

SECRETS of TIN PAN ALLEY

Radio Digest

March

25
CENTS

Mary Charles
WABC—N. Y.

Edgar Guest

Ishbel MacDonald

Bobby Jones

"I WANTED TO BROADCAST AND DID

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION

but

KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Ten years too late . . . most people seek protection

FALSE TEETH are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets and dangerous poisons spread throughout the system until extraction and false teeth are the last resort.

If your gums are the least bit tender; if your toothbrush shows red when you clean your teeth, don't wait another day before taking protective action.

See your dentist twice a year

Everyone who values his teeth should see his dentist at least twice a year. Modern dentistry can do a lot to prevent needless trouble

in your mouth. In your own home, however, it is your own responsibility to give your teeth the finest care possible.

Forhan's is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used in the dental profession for the treatment of pyorrhea and is an invaluable aid in warding off this dread gum disease.

Start using Forhan's today. It costs a little more than other brands, but the real money difference is actually so small that it is nothing compared with the protection it brings. Price 35¢ and 60¢ in tubes. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★

Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't you follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream, and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

March, 1931

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HELEN SADA . . . Just a typical member of Roxy's Chorus . . . not a disciple of Ziegfeld, as you would think upon noting her beauty. Born in Scranton, had her first professional engagement at Roxy's, and has operatic ambitions.



MILDRED JOHNSON is just a newcomer to Columbia, but she's swarmed her way into three programs a week already, and gained the reputation of always being underfoot at 485 Madison. Such a sweet and charming contralto.



AMY GOLDSMITH . . . That naïveté isn't feigned, for she's the youngest soprano at NBC. . . just 10. A living disproof of the theory that young prodigies fall by the wayside, for at seventeen she won the National Radio Contest.



RUTH LEE BREN is the real life name of Sally Perkins, the belle of KMB's Happy Hollow. That hair that looks so dark is a real auburn and—just imagine—she's less than five feet tall, but big enough to be actress and pianist.

a Big Job Open for Every Radio Trained Man

5000

Service Men Needed



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF STUDENTS WORKING IN SERVICE DEPT. OF COYNE RADIO SHOPS

LEARN RADIO ~ TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in 8 WEEKS By Actual Work ~ In the Great Shops of Coyne

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

THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN
Paying \$60, \$70 to \$200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING \$60, \$70 and on UP TO \$200 A WEEK.

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Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give

you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

TELEVISION Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who learns Television NOW can make a FORTUNE in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to COYNE and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

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velous opportunities! Learn Radio Sound work at Coyne on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

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Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

CCHEER up—there's no need to worry about your favorite entertainment. All along the line broadcasting has been doing well financially as well as artistically. The fact that the two leading chains reported a gross income for the year of \$26,667,391 and the local stations received from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 makes it possible for them to hire better talent and perform better service technically. These figures do not take into consideration the money paid to artists by outside sponsors. They represent a 42 per cent increase over the 1929 revenues.

* * *

Will Senator Fess be able to force through his bill demanding 15 per cent of the broadcasting facilities of the United States for educational purposes? Perhaps you will know the answer by the time you read this. The National Association of Broadcasters is opposed to the bill.

* * *

ANITA LOOS, who is known to every listener in America as the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is being interviewed by Miss Genn for her views on the question

Is the American Woman Happy? Miss Loos holds a pessimistic view and does not hesitate to declare that the American woman is not happy. Why? Well, she is going to tell us why and you will read what she has to say in our April RADIO DIGEST. There would be two sides to the question, of course. Cosmo Hamilton, the famous novelist, maintains that the American woman is happy. In fact, he has given the subject a great deal of serious thought and in a succeeding



issue of RADIO DIGEST Miss Genn has planned to give you his reasons, as expressly stated for your benefit, why he thinks that American women are indeed happy. Are they happy and don't know it? Cosmo will answer in full.

* * *

Bears! Harold McCracken, the Big Grizzly Bear Man from the Rockies, will tell us about some of his exciting adventures in hunting grizzlies in our April number. He's discovered a new way of hunting under better sporting conditions with bigger thrills and no bloodshed.

* * *

It appears from where we sit that our Peggy Hull is due to arrive as a real national celebrity of the air. She has just had her first broadcast as a representative of RADIO DIGEST at WMCA, New York. Letters from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard state they were "thrilled" and want to hear her again. Miss Hull has been through nine wars and her advent to the air was highly recommended to RADIO DIGEST by Floyd Gibbons, who praised her as the only officially accredited woman war correspondent in the World War. He later devoted his own program to a story of her adventures in Siberia and China.

AFAIR listener from Norfolk, Virginia, writes to ask if we won't print something more about Ray Perkins. "He has the funniest line of chatter I ever heard from my Radio," she writes. That's just what we thought when we printed one of his sketches a while back, and then an interview about his life in his own words. So we asked Mr. Perkins to drop in and see us and bring along his portfolio. Next month you will see what he has written for readers of RADIO DIGEST. He doesn't know which of these three titles to give it: *How to Live on 5,000 Watts a Day*, *Thru Etheria on a Kilocycle*, or *Broadcastorail*. * * *



Mr. Mike, the genial interlocutor between the Radio and the sound picture, is bringing the stars of the screen and the stars of the air closer together. We know that Paramount represents a substantial part of the CBS and that RKO is a significant factor of NBC. What has happened since Radio has become so "high hat" that a screen notable can't pop on or off just for a bit of publicity merely by asking for it? You'd be surprised. Don't miss the story in our next issue, *That Hollywood Voice*.

* * *

Nick Kenny, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror*, wrote this epitaph for the Late Lobo I.; whose woof was known to Radio listeners from coast to coast:

"But if there's a dog's heaven

Up there in the skies,

We know that Old Lobo is there."

We're going to give you a story about this famous dog in our April RADIO DIGEST—and if you're a dog lover you can't afford to miss it.

* * *

AT 5 o'clock E. S. T. on any Sunday afternoon you hear over the NBC network the voice of Harry Emerson Fosdick. It is a safe bet you would hear him better at

home over the Radio than you would hear him by trying to get into his church on Riverside Drive, New York.

The auditorium seats 3,000 and is packed to the doors every time he is announced for the pulpit. He's a rugged, wholesome man with a genuine love for his fellow beings. His Radio congregation probably is the largest in America. We are going to give you a character study of Dr. Fosdick in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST. * * *



It is hard to understand why some of the good stations seem to get all the bad breaks. Good old KYW of Westinghouse, Chicago, one of the first broadcasting stations in the world, sister of KDKA, was kicked out of the fine channel it originally had, then pushed around a couple of times, and as we go to press WWJ of Detroit is demanding the channel KYW now uses for the entire time.

Next Month Decides

STATE CHAMPIONS

Be Sure To Nominate your Favorite Stations Now—
Remember April Will Be The VOTING Month

RADIO DIGEST'S station popularity contest for the State Championship will soon draw to a close. Midnight, April 20th, winds up the contest. Have you a favorite station? Is there any station you want to see at the top of the heap in this contest? If there is, don't delay any longer, but nominate the station you consider the most popular in your state now and clip Ballot No. 6 below.

Thousands of listeners are registering their selections in this contest. From Maine to California, and from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande enthusiastic listeners are voicing their selections. Every vote counts, so prepare your ballots now and get ready to shoot next month when you get the last coupon ballot.

The Radio stations themselves are keyed up about this contest. They want to win. But they can't win unless you help them by nominating your selections and voting for them.

It is a small thing to ask, but it means a great deal to the Radio station. Just let your mind wander back over the many happy hours of entertainment made possible by the men and women in the broadcasting studios. Think of all the planning; all the downright hard work; all the heartaches; and all the enthusiasm and determination that have gone into the making of these programs. Consider these things, then register your appreciation by voting.

The letters we receive indicate the enthusiasm of listeners. Here is one from a young lady in Louisville, Kentucky. Her name is Helen Otterpohl, and she writes: "I nominate WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky, because I think it is the most wonderful station on the air.

"There is nothing in the whole wide world that I enjoy as much as our Jack Turner. After a hard day at school, I go home and listen to his wonderful melodies. And our announcer is great.

I like the New York stations too. Because when I hear them over the Radio, I can imagine myself in that mammoth city. I have never been there and it is my heart's desire."

You can't go wrong by climbing on the bandwagon! If any station has provided the pleasure for you that WHAS has brought into the life of this young lady the least you can do is to register your vote in favor of that station. Whether you like the work of only one artist, or just tune in because the announcer is a favorite, remember the station is in back of the program. They want to give you better programs—the kind you like. This contest will encourage those who are working toward this end and stimulate them to even greater endeavors.

And if you don't believe the staff helps make the program just listen to what Miss Clara Kienzle, of Philadelphia, Pa., has to say about it: "Like many others I too think the announcers have a lot to do with the popularity of a station. Therefore, my first preference is WPEN because of its wonderful staff. WPEN has a fine variety of entertainment and there is something for everyone. Of course, we have that famous Mystery Announcer and gang, and there is not another program that can equal this one. My other choices are WELK, WIP, WFAN. My reasons for choosing these is because of a few programs that I like."

Send in your nominations, after reading the rules on page 102, All stations, both large and small, have a chance to win. And even if the station you select does not come out first in your state, at least give your favorite the satisfaction of making a good showing in the contest. The medallion in the center of the page, suitably engraved, will go to the winners together with a scroll of honor. GIVE YOUR STATION A BREAK! Send your nominations now.



**NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's
STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR
STATE CHAMPIONSHIP**

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's
STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR
STATE CHAMPIONSHIP**

Number **6**

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Erno Rapee

A SLIGHT man, but at close range one sees the sharp-edged cheek bones that speak of determination and will-power. They make credible the marvelous versatility of the man who conducts intricate classical scores without rehearsal, who plays the piano with genius and fire, and who has composed such popular song hits as "Charmaine" and "Angela Mia".

Little Man with the Big Stick

Erno Rapee

*Roxy Maestro is Unique Among Orchestra Leaders
—Commands World's Largest Symphony Organiza-
tion but can Switch to Jazz Instantaneously*

EVERY Sunday afternoon, the Radio brings to every listener two superb symphonic concerts. One of them is that of the Philharmonic Symphony Society; the other is that of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Erno Rapee. Strange as it may sound it is the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, and not the Philharmonic, which is today recognized as the largest symphonic ensemble in the world. Almost two hundred men are directed by Erno Rapee's baton—almost two hundred men, constituting what is, in many respects, the most unique orchestra in the world.

Erno Rapee's tremendous orchestra is unique not only because it is the largest in size in the world, nor even because so often it plays so superbly. It is unique, for one thing, because of its unbelievable versatility: on Sundays, for the broadcasts, it may play Bach or Beethoven or Wagner, yet an hour later, on the stage of the Roxy theatre it may be required to play marches, jazz-medleys, popular tunes. It is unique, also, because it plays so perfectly despite the paucity of its rehearsals. For the Sunday broadcast, something like only an hour of preparation is required before the orchestra can play such intricate and rare masterpieces as, for example, Richard Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* or a Bruckner Symphony.

And when we realize that the average symphonic orchestra rehearses ten hours for each of its concerts, we begin to realize how staggering is the achievement of this ensemble. Finally, this orchestra is unique because it can take almost any standard symphony and play it well from sight; as a matter of fact, it has done this very feat more than once before the microphone. No wonder, then, that Toye, the well-known English music-critic, said—upon hearing Rapee's band—that no or-

By DAVID EWEN

chestra throughout entire Europe could be placed upon an equal footing with the Roxy Symphony Orchestra!

It was Gustav Mahler, the composer, who once wisely remarked: "There is no such classification as good orchestras or bad orchestras; there are only good conductors and bad ones." Who, therefore, is this man who is responsible for the overwhelming artistic success of the Roxy Orchestra?

He is Erno Rapee, who has been its leader ever since its inception in 1926, except for that brief vacation he took in Hollywood when his orchestra fell into the hands of a capable substitute, Joseph Littau. Rapee was born in Budapest—and from his very birth it seemed apparent that he had been born for music. As a mite of a child, he would sing to himself interminably little snatches of melodies, as he played with his toys or as he lulled himself to sleep. When he grew a little older, he began to toy with the yellow keys of the long-neglected piano in his house—first making up little pieces of melodies with his little forefinger and then, with the utmost patience, attempting to find for these melodies a suitable harmonic garb. His life from the very start was absorbed with and devoted to music.

It was inevitable for the parents to notice that a musician had been born into their midst, and Erno's father—an intelligent bourgeois—decided to develop this manifest musical talent of his son. A neighboring music-teacher was hired to teach the boy the piano and rudiments of composition. The boy took to music as a duck takes to water. No exercises seemed to be difficult for those indefatigable fin-

gers; no study too dull or ponderous for that receptive mind. He learned his music with a facility and ease which staggered his teacher. It was not long before Erno outstripped every effort of his guide; before he had completely outgrown him. There was nothing left to do but to enter the boy into the National Academy—perhaps one of the foremost musical conservatories in Europe. Here, it was felt by both teacher and parent, that Erno's musical talents would reach full maturity.

They did. Under the guidance of such great teachers as Emil Sauer, the boy's musical gifts grew ripe—and soon blossomed. He became a pianist of great talent; in his composition he revealed a rich inventiveness; in his conducting he showed that he could bring new freshness to every symphony he touched. He graduated from the Academy with the highest of honors. All of his famous teachers prophesied a great musical career for him.

From that time on he constantly acquired a greater and greater importance and authority in the musical world. First, he officiated as the assistant conductor to Ernest von Schuch of the Dresden Orchestra—but soon because his duties were few and far between, he resigned in order to devote himself to greater activity. For the entire year he toured as piano-virtuoso—appearing with the Vienna, Berlin and Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, making a very marked impression upon critics and audience. But, somehow, piano virtuosity interested him but little; he was far more eager to

(Continued on page 99)



Flashes from the HIGHWAY of

Noted Explorer Pictures
His Greatest Moments



"The Evil Spirit must leave your hands."

SAM RIZZA

WHAT was my greatest thrill? You mean my greatest thrill? Let me see—um—er—the time I was nearly drowned in a coal mine? No, I think the time I was trapped in a hotel fire was a bit more of a squeak. Cracky gee, I don't know, what you would call the greatest thrill. Is it more of a thrill to look into the face of Death and get away than to have merely an exhilarating experience of discovery or witness a seeming miracle?

I have certainly had my share but I think the time I was a passenger in a plane with the fearless Nungesser, famous French ace, and the engine went dead while we were about a mile high—and we fell, and fell, and fell— Oh, man, that was a time my nerves squirmed and

twisted with suspense and racking horror.

Want to hear about that?

It happened just a month before Nungesser returned to France to make ready for that last long ride that ended in another fall of which the world will never know. A brave man was this French war bird. He had a head and a heart that never failed him while he lived. And I considered myself indeed a lucky man to be zooming skyward as his flying companion. Up and up we went. The fields spread out below in checkered squares. Long white lines stretched across the panorama showing the concrete highways. We were climbing at a very sharp angle.

The craft was small and keenly responsive to the hand of the pilot. The powerful engine radiated a quiver of life into every fiber of the structure. There was a song in the whirr of the propeller that gave me a feeling of confidence and security. Birds we were skimming through azure blue and drifting cloudlets. Suddenly the steady rhythm turned to a jerky palpitation. Instantly the plane ceased its ascent and leveled off. I could see Nungesser trying the controls and peering beneath the cowl. The sputtering grew worse. Then—pop-pop—and the engine was still.

I heard Nungesser mumbling something in French as he jerked away at something beyond the range of my vision.

"Trouble, we have trouble, Mr. Gable.

ADVENTURE by Gilbert Gable

THRILLS

Miracle of the Painted Desert

Sky Tumbling with Nungesser

Trailing The Thunder Bird



THRILLS? No end to 'em. A mule kicked Gilbert Gable head first off a Grand Canyon trail—and was he scared when he saw the bottom down the wall of that cliff—but he didn't let go... An Indian showed him a big rock where "the Thunder Bird" had walked—dinosaurs! Two skeletons and no end of tracks where the animals had tramped around. He discovered a deserted Indian village a thousand years old... He flew with Nungesser and tumbled four thousand feet—still he lives.

SO WE picked on Mr. Gable for another thrill story. And here it is as he told it to a representative of RADIO DIGEST.

"That engine, she is dead!" He flashed a quick glance toward me. I said nothing. My tongue was in my throat. My stomach was rising up to meet it, because at that instant we were keeling over and I saw the hard old earth rising up at us at a terrific pace straight over the nose of the plane. The wind screeched hideously.

I realized then we were plunging head-long to the earth—a few seconds more and its rocky knuckles would blot us out of existence and probably of all semblance of human beings. Good-bye, good-bye! How futile and uncertain everything had

always been anyway. And now this was to be the end—nothing uncertain about the end! Not now—yet—I could see Nungesser still struggling with something below the rim of my cowl. His brain was functioning one hundred per cent—perhaps—but—what chance—we'd smash

in half a minute. He gave a mighty tug. The plane shifted a bit, yes it was veering out a trifle—another pull—

Bang-crash! There was a grinding splintering sound. The air had stopped roaring past my ears. We were on the ground. We were alive. We could stand up. The plane was smashed but we had escaped practically unhurt. I think the realization of this fact was the greatest thrill I have ever known.

Poor Nungesser—how many times since then have I pictured him in my mind in that last long flight. I know this—that he fought through to the last minute, the very last second!

To feel that Death has reached out his

long fleshless arm to nab you and you have managed to escape is an experience that gives you one kind of a thrill. Then to behold a miracle through savage superstition is another.

Want to hear about the miracle of the Painted Desert?

I have only recently returned from that desolate country as you may know. The Painted Desert is located in the very bad, bad lands of Arizona. My camp was at the edge of this wilderness. The nearest railroad was 110 miles distant. Navajo Indians were my only neighbors and I think the nearest one was about 75 miles away. The Navajos have a primitive sort of civilization of their own. They are satisfied with what they have and are not interested much in our schools and other forms of culture. They have much to command the respect of some of us who consider ourselves of a better breed. We live according to our light.

Since the white man does not care to live in the discomfort and frugality of the desert the Navajos confine themselves to that part of the country. Although they are widely scattered they manage to keep in contact with each other. They live in crude huts which they call "hogans". I too lived in one of these peculiar huts, and I came to be especially friendly with the Navajo chief, Seginetso, truly a splendid survival of the noble red man.

One day to my great surprise Indians came galloping down to my camp from the four points of the compass. There were 300 of them. They represented various divisions of the Navajos. At their head rode Chief Seginetso. Obviously it was a concerted movement and their mission was one of importance. However, my familiarity with the Navajo conception of good manners caused me to restrain any evidence of curiosity until they were ready to tell me why they had come of their own volition. We chatted of various commonplace things and of the extremely dry weather, and bad crops, the chief employing an interpreter to speak for him. We were sitting before the open fireplace. The group included a number of his leading counselors. Several moments passed in silence while the chief puffed at his pipe. Suddenly he lifted his hand and asked solemnly a question that was interpreted to me.

"Are you a friend of the Navajos?"

"Yes. I am a friend of all Indians," I nodded with equal solemnity.

"As a friend of the Navajos would you be willing to help our people who find themselves in great difficulty?"

"I should be pleased to do anything in my power to prove that I am a true friend of the Navajos."

Moments of puffing the pipe in silence. These Indians are very proud. To ask help of the white men is only a matter of last resort.

"It has been a very bad year. The grain has failed. Our people will suffer from cold and hunger."

And then he reluctantly asked me if I could lend them some grain, some sheep and some wool or any other commodities I could spare until they could repay me from another season of harvest. It was a very ponderous and weighty question. To respond quickly and graciously would be extremely discourteous no matter how willingly and gladly I might feel to

give them all that I had. So I listened gravely and silently and reserved my answer for due and worthy deliberation. I told them I would have to think many things and would give them my answer in a little while. This was to their satisfaction.

For considerable time I sat looking into the fire and pretending to be in deep cogitation. At last I arrived at my decision. I turned to the interpreter:

"It will be very, very difficult, but I shall try to do for you whatever I can."

This pleased the chief mightily. He arose with every expression of gratitude and left my hut. The others followed after him. They were pleased not merely that I had promised to help them but had done so with real Indian grace and proper consideration of the gravity of their request. In the morning I made good on my promise and they rode away.

THE friendship thus engendered repaid my advances many fold. First came the miracle of the Painted Desert. All precedents were broken when I was invited to witness one of their healing ceremonials—for no white man, they said, had ever before been permitted to see this most sacred of their ancient rites.

The girl, who was to be healed by the ceremonial, was afflicted with an infected hand. Her left hand was swollen enormously, and her fingers were stiff and paralytic—sticking out of that swollen hand like clothes-pins out of dough. All about her were grouped thirty-five Indians

—and in front of her was the witch-doctor. The witch-doctor, before the ceremonial began, took a black piece of tallow and drew a line below the stricken girl's lips, and under the lips of everyone in the tent. This was to signify that no one should say anything evil against the poor, sick girl. A crimson tallow was used to draw a line, in the same fashion, under the eyes; and a green tallow to draw a line under the forehead of everyone in the tent—to signify in the same manner that no one should see or think anything evil about the girl. With that done, the ceremonial began.

THE witch-doctor began dancing, making the weirdest antics imaginable—a grotesque dance, it was!—and intoning an equally weird chant in his native Navajo language. This chant had a truly remarkable psychological effect not only upon the sick girl but also upon all of us. First the witch-doctor intoned, in a deep haunting voice:

There is nothing wrong with your foot,
No! there is nothing wrong with your foot!

We are sure that there is nothing wrong
with your foot!

All of the Indians repeated this after him, passionately and with accompanying grotesque gestures, the same lines for about twenty minutes—repeating the lines clearly, slowly, effectively, until they were fully and deeply impressed upon the mind of the sick girl. Then when they felt that the sick girl was fully convinced that there was nothing at all wrong with her foot, they began in the very same way, to tell her that there was nothing wrong with her stomach, either, or with her chest or face. Finally—the entire procedure took several hours—they began to speak about her afflicted hand. The witch-doctor intoned:

But an evil spirit has settled in your hand!
The evil spirit has stayed too long in your hand!

It is time for the evil spirit to leave your
hand!

The Indians repeated this tirelessly for another twenty minutes—once again passionately, accompanying it with a wild, barbaric dance. One could see that they really believed that their passion—both in their singing and in their dancing—would drive out the evil spirit from the sick girl's arm.

