to work hard if you expect to get anywhere. Which reminds me that I've got to get to work on my next program right now.

This is Abe Lyman signing off, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you've liked this little autobiography, and I hope you'll tune in on "The World's Biggest Fifteen-Minute Program" which is presented every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 8:15 to 8:30 P. M., EST., over the WABC-Columbia network.

Stop! Hold that Pose!
Now turn to page 6
Please



Ruth Etting

THIS smart young woman is known now as a stage star come to radio. As a matter of fact she was a radio star first and before she became the feature of the current Ziegfeld Follies. But she has not deserted her radio public and you are liable to hear her NBC one time and CBS the next. Her latest was on the Nestle program over the NBC.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Disc and Film Recording |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broadcast Station or Studio | <input type="checkbox"/> Talking Pictures |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Direction Finder or Radio Compass | <input type="checkbox"/> Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Television |

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Hitting It on the Nose

(Continued from page 35)

liant in tone, or he might have one that is soft and rich.

Orchestra leaders with little radio experience are apt to be afraid of brass, when, as a matter of fact, all stringed instruments are more troublesome to place properly. One of the commonest faults in orchestral production is the strident fiddle, and the instrument that has to be set most carefully of all is, strangely enough, the cello. On certain tones, particularly in the middle register, the cello will often create what is known as a "woof"—really an overtone, and in the case of the cello it has the unique faculty of distorting the tones of all other instruments.

Another difficult instrument to place properly is the piccolo, because of its high range and shrill quality. It is an instrument that is used principally for brilliant figures and cannot be played softly.

An experienced and musically capable production man does not have much trouble in arranging the position of instruments for good reception. His big worry is with the men. Few realize how much actual body movement is necessary for musicians. The saxophonist may have three or four saxophones on the rack alongside him; the horn player has his mutes and other paraphernalia. Above all, they must not be uncomfortably crowded for the sake of tricky arrangements.

Individual singers do not present so much of a problem, although the sanity of production men was threatened for a time with the advent of the "crooner" and the "whispering" baritone. The technique of "crooning" consists of lowering the voice level almost to a whisper, at the same time crowding the microphone. The effect is a fairly pleasant one, and it's easy to do. And that's the trouble with it. One doesn't have to have an excellent voice to be able to hum or whisper with a sentimental lilt.

But unfortunately good crooning is not so easy. True enough, it covers a multitude of defects that would be apparent with the use of the full voice, but it also requires considerable voice control. Most of the good crooners were good straight singers in the first place, and only a few poor singers get away with it. Crooning is "phoney" singing,

CONVINCING proof of the value of radio broadcasting as a public attention-getter is evidenced by a contest being conducted over the Columbia Broadcasting System by the Cudahy Packing Company, sponsors of the Old Dutch Girl program.

Shortly before August 1, the Old Dutch Girl announced that until further notice over the air, a beautiful perfect white diamond, mounted in the very latest square-prong setting 18-karat white gold ring, would be awarded each broadcast for the best letter of not more than 100 words on the subject: "Why Old Dutch Cleanser is the only cleanser I need in my home."

As a result of similar announcements being made by the Old Dutch Girl during her three-a-week programs, letters are literally pouring in to the Old Dutch Cleanser offices in Chicago by the thousands. By actual count, 33,057 communications have been received in sixty days from experienced housewives in all sections of the country.

The name of the diamond ring winner is announced and the winning letter read during each Old Dutch Girl program, which is broadcast over thirty-six stations every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45 a. m. Central Standard Time.

The competition is open to everyone except employes of the Cudahy Packing Company and their families.

and the average production man would rather work with a temperamental opera star; but for awhile every dance orchestra had a crooner, and no matter how lacking in vitality or naturalness they were, they had to be handled.

Of course, opera and concert singers without broadcasting experience are sometimes difficult, as the same amount of voice used on the stage or auditorium is not necessary in the studio. But singers can develop microphone technique in a short time, and the production man attaches more importance to the accompaniment than to the soloist. A solo can be spoiled utterly by careless arrangement of the accompaniment. Even simple piano accompaniment must receive careful attention.

The thing that is apt to rattle a production man quickest is the timing of a program, and that's the one thing he must not allow to rattle him. Nine times out of ten when some slight thing goes wrong to spoil the perfect quality of reception. Nobody notices it, but let a program run more than a few seconds short or over, and somebody is going to raise a howl. And the howl, of course, is justified, for nothing can spoil a program more easily than obviously dragging it out or rushing it to a close. The word "obviously" is important, because frequently even the most carefully rehearsed programs must be stalled or hurried. The trick is to do it without being obvious.

Listeners take the timing of programs pretty much for granted. They set their kitchen clocks by the beginning or close of a program that might include two or three dramatic sketches, a dozen dance numbers and solos and a monologue, and not be more than two or three seconds off. But they do not share with the production man his satisfaction when he "hits it on the nose."

"Hitting it on the nose" means exactly on the second, and that is balm for the harried production man. He is usually satisfied if his show ends within a few seconds of the dot; he is disgraced if it is more than that, and is thrilled when it is "on the nose."

CHRISTMAS GIFT CERTIFICATE

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for \$2.00 to cover GIFT CERTIFICATE to Radio Digest for one year starting with the.....issue. Send to (Name).....

(Street)..... (City, State).....

I would like an autographed photograph of (Name of Artist).....

See Pages 6-7 for details

(Name)..... (Street)..... (City, State).....

Even the most ordinary program requires patient rehearsing and re-working for the proper timing. And no matter how perfect the final rehearsal, it is never a certainty that the show will end on the dot when it eventually is put on the air. For that reason a production man must be able to adjust a program at almost any time, and do it so skillfully that it will not be noticeable. In the middle of any musical number he must be able to tell, without consulting his watch, the correct time within a few seconds.

Of course, he does consult his watch and his continuity sheets constantly. He usually makes any necessary adjustments after the station break, and never makes up a discrepancy in time on one number. By a system of signals through the control room window he tells the orchestra leader to make his timing a shade slower on the next number, making up perhaps five to ten seconds. Ten seconds doesn't sound like much, but slowing down any more than that on a single number would make it obviously dragged out. Slowing down three pieces in the same way would make up half a minute, which is about as much as a well rehearsed program ever falls behind. If it should be any more than that, the production man, instead of signaling for a carefully spread out slowing down of two or three numbers, will signal for an extra chorus of the final number.

Production men are hard-worked people, and a twelve or fourteen-hour day is their lot. It is the hundreds of little details that the production man is responsible for that make for the excellent quality and smoothness of a radio program. It is the patient and painstaking consideration of these small details that mean the difference between a good and a bad program, but small credit ever falls to the production man.

He might be likened to the stage manager of a theatrical production, but then, who ever heard of a stage manager?

Gay Nineties

(Continued from page 65)

out" drew near. My excitement was intense. My white satin gown was perfect, but no confidence reigned in my fluttering heart, although I thought I knew how to mind my manners. My old nurse, now turned personal maid and was to accompany me in my mother's closed carriage, with our old coachman on the box.

Would my host and hostess really think I did my family credit? Were there any men who would really like to talk to me? And if they did, how long could I hold them in conversation with-

out appearing to monopolize their time? Oh, dear, Oh dear, would anybody really like me? These thoughts milled around in my poor young head, until I was almost in tears from fright.

Presently I spied a most fascinating looking man coming towards me. His look held just the right interest as he said, "Miss Richardson, I have the great pleasure of taking you into dinner."

"Thank you," I replied, in a trembling voice, pitched very low in the hope he would not hear the quaver.

"Your sisters, I know of course, but where, oh where have they kept you all these years?" he asked.

"Well, Judge," I answered, "I feel that I have known you for years and years and years; in fact, I know you from the feet up!"

My cheeks flamed red as I realized I had allowed childish memories to catch me out!

"Why," he gasped, "how is that?"

"We met first under my Mother's dining room table, and you were particularly witty that night, for I remember all you said even to this day."

That first formal dinner of mine in New York Society was a thriller. At the witching hour of two in the morning, my sleepy old nurse and fat grumbling old coachman, brought me home, much to my disgust—for I couldn't see how it was they had so soon forgotten what it felt like to be eighteen!

Station Parade

(Continued from page 61)

Foundation, Ltd., its former owner, Fred J. Hart still conducts his Sunday school class over its transmitter.

* * *

Walter Ferner, NBC 'cellist at its coast studio, was formerly a member of the famed Luboviski instrumental trio at KNX.

* * *

Ken Niles, KHJ announcer, comes back with his Hallelujah hour after a cessation for three months. Ken is a youthful optimist who is glad he's alive . . . even at eight o'clock in the morning when the frolic starts. The Niles pet farm (rabbits) has lately been increased by some ducks. The boy is figuring on calling their offsprings "dubbits," and thus go down to posterity, as breeding a brand new kind of animal. But he doesn't know whether they will look like a rabbit and swim, or like a duck and jump.

* * *

When KTM held their inaugural new-studio program fans had never before witnessed on the same program Governor James Rolph, Aimee Semple McPherson (Hutton) and Major John C. Porter.

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Name.....

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City and State.....

Kate Smith

(Continued from page 25)

They got in the saxophones and on the piano keys. I missed a couple of beats and needed a Murad."

After her engagement with Keith had terminated, she worked all the summer and fall of 1929 with Fox, and then, Warner. In the fall, however, Kate decided to do something definite about her tonsils. They were constantly giving her colds and sore throats. So she went home, and spent two weeks in a hospital. Having lost those bothersome appendages, she went off to Havana to recuperate.

"It was just marvelous there," she says, "I took my car along with me, and we drove all over those beautiful white roads. It was like going away from America to some entirely foreign country."

When she returned, Kate was immediately signed as a leading feminine role in *Flying High*. That musical comedy, which ran for one year on Broadway was one of the things to see, and Kate's numbers therein were wonderfully successful. After it closed in New York, however, she decided not to go on the road with it. It went on the road without her—and closed in six weeks.

During *Flying High* Kate had begun to be interested in radio. Quietly she decided to have a finger in the pie. Destined for success, apparently, in anything she undertook, Kate in due time was given fifteen minutes nightly of Swanee Music over the WABC network. Fan mail began to pour in. It increased steadily in volume. One began to hear about this big stout girl with the pastel blue eyes, and the tortoise shell "specks" who sang with enthusiasm and charm.

She is accompanied on her programs by one Nat Brusiloff, director of the Rhythm Kings—and it is a curious coincidence that they knew each other when they were children, down in Washington. One of Kate's favorite stories, recounted with a malicious little twist, is the time Nat borrowed her ukelele and finally returned it a year later with the initials of his family, relatives and friends, engraved permanently in its prodigal varnish.

There is something enchanting about Kate's music that so far, no one has been able to exactly define. At any rate, she has an uncanny genius for making people remember. She gets bags of fan letters daily, and some of them are filled with stories that would furnish inspiration for a novelist.

For instance, there was a young man who had had an automobile accident.

He had been very active: the sort of a person to play tennis fast, dance fast, and drive fast. Too fast. He suffered an accident. Doctors said he would always be crippled. The young man, with that glum verdict ringing in his ears suddenly had no desire to live. He was literally pining away. One evening his despairing mother installed a radio in his room, thinking that he would enjoy some music. By the merest chance she dialed Kate Smith, and from the first strains of her music he lay quietly listening. Suddenly a strange smile broke across his young face. "Why," he said quietly, "It is worth living—to hear a voice like that." He conquered his melancholia then and there.

Then there was the pathetic letter begging Kate to sing *Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight* and to ask a certain young man to come home to his mother again. He had been gone many weeks and she had had never a word from him. The mother was certain that, inasmuch as he had never to her knowledge missed a Kate Smith program, the message would reach him. Kate complied, and read the boy's initials over the radio.

NO word came from the unfortunate mother who had first written her, but as an aftermath she did receive a letter from another mother. It greeted her with a fervent "God bless you, Kate Smith," and explained that she had a young daughter, seventeen, who had run away with a "girl friend" having found home too small and dull. In a small Newark rooming-house the daughter heard Kate's program, absorbed the full sentiment of the song, the message to come home, and decided that what was good for the goose was good for the gander—or, vice versa.

And so, Kate has actually played an intricate part in many people's lives, mending broken hearts, and stimulating romance, soothing tired, resentful souls behind prison bars, teasing them into temporary forgetfulness.

Last Fourth of July, Kate stood before her microphone and sang *The Rose of No Man's Land*. Following that piece, which harkens back to war days, she received letters from soldiers, and veterans all over the country. They were deeply thankful, they said, that in the midst of all the flag-waving, there was one who remembered the soldiers who had given their lives in the Great War. One letter explained, tremulously, that they had all stood up during the rendition of the song and that those

who were too crippled to stand, had sat and saluted. They had lain awake that night, the letters explained, talking about old times. Affectionately these men address Kate as "Our Lady Song Bird."

It is a strange thing how when one's life hangs on a narrow string, some inexplicable force saves the situation. Kate has had two distinctly narrow escapes—or, as the lady briefly classes them herself, "close shaves."