After this—not doubting for a moment but that their ceremonial would be most efficacious—the Indians began a monster celebration in honor of the departure of the evil-spirit of the infected hand of the sick-girl. A tremendous bon-fire was built, and it almost seemed that the flames licked the heavens. Around this bon-fire—led by the witch-doctor—a weird dance took place in which the entire tribe took part, accompanied by haunting, shrieking



Gilbert Gable at the mike.

Illustrated by Gasparo Ricca

music of the Navajos: it was their dance of gratitude to their god for having driven out the evil-spirit from the sick hand. It never occurred to them, or to the sick-girl either for that matter, that the ceremonial might not have been successful. They had blind faith in the powers of their prayers. The result of this blind faith was that towards midnight the girl actually began to move her formerly rigid, paralytic fingers a little. A few days afterwards her hand had recovered fully. That ceremonial clearly showed me that there are things in this world which simply transcend our modern science and our modern civilized conceptions—and which are as mysterious, as impenetrable and as awe-inspiring as life itself.

But it was not the miraculous recovery that gave me the major and unforgettable thrill half so much as the ceremonial itself. It was all so weird, so mysterious, so very strange that it is blazed upon my memory as one of the truly outstanding and unique experiences of my life.

Incidentally, shortly after this ceremonial—and, I suppose as a token of gratitude for what I had done for them—the Navajo Indians gave me a little gift—a proof, so they said on presenting it to me, of their undying friendship to me. It was a doe-skin hide with an inscription written upon it with the blood of the entire tribe. This doe-skin automatically made me a brother of the Western Navajo tribe—a rare distinction for no other white man before me or since my initiation has been honored thus by the Navajos.

(This doe-skin hangs on the wall in Mr. Gable's hotel-room illuminated by a curious dark-gray pigment. It bears the following inscription: "To Cline Nazuni—'Fine Horse'—friend of the Navajo: from Seginetso, Chieftain of the Western



"A few seconds more and the earth's rocky knuckles would blot us out of existence."

Navajo Tribe in the Painted Desert, and through him all his People, this token is given to one who, by his friendship and love, has become, himself, a brother of the Tribe.—Seginetso." This is one of Mr. Gable's priceless possessions, and one which accompanies him wherever he goes.—Editor.)

THE third of my great thrills was the discovery of the dinosaur tracks—tracks which revealed the fact that those prehistoric creatures had populated Arizona ten million years ago, perhaps more.

It happened that during the building of a trading-post in Arizona, on the outskirts of the Painted Desert, the traders brought a huge rock, on which I discovered, much to my surprise, strange footprints. An Indian who was with me at the time—his name is Gold-Tooth—told me that those strange imprints had been

made by the Thunder-Bird, the same bird whose flash of the eyes caused lightning. He asked me if I would care to visit a certain remote place, in the very heart of the desert, where he could show me hundreds of such footprints. He warned me that the trip was an arduous one; that, as a matter of fact, he did not believe any other white man had made it before. I told him, however, that I would most certainly go with him—irrespective of the discomforts and dangers.

IT was an arduous journey. First it was the stretches of desert—bleak and depressing—terrible in its aspect. Then we came to a sand-wash which extended for ten miles and which was so soft that, at times, we were afraid that the automobile we were in would sink into the very bowels of the wash. However, we came to the end of our journey without

any mishap—only to find that our troubles had only just begun. There, in front of us, was an impassable wall—terrifying in its height. This we set about to scale, and a difficult task it was! Finally, we reached the top. We saw that we were on the edge of an 800 foot cliff. This was the opening of a bowl, with strangely colored layers. The sight of this bowl almost took my breath away—but it was nothing in comparison with what I was to see in a few minutes. Gold-Tooth led me a few feet away. "There," he said to me triumphantly, pointing in front of him, "there are the footsteps of the Thunder Bird." I looked in front of me, and my heart stood still. For I realized for the first time that I had, unconsciously, come upon the footsteps of the dinosaurs—that, unwittingly, I had probably stumbled upon one of the major archeological discoveries of our time, a true revelation of the Lost World.

(Continued on page 107)

I Thought I'd DIE!

By
Alma Sioux Scarberry



Helen Morgan was like a fish out of water until Ted Husing sat her on the piano and gave her a hankie to twist. Then she could open up and sing!

IT'S AN ill wind that blows nobody a good laugh!

And, a broadcasting studio is a good place to giggle away your blues. Once upon a time some of these little Radio funnies seemed tragedies. But, the funniest thing the writer has ever seen around a studio was born a laugh and will die a laugh.

It was one night when Eddie Cantor was appearing in a Radio revue. The thousand-dollar-a-minute comedian stood near the mike ready to go on. He looked a little confused and as though he had something on his mind. Nervous, thought the spectators.

Then Eddie looked around the studio as though he had lost something. The walls were decorated with bridges representing the bridges surrounding New York. Directly in front of the mike was the Queensborough bridge. Suddenly Eddie stepped over to the wall, took his gum out of his mouth and stuck it on a girder of the bridge.

A light of relief dawned in his eye. A ripple of amusement swept through the studio. Mr. Cantor, without turning a hair went through his act. He was given special permission to leave before the performance was over in order to get back to the theatre.

Just before the door was opened for him he stopped, whirled around and walking back to the wall rescued the parked chewing gum, put it in his mouth, and went out without cracking a smile.

One of the heartiest chuckles might have been a murder story. For obvious reasons the name of this very celebrated foreign prima donna cannot be given. You can imagine, perhaps.

The young lady, a gorgeous blonde, is married to a romantic and hot-headed Italian. During her performance she simply would not stand close to the mike. The harrassed announcer finally had to take matters in his own hands.

Not only is the lady gorgeous but she is no featherweight. It was no easy task when the announcer decided to take her by the plump shoulders and propel her nearer to the mike. She did not quite catch on and it was necessary for him to keep a hold on her.

The Italian husband at first sat on the edge of his chair and looked surprised. Then as it began to look more and more as though the announcer was having difficulty in keeping away from the lovely shoulders his face became flushed and he gritted his teeth. Finally he could stand it no longer and he turned to the nearest studio employee and hissed murderously:

"Who is that fool making love to my wife? I'll break his neck!"

It took several minutes in the control room later to convince the husband that what looked like a love scene was merely a matter of business.

There is the funny yarn on Doc Rockwell that wasn't so funny at

the time. About the time he dashed into NBC with a raincoat on over his undershirt and his suspenders trailing. However, his hair was perfectly combed 'tis said. That's something.

It all happened like this. Doc's clock stopped. He was to go on the air at 9:30. At 9:25 a hostess called and asked him where in the name of sense he was. He laughingly told her not to get excited that it was only 9 o'clock. Then he learned his clock had stopped!

They are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny-looking new mikes for an ash tray, and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was just a gag.



for him to carry a little pad around with him to put on the platform so that his broadcast won't sound like a barn dance.

And Heywood Broun, columnist and fellow newspaper man who, sometimes loses elections!

If you ever happen to drop in when he is on the air don't think he is getting ready to take a bath. But, he does sort of look like it. Broun removes his coat, vest, tie and pulls his shirt tail out.

The shirt tail, he explains, is pulled out to hide the junk in his back pants pockets. Between sentences he must have refreshments. A little nip of this and that. He is perhaps one of the most natural human beings this old world has been blessed with.

And our famous lady of the horoscopes, Evangeline Adams, has developed a new studio vice. She has taken to chewing gum! Before she goes on she parks it under the table, later rescuing it like our friend Cantor. It is said Ted Husing is to blame. He tipped her off that it was good for the voice. (P. S. Maybe this will get her a good chewing gum hour job.)

These Broadway stars all seem to have their little studio idiosyncrasies, more or less. Helen Morgan was like a fish out of water until Husing sat her on the piano one evening and handed her a hankie to twist. Since then it has never been any trouble for her to tell the little air waves that she "Can't Help Lovin' That Man."

One night not so long ago Fanny Brice kicked off her shoes right in the middle of a song. Then it was noticed the mike was too high for her. Afterward an announcer stepped up and beamed:

"Miss Brice that was very clever of you to kick off those high French heels so that you'd be in exact position. Refreshing!"

Fanny grinned as only Fanny can grin and broke into her dialect:

"Tenks! But it ain't brains does it, mister. Bonions!"

Ginger Rogers, girl comedian, has her

Secret Vices and Awful Mistakes of Stars —they Park their Gum, Make Love, Broad- cast in Pajamas and Strangle The Old Mike

little superstitions. At first the people around the studio thought she was taking leave of her senses when she started running around the mike. Later she explained:

"Oh, I always run around after each number. It's good luck."

Josef Hoffman, pianist, was strangely missing after a number one evening. The studio was in a panic when it became time for him to go on again. John S. Young was delegated to dash forth and bring the celebrity back to his public. Josef was found entirely oblivious to the fact that he was holding up a broadcast, sitting in the studio with Floyd Gibbons trying to count how fast he really could talk. He was counting on his fingers and looked very much as though he were talking a sign language.

THEY are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny looking new mikes for an ash tray one day and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was one of the Cook gags.

It is a safe bet that Bill Munday, Atlanta football announcer, won't close any doors the next time he comes to town. Poor Bill!

The first time he was here he locked himself in the bath of his room at the St. Regis Hotel and it was two hours before a maid came to the rescue and let him out. Bill was too shy to yell out the window. Later he grinned:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public bathing—what can you expect?"

It might be just as well to withhold the name of the theatre where he locked himself out the last time he was here. Because they passed him into the forty-eleventh balcony where he couldn't see a thing.

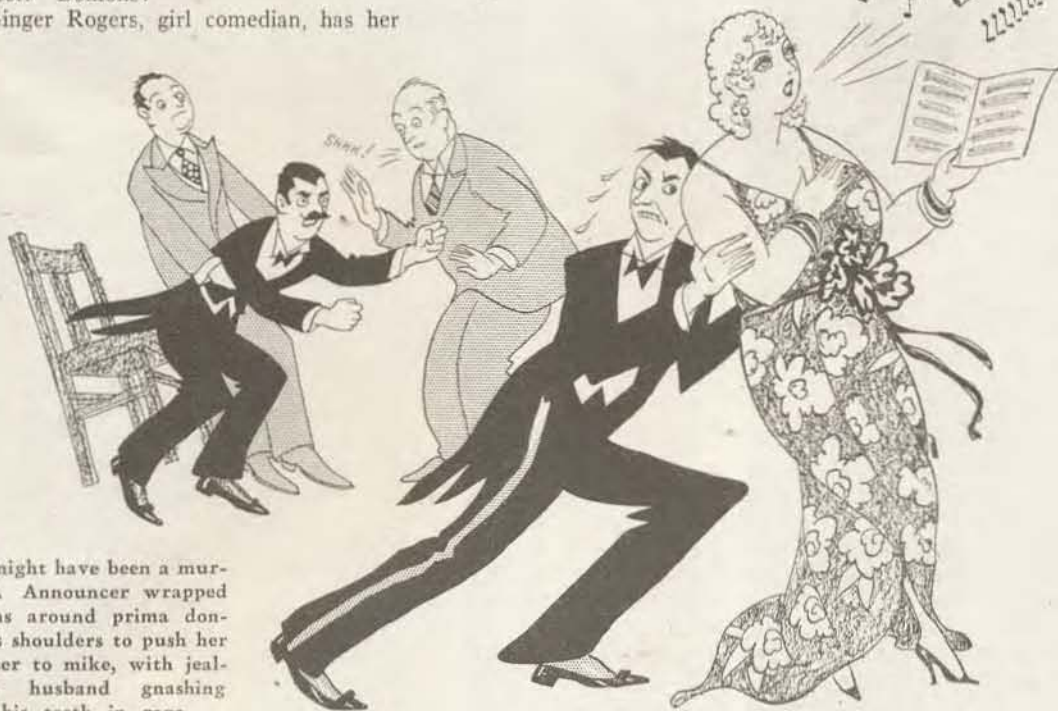
"I'll leave," says Bill. And he stepped out on a fire escape, banged the door angrily and started down. On the last landing he discovered looking up at him menacingly, two cops with drawn guns. They thought he was a burglar.

However, they didn't shoot. Bill dashed back up the fire escape—then decided to explain before he got shot. He waved and shouted and they let him down without plugging him full of bullets. When he explained who he was and told how he had gotten shut out one of the cops recognized him and chaperoned him from the alley. But, Bill can't see the joke.

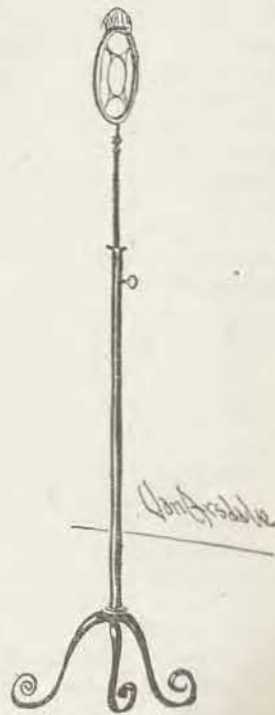
John S. Young—now it can be told because it happened three years ago, announced the "Cheerio" program one morning in his pajamas and bedroom slippers with an overcoat wrapped tightly around his nervous form. His alarm failed to go off and he awakened five minutes before the zero hour.

Fortunately, he was living at the Allerton a block from the National Broadcasting Building. He dashed into a cab, then into the freight elevator and up the back way. But he says he will never be quite so young and gay again.

The big laugh on Eddie Thorgersen is rich. He, as you no doubt know, is the favorite announcer of a big cigarette program since the passing of the late John B. Daniel. A short while after Eddie was selected for the cigarette program, he was announcing the arrival of a celebrity at a pier. It was necessary for him to run down to another pier and up three flights of stairs in



It might have been a murder. Announcer wrapped arms around prima donna's shoulders to push her closer to mike, with jealous husband gnashing his teeth in rage.



record time to another mike. Eddie arrived, breathless and all of a doo-dah and told his listeners:

"Whoops, I'm all out of breath! I'll just have to give up cigarettes!"

Fortunately, his bosses were not listening in!

One temperamental prima donna sent word to the studio that all corridors must be cleared of smokers before she arrived and that no one should be allowed in the studio because a cigarette whiff would ruin her. The queen must be obeyed. So her orders were carried out. The announcer arrived a moment after she did and found her pacing the floor puffing madly on a smoke.

ROSA PONSELLE passes through the corridors between smoking musicians with a scarf tightly wrapped around her mouth to keep the cigarette smoke from annoying her.

Amos 'n' Andy are getting to the studio an hour early these days. Some time ago they arrived about ten minutes before time at their Chicago studios and found all the elevators out of order. They had to walk fifteen flights. Never again!

Chaliapin, like Broun, always makes himself comfortable when he sings. He removes coat, tie and collar button. Once the collar button got lost and the studio floor was covered with crawling musicians, announcers, etc. It was Chaliapin himself who, finally, joining the hunt for the elusive button, gleefully crawled under the piano and found it.

They have a terrible time trying to break Rudy Vallee of strangling the mike. He will grab hold of it and bring it to him, rather than move to it. And moving a carbon mike shakes the carbon into small particles and causes it to become insensitive and noisy. They have solved the problem by seeing that Rudy gets one of the new condenser mikes. At first they threatened to tie his hands.

They call Vincent Lopez the "absent minded professor". Vincent will forget almost anything. His continuity is delivered to him at the mike. Otherwise he will lay it down somewhere and no one ever finds it again.

Pete and Aline Dixon are still shivering a little and finding it hard to laugh about that time a few weeks ago when their continuity hung on the ringing of a telephone and they were on the air when Pete remembered that they had forgotten about it. He says he lived a thousand years and thought of a thousand things in about half a minute.

Then, he spied a contraption that had served them as a door bell. Blithely ringing it he sang out:

"Joan was that the doorbell or the telephone?"

And the ever helpful Mrs. Dixon piped back:

"Why, darling, I'm sure it was the telephone!"

Thus the day was saved. Alexander Woollcott, writer, draws pictures as he broadcasts. As nonchalantly as though he weren't the slightest bit interested in the fact that hundreds of thousands are listening to him. He also dresses especially for the occasion. Blue shirt always, and a low collar to give his Adam's apple freedom.

One of the funniest sights of the studios is watching Howard Barlow conductor, as he handles his symphony crowd. He sings, unconsciously all the words under his breath, and imitates all the instruments. His mouth goes constantly. He is as funny as David Ross who, when reading his flowery poetry, makes flowery gestures, quite in keeping with his sugary words. Frank Knight makes grimaces.

And of all things. Weber and Fields can't broadcast standing up. Whether school keeps or not they must sit and rest or they can't work.

The saxophonist of the Interwoven Orchestra never throws out his old hats. He has such a superfluity of wind that the ordinary mute, which looks like a cork, won't serve—he sticks a battered felt hat on the end of his sax to help hold down his volume.

One of the most devastating studio accidents is the dropped music rack. Since violinists and actors range in height from five feet to six feet six, there must be a screw to raise and lower said rack. Sometimes screws don't hold, sometimes musicians are too lazy to turn them tight—then, suddenly, at a crucial moment, down will go music to waist

level. Musician or actor cranes his neck, beckons wildly to page boys for aid. Boy rushes in to the rescue, raises rack, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. But all the time the broadcast must go on!

Then there was the lady caller who insisted that Columbia play *Baby's Birthday Party* at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to celebrate her little girl's birthday. "I'm sorry," said hostess, "but at 3 o'clock Toscanini and the New York Philhar-

monic Orchestra are on the air." "Well," said the mother, "can't Toscanini play *Baby's Birthday Party*?"

And there is the color blind engineer who can't tell the buttons that signify the red or the blue network and when something goes awry runs circles around himself trying to find out which light is on. He would lose his job if some of the Powers-that-be didn't have a sense of humor and the other boys around the shop didn't protect him.

Twice in one studio the drummer has waxed too ambitious and knocked his cymbal clattering across the floor, thus spoiling an effect and breaking his director's heart. These things can hardly be appreciated unless you are there to see the frozen, panicky look that crosses the faces of the ones responsible for keeping out all unnecessary noises.

For a minute during a broadcast which was being announced by the late John B. Daniel the WEAf fans got a program they hadn't bargained for. Daniel paled when he thought of it to the day he died. It wasn't a laugh to the earnest young announcer.

He was announcing Lucky Strike when, instead of pressing the button to pipe into WEAf, he pressed the WJZ button and the program went blithely on. Eddie Thorgersen was standing by with a program for WJZ when he heard Lucky Strike coming over.

He said a naughty word under his breath when he saw the "calamity" of the green light and with rare presence of mind switched the programs. B. A. Rolfe had to start his program all over again.

SOME of the fan mail received in the studios hands everyone a laugh from telephone operator to program director. In old Chicago at WGN they're still laughing at this one, received by Lawrence Salerno. It read, "Give Lawrence Salerno more time on the air. It's the only time that my wife keeps still and gives me peace."

Another one which panicked them at WGN was that note received by Teddy and Ben from a woman who said she would quit listening unless they quit singing horrid, cruel songs, like *Never Swat a Fly* and *Little Bugs Going To Get You*.

And if you could only cast your eyes on the orchestra conductors. Anything will do for a baton, except the stick itself. Paul Whiteman, as might be expected, uses an almost-sledge-hammer, Guy Lombardo waves a hand-carved engraved cane, Freddie Rich believes fingers were made before batons, and uses his. Howard Barlow uses what the musicians in the rear who have difficulty in seeing it call a toothpick, Claude MacArther a fountain pen and Mark Warnow a yellow pencil.

You fans miss out on a lot of the comedy that takes place behind the scenes. Perhaps if you listen closely after this you may catch a little of the suspense behind the mike.



Don't think Heywood Broun is getting ready to take a bath. He likes comfort!

Beauty Is As Beauty Thinks

Bernadine Hayes deftly steps in and out of Film Personalities as She Imagines Herself for the Photographer

By Anne B. Lazar

TRY this yourself the next time you have your photograph taken. After each lock of hair has been tucked in its place and the correct shade of complexion has been applied, shut your eyes and mentally picture your favorite motion picture actress.

Then when the photographer bends his head beneath the funereal drapery behind the camera and is ready to click the little red thing-a-majig so that your face may be forever perpetuated in the family album, open your eyes gracefully and leisurely.

You will be amazed at the results! You will find that you

At last, here is the lovely Bernadine herself with her own individual beauty



And this is not Nancy Carroll. You see the picture Bernadine visualized as she sat in front of the camera

yourself had really done all the photographing—howbeit mentally—and that the camera man had merely made the outward gesture. Of course, you will see the picture of your own face—but the entire expression will be a borrowed one—the reflected image of the favorite star you had in mind.

This is exactly what Bernadine Hayes did when she wanted suitable pictures to submit to those ogres of motion picture producers.

Bernadine, hailed Queen of the Radio



No, this is not Greta Garbo. It's just Bernadine thinking Garbo-wise.

Show last autumn in New York, was sipping her hot coffee and milk and chatting away in her quiet, mellow voice just the day before she took the train to Hollywood.

Her perky little brown beret set off her beautiful milk-white skin and her mass of flowing bronze hair.

NO, thank you, I'll not have anything but a baked apple and a cup of half-coffee and half-milk. I mustn't go beyond my calories," she smiled.

"Oh, I'm perfectly thrilled about going to Hollywood. Of course, I have no contract as yet, but they are paying all of my expenses.

"The directors up at First National liked these pictures very much and thought I had dramatic possibilities. And these pictures helped put me over.

"And let me tell you how I took these photos. You know, I believe a great deal in one's state of mind and I applied this theory when I went to the photographer.

"Now, look at this picture here," pointed the consumer of calories to the Garbo likeness. "I just visualized Greta Garbo when I looked into the camera—and—well, don't you see the similarity yourself?"

Surely enough there was an unmistakable resemblance. If dear Greta, the Woman of Mystery, can't find the whereabouts of her wistful expression which she attaches to her lips, let her reward Bernadine for the return of it—for the slightly-darker-than-Titian maiden has certainly captured it and the languorous

(Continued on page 96)

Personal Recollections
of Early Days by The
World's Greatest Golfer

BOBBY "Putts"



Enthusiasts are following Bobby down aerial fairways just as they dogged his footsteps on the greens.