"The first time I almost signed off from this happy life," says Kate, "was when I was about sixteen, and visiting some friends of mine near Chesapeake Bay. One morning I wakened up early and decided that it would be fun to borrow their canoe and do some paddling before breakfast. Well, I paddled out farther than I realized, and the waves suddenly became very rough. I got a little frightened trying to keep the boat from capsizing—then a large wave turned it completely over. I was dumped out, of course with all my clothes on. Lordy, was that water cold! There wasn't a soul in sight. I kicked off my sneakers and got out of my dress. Then, like a crazy kid I not only swam myself back, but dragged the canoe along too. It wasn't mine, and I didn't want anything to happen to it. Well, let me tell you I'm glad the shore came along when it did, because by that time I was pretty well exhausted."

Another accident occurred shortly before Kate's first attempt at professional theatricals. She and a young and exhilarated escort were driving home from a dance. There was a smooth white road and a big orange moon. They did the only human thing, turned out the headlights and went just as fast as they could by the light of the moon. It was thrilling, going around the curves at about sixty-five miles an hour and Kate was emitting one delighted squeak after another when the road suddenly dropped into space. Where the road was a second before, there was a big black chasm. Then there were noises, a dull pain, and fleeting terrible thoughts like random parts of a nightmare. When Kate woke up she was up-side-down.

"I am up-side-down!" she exclaimed to her escort, "Are you?"

"Of course," replied her escort in a weird voice, "The car is up-side-down."

"Well, let's do something about it," suggested Kate weakly, "I know my arm is hurt—I'm not sure about anything else."

Eventually, and with many groans, Kate and her young gentleman emerged from the debris. She had been right. Her arm was broken, but there was nothing else amiss, besides a few bruises and an altered idea about speeding with one's lights out.

K-k-k-Katie, while we're on the sub-

ject, is always getting herself into scrapes. Even now the young lady who has sung everything but grand opera—and sung it well—does things that are, as she puts it herself “just crazy.” Not long ago, in the Columbia studios, she had an embarrassing experience that would probably have dashed cold water on the spirits of an average person. But Kate’s good spirits are intact, so her only reaction was a subdued giggle. Being possessor of one of those nasty summer colds that go the rounds, she was sucking a cough drop pending her date with Mr. Mike. She forgot to remove it, and stood, with the orchestra playing and the announcer giving his preliminary few words, with the pesky cough drop in her mouth. She began to sing and had to perform a great many mouthy acrobatics to keep the cough drop in either side of her mouth, while she endeavored to sing naturally.

Suddenly, on striking a high note, the unfortunate cough drop slid down her throat.

“I went gulp-gulp,” says Kate, “just like a frog.”

After her program, her mother called up from Washington.

“Darling,” demanded Mrs. Smith, anxiously, “What *was* the matter with you tonight?”

Mrs. Smith often calls up her daughter, Katherine, from Washington, and they discuss for half an hour at a time ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

“And is she my critic!” says Kate.

Here are a few things about this Smith lady. She’s mad about circuses. She has a strenuous aversion to shopping, venturing out on orgies just twice a year, in which times she buys twenty-five dresses at a throw, a dozen hats, breathes a sigh of relief, and forgets about it for another half year.

Kate’s favorite hobby is collecting perfume. She has over 600 bottles of it. Six of them are in circulation at one time.

“No matter how many I have,” Kate smiles, “I am always lured into buying another bottle.”

We asked Kate how she liked the longer and more feminine type of dresses.

“I adore them,” Kate answered with spirit, “And I think they are much more becoming than the straight, shortish ones. I think the way women are wearing their hair now is a great improvement too—softly around their faces, you know.”

“There are just two kinds of women I don’t approve of,” continued Kate, “One is the kind who talk baby talk—Oh Lordy, I can’t *bear* those kind! The other is the kind who have cigarettes perpetually drooping from the corners of their mouths. I think it is dreadful.

I don’t mind smoking you know—I just mind the girls that smoke that way. It looks too masculine.”

Kate is quite a sporty person. She likes summer sports particularly, because she is especially fond of swimming. She likes tennis, bowling (yes, really!) and is an ardent baseball fan.

“Do you cheer?”

“Do I cheer! I cheer so hard and loud that I had to deprive myself of baseball last season. I would have been continually hoarse!”

There are two places Kate wants to go; Switzerland and Hawaii—Switzerland for its mountains, Hawaii for its black sands.

Then there is something we may as well tell you about Kate. She has what she calls “a secret inspiration.” Nothing we said would coax it out of her. What *can* it be!

There is a curious thing about her voice. It covers three octaves. There have been many arguments, among musical people, as to just what she is—contralto, mezzo-soprano—or what?

Kate has often been advised to study for grand opera.

“I’ll tell you why I haven’t,” she says, “It is my personal opinion that Grand Opera should be sung in whatever native language it was written, and in order to sing it as it should be sung, you would have to spend years of study. I am perfectly happy singing everything outside that particular field, light opera, ballads—and all sorts of musical compositions.”

And, as a parting shot about this big Southern girl—who is adored wherever strains of her music travel over the far-reaching fingers of the Columbia System—it is our personal opinion that, with her complete lack of affectation, social climbing, et al, combined with the utter simplicity of her genuine self she will not only remain perfectly happy, but will continue to communicate some of it to other people.

Television Ghost

(Continued from page 30)

ercises for some time, appeared as our guest artist. The lookers-in were enabled to visualize exactly the various exercises . . . a big improvement over a broadcast description of the movements.

These studio experiments prove one thing conclusively: The day will soon be here when the demands for talent will be immeasurably expanded. Entertainers who are able to do an entirely new act each week without the aid of continuity will be in demand. Stars will be drawn from the legitimate stage, from the movies, from vaudeville and from the concert stage. New faces and new voices will go out over the ether

to be reborn in the homes of lookers-in and many of those who are at the height of their popularity now will slip back into obscurity.

Radio Digest will carry on its experiments and will keep its readers informed of the progress being made. That television is ready to take its place in the home as a new medium of entertainment it is foolish and futile to deny. It is far from perfected but so was radio broadcasting a few years ago. Television is on a par with radio eight years ago. And if the images leave something to be desired the shortwave set that goes with the televisor brings in the sound part of the program in excellent fashion. Then, too, several enterprising manufacturers are making combination sets: that is an ordinary radio receiver, a short wave set and a televisor combined.

See America First

(Continued from page 21)

“Two great forces bind the people of North America together,” said Graham McNamee, regular announcer for The Parade of States, in introducing the new radio feature. “They are transportation and communication. Of these the automobile typifies the first; radio the second.”

Thus the new General Motors program, employing a good dozen arrangers and producers headed by Rapee, will use radio to bring the country closer together, to go even further towards proving that radio can, and does, break down sectional barriers and laugh at distances.

As Rapee’s programs travel from state to state he will portray, in music, Indian, Spanish and Mexican influence in Arizona. Life in a mushroom town in the silver district will be faithfully reproduced by one of radio’s best known symphony orchestras. Passing to Connecticut there will be the trek of religious rebels from Massachusetts to the “nutmeg state.” And such homely scenes in the Connecticut hills as barn dances—*Monneymusk* and *Harvest Moon* numbers—with a special group of fiddlers to fit this type program. And finally, as tribute to Connecticut’s patriotism a large symphonic number, scored especially from patriotic airs. Later Alabama, with musical representation of the old French influence, deep shadows and pools and the plantation scenes. With, of course, some negro voices for this particular state’s program.

Those who work with Rapee will tell you that his whole being is wrapped up in this new radio presentation.

“It brings us one step nearer solution of the problem of giving a real theatrical performance on the air instead of a straight musical program,” he

said recently in speaking of "The Parade of the States."

It is estimated that several hundred people will participate in the various programs, as different units composed of singers, string quartets, and specialists are heard according to the musical backgrounds of each state. Special male quartets, sopranos, blues singers, negro spiritual singers and many other types of musicians will be called in from a supplemental group of artists included in the program plans.

There is much of an educational nature in the tributes prepared each week to the various states. But it is education presented in so romantic a way as to be entertainment as well. For example, in the tribute to Virginia we find:

"Side by side the old state and the new state go their way together. Each has its visions of splendor to show you; and over them all is an all-enveloping, unforgettable charm.

"Said Captain John Smith, 'Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation.' General Motors borrows his words and uses them as its tribute. To the Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, we pay our grateful homage."

In announcing the new program, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, said that a program of national interest had been sought in preliminary plans for "The Parade of the States." "The new program," said Mr. Sloan's statement, "contemplates extensive research into the states' industrial, commercial and agricultural activities, historical and artistic features."

That the program is in excellent hands is quite evident when one talks about it to Erno Rapee. He believes in the idea and he has a deep respect for the audience he will reach. His first consideration, or his yardstick if you will, for measuring the quality of each presentation is the fan response to it. In this connection he speaks of the greatest thrill he has derived from conducting a two hundred-piece symphony at the Roxy Theatre.

"The big thrill to me—there is no question about it," Rapee muses. "It is the fact that regardless of the composition—if the same orchestra plays the same number and the same conductor conducts it time after time, some day it is a huge success with the public and another day it is not. This has convinced me of the sympathetic assimilation of our music on the part of the American public. It is because of this quality of sympathetic assimilation that the radio public, as well as the visible audience at a symphony, can differentiate between a good and a mediocre performance. In a word my big thrill, after more than twelve thousand symphony concerts, is the fact that I can appreciate their appreciation."

Television

(Continued from page 28)

visitors were not permitted to occupy seats at nearer vantage points in the gallery. They probably were kept at a distance to let space tone down the flicker of the scanning lines.

However, criticism was mild. Credit was given for the courage to make the attempt although it was felt that preliminary technical preparation had been neglected. It was explained by Mr. Sanabria's manager to Radio Digest that the apparatus used at the Radio-Electric World's Fair would be shown in theatres across the country. The audience will see the studio and televisee on one side of the stage and the projected image on the other side. In this way it is expected hundreds of thousands will become further interested in the advent of television.

The Federal Radio Commission is swamped with applicants who are anxious to install television stations throughout the country. One of the most pretentious projects is that of William L. Foss who announced to the Commission that his plan contemplated the expenditure of \$200,000 for a television station at Portland, Maine. Mr. Foss is chief engineer for Station WCSH in that city. He placed his tentative order after viewing the R.C.A.—Victor television development at Camden, N. J. "That," he said, speaking for his backers, "is the Rines company's bond of confidence in the imminent future of television."

Manufacture of parlor receivers by Jenkins, Hollis Baird and Sanabria is progressing along lines similar to the audio receivers. Jenkins, being first in the field, apparently holds the lead in production. At the CBS studios the Jenkins has replaced others for the reception from the Columbia television station W2XAB. Illumination is good through use of the DeForest crater neon lamp. The receiver also contains a dynamic speaker.

Vis-a-Vis

(Continued from page 29)

left to right and from top to bottom.

Photo Electric Cell—This is a vacuum tube device containing chemically treated elements which have the capacity to alter the flow of an electric current in a circuit to which it is attached in accordance with, and in direct response to, the amount of illumination which falls upon it. In other words, its action is that of a "valve," permitting a varying light source to directly control an electrical circuit in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the light source.

Neon Lamp—This is also a vacuum

tube device used to reconvert the electrical energy flowing in an amplifier back into light. Its response is very rapid, and it can be satisfactorily controlled by the energy flowing into the audio amplifier of a receiving set. This therefore permits the conversion of the received electrical energy into light in direct response to the light energy originally picked up by the photo-electric cells, and previously converted into electrical energy.

The individuals to be televised are placed in an appropriate darkened studio in front of a bank of photo-electric cells. An intense light passing through a scanning disk and suitable lens is concentrated upon the object. The intense light travels rapidly (20 times a second) across the area being scanned so that, while to all appearances the entire object is illuminated (this due to the persistency of vision of the human eye), actually at any given instant only a very minute portion of the entire area is being illuminated.

In the case of W2XAB, the scanning is what is known as "60-line scanning." In this case, the television is scanning the object 60 times horizontally by 72 times vertically for each revolution of the scanning disk, which, when multiplied, gives us 4,320 elements. Since this scanning is repeated 20 times per second, we actually have 86,400 elements transmitted within this short period of time.

As the scanning light passes over the object more or less light will be reflected on the photo-electric cells, depending upon the natural lights and shadows of the object. These the photo-electric cells interpret in terms of electrical energy and thus, by amplifying this energy and impressing it upon a radio transmitter, we are able electrically to transmit the lights and shadows reflected from the object.

At the receiving end it is necessary to have a radio receiver which is capable of picking up the television transmitted energy, a suitable audio amplifier with sufficient energy to actuate a neon lamp and scanning disk connected to a synchronous motor revolving at the same speed as, and in step with, the scanning motor at the transmitter. With this equipment, the radio receiving set picks up and amplifies the received electrical energy, which, in turn, actuates the neon lamp in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the transmitted energy. The scanning disk in the receiving set, revolving between the neon lamp and the eye, breaks the light fluctuations of the lamp into elements identical with those at the transmitter, but all this happens so much more rapidly than the human eye is able to perceive, that the impression one gets is that of a complete picture rather than a rapid

series of dots of light.

With the coming of colder weather lookers-in have reported much clearer television images, and at much more distant points. The black snow fall of television, which is caused by bursts of static on the screen, has practically disappeared and fading likewise is less than in the summer months when W2XAB got under way.