THE scene is a studio of the National Broadcasting Company, the time 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the period of the Lambert Pharmacal Company. A stocky young man, registered on his Atlanta driving license as Robert Tyre Jones, but known to the world of golfers as "Bobby", begins to talk:—

GOLF is a very ancient game, as those things go. It has evolved from a simple Scottish pastime into an international pursuit. Formerly played by comparatively few people on comparatively rough courses in the British Isles, it has steadily grown until now the best estimates indicate that there are upwards of four million playing golf today in the United States alone. And even far-away Japan is rapidly yielding to its charms.

In more or less its present form, golf originated in Scotland, so long ago that there is no record of its actual beginnings. It is known that the playing of golf at St. Andrews was forbidden by royal edict during the latter half of the fifteenth century because it was said to contravene public

morals and to interfere with the practice of archery and other manly exercises. But it is not known when it first was played. Golf, then, has a background of at least four hundred years—how much more no one knows—and except for improvements in turf, putting greens, implements and the ball, it is still the same old game.

And it is a fascinating game, too, that everyone can play and enjoy. The people interested in golf are interested in it from the intimate standpoint of players of the game and not merely as spectators at another fellow's show. You know, as well as I, the thrill that comes when a drive sails far down the middle of the fairway; when a long iron stops near the flag; or when a long putt drops into the hole. You do not have to draw upon your imaginations to supply an understanding of these things.

But, after all, there are two kinds of golf; the ordinary garden variety and tournament golf—and they are in a sense as different as can be. Plain ordinary golf you know, but tournament golf, with its thrills and troubles, is enjoyed by only a

very small group which goes on year after year, each year adding a new member or two but in the main remaining about the same. I am thinking that it will be far more interesting to you if I will devote most of my time to describing interesting matches which I have seen and which perhaps you have not, and in trying to give you a little clearer insight into what the tournament golfer thinks and worries about during a match.

In talking of these things I am necessarily confined in great part to the matches in which I have myself taken part, for, unless someone like Johnny Goodman or Andrew Jamieson has come along in an early round to offer me an unwilling retirement, I have been too much occupied with my own troubles to have eyes or ears for anything that might be happening elsewhere on the course.

I REALIZE that this procedure is likely to put me in the class of the nineteenth hole post mortem pest who loves to describe his every stroke to an unwilling but helpless audience. I know several of these who would like nothing better than to have the opportunity which I have now.

But in order to reassure you, that I will not ramble on too far afield, I may as well tell you that I thoroughly appreciate what Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen meant when she advised those who might think broadcasting easy to lock themselves in a padded cell and try to tell a funny story to a thing which looked like an electric fan. These new-fangled microphones do not

JONES a Program

Describes First Round at Age
of Five on Full-sized Course

resemble an electric fan, but I have found them to be equally responsive.

Any story for the sake of continuity, if nothing else, should start in the beginning. This is particularly true in my case, because I started from exactly scratch with no experience and very little of anything else, and the building up process was quite a long affair. And sometimes I think that those early matches, coming at a time when I didn't think much myself and didn't give my opponent credit for thinking much either, are among the most interesting.

The earliest part of my competitive experience was gained in those kid matches around the East Lake golf course, beginning somewhere close to my sixth birthday. Perry Adair was my opponent and playmate from the time when our parents allowed us to go on the Big Course, as we called it then. Perry was four years my senior, but at that time he was not a great deal larger nor stronger than I was, so our encounters resulted more or less evenly. Those matches are cherished memories now.

I like to think of them and the times we had, but I am not going to bore you with any sort of an account of them. We didn't think much in those days. We had never heard of the straight left arm or hitting from the inside out. We merely walked up to the ball and socked it, set out after it as hard as we could go, and upon arriving up with it we socked it again. Naturally, at that age we did considerably more socking than walking.

But the time came later when Perry and I were to have our chances to play one another in tournaments. True, they were only invitation affairs, and one state championship, but they were just as important to us then as national championships later became. In those days—1913, '14, and '15—I think that Southern golf was considerably less a part of the national game than it is today. There were many fewer players and even those who played, except for Nelson Whitney and a few others from New Orleans, aspired to little in the way of national championships. For these rea-

sons, the invitation tournaments assumed quite an important position in the golf of the section.

So Perry and I, because of indulging parents, managed to attend most of these tournaments held in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama and in 1915 and '16 we collided in match play four times, and on two occasions we produced a really interesting match.

DURING 1914 the difference in our ages began to tell and Perry



First golfing picture of Bobby Jones five years old, on the East Lake Golf Course.



Robert Tyre Jones as broadcaster.

began to take his place in the top rank of Southern golf, leaving me, then twelve years old, to continue puttering around with the kids and to marvel at his accomplishments. In 1914 he had reached the final of the Southern amateur, where he lost to Nelson Whitney; but he had beaten in the semi-final of that tournament, George Rotan of Texas, afterwards a member of the Walker Cup team. This was quite a nice beginning for a sixteen-year-old boy.

Naturally, this pace was a bit too fast for me. But when 1915 rolled around I, too, began to put on a little weight and to add a few much needed yards to my drive. My first meeting with Perry occurred in this year in the invitation tournament over the Roebuck course in Birmingham, and although it resulted in a win for me, it by no means marked the time when I regarded myself as the equal of Perry. I was lucky to win, Perry was off his game and I had enough brains to know it. Anyway the golf was ragged over a sun-baked course, so that match does not merit description.

But in 1916 Perry and I met three times—once in the semi-final of the Montgomery invitation, once in the final of the East Lake invitation, and lastly in the final of the Georgia State championship at Brookhaven in Atlanta. Two of these, the first and last, were as interesting as any golf matches I have ever played.

The Montgomery Invitation has long been a popular fixture. It is played in late May or early June and so starts the tournament season. If I remember correctly 1916 was a pretty lean year for Montgomery in a golfing way, for the field was made up almost entirely of Atlanta, Birmingham, and Montgomery players. There were three Atlantans in the last four—Perry and I in the upper bracket, and Perry's father George in the lower. Perry beat me and his father beat him in the afternoon round to win the tournament.

As we started off that morning, I remember feeling that I was in all likelihood
(Continued on page 103)

I Wanted to Broadcast and Did

Mrs. Velma West Sykes,
Radio artist and play-
wright, who tells her
studio experiences here.



*From "Home-Body" to Radio Artist
Was An Easy Jump For Her—Re-
hearsed into Silver Tea Pot To Gain
Mike Practice*

By Velma West Sykes

**“WHAT makes a Radio Celebrity?
How can I break into the studios?”**

All over the country musical and dramatic artists and talented people are knocking on the sound-proof doors of stations and demanding admittance. This personal experience story, by a woman who was lucky enough to be drafted into service, reveals tricks of the trade which novices must learn. Mrs. Velma West Sykes, after one try in a studio, became an addict. She spent two years with KMBC in Kansas City, and her plays are now presented over WLW, KOMO, KGU and elsewhere.

I FELL into Radio work quite by accident. It had never been one of my ambitions to broadcast. In fact, the idea had never entered my head. When offered the homemaker's half hour on a local station, I knew nothing—or practically nothing—about Radio. I was not even a regular listener, though we had a crystal set in the house. But the idea rather appealed to me. While women constitute the big majority of listeners during daytime hours, I had heard the criticism that about all one could get was a recipe or two that might much more easily be looked up in a good cook book than copied

down while being read over the Radio.

That was one place where I fell down and still do.

I simply detested giving recipes over the Radio and always did it too fast for them to be copied. Reasoning that the modern woman spends less time in the kitchen than she now does in other activities—and that perhaps a schedule might be worked out that would include some of the other things in which she invests her time, I accepted the job. I almost said “the challenge”, for Radio is so very new that all of us connected with it are more or less adventurers and experimenters.

I T WORRIED me a bit because I had had no microphone experience and my voice is rather low. But this, it seemed, was an advantage. In the early days of Radio, the high, shrill woman's voice had almost kept women out of the studios altogether. Better broadcasting facilities and the discovery that there were women's voices adapted to the microphone opened up this new field to women. Now practically every station has at least one woman on its staff, outside of the musicians.

It might amuse you to know how I tried myself out the day before I was to have my real “try-out” at the studio. My method was to sit down and calmly read

my manuscript into an old silver tea pot handed down in the family. May I recommend this to anyone having to make a first performance? The microphone never held any terrors for me, but it might if I had tried to talk without a prepared manuscript in front of me.

P ERHAPS one reason we broadcasters like to have a manuscript in front of us is that we nearly always speak before three audiences—something that demands more alert attention and concentration than before one. There is the audience out front staring in thru the big plate glass window; the audience in the studio, composed of musicians and other members of the staff who often try to make life miserable for the one in front of the microphone by playing pranks and “cutting up” out of the range of the audience out front, and then there is that “vast unseen audience”.

The last is the real critical audience. You have nothing but your voice with which to interest it, and that voice must not slip and stumble and you must not cough into the microphone. In speaking before a regular audience, a speaker may pause to mop his brow or take a drink of water and lose no contact. If he stumbles a little; a gesture will tide him over such a rough spot. But he has none of these things to help him out in front of the microphone.

Radio artists are usually recruited from

three fields; music, drama and journalism. Continuity writers have usually had newspaper experience, experience writing for magazines, or perhaps dramatic experience. Announcers may come from any of the three fields, if the voice registers well. But all must learn over again because their talents must be made to conform to Radio requirements. They must adapt themselves to this new field, which is unlike anything else.

Few people know that in the best studios, all programs, even to the announcer's words, are written out before they are put on. This does not mean, of course, that many announcers do not improvise also, nor that they depend altogether on what is written down, especially on informal programs. But it does mean that the program has been arranged so that it will take just so many minutes, that there will be no hemming and hawing by the announcer while musicians search for a musical number. The orchestra also has a copy of the program and knows the continuity of the musical numbers.

The best Radio speakers usually have their talks written out and timed. As I have frequently told guest speakers about to appear on my programs, "You yourself will be better pleased with your talk if you have it written out. If not, you are likely to be like the movie actress who told her girl friend that if she had her life to live over again, she would marry the same men but in different order. If you do not have your talk written out, you may say all the things that you intended to—tho I doubt it—but you may not say them in the proper sequence."

Many people object to the inferior grade of so many Radio programs. Granting that this is true, the same may be said of our literature, our music and of most arts in general. Radio programs must necessarily be of a varied type in order to please the majority of listeners. The fan mail on programs that are really worth while and up to a high level does not begin to be so big as that which comes in on old time fiddling contests and recipes for caramel nut pies. So you see the program director is literally between the devil and the deep sea. If the advertiser will pardon us, we shall let him stand for the devil, and the fan mail will stand for the deep sea.

THE program director—and the advertisers to whom he sells time—feel that the station is popular if the mail man staggers into the

studio every morning. Newspapers and magazines have circulation figures—based on their subscription lists and their news stand sales. Radio stations have circulation figures based on fan mail receipts. So we can hardly blame the director if he feels he must please the advertiser and the writers of fan mail—then his station will pay dividends.

THERE are people on the staff of every station who would like to strive for "real art", no doubt. But alas, in Radio, as in the recognized arts, one must learn to cater to the masses. And one cannot do that with violin solos by a real artist who has studied for years and is the complete master of his instrument. It can be done only by an old-time fiddler who never took a lesson in his life but who pats his foot to keep time while he plays *Turkey in The Straw*. I really believe that if John McCormick and The Woodchopper were singing on the same station, The Woodchopper would pull twice the fan mail that the famous tenor would. Why?

In the first place, McCormick's program would necessarily be formal. For-

mal programs do not bring a staggering mail man into the studio next morning. In the second place, people who appreciate John McCormick are not in the habit of writing to Radio stations. In the third place, they would find little to say to him. Oh, occasionally, perhaps—but not like The Woodchopper's admirers. They feel that he is "folks" like them—people stand in awe of artists like McCormick.

It was one of the biggest surprises in the world to me to see the kind of letters that people write in to Radio artists—or would you prefer that I said "performers?" Having conducted a magazine department for women for a number of years before taking up broadcasting, I was familiar with the type of woman who bares her soul and her quarrels with her husband to someone she has never met but who has gained her confidence in a way no personal friend can. But I was utterly unprepared for the lack of discretion and even modesty exhibited by my own sex in writing to Radio stations. And it seems to be the woman Radio Fan who writes—and writes—and writes.

I am not referring now to legitimate Radio correspondence, which is the life of every station, in a way, for the letters are

courteous and sensible letters of appreciation, the only kind of applause possible to a Radio program. I am thinking of the proposals of marriage which come in to announcers — and other proposals. I am thinking of the silly, flirtatious and kittenish letters which come in and are handed around the studio with a laugh and a few sly winks. You may think I am exaggerating when I say proposals of marriage, but I assure you I have seen many come in to the men of the station, with names signed and addresses given. One woman wrote, "I just tremble all over when I hear your voice. I know it's becawz I luvve you. I think it would be so 'romantick' if we would meet and get married." As the artist who received this was already married, the writer was doomed to disappointment in her dream of matrimony.



Picture shows audience's conception of characters in a Radio drama—Don Bernard, Lucille Husting and Theodore Doucet of the Empire Builders. Actually, studio actors seldom dress in character except for special occasions.

Men do not write into Radio stations in this vein, as a rule. I am not sure why this is, except perhaps breach of promise suits have taught the more cautious sex never to write anything that will not read well in court. Then, men like a more physical appeal than the voice. Women may fall in love with an announcer without even seeing his picture—although these are sent out upon request to admiring fans—but a man wants to see what the owner of a voice looks like before committing himself on paper. An amusing instance of this kind happened in our studios once.

Oh, yes, the phone plays its part in putting fans in touch with Radio artists whom they admire. I have answered the phone at the studio when a girls' sorority, holding a meeting, called upon and invited a male harmony team out to sing—offering to pay them with kisses. And to show you how commercialized Radio artists can become, the boys asked for their regular fee instead, although magnanimously adding that the fee offered would be a most welcome addition.

IT WAS amusing to have one listener write in and ask me what I did with my own children while I was at the studio. Now this was a perfectly natural question and there was no reason why I should resent it at all. Almost any busy mother might wonder how another mother finds time to do something outside the home when she, herself, keeps busy all the time in the home. So I explained on the air that this letter had come in and that I appreciated the logic of it. Then I told them how my own children were all in school and that I drove them to their schools each morning on my way to the studio. Only a few hours were spent at the station so they found me at home in the evening when they returned. I am sure this simple and truthful statement gave my audience more confidence than if I had resented the question as being impertinent.

Women have often been said to have no sense of humor but the difficulty really lies in the fact that they have less chance than men to cultivate it, I believe. It is very noticeable that speakers who are witty and even jocular in a group

of men will suddenly turn serious when facing an audience of women. Morning Radio programs for women are usually pretty serious affairs, dealing with their physical household tasks and well loaded with advice—much of it not disinterested, for there may be a brand of flour or baking-powder to impress upon their minds. Fortunately, the only advertising we were expected to do at our station was the courtesy type, which means brief announcements after a program that has contained no mention of any particular firm or brand of anything.

SO WHEN I introduced *The Gabbies*, I knew I was making a strike in the dark. But sometimes we hit better than we aim, for they become my most popular feature. *The Gabbies* were an ordinary couple typical of all married couples, and for about eight or ten minutes, argued about every subject (one at a time, however) that husbands and wives do argue about. KGU, a Honolulu station, was one of the stations that used them later, so it is evident that even in Hawaii they know something about domestic squabbles. Fortunately, we had an ideal couple cast in the parts and they literally made the characters live, so that people wrote in, laughing and protesting that someone had been listening in on their domestic squabbles.

I know of at least one divorce that was postponed by this Radio couple. A woman wrote in and said, "I want to thank you for saving my home. I was going around morbidly cooking my last meal for my husband when I tuned in on *The Gabbies*. Their argument was so similar to the one we had had, and it sounded so absurd to take it seriously in

the end, that I had a good laugh and forgot all about leaving my husband. He doesn't even know I had planned it yet."

A Radio play has nothing but the voice with which to work and any action that takes place must be told by the conversation, since it is bad technique for the announcer to keep breaking in with explanations. Consequently, all Radio plays must be written especially for the Radio or adapted to it, either of which is not an easy task.

We discovered women liked plays that dealt with problems much like the ones they were trying to solve themselves. One of the best we ever gave, it seems to me now, was written by a professor of literature at Missouri University, and was called *The Kettle Singing*. It was the story of a woman who was ready to move into a new house, the house she had dreamed of for twenty years, but which somehow did not thrill her now that it was all ready for occupancy. Her husband's grandmother, a spry old lady with a sharp tongue, pries the poor woman's secret out of her. She was not happy about the new house because she had brought some termites and put them under the old house so that her husband would not put off building the new house again as he had done for so long. (Termites, by the way, are a kind of ant that eats the timbers out of houses so that they become unsafe.) Then her conscience began hurting her, but it all ended happily, in spite of the fact that she confesses to her husband, tho the grandmother, who had buried three husbands, says, "Let a mule kick him—don't ever tell a man anything."

While we had an excellent cast of amateur players, all of them had not had dramatic experience. Naturally, this limited some of them, for they were incapable of

taking emotional parts. But on the other hand, they developed a naturalness that we considered preferable to the affectation so many graduates of dramatic schools feel called upon to use. This is particularly obnoxious over the Radio to the average listener. The stage accent and voice is not always the best for the microphone. The Oxford accent may be a very delightful one, as is the Harvard accent, but in the middle west, they do not go over so well to the typical Radio audience. They sound affected, and (Cont. on p. 106)



If you could only see them:—"And now folks, you are listening to a half hour for dinner music by the Three Husketeers, Dr. Veeral's Health Biscuit Trio."

Body and Soul Girl

*Tonsil Surgeon's
Knife Slipped—And
Gave Her Famous
Moanin' Voice*



**LIBBY
HOLMAN**

*Success Comes at Last—
Wins M. A. at Columbia
Aims for Sorbonne Ph.D.*

LIBBY HOLMAN'S recent success in revue, night-club, on phonograph-records and over the Radio—you have heard her as guest-artist to Alexander Woollcott, Walter Winchell and also over the Fleischmann Hour—is paved upon many years of failure. She came to New York from her hometown, Cincinnati, eight years ago, equipped with a B.A. degree from the University of Cincinnati and a yearning desire to appear on the stage as singer. Her finances were low, so she boarded at the Y. W. C. A. at 610 Lexington Avenue, ate her meals at the cafeteria downstairs and walked all day from one producer's office to another. And wherever she went she was given the same verdict: "You're all right—but your voice is awful!"

Perseverance, however, soon won her a small part as a streetwalker in *The Fool*, but the play was a flop. From there she went to *The Sapphire Ring*, and that, too, was a flop. Her next two shows were the highly successful *Garrick Gaieties* and the *Greenwich Village Follies*—but now it was Libby's turn to flop. She was cast in the rôle of a comedienne because her producers thought that her voice was simply terrible. For a while, it seemed that she attained success when Ziegfeld signed her for the second company of *Show Boat*. But the second company of *Show Boat* never materialized—and there followed more disappointments. Cast in the leading part in *Rainbow*, the show was a failure from the start. She was encouraged to enter vaudeville but she got no further than a trial at B. F. Keith's Fordham because the manager discovered that Libby simply couldn't sing.

It was in the *Merry-Go-Round* that she first made something of a hit. A singing part was suddenly and unexpectedly left vacant during rehearsal time, and Libby Holman, who was one of the chorines, begged for the chance. Herndon listened to her sing, frowned gloomily, said that

a decided hit with her singing of *Moanin' Low*. From there she went to *Three's A Crowd*, where she is now stopping the show every night with her *Body and Soul* number. And the rest spells success.

In attempting to explain the peculiar and poignant quality of Libby Holman's mellow voice, her private physician, Dr. Colby, thinks he has at last hit upon the true explanation. It seems that in her childhood, a physician in clipping off her tonsils likewise clipped off a part of her soft palate—and what, at the time, evoked imprecations and oaths from poor Libby now inspires her to profuse genuflections of gratitude. But this was only one of the series of accidents which made her a star. She was given a part in the *Garrick Gaieties* because she had beautiful legs and despite the fact that she had a "terrible voice." And just when, after her innumerable flops, Libby decided to devote herself to studies instead of to the theatre (going as far as to get her M.A. degree at Columbia University for French Literature), there came her success as moaner.

By HAYNES A. GILBERT

her voice was abominable—but, shrugging his shoulders, confessed that he had no alternative since the opening night was but a few days away. "Perhaps the critics won't notice how awful you are," he told Libby encouragingly. She was given two songs to sing, *What Do You Say?* and *Hogan's Alley*—and the criticisms the next morning had praise only for Libby Holman. So effectively did she sing *Hogan's Alley* that she was soon afterwards tendered a very doubtful compliment. The producer of *Rang Tang*—an all-Negro show—offered Libby a leading part in his next all-Negro show an offer which Libby Holman refused in her politest language!

From the *Merry-Go-Round*, Libby went to the first *Little Show* where she made

YOU will find Libby Holman every day from 12 to 1 at the Russian Cavalry School at Ninety-first Street, indulging in her favorite sport: horseback riding. From there she goes to any nearby restaurant to partake of her favorite dish: sometimes it is frankfurters, more often it is hamburger steak. Her afternoons are spent quietly either in reading, recording or studying. Twice a week she takes lessons in harmony, and once a week a course in dramatic technique. The evenings, of course, find her at *Three's A Crowd* where she is one of the mainstays, and during the night she entertains the guests at the Lido Night Club. Once in a while she sandwiches in a broadcast among all these activities. She goes to sleep at four in the morning
(Continued on page 104)

Right—dramatic scene in the Los Angeles trial-by-air-jury of Vivienne Ware. The cabaret dancer, Dolores DeVine (played by Barbara Weeks) being sworn in by the clerk of court. George Fawcett, on the bench as judge. Below, and on opposite page—leading characters of the New York version. George Gordon Battle, lawyer for the defense, and Blythe Daley as Dolores DeVine

Trial of Vivienne Ware and Its Sequels Are Broadcast under Conditions of Real Murder Case—Listeners Serve as Jury

By Doty Hobart

“HEAR YE! Hear ye! Hear ye!”—The voice of the court bailiff, booming over the loudspeakers in the homes of several millions of listeners, fired the opening gun of a Radio dramatic program which is now considered to be the most outstanding feature presented on the air in the year of our Lord, 1930.