We have had almost continuous daily operation with W2XAB since July. No technical difficulties were encountered and the station only went off the air once, and that was a precaution taken during a particularly dangerous electric storm which was hitting close to the antenna.

For one thing, this shows the stability of television, now only in its swaddling clothes, or should we say the experimental state?

Studio technique is being continuously studied by our engineers and production men. New ideas are resulting day after day. Screens, scenery and lighting effects are all being worked out simultaneously while you look at our programs. In the background behind that colorful screen, or piano, you see, engineers are tirelessly toiling—toiling to perfect a new technique.

My time is up, and I'll just say: "You'll be seeing me!"

The Voice of Firestone

(Continued from page 31)

where you want to go in comfort and safety.

"We are so accustomed to this wonderful modern convenience that we seldom give it a thought; and yet, it has woven itself so inseparably into our modern life and activities that it has become almost completely indispensable. It has added so immeasurably to our convenience and our practical service, to our pleasure and our day by day happiness, that it would be almost impossible to measure its value. It has become a part of us, and we of this generation would have to re-mold our lives without it.

"The Firestone Organization, great and far-flung as it is, has labored unceasingly to deserve the confidence and good-will of you, the individual tire user. We have a just pride in the contributions that we have been able to make to so fundamental an industry, and we have profound satisfaction in the improvements that we have pioneered and in the achievements that we have wrought in bringing the pneumatic tire so close to perfection. It is Firestone's duty to serve you well. It is our privilege to strive earnestly and always to be worthy of your friendship."

And that was all the advertising

there was to it. Mr. Firestone has a good mikable voice and there's a promise that stirs your interest.

Adventure Notables

(Continued from page 14)

Torrence traveled 18,000 miles across Africa to study sleeping sickness. Wells, an Englishman by birth spent six years in Malaya as a railroad engineer and is a recognized authority of the habits of animals. He has trailed lions in Uganda and contends that wild animals are wild only when shot at by big game hunters. He made the first successful study of the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa and endured terrific cold and privations while exploring there on the Equator.

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, lecturer on Central America which he describes as the "land of wonder and fear," will soon head an expedition under the auspices of the British Museum of the American Indian to study the vanished cities of a "lost race."

The two remaining lecturers are Count Felix von Luckner, whose exploits during the War as buccaneering Captain of a German raider are told in his book of exciting adventure and Sir Hubert Wilkins, explorer and journalist who is now in the Arctic on a scientific expedition in the submarine Nautilus. Both have lectured throughout the country under NBC auspices.

Lew Conrad

(Continued from page 11)

I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines. . ."

"Everything I have in the world is yours. . ."

"I wait until the children have gone to school and my husband has started for the city. Then I turn on the radio, sit and listen, and dream. I lock the front and back doors so no one can disturb my thoughts. . . But I must remember my family. . ."

A woman writer wrote that she was weaving the love scenes of her latest novel around Conrad, "because I know we can never meet except in my thoughts, but the ending of the book will be just as we both might honestly wish."

Some radio singers are said to suffer a falling off in fan mail when they send photographs to their admirers, but with Lew it is quite the opposite. The lovesick maidens get one look at his face and then write more voluminously than ever.

The postal department ought to be mighty grateful to Lew. He sells a lot of stamps for them. But wait until they see his picture in this issue of Radio Digest and we'll see what happens.

1000 Radios in 1000 Rooms



When you come to New York, and you stop at THE VICTORIA, all your home comforts—and then some—are transplanted in your room. Such luxuries as RADIO, PRIVATE BATH, SHOWER, CIRCULATING ICE WATER, SERVIDOR, MIRRORING DOORS, READING BED LAMP, are taken for granted.

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*Single from \$2.50 a day
Double from \$4.00 a day*

HOTEL VICTORIA

7th Ave. at 51st St., New York

Harry B. Kurzrok, Resident Manager
Wm. B. Cravis, Managing Director

Realism Adds Zest

(Continued from page 17)

as the time estimated to make the trip. Little did we know then where two months really was going to bring us or how important a part them rations was going to play in our lives.

"One morning after we had been out only a few weeks, I came up for my turn at watch. We wasn't moving. No wind. Sails empty. We was drifting. To make a long story short, we had drifted out of the ship lanes. Currents got hold of us and no wind come up to help us fight our way back. Strict watch was set at all times for passing ships. And at night we sent up flares. But nobody saw them. We was out of the shipping lane and getting further out every hour. Farther and farther away from any fellow travelers of the sea, and helpless to stop the drifting because the wind wouldn't stir even a flicker of a breeze.

"Then we began to realize we was in the doldrums or that place around the equator where there's hardly ever any wind. We drifted in this way for over five months! And we had shipped for a voyage of only seventy days. There wasn't much to do—wasn't nothing—except keep watch and pray for wind. We lay around deck. We swapped yarns. It got monotonous. We'd try to sing. But pretty soon we had sung all the songs we knew so often they got or our nerves.

"Well, to cut this short, on May 8, six months since we sailed, the captain called us together and told us he thought we should take the few remaining rations and set out in the two small boats for the Galapagos Islands. Nine of us went in one boat, with the captain, and the others went with the mate in the other boat.

"We rowed in two-hour shifts for twelve days, suffering terrible hardships until we finally sighted land. Just as we were nearing shore our boat upset and we had to swim for it. We lost what provisions and water we had.

"For days we had been drinking salt water and our throats were parched. As soon as we had regained our strength we split up and went looking for a spring or a lake from which we could drink. We all got together back of the shore a bit an hour or so later. There wasn't any water. Everybody had the same story. No water anywhere.

"We never did see the mate's boat. Later we found out that he and the others in that boat had been picked up the following day. They reported that

we were missing and ships were sent out to look for us. I guess they gave us up for lost.

"The hardships we endured in the months that followed would take hours in the telling. Nothing to eat but lizards' tails and raw turtle meat. Nothing to drink but turtle blood and salt water, until, after several months on the island, we finally found a spring. But before that we lost two of the men.

"After months and months of torture, we all but gave up hope. And then one day, as I was stretched out on the beach with my arms under my head, I heard a young Dane who had climbed a jagged cliff yelling 'Ship! Ship!' He was young and didn't seem to realize how we was all fixed. He'd done that a couple of times before, thinking he was funny. So this time, when he done it, one of the men jumped up and give him a belt over the head that knocked him flat. Then the old cook yelled out 'Ship! Ship!'

"We all looked up. There coming around the east point was a sail. For a minute we just sat there. Then a rush to the beach. We shouted. We screamed. We waved our arms frantically. We expected the sloop would come about and into the bay. But she kept on going past. Say, we nearly went crazy!

"**W**E ran up and down, screamed and cried, but she kept right on and went out of sight behind that island in the middle of the bay. It sure looked like we was lost. But the captain knew his job. Just as he almost passed the western point, she came about and made a long tack into the bay. Then she came around on the other tack, and, before she could make the third one, we were in the water swimming to her.

"That night they took us off and in less than a week we was landed at Guayaquil, Ecuador. Years later, after I had come to America, I ran into the mate, who was in command of the other boat that took off from the 'Alexander.' He was in charge of a building gang, and I went to work for him. A few years ago I heard from the sister of one of the boys who died. Now I've lost track of all of them."

This is only part of the story of adventure that was acted over the Columbia chain on this program sponsored by the Harold F. Ritchie Company, a thrilling story, so realistic that the listeners shuddered at the tales of some

of the harrowing adventures and actually rejoiced at the rescue.

Charles Previn, who was heard over the air for many months when he directed the orchestra on "The Camel Pleasure Hour," is responsible for the musical background used on "Romances of the Sea."

"The principle that is being used in the 'Romances of the Sea' programs is that same that was used in scoring motion pictures when they were silent," Previn explained recently. "Music is used as a background to bring out the dramatic intent of the spoken word. By associating a musical theme with a character, you can bring out that character or stress an emotion.

"In short," he concluded, "we are using music to take the place of scenery that is used in stage productions. What radio does not supply universally as yet is vision, and the music is being used in our productions to take its place."

A sterling cast of fifteen actors and actresses was used in the opening presentation, which was the dramatization of the legend of *The Flying Dutchman*. The part of the Dutchman was taken by John Anthony.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 51)

Lauck, who plays Lum. Lum was born in 1902 in Allene, Kansas, and was educated at Arkansas University. Was editor of the college humorous magazine. Was later a free-lance advertising man. Worked in a bank . . . and is a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity. Is a Shriner and a member of the Lions Club . . . and is Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks. He now lives in Chicago and has a hobby of collecting statues of elephants.

Norris Goff, that's Abner, was born in Cove, Arkansas. Also educated at Arkansas University and played football, baseball and was a member of the track team. Started work for his father in his wholesale grocery store at Mena, Arkansas. Later he conducted a jazz orchestra known as Goff's Melody Makers. He, too, is a member of Sigma Chi, an Elk, a Mason and a member of the Lions Club. And is also a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church.

Al and Pete have acquired a library of more than 10,000 old-time songs, most of them contributed by listeners. Al spends his spare time writing short stories . . . and (whisper) . . . at the moment, he is working on the Great American Drama. Pete is an inveterate solver of newspaper cross-word puzzles . . . and he also devises those brain teasers. Both have written songs . . . among their most successful is "Needin' You Like I Do," which they wrote during a period of financial distress.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 50)

You Call It Madness But I Call It Love

PERHAPS one of the most unusual situations in radio has come about through the appearance of two individuals, both presenting a rich, throaty, low baritone type of singing, namely Messrs. Bing Crosby and Russ Colombo. Colombo has seen fit, for publicity reasons no doubt, to change his name to Columbo.

Both styles are dangerously close to a crazy style in which Louis Armstrong, colored trumpet player, orchestra leader, and singer, has been bellowing his songs for years. The identical qualities of various parts of their lyrics would unquestionably show, to any thinking mind, that one must have originated the expression. For instance, "ah—but is one both use often." While I have my own opinion as to which came first, the egg or the hen, in this particular case it behooves me to say nothing more than that both gentlemen are extremely pleasant to listen to, and both are doing big things for the respective chains they are associated with, and big things to the hearts of our younger college and high school set, who are ever eager to seize upon a new style and fad.

Mr. Columbo's choice of theme song was an extremely wise one, as half his battle is won before he has finished his theme song. A lovely song which, sung with expression by anyone, would win the listener who gives his attention at the outset of the program. In fact, when he is on in the late hours, around 11:30, nothing is more lovely than to hear this particular song come stealing across the air waves to you in that husky, throaty quality, with the exaggerated *glissando*, which is the same effect as produced on a steel guitar, only much lower.

Again, I say, the most laughable effect of both gentlemen's broadcast is the constant repetition of the expression "ah—but," and since no such expression would be likely to occur in two minds simultaneously, that, to me, as an amateur Sherlock Holmes in such matters, would lead me to a conclusion.

It is a lovely song, and is published by Harms, Inc. In order that its full beauty be appreciated, it must be played and sung at a speed of not less than one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Guilty

THOSE of you who have any ability for remembering songs after hearing them will, upon seeing Eddie Can-

tor's picture *Palmy Days*, be struck by a similarity between the melody of the feature song of the picture, "There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby," and the song under discussion, *Guilty*.

There have been many odd, fantastic, and almost impossible things happen in the music industry, but few of them have been quite as unusual as the case of these two songs. The same man had a share in the writing of both of them, and the tragedy of the song from the picture is that Robbins, Inc., is reputed to have paid \$5,000 for the publishing rights on it, whereas Feist had already published *Guilty* and had started the song to a great etherization of it.

Just how this writer could have written two songs so almost identical and given them to two separate publishers will always remain a bit of a mystery which he alone, I suppose, could clear up.

The three writers of *There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby*, upon realizing the conflict of the two songs, were magnanimous enough to return the advance given them by Robbins, though I suppose the song must still stay in the picture, since the picture is already being shown, and to substitute another song would mean thousands of dollars and the return of Eddie Cantor to Hollywood to remake the scenes.

However, *Guilty* itself is certainly written in the popular trend, with an outstanding title and an unusually high range. In the key of "C" it goes to high "F" which strains the voice for that particular measure. The song, however, is certainly pleasing the radio public, as one hears it everywhere and of course band leaders usually play request numbers.

No less than Gus Kahn and Richard Whiting collaborated with Harry Akst in the writing of *Guilty*. Kahn and Whiting are already well known to my readers without any elaboration of their respective abilities. Harry Akst has been writing for years—a very clever pianist, having made a record with my ideal Rudy Wiedoeft years ago, which brought his name to my attention, and unforgettably so. Akst's name appears on both songs, and it is he who probably can account for the similarity of the two songs.

Guilty is published by Leo Feist, and we play it at about one minute and fifteen seconds for the chorus.

Fate Introduced You to Me

NOT since Popular Songs of the Day, an organization in which Gene Austin Music Publishing firm fig-

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ured quite disastrously, though with every good intention, has there been any attempt to utilize the thousands of newsstands in railroad stations and on street corners as a means of distributing sheet music. These newsstands have been selling the paper composition "Hit-of-the-Week" records for the past year or so, but even these have failed to be the great success that they started out to be. Some time ago an organization—Popular Songs of the Day—was formed, and was reputed to have had so many thousands of the newsstands at their command, and not since has there been another attempt.