When this gun discharged its fusillade of “Hear ye’s” the imagination of the self-appointed jury was fired with a sense of obligation new to the minds of those individuals, who by the grace of modern genius are known collectively as “that vast Radio audience.” For the first time in the history of Radio a legitimate reason had been found for requesting the individual listener to use his or her head!

Oddly enough, the listeners had to be hauled, figuratively speaking, into court to accomplish this. For years General and Mrs. Public have been content to tune in on a program; sit back and listen; read a book and half listen; or play bridge and not listen at all. As far as using the Radio for compelling a listener to actually think—well, no one ever thought of that until Vivienne Ware was brought to trial for the killing of Damon Fenwick. At that, Fenwick was never actually killed. He never really existed, except as a corpus delicti in the mind of a feature writer on the staff of the New York American.

“The Trial of Vivienne Ware” was just another Radio drama until things began happening to it, to the members of the cast and, most important of all, to the



listeners. The inside story of all the various happenings which took place before, during and after the “trial” is in itself one of the most dramatic chapters of Radio history. And now it can be told.

AS frequently is the case, when a radical venture is attempted in any established business, the gentleman, in whose mind the idea germinated and who became the prime mover in promoting the original production, was and still is, in no way connected or familiar with Radio broadcasting. Other than having visited a broadcasting studio on one or two occasions his knowledge of broadcasting is that of any average listener. But his work as a newspaperman made it



Guilty Not

possible for him to sense what the public might like. The gentleman’s name is Edmund D. Coblentz. He is the editor of the New York American.

Last October, on one of those infrequent days in the life of a newspaper editor when a few leisure moments present themselves to the chief of staff in which to relax, Mr. Coblentz picked up a newspaper and settled back in his chair to enjoy the privilege of reading for pleasure. If you don’t think that is an editor’s idea of luxury, ask the man who is one. For once he was not scanning copy and make-up with a critical eye. To speak freely, very freely in fact,

Let the People Decide

Guilty or Not Guilty?

Put the verdict in the hands of the people of the county—not merely a dozen hit-or-miss voters. Give the man whose life is at stake a true verdict by the people.

Such an evolution of American jurisprudence has been illustrated as a future possibility through the aid of Radio. The demonstration took place in the NBC broadcasts of the mock trial of Vivienne Ware. Real lawyers, real judges and ethically correct court procedure put the case up to the listeners—and the listeners mailed their verdict.



? — or — Guilty?

Mr. Coblentz had pocketed his official eye. And with that trained organ momentarily at rest he passed up the feature stories with their blazoning headlines and sought the mental stimulus offered in the small items of the day’s news.

OF THE thousands of news stories which pour into a daily newspaper office via wire and wireless only a limited number reach the press-room. Lack of space prevents many an interesting little item from living in type. But Fate must have had a hand in preserving a cabled dispatch from Copen-

hagen, Denmark, stating that a murder trial had been broadcast in that city. The published news item which caught and held the attention of Editor Coblentz was brief in the extreme. Just a sentence or two. That was all. Apparently the rewrite man to whom the dispatch had been turned over had been unable to enthuse at any great length over the unusual event. The item was used as a space filler.

Out of this space filler grew *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*. Mr. Coblentz does not remember whether the item specifically mentioned the fact that the Copenhagen trial was a real or a fictitious one. But he does remember that the item interrupted his unofficial reading. What had started out to be a few moments of

relaxation suddenly took on the aspect of official business.

A conference of departmental heads was called and Mr. Coblentz outlined his idea, suggested by the news item, for the sponsoring of a fictional murder trial on the air by the New York American. The idea met with unanimous approval. It was decided to broadcast the trial as a serial, of six half-hour daily episodes.

KENNETH M. ELLIS,

New York American feature writer, was given the job of creating the plot and putting it in dramatic form for possible microphone consumption. It is interesting to note that the man elected to prepare the Radio continuity for the trial wrote and staged the largest outdoor spectacle produced in the United States, the *Pageant of the Apostle Island*, at Bayfield, Wisconsin, in 1924. The pageant, which outlined three hundred years of history, had a cast of 2500 Ojibwe Indians and 500 whites.

While the script was being written Editor Coblentz went to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and outlined the plans he already had in mind for the presentation providing appropriate air time on WJZ could be obtained.

The fact that the editor proposed to use the best possible legal talent available to enact three of the principal rôles in the serial drama was a much greater factor in enthusing Mr. Aylesworth with the probable success of the broadcast than did

his prospective client's announcement that the circulation department of his paper would give money prizes for the best verdicts submitted by readers at the conclusion of the trial. Please note this, for the manager of the circulation department comes into this story a little later.

Now WJZ is the key station for one network of NBC and its use for the broadcasting of a purely local evening program, such as the one proposed by the New York American, depended entirely on such time on the air as had not been sold to a national advertiser. Mr. Aylesworth promised to see what he could do for the editor in finding a suitable half hour which would not conflict with the programs of other clients. At the same time he requested that a copy of the script be sent him.

WHEN he had read the submitted manuscript of the trial I have only to quote Mr. Aylesworth to let you realize the ever increasing enthusiasm of the man for this new venture: "The manuscript establishes, I believe, a new standard in the creation of Radio plays. The simplicity and fidelity of the theme, together with the colorful word and character pictures, stand out in this new field of adaptive writing."

The assignment of local air time on WJZ was made and the facilities of the NBC program department were offered the new sponsor.

Before availing himself of the offer Mr. Coblenz approached the internationally famous lawyer, George Gordon Battle, and suggested to this eminent attorney that he read a copy of the script of the Radio trial and check up on the court

procedure and legal terms used in order that the broadcast be correct in its courtroom technique. At the same time Mr. Battle was requested to read the part of the defense attorney, it being quite possible that he might be asked to become a Radio actor!

He read the script. He liked the idea. He agreed to play the part! And he said:

"I am frank to say that the perfection of the legal structure of the trial was no small factor in leading me to accept the 'case'. The details of court procedure, of legal phraseology, of the tactics employed in the practice of law, both from the prosecution and the defense angles, are without flaw.

"Very often these things are sacrificed to make a good story. And sometimes a gripping climax is sacrificed to make a dramatic production 'realistic'. But in this case the author has produced a work which does not lack for thrills and mystery—without sacrificing legal forms to achieve it.

"If it was not constructed so as to leave a very open question indeed as to whether the defendant in this case is or is not guilty, I don't believe it would have interested me. But I shall feel, in going on the air in this 'case', that it has some educational value in presenting a unique picture of circumstantial evidence."

Then, something epochal happened in Radioland. A United States Senator, Robert F. Wagner, read the script, was asked to act as the presiding justice in the fictional trial, and accepted the position! He, too, had something to say:

"I am deeply interested in the experiment from a judicial viewpoint. For many months there has been a feeling

that the *broadcasting of actual trials from courtrooms of the country* might have an excellent effect upon the course of justice, the conduct of important trials and the conservation of public time.

"I have never seen a more perfectly constructed fictional trial, in which the problems of evidence, examination, cross-examination and court procedure are made to yield, from their essential nature, strong dramatic interest. As George Gordon Battle, who has agreed



Thomas D. Nash, defense attorney in Chicago

to undertake the defense, has already pointed out, the legalistic structure of the trial is perfect.

"But the thing which is interesting me, to the extent that I am willing to preside, is the public value of the broadcast."

For the third member of the trio of legal rôles necessary to the trial, Editor Coblenz sought the services of a former Assistant District Attorney, of New York, Ferdinand Pecora. After reading the script Mr. Pecora was as enthusiastic as the other legal minds already retained in his willingness to become a Radio actor.

"It's a great case," he said. "The use of circumstantial evidence, which is one of the most important functions of a district attorney, is well thought out. It's one of the neatest problems of prosecution to make legitimate use of such evidence,

"The author has presented a district attorney hampered by lack of prima facie evidence, confronted with the problem of safeguarding the welfare of the State by exhausting every possible shred of circumstance which, in a very reasonable probability, would establish the guilt of the defendant. The district attorney also is confronted with the necessity of overcoming the natural sentiment which any jury would feel for a beautiful young defendant.

"IT WILL be a stimulating experience, to try earnestly to secure a conviction in the minds of the largest jury ever to try a case. As the State, I expect to demand and secure a conviction in the trial of Vivienne Ware."

By now, with the assurance of genuine legal talent taking part in the Radio jury trial, the enthusiasm of those concerned in presenting the venture shot to a point well over par. Mr. Aylesworth agreed to permit the broadcast to take place in the NBC theatre, on the stage behind the huge glass curtain. This theatre, located in Times Square, Broadway, was once a roof garden where the famous Midnight Frolics held forth.

For the trial the stage was to be set as



Principals in the New York trial. Left to right, George Gordon Battle, Senator Robert Wagner, and Rosamond Pinchot, daughter of ex-Governor Pinchot

a courtroom and realistic action of the broadcast play was to be tried out with the use of seven microphones. In this way a visible audience was privileged to witness natural movements about the stage by the performers while the listeners to the broadcast, without realizing why, were treated to perfectly timed pauses during these movements; the latter also being of great advantage to the actors.

It takes something unusual to arouse the interest of Radio listeners in New York City beyond the point of a rather apathetic acceptance of any and all programs. But with the initial broadcast of this unique serial, skilfully staged by John Golden, the famous theatrical producer, and William S. Rainey, NBC production manager, the city's Radio listeners for once lost their apathy. The trial was discussed on trains, in clubs and on the streets—everywhere, by people in all walks of life. Those who did not listen to the first episode heard about it from friends and before the week was up the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* was the chief topic of conversation wherever people gathered.

The broadcast was well done. Rosamond Pinchot, daughter of governor-elect Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, and herself a leading lady from the Broadway stage, played the role of the defendant. Blythe Daly, another noted Broadway actress and daughter of the late Arnold Daly, created the part of Delores DeVine. Well known actors who portrayed other characters in the piece were Joseph Ganby, T. Daniel Frawley, Dallas Wel-ford, Jack Kearney, John C. Connolly, John MacBryde and Robert Burton. Minor female roles were played by Kate McComb and Mattie Keene.

BUT it was not the fine acting of this beautifully balanced cast which gripped the listeners. Two details of the production were responsible for arousing interest. First of all, the people were hearing a dramatic vehicle which had all the earmarks of being a genuine trial. Secondly, each and every listener was asked to take part in the trial—to become a member of the jury in whose hands rested the fate of the defendant. It was put up to every listener to do his or her part in analyzing the evidence submitted and, at the conclusion of the trial, when the presiding judge had made his charge, to take a definite stand either for or against acquittal. This was indeed something new in Radio. And the listener, instead of trying to get excused from jury duty as he is apt to do, began framing excuses which would keep him, or her, near a loudspeaker during the run of the trial.

Let's leave the listener for a moment and take a look backstage, during broad-

casting of the third episode. An occasion presented itself at this time for some rather pointed remarks from one attorney to the other as to the ability of his opponent. The author had done rather well in the script in making these reflections caustic, but they were not, it seems, caustic enough for Pecora and Battle and these two gentlemen, now thoroughly imbued with the realism of their task took the opportunity to add several in dividual reflections which were not in the script! In the language of the theatre, they started to "ad lib". The result was, that while these perfectly natural bursts of sarcasm added materially to the realism of trial they made the episode, previously timed in rehearsal, run over the allotted thirty minutes.

Director Rainey warned the lawyers that they must watch out in the future. This they promised to do but then it developed that they were not satisfied with the summations as written by Ellis in the script. This was no reflection on his work. But each man, prosecutor and defense attorney, felt that the summations lacked his own individual characteristics. So, and this is probably the only time such a thing has ever happened in a Radio drama, these two lawyer-actors threw away the summations already in the script and wrote their own!

Then Lawyer-actor Pecora asked permission to throw away his own script and deliver his speech to the jury just as he would do it in a regular court. This the director refused to permit. He didn't trust this energetic, masterful orator quite that far. It would have been a grand speech, no question as to that, but in a Radio broadcast, whether it be a trial or a symphony, a half hour is still thirty minutes. Therefore, Mr. Pecora read script as does any Radio actor, and did a splendid job.

Here's another funny twist. The enthusiasm of the lawyers, who felt that their reputations were vitally at stake in this fictitious trial, spread to the bench. Senator Wagner threw away that part of the script which contained the judge's charge to the jury and proceeded to write his own.

This charge to the jury by the judge completed the trial, and as far as those concerned in producing the drama, it completed the broadcast. It was now up to the Radio jurymen and jurywomen to submit their verdicts, each

verdict to be accompanied by a two hundred word explanation of the reason for such finding.

In came the verdicts by the thousands. DX listeners in Virginia, in Canada, on ships at sea sent in verdicts. And with nearly every verdict came a letter congratulating the sponsors of the program because of its uniqueness, its entertainment qualities and its educational value. And practically every letter demanded that, if Vivienne Ware be found innocent, Delores DeVine, against whom damaging evidence had been introduced in the trial, be brought before the bar of justice in another trial!

The final verdict by poll was some fourteen thousand for acquittal with about two hundred listeners sending in a "guilty" ballot.

Now here, as it was promised he would do, is where the manager of the circulation department of the New York American

(Continued on page 101)



Bobbe Dean of NBC, on stand in San Francisco



Donealda Currie of WJR, the "Vivienne Ware" in Detroit



Lillian G. Genn, writer and well-known interviewer

MRS. FRANKLIN D.

"My Home

Governor's Wife, Business Woman, Teacher—But She Always Puts Family Foremost

IS THE home, once glorified and eulogized in song and in story, and cherished by mankind, in danger of disappearing?

There are many who have their finger on the pulse of the times who claim that because the home is no longer the center of activity and much of life is lived outside of it, its foundation is being undermined. That since woman, who has a natural responsibility to it, has deserted it for a job in the business world, it can hardly continue to exist. Certain it is that the home as a place of quiet, refuge and spiritual growth has always filled a vital human need and has done much to influence the morality and character of its members. If, therefore, the power and the spiritual function of the home and family life were indeed declining, it is inevitable that it would have a profound effect on future generations and on the fabric of the nation.

This thought was expressed to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York, for the purpose of ascertaining her views on the subject. She is unusually equipped to speak for the modern woman because she herself is an ideal modern wife and homemaker. She is the mother of five children, teacher and vice principal in a New York school, and a grandmother. She is not only hostess at the Executive Mansion in Albany, but also manages the Roosevelt country place at Hyde Park and their house in New York. She takes an active part in political and communal work and is keenly alive to the trends of the day.

In addition, Mrs. Roosevelt is the head of a furniture making enterprise called the Val-Kill Shops. She founded this, with two other associates, in order to create an opportunity for men and boys of the countryside to develop self-supporting handicraft skill.

Despite these numerous interests, Mrs. Roosevelt has always given her home and children her first consideration. She has never allowed anything to interfere with the performance of her duties in that respect.

It was just after the Inaugural ceremonies at Albany, marking the beginning

of the Governor's second term, and Mrs. Roosevelt had returned to town to be at her schoolroom.

One can hardly believe that she is a grandmother, so youthful and vivacious did she appear. She is a slim, well poised woman, very tall, with a friendly engaging smile that reminds one of the illustrious Colonel, Theodore Roosevelt, the governor's uncle.

The drawing room in which she greeted the interviewer is a rather austere place filled with paintings and old prints of sea scenes, engravings of famous vessels of the navy, and several ship models, all bespeaking her husband's interest in the sea. One recalls, too, that he and two other members of her family held positions as Assistant Secretaries of the Navy.

However, Mrs. Roosevelt seems able to make one forget surroundings, for one very quickly responds to her charming, unassuming manner.

"THERE is no doubt," she said, "that even to the unobservant eye, there are changes taking place in the home. But to my mind, they do not point to its decline. They are, on the contrary, changes that are made necessary in order to meet the new conditions. Our life has become so complex and there have been so many changes in our world, both economic and social, that the home must be adjusted to meet those conditions. Any progressive minded person must view these changes as vital and productive of good.

"When most of the work and tasks of life were performed in the home, and every member had to help in the chores, it is easy to see that family life had to be knit closely together, if only for economic reasons. Recreation was also provided by the family in the home and the members themselves participated.

"But today, with canneries, bakeries, laundries, factories and innumerable labor saving devices, the work has been taken outside of the home. In other words, individualistic production has given way to mass production. There are, as a conse-

quence, no essential tasks for the family to perform in the house. As for recreation, since that is now well provided for by outside sources, there is no need for the family to remain at home to create their own amusement.

"Because, therefore, people no longer find it necessary to spend much time in the home, it does not mean that they are less home loving. As a matter of fact, outside of a small strata of society in the large cities, you find that in the vast majority of American homes, parents and children are almost as much together as they used to be. They may not actually be around the hearthplace, but in the motor car. That makes little difference.

"For home," she continued earnestly, "is not a place, but an atmosphere. It is where the thoughts and fondest impulses are. The actual four walls don't count. That is why one cannot tell whether a home is successful or not, merely by the amount of time that the family spends in it."

"Then the fact," she was asked, "that women have entered the business world or are spending more time in outside pursuits, is in no way undermining the home?"

"NOT at all," she laughed. "If anything, their work is aiding them to make the home a more interesting and attractive place. Whether a woman engages in political, welfare or business work, these outside contacts keep her mind stimulated and help to develop her personality. Life now moves so quickly and so much more is demanded of men and women, that they must constantly be on the *qui vive* if they are to hold their places. This has particularly meant that the wife has to prepare herself to play a bigger role; that she must be able to share her husband's interests and pursuits. Indeed, the success of marriage depends more than ever before upon this personal

ROOSEVELT says

"First"

Another Personality

Interview by

LILLIAN G. GENN

relationship between husband and wife.

"For that reason the woman who keeps her mind and her interests alive, is a better companion to her husband, and a more intelligent mother to her children. Naturally, she can create a more beautiful setting for the family life.

"To my mind, it is indeed fortunate that the modern woman is able to find an outlet for her energies and thought in outside activities. The small apartments, which have replaced the large, old-fashioned houses require only a minimum of her time and if she were compelled to stay at home, she would soon become a dull and discontented person.

"OF COURSE, when a woman has small children, I believe that she should remain at home with them, even if she can afford a nurse or governess. For it is she alone who can give them the solicitude and spiritual values which are so essential for them. It is she who can better supervise the habits which make for good character.

"Character building begins practically in the cradle. A child can be given bad habits before it is eighteen months old and a little later on a child will acquire more from example and atmosphere at home than school or long lectures can teach. For that reason, it is a mother's primary duty to concern herself with the upbringing of her child and any other work that she may be doing must be relegated to a secondary place.

"If, for the time being, she has to curtail her activities entirely, she at least is not shut off from contacts with the outside world as her mother and grandmother were. The Radio brings the whole world into her home and helps her to keep abreast with the times.

"Thus it should not be such a hardship for her to give up her work to devote herself to her children. However, she should not let herself become dependent

upon their interests, for when they have grown up she will only find herself a drag on them. She must plan and utilize her time so that she can do something creative and interesting. Only in that way can she continue to enrich her own and her family life, even when her children have ceased to need her."

Mrs. Roosevelt emphasized the point, though, that while she thought a mother should devote herself to her children during the early, formative years, yet she must be careful not to smother them with too much attention and love. As she brought out in her recent talk over the Radio, and reiterated to the interviewer, a child that is brought up as a hot house plant will be too frail in courage and stamina to meet the vicissitudes of life when he must step out in the world and stand on his own feet. He expects others to pamper him as his parents have done and when he does not get it, he feels thwarted and defeated.

"We must therefore encourage our children to meet their own difficulties," she said. "We must let them find their own solutions to the problems and gain experience for themselves. We must not always strive to make their path easy for them and to throw opportunities into their laps.

"It may seem hard to do this, but it is for the ultimate advantage of the child.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York State

When he knows he can do things for himself, he no longer views the world as a fearsome place. He feels sure of his ability to meet any difficulties that arise.

"I also think that no mother should feel sorry that she cannot fulfill every wish her child expresses. His zest in life and that strange character-building process will go on much better when he is always envisaging new fields of endeavor. Nothing is more pathetic than a bored child, and you become bored if you have nothing new to interest you. The mother should open up all the avenues she can for her children, but she should leave them to follow them up for themselves.

"Yes, we have lost a few things but we have also gained many new advantages today."

Echoes from the Old

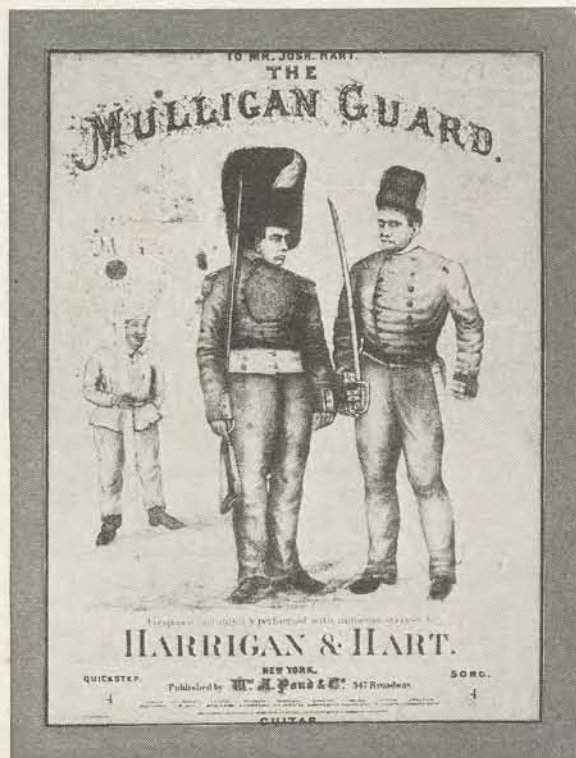
Tin Pan Alley

By Old Timer



Irving Berlin—One-time Singing Waiter of the East Side who grew up into the first Tin-Pan Alleyite to make the song-writer more important than the old song-plugger.

The Mulligan Guard. Below—A rare old copy of that 1873 classic—reproduced from the original in the National Broadcasting Company music library, which is a storehouse of treasures often unobtainable elsewhere.



TIN-PAN ALLEY winds its way through the very heart of the American scene. True, the hand of change has already erased it completely from the map and true that that street which was once Tin-Pan Alley is today home for wholesale dress dealers—yet, notwithstanding such facts, Tin-Pan Alley remains an inevitable part of the American scene. For Tin-Pan Alley, in its own abrupt fashion, tells us more about America past and present—especially past, when it was at its zenith—than huge tomes can, and tells it to us picturesquely and vividly. It is a name heavy with glamour and tradition. And if Tin-Pan Alley, as a street in New York City which quivered to the awkward strains of industrious tin-pan pianos, is a thing of the past; then its traditions, at any rate, and its graphic name have deservedly lingered on through the years and are still palpitantly and vibrantly alive.

Early in 1898, Broder and Schlam—a world-famous music-publishing house which had been manufacturing a nation's song-hits for the past decade—moved their baggage from San Francisco to New York and opened up a huge office on Twenty-Eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. That was the beginning of a grand *hegira* for music-publishers. In all the

corners of the city, they shut the doors of their establishments and, following immediately in the footsteps of their formidable rival, straggled straight to Twenty-Eighth Street. Where Broder and Schlam were, there would they be—for where Broder and Schlam were there would be, most assuredly, all the famous actors and musicians of the country seeking their songs; there would become concentrated the nation's song industry. Within a few months, Twenty-Eighth Street began to quiver and to dance to the volcanic strains of popular music; a mountain of execrable tunes and of more-or-less pretty tunes were being produced there each hour of the day. Next door to Broder and Schlam there was now located the offices of Charles K. Harris whose prolific pen was indefatigable and who had already endeared himself to the hearts of all Americans because of a pretty ballad *After the Ball* which an entire country was at that time singing. A few doors away—at 51 West—were to be found Witmark and Sons, who for years had been known to produce a mass of ingratiating tunes. And somewhere else on the self-same street could one see the huge and coruscant banners of Harry von Tilzer advertising his sensational *My Old New Hampshire Home*, of Joseph Stern & Co. who rode to fame and success upon the back of *Sweet Rosie O' Grady*, of Leo Feist, the novice in this company of veterans, and of other now-prominent music concerns. And, in the midst of all these celebrities, there were sprinkled all over the street the smaller and obscurer firms who for years had been struggling down at Fourteenth Street and who now hoped that Uptown Twenty-Eighth Street would become their

*Secrets . . . Past, Present and Future
 . . . of the Street of Song . . . with
 Sidelights on the Gay Old Ditties*

financial salvation and ultimate success.

The year 1898, therefore, was when this street became, for some mysterious reason, the street of song. All day, the pianos banged and the trumpets wheezed the latest numbers; all day actors and musicians would walk here mechanically when they were in search of new songs. And because this place had become so specialized, this street which cut between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and which lay between 27th and 29th Streets acquired a new and strange name. The innocent New Yorker might still have known it as Twenty-Eighth Street but to the world at large it was henceforth to be immortalized as—Tin-Pan Alley.

BUT Tin-Pan Alley had sounded its first barbaric yawps long before Broder and Schlam migrated to Twenty-Eighth Street. Already had it been existing for many years down at the dim, gas-lit Fourteenth Street which stretched from Union Square to Second Avenue. And there, in this Mecca of burlesque theatres, of bawdy-houses and of cheap dance-halls, were the first of America's popular songs created, written and executed. Remick's had been there long before 1890; Ted Snyder, too, and Witmark and Sons—and around them clustered the myriads of competitors who were constantly struggling with one another in the mad scramble to create the sensational song of the hour.

And inspiration, down at Fourteenth Street, did not create the sensational song of the hour—no more than it did down in Tin-Pan Alley. Mass-production, competition, high-powered salesmanship, division of labor, song-plugging did the trick. And these were rapidly introduced into the song-writing business, by the Fourteenth Street Minnesingers, until it, too, became a leading industry. In this bedlam of noises that constituted the Fourteenth Street song-factory—the incessant braying of bands, the rhythmical sounds of tap-dancing, songsters and instrumentalists trying out new parts for vaudeville work—songs were manufactured with speed, precision and efficiency. There were formulas for every type of song in existence; there were dozens of men, each specialized in a definite type of song, busily scratching away at paper to create hundreds of songs in their own specialized fields—and as, one by one, these songs flew from their pens with the minute regularity of clockwork they were brought at once to the song-plugger whose

One Touch of Nature
 written for famous
 Cissie Loftus

Take Back The Ring,
 a pathetic Scotch Ballad of 1888, is an example of the tearful art work on covers of "songs they used to sing" in the old days.



Laugh, if you must, at maudlin old song-titles, but compare *She May Have Seen Better Days* (1894 vintage) with *Go Home And Tell Your Mother* (1930)!

Another 1888'er—*With All Her Faults, I Love Her Still* (She left him, but no other love, his soul can thrill).



Two of the most famous figures of Old Tin-Pan Alley whose songs will live on through ages to come—Charles K. Harris, who wrote *After The Ball*, and Harry Von Tilzer, composer of *My Old New Hampshire Home*.

duty it was to market them successfully.

For between each song and its success stood the song-plugger. Down at Fourteenth Street, and later in Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger was, by far, the most important influence in the music-publishing field. To the publisher the composer was nothing more than a piece-worker who could create at any given moment a certain type of song. The performer was but a day-laborer; hundreds of them were floating around each day from one publishing house to another seeking employment. But the song-plugger was the artist of the trade. Upon his personality, his charm, his popularity, his gift at salesmanship depended entirely whether a certain song could become a success or a total flop. A great song-plugger could actually make any song a success, irrespective of its own merits. But, after all, how many great song-pluggers were there on the street?

ONLY the most meagre handful. There was Pat Howley, a freelance song-plugger, the cynosure for all publishers' eyes; there was Meyer Cohen whose distinction was that he made of *My Mother Was a Lady* a national success; and there was Izzy Bailin—later to be known as Irving Berlin. Every evening, after the music shops had closed their doors for the day and after the gas-lighter had passed along the dark streets lighting all the gas lamps, those three song-pluggers, together with the song-pluggers of the various publishers, would assemble at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Tony Pastor was always very tolerant to song-pluggers and he would permit one of them to station himself in a box, another in the balcony, a third behind the scenes—and then when the respective song of each

song-plugger was sung on the stage, the song-plugger was given the limelight and full liberty to plug his song to his heart's content. And then, after the show was over, the song-pluggers would congregate together with the vaudeville actors and singers at nearby beer-gardens. Cigars would be distributed freely; treats for beer and whiskey would be frequent events and during all this burst of generosity the song-plugger was deftly plying his trade: spreading propaganda to the actors and singers for a new song. The end of a busy and expensive night might have found many sad faces among the song-pluggers—but there was invariably a smile of triumph upon the faces of Meyer Cohen or Pat Howley. For hardly an evening would pass when they would not get some actor to interest himself in their latest number. And that, as every song-plugger and publisher and composer down at Fourteenth Street knew, was the first important step in the making of a successful song.

The song-writing game had become an industry; that musical *entrepreneur*—the song-plugger—had been introduced into the field. Fourteenth Street had now definitely paved the way for Tin-Pan Alley. Tin-Pan Alley thus had its tradition; it was fully prepared now to create its own history.

But little did the song-pluggers and song-composers realize that not the songs themselves but the song-lyrics were to immortalize Fourteenth Street of 1890. Who can forget those bombastic, sentimental, elaborately emotional lyrics which, at that time, clutched at and played havoc with the heart-strings? But which today are remembered and cherished as precious bits of Americana? There were such colossal tragedies as *She's More to be Pitied than Censured*—a tearful ballad

about a girl who strayed from the straight and narrow path of virtue. There were such heart-breaking dramas as *After the Ball*—that song-success of Charles K. Harris—wherein (so the elaborate story goes) a young man, walking away from his sweetheart at a ball to bring her a drink, comes back only to find her talking amorously to a stranger; wherein he rants and fumes and refuses to listen to any explanations and, then and there, breaks the engagements and wherein, years later, when he is old and gray he learns that his sweetheart had died of a broken heart and that the stranger had been none other than—her brother!

There were more cheerful bits, such as *The Lost Child*—song-plugged into an overwhelming sensation by Pat Howley and coming from the pens and presses of Stern and Marks—in which a lost child comes to a policeman, in trouble and tears, only to learn that the policeman is none other than his father, who had been separated from his mother because of a petty quarrel, and in which the child brings about a reconciliation, tender and pathetic, between husband and wife! Or, to take that song-sensation of the age, *My Mother Was a Lady*—the handiwork of Stern and Marks's composition and the song-plugging of Meyer Cohen:

TWO drummers sat at dinner in a grand hotel, one day.
While dining they were chatting in a jolly sort of way,
And when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food,
They spoke to her familiarly in manner rather rude.
At first she did not notice them or make the least reply,
But one remark was passed that brought the tear-drop to her eye,
And facing her tormentor, with cheeks now burning red,
She looked a perfect picture as appealingly she said:

"My mother was a lady like yours you will allow,
And you may have a sister who needs protection now!
I've come to this great city to find a brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir, if Jack were only here!"

Of course, nothing will prevent the bard of Fourteenth Street from fashioning a pretty ending and so we learn, as the song progresses to its second stanza, that the abusive young fellow is none other than Jack's best friend and that he invites the waitress to come with him to Jack so that he might introduce her to Jack—as his bride!

When Fourteenth Street moved uptown to Twenty-eighth Street it left behind its sentimental song-lyric but brought along its efficacious system of manufacturing popular songs. And there on Twenty-

Eighth Street did this system reach its highest point of efficiency. Tin-Pan Alley actually went far beyond anything Fourteenth Street could conceive of in the speed with which successes could be composed, produced and marketed. It had become a huge machine which functioned incessantly, pouring songs out of its busy mouth in innumerable quantities.

The song-factory of Tin-Pan Alley was a smoothly operating organization. It was gracefully subdivided into the various categories of song-writing—the humorous vaudeville ditty, the love-song, the popular-song (and later, when Tin-Pan Alley was to grow out of its adolescence, the mammy and the blues-song)—and each department boasted of a dozen composers, at least four amanuenses to assist the blind gropings of illiterate geniuses, and a head, the supposed authority in the branch of musical composition, to supervise, correct and bellow out orders. Over these various branches of the publishing-house, ruled the head of the sales-department to assign all the work—and the blame. It was the head of the sales-department who constantly kept his finger upon the pulse of a public's whims and who, when he felt that the season for the humorous ditty should be approaching, gave a rushing order to the humorous-ditty department and assembled the cream of his song-pluggers. And then the market was flooded.

TIN-PAN Alley was, therefore, a very delicate mechanism which created the styles and produced the successes to satisfy the style in a nation's popular music. And of this very delicate mechanism the most important cog was still the song-plugger—who was still flourishing despite the change of scene. To the song-plugger, were given the greatest privileges, the highest esteem and the largest salary. The head of the sales-department, the composers, the amanuenses, the performers were all shackled to their offices from nine o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. But the song-plugger, artist that he was, was the free man. His work occupied only a few hours of the day, primarily during lunch-hour, and his office was the street directly in front of the publisher who employed him. He was easily recognizable—standing there in front of his own publishing-house, a long cigar in his mouth, a derby on his head—idling lazily, so it seemed to the careless onlooker, but in truth keeping a vigilant eye over all the people who walked through the street. A song-plugger had to know every actor and singer by sight, at least; the best song-pluggers knew them by the first name. And should an actor or singer pass innocently through Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger—with a tempting cigar in his hand to bait the fish withal—would attempt to entice the actor to walk with him into his palace. He would utilize the magnetism of his personality, the persuasive power

of a good cigar or theatre tickets or, even, an excellent dinner, and if these were powerless he would—like the very famous "puller-in" of the Canal Street clothes-shop—attempt to make his actions speak louder than words.

Once the song-plugger had induced the actor to enter the office, the rest became mere routine—a routine in which Tin-Pan Alley was so very efficient. Performers would play for him the latest numbers, tap-dancers would rap out their rhythm, the head of the sales-department would swear religiously that they were embryonic successes. Then the actor, after having tried out the number for himself and after having been pleased, would invariably promise to use it in his next act. The rest was left to the capricious whims of Chance—and to the histrionic abilities of the song-plugger.

That was the method of pushing a song in those halcyon days. For it was the day before the Radio, before the innumerable jazz-bands began to serenade every nook and corner of the country, before those millions of movie-houses sprang up, like so many mushrooms, far and wide—and, consequently, song-plugging was yet the simple task, consisting of nothing more elaborate than securing the interest of the actor in the music. But even without the help of the Radio, jazz-bands and movie houses, the song-plugger, it seems, was not altogether helpless. His own genuine ability in pushing a song to the attention and affection of a whole country seemed to accomplish more wonders than all of our modern wholesale advertising. For with his very simple resources, the song-pluggers accomplished so very much,

that in spite of ourselves and our inmost desires, such faded tunes of the Golden Nineties as *Sweet Adeline*, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *The Bowery*, *Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* are still indelibly, eternally I fear, impressed upon our memories.

TIN-Pan Alley had never been kind to the composer who was outside looking in. Since merit played no part at all in the making of a song-success, what need did Tin-Pan Alley have for outside talent? It had, to be sure, its own staffs of composers who could produce music more quickly and more efficiently than any foreigner could. And speed and efficiency was what Tin-Pan Alley required most in its business of making songs. Therefore when, in 1905, Irving Berlin went from door to door along Twenty-Eighth Street to peddle his first song *Marie from Sunny Italy*, success did not run to meet him with open embrace. The larger firms simply turned a deaf ear; the smaller firms were more affable, if not more generous. However, Berlin did not lose heart. True, his part in the creation of *Marie from Sunny Italy* was a small one (only the lyric was his), but he loved it with the affection of a father for his first born. And so he was determined to see it published. Patiently, he continued disturbing the peace of publishers until, one unexpected day, he reaped his reward. A smaller firm, Ted Snyder, accepted the manuscript—and published it soon afterwards.

The royalties were thirty-seven cents
(Continued on page 106)



A window on Tin-Pan Alley—Meyer Cohen, song-plugger of the old school, at his desk in the office of Charles K. Harris, an organization which is still publishing hits.

She needs only one name to be remembered—serious, winsome, gay Armida.



By
MURIEL
ALLEN

That So
Romantic
Senorita

You Hear Her
and You Picture
Gay Caballeros
Romantically Serenading

Armida of the Air

DYNAMIC, spontaneous, the Lilliputian embodiment of Spanish temperament and youthful enthusiasm—that is Armida of the Footlights.

Appealing, tender, the elfin spirit of Romance and Dreams—that is Armida of the Air!

"And which do you like best?"

Armida laughed—a happy, rippling laugh.

"Sh!" she whispered, "you mus' not make me geev myself away—too motch!

"You see—my audience—yes, I lov' them a ver' great deal. I laugh with them—I sing to them—I dance for them—so—" And she whirled away, a very avalanche of motion, castanets clicking, eyes flashing, tiny feet twirling her lithe, slender little body about like a bit of thistledown.

"I look into their faces and smile—and they smile back at me!

"But when I sing over WMCA, the leetle round 'mike' (that ees hees name?) that is all I see. No smiling eyes—no happy faces—and so—I eemagine. I say to myself, 'Armida, those people out there—you cannot see them—they cannot see you—so you mus' make them *feel* you—you mus' talk to their hearts—you mus' say to them, over all those miles and miles of space, 'Listen—I lov' you—everybody!'—and then that will make them happy so that they will lov' you

and like to listen to you—lov' for lov'.

"It seems—somehow—because I cannot see the ones I speak to out there in space, that we are even closer than when there is only a strip of footlights between us. You Americans—you have a beeg word for that—para—paradox! Yes, that ees eet!

"And there is something else too—a something that is just for me. You see, sometimes when I get ver' much excite' or enthuse' in my stage work—*maybe* I make one leetle mistake—maybe take a wrong step or draw a long breath—this way—when I sing—and no one knows. It ees all right!

"But on the air it is ver', ver' different. Every leetle sound—she go out everywhere! If my breath get mixed up and I say 'mhhm' (like that)—thousands of audience hear me—and that ees not so good!

OR MAYBE I get some—(how do you say—'mike fright?') and sing one wrong note. Caramba! maybe they cut me off—like thees!" The slender little fingers snapped sharply in mock disgust, like the click of the wee castanets.

"So that ees for me. Why? Becoz' I want to improve—always—every minute—to make my work better and BETTER.

"On the air I mus' not make one leetle

blunder—and so it make me always more perfect. You see? And that is why I lov' Radio!"

Armida's background is as full of romance as her young and colorful spirit.

Her father, a Spaniard from Barcelona, was an outstanding figure in the Spanish theatre when he met and married her mother, a beauty of Mexican and Italian descent.

ARMIDA herself was born in the stormy republic below the Rio Grande, and was brought to this country for her education.

But the love of the stage was in her blood. An older sister was performing in the little town out in California where the family lived, and Armida begged to be allowed to go with her one evening.

Her request was reluctantly granted, for she was still only a baby. The tiny aspirant for fame followed her sister's act with an interpretive song à la Raquel Meller. The number literally "stopped the show", and Baby Armida became a regular member of the company.

"And that was the beginning"—smiled this diminutive bit of femininity—"when I was seven—years and years ago!" (She must be all of nineteen!)

Later on, when she was quite grown up—sixteen or so—she was discovered

(Continued on page 105)



EASTERN listeners are now twanging guitars and warbling under the balcony of the beautiful Armida. They found the California listeners already there. Donald Flamm borrowed her from "Nina Rosa" and introduced her to his WMCA-ians. Saccharino Senorita!



Lowell Thomas

FIRELIGHT memories at a Western camp stir a thousand pictures of war and adventure in the mind of Lowell Thomas, famous author, journalist and war correspondent who is heard nightly over the transcontinental chain systems

Hal Puyfe Photo.

Ethel Merman

ETHEL is the Girl in the show, Girl Crazy, and not so long ago you heard her in the Nestlé Chocala-teer program over WJZ network. She has air personality. She began as a singer in a Russian restaurant in Brooklyn where she was discovered and launched on a career





Charles Magnante

ACCORDION

Charles, all set for the Lumberjack program over the National Net, also appears in 29 other broadcast programs in the course of the week

Vernon Dalhart and Adelyn Hood

"GOOD Night Ladies—" we got the real Barber Shop Blues with Barbasol Ben, Cutie-cle Barbara and the Barber Shop Quartet. You hear them over the Columbia System



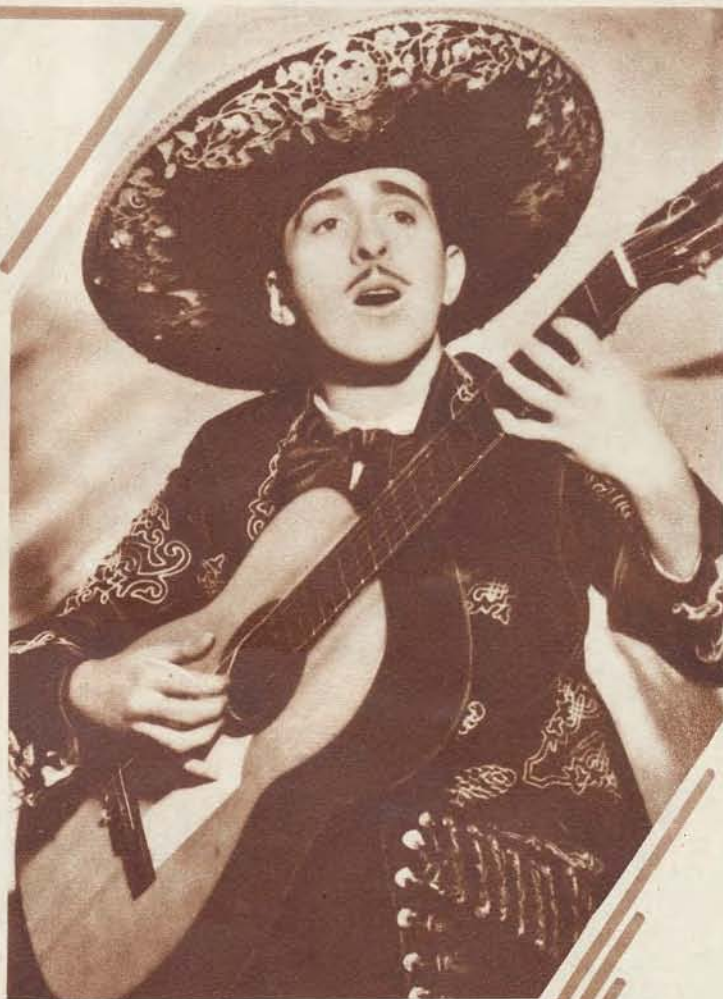
Snoop and Peep



HIST! It looks like an ash tray??? Charles "Snoop" Finan and Paul "Peep" Winkopp appear to have made a startling discovery. On WEA-F-NBC 8:15 hook-up

Yodeling Cowboys

BILL SIMMONS and his cow-hands are back on KROW ranch from Los Angeles where they made Victor records. Bill composed "Rocky Mountain Sweetheart"



Guty Cardenas

THREE times Senor Cardenas was voted Mexico's most popular composer. He sang for Mexico before President and Mrs. Hoover. Now he's heard at KHJ, Los Angeles

Haywirephonic

COWBOY ballads and Old West tunes are featured by the Haywire Orchestra of San Antonio at KTSA. From left: Bob Skiles, Mrs. Bob, Swede Braum, Kid Thompson, Joe Luther





SOMEBODY got a job as a secretary in a lawyer's office in Dayton, O., when this young lady resigned last December to accept the Atwater Kent \$5,000 prize and began her studies. Miss Deis is twenty-five, and hopes to become an opera star

Carol Deis



Gertrude Dooley

NEVER mind, one of these days Miss Dooley will be showing this pretty smile tele visionally. Just now she is putting it over with her voice as one of the featured dramatic staff at Station WLW, Cincinnati.