Now comes forth another organization—Song Hit Guild—which really has affected a contract with every organized newsstand throughout the country,

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which gives them a terrific selling agency running into millions, if the public will but buy. There is an arrangement with the newsstands which would stimulate them to return as few copies as possible, which actively means that the newsstands will be expected to really push the songs, and not passively place them on the stands and wait for the public to ask about them. More records and more sheet music unquestionably could be sold if the public were informed of them. This takes good salesmanship, which one rarely finds at a newsstand, or even in a phonograph store, because good salesmen soon discover their talents and migrate to more lucrative fields.

This is one of the first songs of this new organization, and one of the best. We program it this Thursday. It has the unusual title of *Fate Introduced Me to You*, and the melody has a slight similarity to *I Found a Million Dollar Baby In a Five and Ten Cent Store*, which augers well for this new song, as the latter song was a big success.

We play it at one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

When You Were Only Seventeen

ARCHIE FLETCHER, the guiding shepherd of the Joe Morris Music Co., holders of several hundred copyrights of some of the best hits of the past twenty years, is responsible for some of the big waltz hits of the past few years. It was he who published *Carolina Moon* for Joe Morris and made the mint of money that song must have made. It was he, also, who dictated to Peter de Rose and Charlie Tobias the type of song they should write, which resulted in *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*. He has suggested that they pattern their song along the lines of *When You and I Were Young, Maggie*, and he makes no excuses for the similarities of the melodies.

While I don't think that *When You and I Were Seventeen* will achieve the same sensational popularity that did "Silver," yet it is one of the homely, old-fashioned type of waltzes that, by dint of constant repetition, eventually charms "plain" folks all over our forty-eight United States, and after all, these are the people who finally go to the music store and ask for that song and keep it as an heirloom.

It is a simple waltz, and we play it as such, with no elaborate arrangement, or confusing harmonies. As I have said before, it is published by Joe Morris.

Can't You See?

IT seems almost impossible to compile a list of ten popular songs without bringing in Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert. Not since *Walking My Baby Back*

Home have these boys had a big hit. Their *Why Dance* and *There's a Time and Place for Everything*, and a new one which they have placed with Abe Olman, are good songs, and are doing well, still that spark of *something* which the unusual song must have to crash through seems to be lacking in all of these compositions. Neither does it seem to be here, in one of their latest and best efforts, *Can't You See?*

While the song has a melodic tinge of *My Fate Is In Your Hands*, it still seems to lack that final little bit of perfection which really shoves the song to the top places. The song will be done a lot, be very popular, and probably sell well.

I am still rooting for the boys to give us another real hit like *I'll Get By*, or *Mean to Me*, or *Walking My Baby Back Home*, and I know they will do it.

Can't You See? is published by Davis Coots & Engle, and is one of the best in their catalogue at the present time. We take one minute and ten seconds for the chorus, and I would suggest that to save your voice you get the lowest key, although its range is quite human.

News, Views, Comment

(Continued from page 4)

Broadcasting Company, was the proud papa of a son born that noon, she scored her second scoop. It was just a few weeks ago that Miss Revell announced the birth of a baby to Aline Berry, (Mrs. Peter Dixon) the mother in the Raising Junior sketch. That announcement was made over the air exactly eight minutes after the baby was born. And that's reporting! Ask any newspaperman.

We consider Radio Digest readers our friends. We make the magazine for them. We are guided by their likes and dislikes. It is YOUR magazine. We want more friends and you can help us to get them. It's easy. Just tell them about Radio Digest and where they can get it. Or tell them to subscribe. They'll save money—and who doesn't want to do that these days.

Happy Thanksgiving to you all.

Those Connecticut Yankees

Read the story Rudy Vallee has written about his boys especially for readers of Radio Digest. This and other bright personality stories will make our Christmas number the greatest Radio Digest ever published. Make sure of your copy and order it today.

India on the Air

(Continued from page 27)

capable of independent thought.

The third point and the one which endeared Gandhi to my heart even deeper, was the fact that during his entire broadcast he never condemned the country against which he is struggling. How many of us who felt that we were victims of centuries of oppression and domination by a foreign power, would be able to prevent our resentment from developing into bitter antagonism and hatred? How many of us can avoid such feelings arising when we have differences in our personal relationships with other people? Gandhi who has upset all traditions by substituting truth for force and non-cooperation for violence, considers the English people as his friend. His fight is against the Government policy, not against the individuals who compose that Government. He never uses malicious words against any individual anywhere. His patient courage and supreme understanding have won a place of deepest affection in the hearts of the Indian masses, and gained for him the title of the Mahatma, which means The Great Soul. Tagore on a visit to Gandhi's home quoted this:

"He is the one Luminous, Creator of all, Mahatma
Always in the hearts of people enshrined
Revealed through Love, Intuition and Thought,
Whoever knows Him, Immortal becomes. . ."

Chaos!

(Continued from page 18)

1926, after the collapse of the Radio Law of 1912 as applied to broadcasting and before the enactment of the Radio Law of 1927.

Congress in the forthcoming session will have to make up its mind whether it wants a return of this chaos or not. The moment it begins to allocate frequencies by special legislation, no matter how worthy or how politically important the beneficiaries may be, it will destroy the entire structure which it so carefully set up in 1927. It will put an end, probably for all time, to the orderly allocation of radio facilities, and will utterly destroy the entire organization which it built up for the express purpose of handling this work.

The real issue is not to determine who shall be licensed to broadcast; it is to determine who shall do the licensing. Congress has said that the work shall be done by a special body, created by legislation and strengthened by experi-

ence and by competent technical advice. Individual broadcasters may feel bitterly about certain specific actions of the Federal Radio Commission. As a whole, however, they stand solidly for an orderly administration of the Radio Act of 1927, as against any attempt to break down the provisions of that act through special legislation. They see in the insistent demands for such legislation only the imminent risk of a return to chaos.

Does Congress want to undo its own work, and destroy its own administrative agency, in order that broadcasting facilities may become political prizes?

Lavender and Stardust

(Continued from page 33)

hoods in New York for the Harrigan and Hart pieces—'Paddy Duffy's Cart,' 'My Dad's Dinner Pail,' 'The Market on Saturday Night' and many others.

"I received one letter—" and she dimpled prettily — "from an old Irish bar-tender. He took me severely to task for singing 'Maggie Murphy's Home' in too fast a tempo. The song, he explained, should be sung in time to the swinging of beer mugs, and would I please, please sing it slower for I was ruining the disposition of his old cronies from the corner.

"Never do I sing such a song now without a picture in my mind's eye of that speakeasy audience—bless their rugged, old hearts! . . ."