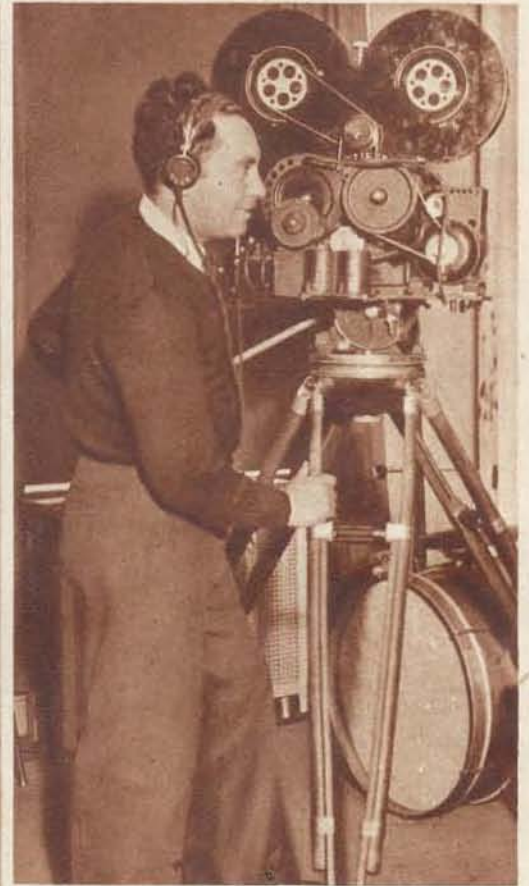
Youngest Announcer

MYRON ARTHUR WOTEN, six years old, is claimed as the youngest regular announcer in the world. He is shown with his sister Gladys, at WNAX, Yankton, S. D.



Uncle Mack

UNCLE MACK quit the road as an old time trouper to be uncle for a lot of little Radio boys and girls who listen in at WSM, the popular Nashville station



Bobby
Dukes

Uncle Zim and Bamby Boy

THESE two may be one of the reasons why Northern people go South to Miami during the winter months. They want to hear these two over WIOD. Bamby Boy is just five



Velma Stowe

ANOTHER "youngest" Radio entertainer (below) is little four-months-old Velma, daughter of Arthur W. "Tiny" Stowe, M. C. on the late shows of KSTP, St. Paul; and Velma Dean Stowe of the Dodo Frolic. Mother and Dad cooperate of course

So popular has the Children's Hour at WCAU, Philadelphia, become the Paramount Pictures are making a talkie of Bobby Dukes, four





Harriet Lee

YOU have seen Miss Lee's face on the Radio Digest cover and this picture is merely to remind you that she is getting better looking every day and is still one of the Columbia stars. You remember her on the Weed Chain program, perhaps



WITH twin talents along musical lines it was inevitable that Miss Fields should become a Radio personality. She plays the violin as concert soloist and she also sings as soprano soloist. She won a Juillard scholarship for both. Columbia found her first

Catherine Fields



Lovina Gilbert

OTHERWISE known as Mrs. Russell Gilbert who sings during the Cheerio Hour over the NBC network. She is also heard on other chain programs during the week

Prevention or Cure?

"Don't Use 'Aspirin' Type of Welfare Work—Attack Cause of Social Ills," says Daughter of England's Premier

By Ishbel MacDonald

AT CHRISTMASTIME everyone feels generous, kindly and brotherly. Large sums of money are spent in making people happy. Parties are given and beaming hosts and hostesses shake hands warmly with their less fortunate brethren and speak kindly to them. The next week they swoop past them in a purring car which is upholstered like a dream cloud and graceful in every line. That Christmas party leads to nothing. It is a few hours of warmth, satisfaction and laughter, a few hours when the host and hostess can demonstrate their superiority in a happy, patronizing way instead of in the less pleasant way of drawing cloaks aside while passing a less fortunate brother.

Each guest returns to exactly his old position with happy dreams of sparkling jollification but nothing with more uplifting and nothing more tangible than perhaps an orange or a bag of candies.

Some so-called social work is like that Christmas party. It leads to nothing. A great deal of energy is put into it, a great deal of paid and voluntary labor, and the result is not worth the labor.

I know of an effort organized to raise funds for a certain class of maimed brethren where, out of the 146,000 pounds raised only about 8,000 pounds went to the unfortunate brethren, and the rest went to cover expenses.

This is not what I call social service. Social service should have two functions, the function of curing and the function of preventing social disorders. A third function which creeps in, of necessity, is the function of appeasing. When a human being suffers from headaches, often he takes aspirin when he feels the pain unbearable and thinks nothing more about it. But a wise person goes to the trouble of finding out the cause—eye-strain, indiges-

tion or something else if the head aches and then sets to work to do away with that cause and prevent it from arising again. The cure may be so long that the patient still finds the temporary help of aspirin from time to time necessary while the cure is in progress.

A community should regard its social pains and ills in the same way. Many bands of social workers administer aspirin in the form of treats and parties for their less fortunate brethren, and when the happy effects of the treats are over their brethren are in as much pain as before.

I am not opposed to social work of the appeasing type so long as it is a branch of some constructive social work and does not distract the social workers from the main road and the object of their work. So much for aspirin.

HOW about the cure? One should not try to cure without diagnosing the disease. A good instance of how we try to cure without diagnosis is that we send criminals to prison to cure them of their various crimes. How can prison cure crime? We have been breeding crime by choking and stunting the development of the bodies, mind and spirit of some sections of the community, and the cure we offer them is a change to equally

ISHBEL MACDONALD is worthy of a place in the catalogue of famous women not only through reflected glory, but also in her own right. A prominent welfare worker in London, her recent address to two nations, heard through the Columbia System in this country, has caused much comment. It is reproduced here.—EDITOR.



Ishbel MacDonald at her desk at No. 10 Downing Street, headquarters and home of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

unwholesome surroundings, but with better security, where they may be sent officially as bad specimens of human beings who should know better than to have grown up gnarled and twisted. This is only one example of the kind of cure that is sometimes administered by social workers and others who are in charge of the well being of the community. But more understanding is being brought into the treatment of criminals.

Where is the criminal to go when he is reformed? The danger is that he will return to his old surroundings and in them slip back to his old habits. Curative work is not enough. Preventative social work is the most important social work of all. While individuals are being cured, while individuals are being cheered with treats, the work of prevention must go on. Bad houses and the many evil influences must be rooted out and replaced by surroundings which are healthy and wholesome for bodies, minds and souls, and by enlightenment and good education.

Millions of dollars are spent on the upkeep of various kinds of institutions which are filled by patients who need treatment because so few dollars are spent in keeping them in good health. The aim of a good social worker should be to divert the stream of sympathy, energy and dollars which flows to cure people crushed by our social diseases, to help those people before they are crushed—by attacking the social diseases which crush them.

(Continued from page 45)

No distinct line can be drawn between curative, preventative and appeasing social services. They are connected and they overlap. But emphasis should be put on the preventative side of social service.

To return to our aspirin, some people laugh when you suggest trying to cure their addiction to headaches. "My dear," they say, "I have been bothered with headaches all my life. It wouldn't do me any good. It wouldn't be me if I hadn't any headaches. I find aspirin eases the pain."

What lack of faith these people have! But as communities, aren't we apt to suffer through lack of faith?

"It is human nature to be criminal. It is human nature to go in for warfare. It is inevitable that we have great wealth at one end of the social scale and crushed humanity at the other end. It is inevitable that we have unemployment. Poor beggars, let us do our best to give them a jolly Christmas." Isn't that how we speak?

But our most appalling lack of faith is in our treatment of the insane. Until very recently we have treated insanity as a sin, something that gives us the creeps and fills us with dread, something that brings shame with it.

I welcome the new light of faith and hope that is held up to us by those of the medical profession and social workers who are fighting against the lack of faith the community possesses. One can practice mental hygiene as well as physical and spiritual hygiene. Insanity, like other human and social diseases, can be prevented if we have the faith and will to do so.

It is the business of electors to vote wisely, for it is the vote of those citizen-electors which affects the welfare of the other citizens of the community. And it is the business of the elected body to legislate or administer for the good of the community.

To my mind, the most constructive social service can be rendered through legislative and administrative bodies. That is why I have chosen administrative work on the London County Council as my career. But when we know the direction of our road and have good surveyors, we can have more than one gang and more than one type of worker upon the route tackling the outstanding obstacles that have to be overcome.

INDEPENDENT societies exist and have existed for generations doing splendid work. They, too, are working for the good of humanity. A very large number of people in all stations of life feel that responsibility towards the community. What I have been unable to decide, after my two short stays in America, is whether you on your side of the Atlantic feel that responsibility more than we do on ours.

It is always difficult here to recruit a new social worker because every public-spirited man or woman seems to slip into some kind of social service of his own accord without being recruited. I have hardly ever found anyone looking for social work to take up. Every one worth while seems to be fully employed in some social work.

Another decision I am unable to make is whether you in America waste your time on useless social work more than we do here or if you are more constructive in your methods. I think you are more scientific but it does not follow that you are more constructive. I have not much faith in statistics and figures.

We both have a mixture of trained and untrained social workers. One branch of social work after the other is being handled through the trained professional social worker and the standard of training is rising and rising. But the voluntary workers still find plenty to do. They are the pioneers, and more pioneer work is being done by them and being proved by them to be worthy of official recognition. Through history we see voluntary efforts of individuals in social service, even on the water supply and drainage of towns, being recognized and taken over by publicly elected bodies or officials. Social service in this century alone has brought about great improvements which we cannot overlook.

Partly, I do not say wholly, through social service has the health of the underdog and his standard of living been improved, but enlightenment brings more and more hopes for satisfaction and more and more demands upon social service. There will always be work for the voluntary pioneer, and the entrance of the professional social worker is in my opinion not killing the fine spirit of social service.

Our problems are not the same, but they can be tackled with the same spirit of faith and determination.



Peggy Hull, from recent photograph in uniform she was authorized to wear as only woman war correspondent in the World War.

Only Woman War Correspondent Peggy Hull

PEGGY HULL who has been presenting horoscopes of the Radio notables in *RADIO DIGEST* during the past few months is no idle ethereal dreamer just because for the time being she is interested in the movements of the heavenly bodies, as she sincerely believes they influence the destinies of mankind. She was the only accredited woman correspondent in the World War. She has seen men die in battle. She has camped in frozen Siberia. She has literally waded in blood at Chinese massacres.

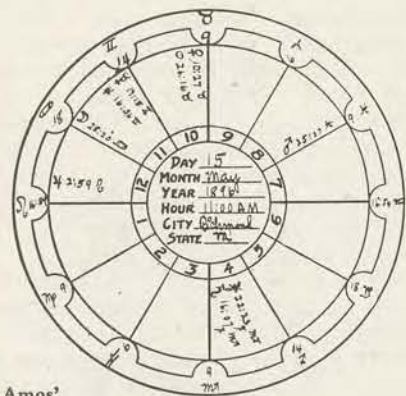
Recently she has been appearing with Mr. Charles R. Tighe, associate editor of *RADIO DIGEST*, in broadcasts at WMCA, New York. Listeners have heard some of her hair-raising adventures from her own lips. In spite of her masculine courage she is decidedly feminine. Her voice is low and gentle, as Radio listeners have learned.

When Peggy takes on a whim she goes into it thoroughly. That is the reason for her present interest in astrology. She says her own life has worked out precisely according to her horoscope—and because her life has been so unusual she believes it must have been something more than coincidence. She is not a

professional astrologer herself but she knows the rules and the ethics intimately. Her horoscopes are prepared by a woman friend who is an astrologer of considerable note. Through the assistance of this friend Miss Hull has arranged for genuine horoscopes of readers of *RADIO DIGEST* according to an announcement that appears on page 86 of this issue.

It is interesting to remember that Peggy Hull is the only woman who was formally accredited by the War Department as newspaper correspondent in the World War. Other correspondents paid her the highest tributes. Her war stories were syndicated in more than 100 newspapers.

"Horroroscope" by Peggy Hull Reveals



Amos' Horoscope

WOMAN

*Threatens
Partnership of*

AMOS and ANDY



Andy's Horoscope

THERE was nothing in the stranger's aspect to inspire either implicit confidence or a warm welcome.

On a long, thin body, clothed in a great, gray cloak, hung hands and feet that flapped like the wings of a bat. Out of a grotesquely elongated face, stared a pair of penetrating eyes, and the corners of a wide mouth drooped with dire portent.

"Who are you?" I asked, too startled and frightened to be gracious.

"Shsh," the creature whispered, raising a spectral forefinger to a nose as long as Cleopatra's needle. "I'm Mercury!"

I recognized him then, this Messenger of the Planets, and the planet of reason in his own right. But what brought him to my study at this unusual hour, his breath spent, his gaunt frame drooping with fatigue, his garments heavy with the dust of a long journey?

He dropped into a chair, and fanned himself with a palm-leaf hand. After a moment, his breath came more easily.

"I am not too late?" he contrived to ask.

"For what?"

"To warn them!"

In spite of his air of mystery—the furtiveness of his entrance, his cryptic speech, the evident importance of this mission, which he had had to execute in such haste—I was not greatly engaged by my visitor from the realm of the Stars.

AMONG all the Great Council of Nine—that planetary hierarchy which rules the affairs of men—I liked him least. The fiery Mars, the inimical Saturn, the graceful, soft-spoken Moon—these, and all the other rulers of the Celestial Domain, I had found it possible

to admire, for their virtues principally, of course, but sometimes for their vices.

But Mercury lacked in his nature enough metal to hold the imprint of either virtue or viciousness: he reminded me of a moldy, old bag of meal, which one could punch into the temporary semblance of individuality, but which would improve the first opportunity to relapse into an indifferent shapelessness.

YET Mercury was not a fool, nor altogether a rogue. Shaken out of his natural lethargy, the sharp sword of his reason had drunk impartially of good and bad men's blood. And tonight, it would seem, he had gathered his cadaverous carcass together and unsheathed his blade in a noble cause.

I looked at him with a little less disfavor.

"When you've completely recovered your breath," I said, "perhaps you will explain who you wish to warn—and of what."

"I have it now—my breath, I mean." And to prove it he dragged himself out of the depths of his chair, with a great swaying and bending of his appendages, and a creaking of his bones. "You must forgive the infirmities of an old man," he went on in a querulous tone; "I've been running errands for that damned Council for centuries—I, whose clear intelligence has fertilized the genius of Uranus, whose sane counsel has held even that infamous, old dastard, Mars, in check; whose cold judgment has led many a child of Venus out of a brothel to sit on the left hand of a King."

"No doubt you have suffered greatly," I remarked. "But what did you come

to see me about? What is your warning? Who must be told?"

His baggy garments disgorged a black bordered handkerchief, and he blew his nose. In some miraculous manner, the gesture seemed to steady him.

"You are writing an article for the RADIO DIGEST," he asserted.

I admitted that it was true.

"The article concerns the fate of Amos and Andy."

This I also acknowledged.

"Then—" he leaned far forward to heighten the dramatic effect—"you must warn them! At this very moment, they stand in fearful peril!"

His black, consuming eyes; the pallor of his cheeks; the unearthly way in which his figure was knit together under the voluminous folds of his cloak; the attitude in which he poised himself as if for flight from the edge of his chair, made me think of him suddenly as a great, gray evangel of Death.

I jumped to my feet, glanced at the clock, and ran to the Radio. It was after 7, and over the air came Andy's deep voice and Amos', higher pitched, in one of their endless discussions.

"They're all right!" I said, with the asperity of one whose concern has been unnecessarily aroused.

BUT I failed to disturb the venerable apparition in his rôle of a prophet of doom. He transfixed me with an outstretched arm.

"Tonight—yes; but what of tomorrow night, and the night after that?"

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"Dissension, disruption, dissolution!"

I laughed. "Nonsense! They are the best of friends. I thought you intended to

tell me a racketeer planned to take them for a ride."

But no light of levity answered me in my caller's gloomy face. He arose, took the chair before my desk, glanced at the two horoscopes which I had left beside my typewriter.

"Sometimes there are things worse than death," he intoned. Upon the outspread sheets, he laid a bony finger. "See, it is written there—the danger of disruption! They are entirely unaware of it, and yet it stands at their shoulders."

HE BECAME vastly excited and grew more so, as he studied the symbols of his lore. "You must warn them. Tell them a trap is open at their feet. Tell them they must not fall into it. They have climbed the high places together. They have won fame side by side, and through each other. If they separate, neither will ever be so successful nor so happy again. Tell them so! Tell them everything I have said! Tell them, for Heaven's sake, to beware!"

"But how is all this to come about?" I demanded. "Through whom? And in what way?" Then the suspicion that the scene was too theatrical to be real—that I was being made the victim of a hoax—came to me with disconcerting suddenness, and I took refuge in derision.

YOU are as alarming as a gangster's pineapple, and as mysterious as hash. Do you think Amos and Andy are going to start pulling each other away from the mike just to make MacFadden jealous? Somebody will have to slip the poison in the soup. Make public the name of the villain!"

Mercury arose and wrapped himself in his mortician's dignity.

"I had hoped to avoid this issue," he said, in a tone that had the hollow echo of a sepulchre.

"Well, you won't," I assured him. "Come across!"

His enormous feet were flapping in the direction of the door; but he paused, and stood for a moment, as motionless, and as ridiculous as a scarecrow in the corn.

Then his mournful lips contorted themselves in laughter; his cavernous eyes danced with diabolic glee.

"Man's enemy is woman," said the old crapehanger. And disappeared.

I rushed to my charts in a fever of excitement, scanned the spot where my celestial caller's finger had lain. And there it was—the mysterious menace in step-ins.

I have no wish to invade the affairs of either Amos or Andy; and I could not, even if I would, venture to guess her age, her identity, or what part she may play in their joint career. But Amos and Andy, in their relations with each other, will do well to discourage the interference of all women; for their separation—and their downfall, if it comes—will be the handiwork of a daughter of Eve.

Although I can say no more of Amos' and Andy's peril, due to the possible machinations of a member of my sex, the stars give me authority to describe other interesting phases of their life, which they little suspect one in my remote position can know.

It is seven a.m. of any morning since Amos and Andy first met. Amos, (Freeman F. Gosden) is awake and wide-eyed. He is anxious to get to work.

"Come on Andy," he calls as he springs out of bed, "get up. We've lots to do on that sequence today."

"Uh huh." Andy, (Charles J. Correll) grunts and turns over for another nap.

Amos goes about the business of getting dressed with the natural grace of the Taurian born. He sends an anxious glance toward the sleeping Andy and a little wrinkle appears between his eyes. He doesn't want to nag but he knows perfectly well, that if he doesn't keep after Andy, he'll never get up.

"Andy, it's almost eight o'clock." But Andy doesn't care whether it's ten o'clock. He groans and goes on sleeping. After several more attempts on Amos' part, Andy finally extricates himself from the bed clothing and starts getting up. But he doesn't hurry. Andy hates to hurry. And it seems so foolish when there's tomorrow. If everything can't be done today . . . why bother? There is always tomorrow.

Andy's middle name should have been Procrastination, and if Madame Queen ever gets him to the altar she should receive nothing less than the Congressional Medal.

It would appear to the casual and unpenetrating observer that the combination of Amos and Andy is a trifle lopsided, with Amos doing all the work. But be-

fore you jump to conclusions . . . read on.

Amos, who was born May 15th, has his Sun in the industrious, practical, determined, earthy sign Taurus. He has an abundance of vitality to start with and a strong will. When he starts out to do anything he won't give up until it is accomplished. To further strengthen this tendency in his character, he has the lordly sign of Leo on the ascendant, a splendid combination under which to seek a public career, and this rising sign also helps to bring out Andy's Leo, which is the sign of the theater.

On the other hand, Andy was born February 3rd with his Sun in the airy sign of Aquarius. He has a highly developed imagination and is a confirmed dreamer of dreams. He has remarkable ideas, much originality and a keen sense of humor but without Amos it is doubtful that he would ever get his flights of fancy down on paper. It is Amos who brings him to earth and makes his dreams come true.

THEY should never quarrel and never permit a third party to come between them. For they are both stubborn and once they separated, there would never be a reconciliation. They both have exceptionally amiable dispositions and if any difficulty ever arises between them, it will be through the subtle efforts of another.

Their horoscopes show their early struggles. Each has had to make his own way and rise to a position of eminence through his own efforts. There were no silver or gold teaspoons in the Gosden or Correll families when these youngsters came into the world, but they both had

something far more desirable . . . the beneficent Jupiter pulling for them. Inherited fortunes bring no happiness when the stars are set against a person and while Amos and Andy have had many ups and downs, they have also had the incomparable satisfaction which comes from personal achievement.

IN ANDY'S chart we find the reason for his being cast in the less popular rôle. His Moon in Cancer is opposed to Jupiter and square to Uranus. This aspect always results in the native appearing unfavorably before the public. A pretty young actress, for example, is cast as an old and offensive woman. A man, with all the natural instincts of a hero, must take the villain's part. It is an aspect you cannot get away from.

The Neptunian influence in their charts
(Continued on page 98)



Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) is always first up and first to get to work.



Andy (Charles J. Correll) never hurries but gets there just the same.

True Story of Kippy and Robar's

Punctured ROMANCE

While She Coyly Twittered at
KOA He Crooned to Her About
Roses and Moonlight at KLZ

By Florence Partello Stuart

THIS amusing incident is from the pen of the wife of Colonel G. W. Stuart, Chief of Staff of the 103rd Division, U. S. Army. Mrs. Stuart, whose triple personalities embrace society matron, writer and Radio entertainer, vouches for its truth to RADIO DIGEST readers.

I STUMBLED into KOA, Denver's NBC Station, purely by accident and stumbled into the most alluring romance just-like-that. Now I have undeniably reached the Carpet-Slipper age, when romance and adventure should be enjoyed in retrospect, but who is ever wise enough to eschew Romance when it

is handed to one with a bunch of roses?

I acquired a "red hot" programme, *The Morning Revellers* and was told to carry on. Mrs. Berlin Boyd, creator and manager of this hour, was off for a much needed rest. Said Mrs. Boyd to me:

"Kippy, can you handle *The Morning Revellers* for me?" Like the young lady who was asked to play the piano I replied:

"I've never tried, but I'll do the best I can."

When I first faced the microphone I suddenly lost contact with my stomach.

It had fallen through to the basement, and there was I, totally devoid of tummy, facing that invention of the Devil, the microphone. I prattled weakly about the values at the Oregon City Woolen Mills; I lisped inanely of the sparkle of Bluhill coffee. Frantically I made gestures, I raved around that Studio waving arms, stomping feet to emphasize my point, and, I was a total flop. Mrs. Boyd suddenly took on the proportions of a giant, she soared above my head like an eagle. Clarence Moore, my synthetic "Brother Bill" gave what comfort he could, but it was pale, weak comfort. Self consciousness had destroyed my poise and I sounded like a child of twelve.

Enter Hero. On KLZ, the Denver Columbia Station, the wit of Radio holds forth under the name of ROBAR. His is a rollicking program, free and easy. Robar is the most inconsequential person on the air. There is no rhyme or reason to his role, it is pure foolishness, a riot of fun. Anything that pops into his head comes forth and witticisms are bandied back and forth between Robar, Art and Verne. All the West knows the Robar hour, and there is



Florence Partello Stuart, Author who
Fell Victim to the Charms of The Hero

ever a laugh coming when least expected.

I have always been a great Robar fan, admiring Robar for his spontaneous humor, and, as I was pretty sunk after my dismal failure of the morning, I turned on the Radio. If I was to become a broadcaster, I might as well take a few lessons. What was my amazement to hear this Robar person chatting with Verne about "Kippy", the new KOA Radio personality.

"That Kippy must be a swell kid, Verne."

"She sounded pretty scared this morning, Robar."

"Yes, but she is a beautiful girl, Verne."

"How do you know?"

"Why, can't you just feel her beauty, her youth? I bet Kippy is a tall slender blonde. . . . one of those delicious blondes . . . one of those world beaters . . ."

BINGO! Did I sit up and take notice! I flew to my typewriter and before I knew it my next morning's programme was accomplished, and the thing was alive! It breathed . . . it lured. Clarence Moore was amazed when I launched forth. Gone was the selfconsciousness . . . gone the inferiority complex. No longer was I a neophyte. I had ARRIVED. Fear had been banished by the excitement of adventure, for slyly, between each advertisement was a message to Robar, he of the Golden Voice. I had completely forgotten that I was on a job, for this was high adventure.

Since I wrote the program, I could easily put the words into Clarence Moore's mouth. Right then and there, I became

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The Hero—Robar of Station KLZ, Denver—
just "Mrs. Rosenfield's Husband, Lawrence"

By
AUGUSTIN
DUNCAN

Director of Radio Plays
Radio Home-Makers' Club

NOT only as an actor, but as a stage director, Augustin Duncan, brother of the famous Isadora, has played many parts and produced many plays—some of the most artistic the American Theatre has known. Recently, Duncan lost his sight. But there has been no diminishing of his professional ambition. Instead, with splendid courage and fine enthusiasm, Duncan has turned his talents to helping the Radio audience "see" plays performed for the microphone—without aid of television. As actor-director for The Radio Home-Makers' Club, Duncan is producing and playing in a remarkable series of Radio dramas broadcast regularly over Columbia's network. He prophesies a brilliant future for the Theatre-of-the-Air.

FAMILIAR as we have become with the marvels of Radio, I fancy that very few of us even begin to appreciate the graphic possibilities of the spoken word.

As a veteran actor-producer, who has devoted many pleasant years to the problems of the stage, I must confess that I was skeptical over the early efforts of the Theatre-of-the-Air. Then, when a curtain descended on my vision of the footlights, it seemed as though my affliction had given me new foresight in imagining the future scope of Radio dramatics.

Why shouldn't the drama succeed on the air? As I asked myself that question, I recalled that the earliest plays which history records, relied almost entirely on the actors' lines. Of course these plays had pantomime, and the actors appeared in person; but the scenic effects were *imaginative*, and a simple sign announced the fact that the background was supposed to be a castle or whatever locale the playwright had in mind. Later, the drama was translated from the open amphitheatre to the inside of the playhouse.

After years of experience in producing the most lavish and glamorous stage productions, I am not certain that the drama will not be better served when stripped of its settings and trappings. Then the success of a play will depend on the author's lines and the actors' skill, instead of gorgeous scenic effects which often divert



Behind The Scenes of
**The STAGE
INVISIBLE**

*Blind Radio Drama Director Finds
Handicap An Asset In Producing
Unseen Plays*

attention from a mediocre cast and a trashy manuscript.

SO, IN the dusk of retrospection, I realized that in Radio, it is more true than ever that "the play's the thing". And it suddenly occurred to me that my own faded vision should be a splendid asset in applying my long experience to "staging" more realistic plays for the microphone. For, since television is not yet at our command, isn't it true that the millions who tune-in on Radio programs are *blind* in the sense that only their ears receive such entertainment? That being the case, it seemed to me that I was ideally fitted to visualize dramatic

Augustin Duncan, whose sightless eyes still have the power to command. Brother of the late Isadora, he is as gifted in his field, drama, as she was in the dance.

acts in the minds of this vast audience, by creating vivid pictures in their memories.

In a very real sense, I visualize what I have not seen. In producing a Radio-play, each desired effect must be made clear to the listener's ear. Spoken lines and "property" sounds must carefully set the stage—give the spirit and the environment demanded by the drama. Dialogue must not only voice the actors' thoughts and speeches, but also impart to the audience *everything* that each character does—and the *manner* in which it is done. That is why Radio drama is even more fascinating to the playwright and the actor than the stage or screen. Its very difficulties add to its allure. Its subtleties are infinite, and there is no reason why the writing of plays for Radio cannot produce great dramas which will affect their hearers as vividly, and as forcefully, as those visible performances we see.

I KNOW it is true that until now, but few of the writers and artists of the legitimate stage have taken pains to study the requirements of a radically different method of histrionic expression. However, the work of those pioneers who are giving their hearts and souls to it, is basically important.

They are laying the foundations of a gigantic theatre whose influence will be greater than any ever dreamed of by the foremost actors of previous generations. And the artists of that theatre *now* play to a larger audience than the footlight stars of yesterday appeared before in a lifetime. They do it in one evening—and carry the message of their play to possibly forty million pairs of listening ears! So is it any wonder that I find Radio alluring?

As has been the case with the screen Radio's greatest performers will probably win their laurels in the broadcast studio. One day, no doubt, their *voices* will be more familiar to the listening public than

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RADIO MAYOR

Straight-from-the-Shoulder Tips on Politics As Seen By Air-Minded Executive

WHAT'S that? Am I a Radio mayor? You bet I am. My record proves that. And the next mayor of Philadelphia or of any large city should be a Radio mayor. He'll be out of step if he isn't.

There has been no enterprise of my administration, now in its fourth and final year, that I have not taken right into the homes of the people over the Radio.

I have deemed this both a privilege and a necessity, for broadcasting has become an indispensable means of publicity in public life. Every important office holder should go on the air frequently in order to maintain his contact with the people.

In political campaigns Radio keeps candidates truthful and consistent. Before the days of broadcasting an aspirant for public office could make varying sets of promises in different communities. But he can't get away with it now, because all of his constituents are listening in and contradictory statements will be checked up and used against him.

Radio fascinated me in its early days, and it still does, both as a listener and a broadcaster, but I cannot say that my first appearance before the microphone was a great success. I'll never forget it. Back in 1922 I was invited to address a banquet to a newly appointed Philadelphia official and was told that my speech would be broadcast.

I thrilled at the thought and when I left home that evening I informed my wife—another great Radio fan—that her chance to be educated had come at last. All she needed to do, I told her, was to pull an easy chair up before the Radio and listen in—to me. I did my best that night because I imagined the great unseen audience of millions, as well as my wife, would be listening in. When I got home I found that no one outside the



As Told To

CHARLES D. MACKEY

Radio Editor of the Philadelphia Record

banquet hall had heard a word I said. There had been an SOS.

Since then I have faced the microphone hundreds of times and the memory of my first "broadcast" often has been with me.

Shortly after my SOS experience I began an extended series of talks on current events and book reviews over WIP (Gimbel Brothers Store, Philadelphia). Later I was a weekly speaker on current topics over WCAU (Universal Broadcasting Company, Philadelphia).

In 1926 I made an extensive Radio tour on behalf of Philadelphia's Sesqui-centennial celebration of American Independence. Traveling across Canada to

By
**HARRY D.
MACKEY**
*Mayor of
Philadelphia*

Vancouver, down the Pacific Coast to San Diego and into the middle of the United States, I spoke from all of the important broadcasting centers, inviting the people of this vast area to attend the exposition.

I WAS a Radio speaker for Coolidge and for Hoover and one winter I took a trip through the South with the Philadelphia City Business Club, broadcasting the city's achievements and advantages.

As manager of William S. Vare's Senatorial campaign in 1926 I made Radio speeches from local stations in every part of Pennsylvania. I said then and I still believe that Radio was the greatest single factor in Vare's victory at the polls.

Last fall when Gifford Pinchot, now Republican governor of Pennsylvania, was opposed for election by John M. Hemp-hill, Democrat-Liberal standard bearer, the public mind was very much confused. Cross-currents were in evidence in every direction. The newspapers as well as individuals and groups were adding to the general confusion. I do not believe there has been a time in Pennsylvania politics when greater confusion existed as to issues.

Republicans were for Democrats and Democrats were for Republicans. Newspapers in Philadelphia, founded by Republicans and with Republican traditions of many years behind them, for some reason had torn loose from the old moorings. They presented the astonishing situation of supporting a Democrat for Governor of rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania.

Here was Radio's great opportunity. All this misrepresentation had been brought about by deliberate poisoning of the minds of the people. The press was

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Latest photo (Model 1925) of original Nit Wit gang. Starting left; Chief Nit Wit (Bradford Browne); Lizzie Twitch (Yolande Langworthy); Professor R. U. Musclebound (Harry Swan); Aphrodite Godiva (Georgia Backus); Eczema Succotash (Minnie Blauman); Patience Bumpstead (Margaret Young); Algernon Ashcart (Chester Miller); Mocha de Polka (Lucille Black). Deserters from the gang, gone but not forgotten, are Yolande and Chester. New member is Gabriel Horn (Ernest Nafziger).

Quips from the Nit Wits

ON THE 32nd of January a letter reached the editorial offices of RADIO DIGEST special delivery air mail with the stamps licked twice and marked "Postmaster please rush." "Dear Editor," it said, "I have been listening to the lovely little Nit Wits on the dear old Columbia chain and I think they are a scream, yes I really do. But my husband and I can't agree. He thought last week's program was the funniest yet and I think this week's was. You know, it made me giggle and shake all over, it really did. I put it up to you. Will you settle the difference of opinion and tell us which was the funniest Brad Browne—Nit Wit program? Hurry up, quick, in the enclosed special delivery air mail envelope."—Signed—Lizzie Plushbutton.

That was an important matter. So the editorial board solemnly convened to settle it. Pandemonium, chaos and confusion resulted. We finally decided to call on the Nit Wits at the studios in a body and

ask Mr. Brad Browne, the Supreme Nit Wit of them all and the boss, to settle the controversy and bring harmony to Lizzie Plushbutton and her husband. He picked the one which begins with the gas-collector, and Mrs. Plupp. We print it here for Mrs. Plushbutton, her husband and other interested (or disinterested) readers.

BROWNE: Our college professors are continually breaking out into print to tell us that our conversation is becoming trite, banal, stale, and dozens of other syno—snyo—cinnomons. In other words, the conversation of the American people isn't so hot. Well, there's a way out of that condition. Let's make our conversation mean something. Here is the way the dear little Nit Wits would do it. The gas man calls on Mrs. Plupp and the following conversation ensues.

MUSCLEBOUND: Mrs. Plupp.

Mrs. P.: Yes. Oh 'tis you. Don't tell me you're back again. No. No. Anything but that.

MUSCLEBOUND: But my dear Mrs. Plupp, you know that orders are orders. I come not to add to your misery, but to add to the income of the gas company.

Mrs. P.: The income of the gas company! Humph. You know not, my good man, that the shadow of this bill haunts me in my dreams. In my waking hours, and in my in betweens. Yes, like a skulking sinowy thing it swoops down upon me in my happier moments, bringing nothing but misery and disappointment in its wake.

MUSCLEBOUND: Whose wake. Did I mention the fact that we hoped you'd die and have a wake. No, no. This bill has caused you to become slightly balmy, Mrs. Plupp. We never want any of our customers to kick off. Never. Never.

Mrs. P.: Never.

MUSCLEBOUND: Well, hardly ever. Come; Mrs. Plupp. All I ask, all I seek is eighty-five cents to balance your account with the gas company.

Mrs. P.: Ah, you treat this matter

THIS is Serious—Laugh if You Dare! Nit Wits Present Great American Drama of The Ages—“And The Villain Still Pursued Her!”

lightly. Know you not that you are asking for something which I do not possess.

Well, that goes on a while and whether it really means something or not is a question. But then the Nit Wits start a different type of conversation, chock-full of real meaning. In fact every word in it has fourteen lines of definition in the dictionary. This time it's Mocha de Polka and Gabriel Horn on deck.

MOCHA: Ah my dear Mr. Beehive, I'm so simultaneous to see you.

GABE: And I'm so euphonious to see you too Mrs. Mop.

MOCHA: My, my, and how is your pandomonium?

GABE: Very stenographic, Mrs. Mop. Very stenographic.

MOCHA: Oh, I'm so simultaneous.

GABE: And how is your hypocritical linoleum?

MOCHA: Oh, impalpable. Oh, yes indeed.

GABE: Well, your scrupulosity is O K, isn't it?

MOCHA: Impalpable.

GABE: Good bye, Mrs. Mop.

MOCHA: Simultaneous, Mr. Beehive.

Well, such a conversation really doesn't mean much, but it does get us out of the rut into which our American conversation has fallen. Now for another type of conversation. There are in this country numerous folks who are very busy and while they'd like to carry on a conversation with some dear friend or sweetheart, time will not permit of much talk. So Brad Browne recommends the monosyllabic type of conversation and appoints Sandy MacTavish and charming Patience Bumpstead to do the honors.

SANDY: Hy—
PATIENCE: 'Lo.
SANDY: Queen...
PATIENCE: King...
SANDY: Lone?
PATIENCE: Sure.
SANDY: Rose?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Age?
PATIENCE: Ten.
SANDY: And?
PATIENCE: Six.
SANDY: Oh!
PATIENCE: You?
SANDY: Young.
PATIENCE: Much?
SANDY: Quite.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?

PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Talk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Dance?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Eat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Run?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Cab?
PATIENCE: Please.
SANDY: Right.
(Beckons cab)
CABBY: Where?
SANDY: Food.

CABBY: Oke.
SANDY: Name?
PATIENCE: May.
SANDY: Thanks.
PATIENCE: Yours?
SANDY: Mike.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Cold?
PATIENCE: Some.
SANDY: Squeeze?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: One?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: There.
PATIENCE: Ohhh.
SANDY: Kiss?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: Wait—
PATIENCE: Why?
SANDY: Cause-boy.
CABBY: Yes?
SANDY: Slow.
CABBY: Right.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Now.
SANDY: Yes—
(Smack)
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Out.
SANDY: Fare?
CABBY: Buck.
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Thanks.

SANDY: Tip.
CABBY: Thanks.
WAITRESS: Yes?
PATIENCE: Oh.
WAITRESS: Soup?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Fish?
PATIENCE: No.
WAITRESS: Meat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Which?
PATIENCE: Pork.
WAITRESS: And—
PATIENCE: Beans.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Peas.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Bread.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Tea.
WAITRESS: Right.
You?
SANDY: Me?
WAITRESS: Yes.
SANDY: Nope.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fast.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fat.
WAITRESS: Oh.
PATIENCE: Grand.
SANDY: What.
PATIENCE: Chow.



Chief Nit Wit Brad Browne as he really looks.

SANDY: Eat.	SANDY: No—
PATIENCE: Right.	WAITRESS: Yes!
WAITRESS: Check.	PATIENCE: Ohhhh
SANDY: Oh—	WAITRESS: Cop—
PATIENCE: Sick?	COP: What?
SANDY: Yes.	WAITRESS: Him.
PATIENCE: How?	COP: Well?
SANDY: Pain.	WAITRESS: Pinch.
PATIENCE: Where?	COP: Why?
SANDY: Heart.	WAITRESS: Broke.
PATIENCE: Gee—	COP: So?
WAITRESS: Well?	SANDY: Yup.
SANDY: Ohhhh—	COP: Come!
WAITRESS: Pay!	SANDY: Where?
SANDY: Can't!	COP: Jail.
WAITRESS: Why?	SANDY: When?
SANDY: Broke.	COP: Now!
WAITRESS: Broke.	SANDY: Gosh.
SANDY: Sure.	PATIENCE: Mi-ike.
WAITRESS: Cop.	SANDY: Ma-ay.

This could go on indefinitely but what's the use. That would really be a great way to carry on conversations—all in monosyllables—think how easy it would be on the tonsils.

And now comes the grrrand climax, with the great Nitwit parody of Hank Simmons' Showboat. This is a classic which will be preserved in the dead letter files of the nation. It is really authentic, for it's all in the family—Harry Browne, Showboat director, is Brad's brother.

BROWNE: And now ladies and gentlemen, the dear little Nit Wits too have been listening in on the Radio and they are going to give you their version of Rank Persimmons' Slowboat—the Sleighbell. Here we go. Rank Persimmons Slowboat the Sleighbell lies hooked up to the Levy—

NIT WITS: (Softly) That's levee.

BROWNE: Oh yes. Lies hooked up to the Washington Monument tonight. She



Chester Miller, Formerly Algernon Ashcart, who deserted the Nit Wits for Chicago.

is gaily decked out in green, blue, pink, red, yellow, orange, violet and flesh colored bunting. The stage hands are making their last minute preparations for the performance while outside Rank Persimmons' concert band is giving the unusual evening concert before the big show starts.

Music and Conversation.

BROWNE: This way, folks to the Rank Persimmons' Comedy Company presenting for the first time on a row boat at unpopular prices that great American drama—*The Villain Still Pursued Her*. This way folks. This way. Unpopular prices of ten dollars, twenty dollars, and thirty dollars.

MUSCLEBOUND: Are you Rank Persimmons?

BROWNE: That's me, gosh darn it. Who be you?

MUSCLEBOUND: I'm the sheriff and you're wanted.

BROWNE: What fer?

MUSCLEBOUND: Fer parking your Slowboat the Sleighbell without no tail light.

BROWNE: No tail light? Why Sheriff, you was lookin' at the wrong end.

MUSCLEBOUND: So I was. My mistake. So long.

BROWNE: Be ye goin' to stay fer the show? Won't cost you nothin'.

MUSCLEBOUND: I'll stay, but I'll pay.

BROWNE: You don't need to.

MUSCLEBOUND: Nobody can say that Sheriff Glucose didn't pay fer his seat.

BROWNE: Suit yerself. Right inside everybody. Right inside.

Music—Orchestra tuning up.

BROWNE: Everybody scrappy?

VOICE: Sure, why not? Ha, ha, ha.

BROWNE: Well, it's just great to see so many of you all tonight, gosh darn it, and I want you all to make the slowboat your home while we're in your city. Tonight, folks, we're goin' to give you, whether you like it or not, that great drama called—it's called—what's the name of that show Musclebound?

MUSCLEBOUND: *The Villain Still Pursued Her*.

BROWNE: Yeah, the Villain still pursued her. Now we ain't got time to tell you who's who in the cast of characters but if you keep your peepers open you'll spot us as we come on the stage. Well, I got to get back stage now and comb the sawdust out of my whiskers so I'll leave you and ring up the curtain on the first act. Oh yes, the first act is laid in the iron foundry of a man named Sterling. This is the mill where they put iron in raisins. Well, you'll see two villains, Blake and Flint hanging around as the curtain goes up. All right, clear the stage.

Blake discovered with his hand in Flint's pocket.

FLINT: (*Musclebound*) Ha ha ha. See all the pig iron. I wish I had it.

BLAKE: (*Browne*) Don't be a hog Flint. I'll squeal on you if you're not careful.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Always gagging. So Sterling fired you.

BLAKE: Yes, he fired me. I found out his secret process for taking the squeak out of his pig iron and he fired me. But I had time to engrave a plate for making counterfeit money and here it is.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. You're a good villain Blake, and I like you. Now all we got to do is get the men to strike and then I'll make you the third assistant pig-pen keeper.

BLAKE: What's that?

FLINT: I mean pig-iron superintendent.



Before and after—just little Georgia Backus with and without her Aphrodite Godiva Make-up.

Now I want you to plant this counterfeit plate in Sterling's mill.

BLAKE: That's easy. I'll plant the plate in the place. But hark—somebody is approaching.

IRISHMAN: (*Musclebound, who takes two parts*): Where does Mr. Sterling live?

BLAKE: Ah, an Italian! Three blocks to the right, three blocks to the left, then three blocks to the right.

BLAKE AND FLINT: AND THEN THREE BLOCKS TO THE LEFT.

IRISHMAN: Thanks.

FLINT: Maybe this Italian here would plant the plate in Sterling's place.

BLAKE: Good. My good man would you plant the plate in Sterling's place?

IRISHMAN: Plant the plate in Sterling's place. Do you mean place the plate in Sterling's plant?

BLAKE: Wait 'till I consult my comrade here. Flint, shall he place the plate in Sterling's plant or plant the plate in Sterling's place?

FLINT: Yes by all means.

BLAKE: Yes by all means.

IRISHMAN: That's what I thought. (*Aside*) Ah, they're gone! I'm really

Reggie Riggs disguised with a long beard but in love with Louise, Sterling's oldest daughter. And he hates me.

(*Someone approaches.*)

REGGIE RIGGS: My, my, you're walking loud, fair Louise.

LOUISE (*Patience*): Who's this man with long whiskers? Hey come out from behind the bushes and tell me who you are. He won't answer me. Say, your whiskers are trailing in the dirt. Can I loan you a hair net?

(*Fire engine sounds.*)

BROWNE: Hey, wait a minute, that fire engine doesn't come until the second act. Get out. Please. Go on with the show.

REGGY: Say listen, Louise, don't tell anybody. But I'm Reggie and I'm in love with you and I've got false whiskers on but don't tell anybody.

LOUISE: I won't. Good bye Reggie.

REGGY: Good-bye Louise. Here comes those two villains again. Hello villains.

BLAKE: Hush, don't give us away just yet. Wait till the last act. Now I know that old man Sterling doesn't like you. If you'd like revenge just leave this package in his mill.

REGGY: Oh, this is the plate you want me to plant in the place.

BLAKE: That's right. Here's the key to the door and everything.

REGGY: Gosh you villains sure know everything don't you.

BLAKE: This will fix Sterling. Curse him. Ha, ha, ha.

FLINT: Go long now, my boy, and do the planting of the plate, etc. Listen Blake. Now get the men to strike.

BLAKE: Strike what?

FLINT: Anything, just so long as they strike. They'll find the counterfeit plate in Sterling's place and the detective will arrest him and we'll get the mill and set fire to it and . . . and . . .