Miss Parsons has found that her audience, however, is more easily moved to tears than to laughter. She is invariably deluged with letters after a particularly sad rendering of such old ballads as "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "Put My Little Shoes Away," or "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep!"

She was a close and devoted friend of the late Charles K. Harris, to whom she recently dedicated an entire program during her Columbia system broadcast.

"After the broadcast," Miss Parsons told me, "Mrs. Harris telephoned to me. She was crying, and she told me that surely her Charley had been close to me as I sang."

"After the Ball," is, incidentally, one of Miss Parsons' most asked-for selections.

Mrs. Mary F. Brennan, a sister of the late Paul Dresser, who wrote "The Banks of the Wabash," "My Gal, Sal," "The Letter That Never Came," and many others, also writes to Miss Par-

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sons frequently, as does Mrs. Addie Witt Goodstein, the sister of Max S. Witt, who wrote "The Moth and the Flame," "While the Convent Bells Were Ringing," and many others. Paul Dresser, incidentally, was a brother of Theodore Dreiser, the famous novelist, who wrote his biography.

Up in New Haven, in comparative retirement, lives another famous one of another day, and she, too, has thrilled to the songs of the Girl O' Yesterday—so much so that she wrote for her the theme song she now uses: "Sweet Girl O' Yesterday." She is Anita Owen, author and composer of all the old "Daisy songs"—"Sweet Bunch of Daisies," "Daisies Won't Tell" and others. The two women are fast friends and boon companions, each drawing inspiration from the other.

"You have made me live again," wrote Anita Owen to her friend. . . .

Miss Parsons answers every letter sent to her, and keeps a file of all letters and requests. Recently an old couple in New Jersey were amazed on their Golden Wedding day to receive a note from Miss Parsons asking them to tune her in that afternoon. They heard, dedicated to them, "Love's Old Sweet Song," a selection they had requested more than six months before.

Once, too, she nursed via radio two little sick children back to health. One had diphtheria; the other scarlet fever. Their mothers are now devoted followers of yesterday's girl.

Miss Parsons told me of a touching episode, which worked itself out during the recent radio exposition in Madison Square Garden, New York.

"I was standing in a booth, auto-graphing photographs," she said, "when, suddenly, I felt a tugging at my arm. I looked around and there was the loveliest, little old woman imaginable. She gazed up at me, smiling, and said: 'I'm Mrs. B—,' and she smiled again.

"I searched my memory for a moment, and then it came to me—she had been writing to me for months, and I had been answering her, and she had sent me string after string of beautiful beads, all strung while she was on her back in a hospital.

"I had made her well, she said, and, despite her seventy-four years, she had made up her mind she was going to the radio show to see me after reading in the papers that I would be there. . . . It was the first time in six months, she added, that she had been out of the house, and the first time she had ever been in the garden.

"Never was I so touched, and, believe you me, I tried to show her the best time she ever had. . . . I hope I succeeded. . . ."

There was much more we talked about in the quietness of Miss Parsons'

New York apartment, and I could not help but let my memory stray back to the lovely cottage where I had spent so happy a summer, and to that dear, little old aunt of mine, who, it seemed to me, had summed up all of Miss Parsons' efforts in—

"She has made me young again. . . ."

Radiographs

(Continued from page 67)

terms with them.

She was born near Strassbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine and the conflicting national influences in that troublous strip of land left their marks on her character before she moved with her family, when still a child, to the United States. She received the balance of her early schooling in Philadelphia. Here she showed marks of real talent and when this was discovered her parents sent her back to Europe.

She went to Germany to study piano with Mannheim masters, but at the same time she grew into the realization that her voice had possibilities for development. Returning to Philadelphia she confessed to vocal ambitions and receiving encouragement from her parents and friends, once again set out for Europe, this time to study with the noted Jean de Reszke.

Under this master's aegis she made her debut three years later at Covent Garden, London. It was evident that the singer's gifts were of the highest calibre, for her success was immediate and emphatic.

Returning to the United States, Miss Maurel made her American debut with the Boston Opera Company as leading contralto. In spite of her youth her repertoire was extremely varied. It included such operas as Tales of Hoffman, Rigoletto, Samson and Delilah, Carmen, Martha and Madame Butterfly.

Concert tours took her to forty-seven of the forty-eight states. Her tremendous energy as well as the strength of her subtly controlled voice enabled her to give fifty to sixty concerts yearly in addition to the making of phonograph records.

Public appreciation of the radio turned Miss Maurel to broadcasting. Her success in that field was also immediate and she has been a featured singer on some of the many programs.

Because of the great demand for popular music, Miss Maurel has stepped out of her so-called high-brow song repertoire and is giving to her radio listeners the melodies they love so well. And that's a concession for any great artist. One of the programs on which she is featured is the Blue Coal Program, every Sunday evening on CBS.



Cleans house Quicker



For quicker housecleaning call in Old Dutch Cleanser. Never have you had a helper like it. You will welcome its *quicker* cleaning method and marvel at the time it saves.

Take Old Dutch Cleanser with you throughout your home. It does all cleaning *quicker* than anything else. Clean your painted walls and woodwork with O. D. C. It is the modern, perfect cleanser for floors. The next time you polish your hardwood floors, clean them first with O. D. C. and note their beauty.

And for beautiful surfaces use Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively. In the bathroom, for instance, Old Dutch is unequalled for cleaning modern, colored as well as snow-white porcelain and enamel. Old Dutch Cleanser keeps lovely things lovely. It contains no harsh, scratchy grit or sandy abrasives, and therefore does not scratch.



In the kitchen, Old Dutch is helpful in so many ways. Ideal for the sink. Removes grease and stains from the stove. Keeps the refrigerator clean and wholesome.

Scours and polishes utensils and cutlery. O. D. C. always *cleans quicker*.

Every day more and more women are adopting Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively because they have found from experience that it



*Cleans Quicker . . . doesn't scratch . . .
cleans more things than anything else . . .
protects homes with Healthful Cleanliness
. . . goes further; therefore, costs less to use.*

These distinctive qualities have made Old Dutch Cleanser the greatest selling cleanser in the world. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry in the Old Dutch holders. Send for some today, using coupon. For each holder mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Dept. 580, 111 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
Please find enclosed . . . cents and . . . labels
for which send me . . . Old Dutch Holders,
Colors: IVORY GREEN BLUE

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over 36 stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A. M. Eastern Time, 7:45 A. M. Central Time, 6:45 A. M. Mountain Time (STANDARD TIME)

Old Dutch Cleanser is endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute



"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh



**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
**Zip —
and it's open!**

Copyright, 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

***Is Miss Harlow's
Statement Paid For?**
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

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