BLAKE: Yeah, ain't we got fun. But look out, here's Sue Sterling the youngest daughter of the old man. Let's go into the mill office.

SUE: (*Aphrodite*) Hy, Flint with the flat feet. Where ye goin'?

FLINT: Into the office.

SUE: No ye ain't. Only over me dead body.

(*Applause*)

SUE: Thanks, whoever done dat. Do you see this hammer? Well, I'm achin' to test it out on your dome. Oh, here's me boy friend Steve. Hy Steve!

STEVE: (*Sandy*) Hoot mon, me own Susie.

SUSIE: What's you got Steve?

STEVE: A stave.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Over in England they have two-hour broadcasts without benefit of station announcements or any of the other little distractions we have here, like weather reports and election returns.

Not so long ago they presented a burlesque on our method of broadcasting and one old lady died of the shock. In the middle of an opera, announcer burst in with, "Rioters are collecting in front of the Savoy Hotel." The old lady's heart began to palpitate.

When fifteen minutes later he again interrupted with "They are burning the Savoy Hotel," the poor woman collapsed. American broadcasting was too much for her!

But just suppose our government controlled the broadcasting stations as the English government does! New York would play Jimmy Walker's song *Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May* all day long, Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood would be the broadcast centre for the West Coast. Previews would predominate, with stars making shy (?) speeches into mike.

Boston would dole out recipes for baked beans and codfish cakes . . . Chicago would provide the humor with Mayor Big Bill Thompson as chief performer. Me for the Amurican way.

TROY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

Waitress: Hawaii, gentlemen! You must be Hungary.

Customer: Yes, Siam. And we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

Customer: Nome. You can wait on us.

Waitress: Good! Japan the menu yet?

Customer: Anything at all. But can't Jamaica a little speed?

Waitress: I don't know, but Alaska.

Customer: Never mind asking! Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress: Sweden it yourself! I'm only here to Servia.

Customer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress: No! and I don't Caribbean. Youse guys sure Armenia. Samoa your wisecracks, is it? Don't Geno-a customer is always right? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?

Customer: Canada racket! Spain in the neck.—Francis Loomey, 66½ Atwater Street, New Haven, Conn.

JUST A RIB OFF THE OLD ADAM

Radio Scandals, WHN:

Nick Kenny: Do you think Eve is important because she was the first woman?

Arthur Paul: No, she was merely a side issue.—Jacob S. Polofsky, 426 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Recited by Charley Hamp:

Mary had a little dog,

She called him by the name of Tony

One day he went to cross the street

Honk! Honk! Boloney!

—Charles L. Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.

DOCTOR, DOCTOR, GIVE 'EM THE ETHER

Owner of Radio Station: Well, what did the Radio Commission do about our application for a new license?

His manager (joyfully): Oh, they gave us the air—Adrian Anderson, 1903 14th Ave., N., Birmingham, Ala.

HE HAD SPRINGFIELD FEVER

Here's a whisper Indi heard. It seems Michael Bataeff, of the Russian Cathedral Quartet was taking part in *Microphobia*, NBC's vaudeville burlesque of studio life.

The production went on tour, winding up at Springfield, Mass., but Bataeff sent a substitute for the Friday night performance, as he was busy in New York. Substitute left Springfield Friday, Bataeff was to appear for the Saturday night performance. By curtain time he wasn't there. Frantic phone calls to New York brought the response that Bataeff had left for Springfield. But he didn't arrive, and the Russian Quartet had to sing as the "Russian Trio".

Back in New York next day the director, Nicholas Vasilieff received a telegram asking, "Where in blazes is your show?" The wire was from Springfield, Ohio.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

THE FARMYARD RADIO

Old Farmer Mike, adown the pike,
Gets all the help he needs
To plant his hops and reap his crops
And decimate his weeds.
He has a Radio in his barn,
To fill his cows with pep;
He has loudspeakers on each plow
To keep the teams in step.

They fox-trot up and down the fields—
They bolted one day, though,
When that loudspeaker started with:
"A-hunting we will go!"
He put one in the henhouse, too.
The rooster near went crazy;
But since that day, you cannot say
One biddy has been lazy.

His steers come home from where they
room,
To hear the news each day.
And horses, cattle, pigs and hens
To bed all gladly go
When they hear the bedtime story
On the farmyard Radio.

—Alfred I. Tooke, 200 Dewey Avenue,
Honolulu, Hawaii.



WOODEN IT GET YOUR GOAT?

Radio star to announcer:

"Say, I saw the awfulest thing happen the other day! Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the corner, talking, when a cute-looking girl passed by, and what do you think happened?"

"Stone turned to Wood, Wood turned to Stone, they both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a drug store!"—*Mrs. O. M. Sergeant, R. R. 5, Rosedale, Kans.*

HERE'S A GOOD GAG

"Some burglars got into my store yesterday, tied me to a chair, and then gagged me."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why I sat around all night and chewed the rag!"—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.*

The next one is reminiscent of the oft-reported mike slip, "The next one will be the song Never Swat A Fly On A Phonograph Record"—it might crack!

Dutch Masters:

"Do you think the Radio will ever replace the newspaper as an advertising medium?"

"No! You can't swat a fly with a Radio—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindewold, N. J.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One on Believe-it-or-not (Robert L.) Ripley. A Brooklyn fan wrote asking permission to see him broadcast, and ended the letter this way, "My wife and myself have always been interested in unusual things. We haven't missed a circus in the last thirty years. We have a peculiar fascination for curiosities, freaks, etc., and how we should like to see you, Mr. Ripley!"

SINCE SYLVIA SANG!

O'er Radio station "C-O-D",
There came a vespering voice to me,
Hymning of love, in tones of bliss;
Emphasizing a lover's kiss;
Describing a sylvan trysting-place;
Accentuating love's fond embrace . . .
Lonely and "blue", I brooded there,
As Sylvia's singing cleft the air.

Then in a throbbing, tragic tone,
She sang a song of a lover flown;
How she'd won—but to cruelly lose;
Left alone with the low-down blues;
Heart bereft—ah, the ache; the pain!
Sylvia sobbed the sad refrain
Over the ether-waves to me—
Radio station "C-O-D".

Sadly her notes ceased to intone
Over the magic microphone;
"If you're troubled", she cooed, "with
ills;
Bilious and blue—take Piker's Pills" . . .
Swift I sped to the drug-store close,
Bought a bottle, and downed a dose.
The low-down blues have deserted me—
Since Sylvia sang o'er "C-O-D."
—*James Edward Hungerford 631 So. Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, California.*

CUTTING REMARKS

Something For Everyone (CBS):
A girl met an old flame and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured, when the hostess introduced him to her, "I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME."

"I know you didn't," he replied, but that isn't your fault. YOU TRIED HARD ENOUGH!"—*Reported by "John Ahon".*

HOW ABOUT THE SOCKS?

Charlie Hamp:—"Shoes are usually thrown at bridal parties, but they have to furnish their own spats."—*Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

BATTLIN' JACK THE KNAVE

Weiner Minstrels, WENR:—

Gene: Buddy, is your wife listening in to-night?

Buddy: Naw, she's out with a bunch of prizefighters.

Gene: Prizefighters?

Buddy: Yea, she went to a bridge party.—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.*



She: There's quite a difference between a janitor and a superintendent, isn't there?

He: Yes—about \$75 room rent!—*From the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported and illustrated by Frank J. Slama, Box 843, Havre, Mont.*

A FITTING TRIBUTE

WMMN, Morgantown Announcer:
"Mrs. Brown wants to hear the song, *I Can Get Along Without Work, And I Do*. She requests that this number be dedicated to her husband."—*Lena Jones, 1325 Arkansas Ave., Dormont, Pa.*

MONKEY BUSINESS

Weiner Minstrel Show, WENR:—

Bill: Have you still got that pet monkey?

Gene: No, he got electrocuted last night.

Bill: No! How?

Gene: He sat on some fruit cake and the current went up his tail.—*Julia Zaic, 2403 St. Louis, Hibbing, Minn.*

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE!

Lou Raderman, violinist, nearly ruined Frank Crumit recently during an NBC Fleischman Hour broadcast. Raderman was to play the *Toreador Song* from *Carmen* as a background for *The Gay Caballero*.

Raderman was sitting down with his music before him when the engineer informed him, through a page boy, that for reasons of volume he would have to stand.

He stood—but didn't have time to raise his music rack too.

He played the only thing he could think of—*Ach Du Lieber Augustine!* That Crumit could go through with *The Gay Caballero* after that without a laugh, was certainly a miracle!



GOSSIP SHOP

Here's one Martha Atwood, NBC soprano, tells on herself. She was just eleven years old when she made her first public appearance in her home town of Wellfleet.

"Wellfleet," says Martha, "is a small town on Cape Cod, and the town strawberry festival in June was one big event. I was on the program for a song called "Who'll Buy My Strawberries?" and carried a box of strawberries decorated with fancy crepe paper and ribbons.

"When the time came for me to sing I suddenly became panic-stricken. It seemed so silly. Me, a big (?) girl, holding a box of strawberries and preparing to sing a song about them! I became so self-conscious that I decided not to sing at all and started to run away. But mother had different ideas.

"She caught me by the arm and gave me a severe spanking while everybody looked on. I was then hoisted up on the platform and made to sing. But I fear the effort wasn't so good, for I sobbed "Who'll Buy My Strawberries?" instead of singing it. I didn't make a very convincing salesman!"

That cured Martha of all kinds of audience-fright, including mikitis. Even at her very first try at the mike she thought of "Mamma spank" and succeeded.



VASS IS DAS?

Here is a bona fide letter, received by RADIO DIGEST:—

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

Am a steady listener on the Literary Digest every evening at 6.45 P.M. Heard your announcer say that anyone writing in to the Literary Digest would receive a RADIO ANNOUNCER.

Trusting to hear from you, and thanking you very kindly, I am,—
Mrs. F., New York."

Oh lady, lady, you must have us mixed up with a matrimonial agency. Anyway, take our word for it—Radio announcers don't make good husbands.



"Listen, Brother Brokenshire, I've a counterfeit quarter and I can't get rid of it."

Brokenshire: "Don't you ever go to church?"—*From the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported and illustrated (sight unseen) by Frank J. Slama, Havre, Mont.*

2 x 4 = ATE

The Interwoven Pair:—

Ernie: Do you know they call the new baby in our house 2 by 4?

Bill: Why?

Ernie: Well, she feeds him at 2 and by 4 he's hungry—*Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

RAISING THE ANTE

From KNX, Hollywood:

She: "I'll bet I'll marry you."

He: "I'll bet you five dollars you don't!"

She: "I'll raise you ten!"

(*They were married and she raised him ten!*)—*J. Kline, Box 495, Shelby, Mont.*

O. K., KERNEL!

Something For Everyone (CBS):

"I know where you can get a good chicken dinner for only fifteen cents."

"Where?"

"At the feed store."—*R. McCarthy, 12 Pinehurst Ave., New York.*

* * *

To be very frank, I certainly think that

*'Twas mean of Bugs Baer
To squeal o'er the air:*

"She Sleeps in the Valley—by request!"—*I. Waitt, 19 Pleasant St., Reading, Mass.*

MARITAL OR MARTIAL STRIFE?

WENR Minstrels:

Gene: What city has done more than any other to keep peace in the world?

Al: Reno, Nev.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

SING, FAR, FAR AWAY

KHJ Merrymakers:

Mac: "Don't you like my singing? Why, I have a fine voice."

Kenny: "Yeah, you oughta have a fine voice. Every time you sing you strain it."

And on the same subject, from KPD:

Sally: "Oh dear, every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it."

Cecil: "Wear bigger shoes, and try whistling."—*Dorothy Graham, Box 226, Morgan Hill, Cal.*

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

A HOWLING SUCCESS—

Said Captain Dobbs of the Shell Ship of Joy on KGW: And now we hear Mark howl. The singer's name was Mark Howell!—*Gladys Eberly Bicol, 146 Molalla Ave., Oregon City, Ore.*

WAS HER NOSE RUNNING?—

WTAR announcer; in a news broadcast, "Clara Bow at the trial alternately wept, laughed, wrung her nose and powdered her hands."—*W. C. Powell, Box 11, Lynnhaven, Va.*

THIS KID HAS SOME CHEEK—

Announcer, on Missing Persons broadcast, "The missing lad is fifteen years old, has a small spot on his cheek weighing about 120 pounds!"—*Lyman E. Denver, Milford, Kan.*

CLOTHES CALL FOR THE ADVERTISER—

Local firm at KFH was advertising a fur coat sale. Announcer concluded with suggestion that a fur coat would make an ideal present for wife. Then the quartette immediately sang, "My Baby Don't Care For Clothes!"—*Constance Randall, 225 No. Estelle Ave., Wichita, Kan.*

HERE'S A HOT ONE—(Not a mike slip, but a printed error in NBC daily program) Program sponsor is Hell Hugger, Inc. (Heel Hugger Harmonies).

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE;

Radio program in Pittsburgh Paper, "Station WCAE—8 P.M.—Dudy Vallee's Orchestra." Some Dudé! But even that is better than being Rudé!—*Arthur Gramire, 917 East End Ave., Wilkensburg, Pa.*



John P. Medbury, columnist and newest Radio wittyboy, uses his typewriter as a weapon against sadness.

GRANDMA laughed when I was born, and so did the company in the parlor. They snickered when I addressed them in Scandinavian. As I had never played an instrument before in my life the nurses were amazed when I picked up the stethoscope. I rendered *My Heart Stood Still*, and because the beat was inaudible it was enjoyed by all—that is, until I showed a spark of life. My conflagrant personality caused my guests to burn up."

The speaker is John J. Medbury, who recently affixed his X to a contract that calls for his officiating as "Master Without Ceremonies" for the California Melodies. This program is broadcast over the nation-wide Columbia network from Station KHJ, Los Angeles, every Friday night.

This nifty play-by-play description of his advent into the world at Utica, New York, in 1894 is typical of Medbury, who

refuses to take life seriously. He is the only chiropractor in the country who works exclusively on funny bones. He cures all his patients' ills without their suffering chills upon receipt of his bills. Medbury's early training all began in California or, as he terms it, "Out Where the Jest Begins". This phase of his career preceded that much-heeded cry, "California, Here I Come", by approximately eight summers. In addition to writing for syndicates and magazines, he has written acts for such vaudeville headliners as Willie and Eugene Howard, Savoy and Brennan (now Brennan and Rogers), Yorke and King, Phil Baker and countless others. He has contributed the comedy dialogue, black-outs and skits for many Broadway revues, including the Greenwich Village Follies and George White's Scandals.

HE FABRICATED the comedy dialogue for a number of pictures, the most recent of which are *Reducing*, starring the team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*, with Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood.

*With MEDBURY
It's Just An*

Old Panish Custom

"Master Without Ceremonies" Roasts 'Em Alive, Puns, makes Gags, but Says "Its All In Fun"

By Robert Taplinger

John P. Medbury writes and Radios on everything from the midget who had his face lifted to read Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Book Shelf, to the absent-minded wife who forgot to shoot her husband. True, he is addicted to puns. He admits they are the lowest form of humor, but nevertheless "a form of humor". He'll introduce the California Melodies program in a most irrelevant manner. Like this sample:—

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," says Medbury, "I just blew in from Chicago. There will be a slight pause now, while they purify the air.

"It's quite breezy tonight, and I'm wearing these ear-muffs to keep the wind from whistling through the wide open spaces.

"I hope you'll excuse me if I sound a little upset this evening, but my wife and I had a quarrel—and just as I was leaving the house, she hit me over the head with a 'Bless Our Happy Home' sign.

"You'll notice that my leg is all chewed up, but don't pay any attention to it—I was giving a farewell dinner to the wolf at my door.

"And now, folks, for some music—Bob Bradford is going to sing, *To Make a Long Story Short*.

"Bob is one of the most influential men in California—He was a dollar a year man during the war—and is now suing the government for fifty cents over-time.

"While singing this song he will be

accompanied by Ray Paige's Orchestra of thirty-six pieces—it's really forty pieces, but we always knock off ten per cent for our friends."

For years, John P. tells us, he has been under contract to several seats of learning as rewrite man. He edits the wisecracks on college boys' Fords (Henry should appreciate plug), and supplies most of the humor for their slickers which sometimes appears all wet. He's the fellow who burns laughing gas in his automobile. He claims this puts the speed cops in a jocular mood.

Medbury's only enemy is sadness. This he battles day in and night out, using his typewriter for a weapon. The best 'type' of defense to use, he says. He writes by the quart and gets fifty smiles to the gallon. Through his Herculean efforts a great many people have come to realize the health value of a laugh. He tells his listeners that a frown is but a grin that has traveled in the wrong direction, and adds that "we have our professional grouchers, but even a pessimist likes to laugh on his day off."

He keeps the studio noise machines working overtime producing noises like, well, "the barking of seals". And then he says:

"I'll have to apologize again, folks, for all these unnecessary noises, but there's an animal trainer up here tonight—He's training some Christmas seals for the Red Cross.

"Well, well, here comes Vici Kid—the prizefighter—He seems very proud of that black, eye—I don't blame him—it's all hand work.

"They tell me there's one fighter who always carries a piece of cheese in his boxing glove, so that his opponent can have cauliflower ears, au-gratin.

"I was talking to Vici Kid's wife this afternoon—Do you know that she never goes to her husband's fights?—She says it breaks her heart to see somebody else beating him up.

"I wish you could see Vici up here tonight—He's turning that 'shiner' of his into a social event—he's going around to everybody in the studio—inviting them to the opening of his eye."

(Four or five notes from piccolo player.)

"That noise you hear, ladies and gentlemen, is coming from one of the musicians in the orchestra.

"About three weeks ago, the piccolo player borrowed fifty dollars from me and hasn't been able to return it—so tonight I made a deal with him—and he's paying me off in piccolo notes."

(Four or five more notes from piccolo player.)

(BANG! BANG! BANG!)

"I just cancelled his notes."

Shatter-proof glass has been installed in the KHJ studio from which California Melodies emanates, they say. There used to be one or two casualties each night from the sharp-edged missiles of wit Medbury lets loose every so often. But the

members of the ensemble have grown tough, rhino hides from bouncing off shafts like this:

"That was a song from the Three Cheers, folks—One of the finest trios in the country—the boys were on the verge of splitting up this week and turning it into a duet—they figured they could cut down their overhead by eliminating the middle-man."

(Meow!—Meow!—Meow!)

"I'm awfully sorry—That duck of mine follows me everywhere.

"It's not really a duck—it's a homing pigeon—but we move so often it doesn't know where it lives."

(Meow!—Meow!—Meow!)

"I'm wrong folks—that's not a pigeon—it's a cat—it's my mistake—I'm color blind.

"My eyes are getting very bad lately—I guess I'll have to see an optimist.

"The reason I brought the cat up here tonight is that I wanted to use the PAWS

for station announcements." He pauses.

His existence is a maze of wisecracks, gags, and laughs. He heaps tribute after tribute at the altar of Mirth. And he finds no difficulty in luring Hollywood's famous screen folk to the microphone as guest artists with California Melodies. They enjoy participating in the same program with him, and attempts to suppress their laughter in the studio usually proves futile. Here's what happened when he introduced June Collyer, the Paramount Picture star. Said John P.:

"June's mother and father are listening tonight back East and I'd have her broadcast them a kiss, but after her fans in the Middle West got through tuning in on it, there wouldn't be much left by the time it reached New York.

"Would you step up to the microphone, Miss Collyer?—You don't mind my calling you Miss Collyer, do you, June?"

Whereupon this dialogue ensued:

(Continued on page 107)



"Isn't it the custom," asks Miss June Collyer, Paramount star, of J. P. Medbury, "for the critic to interview the star?"

Broadcasting from

Mr. Orton Takes a Dig

NOW we know what is the matter with broadcasting in this country. We are lowbrow. We are thirteen-year olds. Our Radio heritage has been sold for a mess of pottage. The only thing left for us to do is turn the whole works over to the politicians in Washington and let them start us off again on the right foot. We should operate as the British do on the Tight Little Isle.

At least so we are informed by Mr. William Orton in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Orton knows whereof he speaks because he comes from England where he gets the kind of programs he likes. He has just about given us all up as impossible. In fact he almost gets mad in the course of his denunciation as it appears in our venerable and respected contemporary.

Anyway Mr. Orton, being scholarly minded, chanced across a careless phrase published under the sanction of the Federal Bureau of Education. The phrase appeared on an instruction page and said: "Write out your exact wording. Begin with one or more striking statements. Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners." This was enough for Mr. Orton. He couldn't get a piece of writing paper quickly enough. He chose the subject, *The Level of Thirteen-Year-Olds*. And the next thing that happened, bingo, it was in the *Atlantic Monthly*, America's old aristocrat of the periodicals!

And now we are getting the hard bitter facts. Enlarging on his subject Mr. Orton says: "The conception of the public that necessarily arises from the commercialization of broadcasting is that of the mass; and this conception, so long as it is dominant, is utterly fatal to cultural advance."

In plain words Mr. Orton insists that the majority always is wrong. Broadcasting, therefore, should be considered primarily for the lesser number rather than the greater number of listeners. There can be no mistake about that view because he says a little further on "the redemption of the mass cannot come except from the minorities." That may be an axiom from Mr. Orton's point of view but it could scarcely be reconciled with the rock bottom principles of this republican form of government where the majority rules. And this condition applies not only to government but to all our social organizations from political parties to bridge clubs.

But the principles involved are not all that distract Mr. Orton. The faster he writes the hotter he gets and we come across this sentiment: "It is not that programmes are bad . . . The trouble arises on grounds much more fundamental than that; it springs directly from the commercialization of broad-

casting itself, and the consequences which flow therefrom.

"The wholesale exploitation of sound in the various perversions of money getting is a far worse thing than the desecration of the countryside by billboards. It is at once more intimate and degrading. The unctuous bleating of the high priests of salesmanship would be ethically less intolerable were it their own wares they were crying. The fact that their voices, like their machinery, are for hire renders it a form of prostitution essentially akin to its older prototype."

And so far, far into the night mumbles Mr. Orton, never stopping to think that perhaps after all it may be no more of a sin to sell the product of one's larynx than the steam of an exploding brain cell in a column of type for a magazine obtainable at the corner news stand for forty cents.

The whole upshot of Mr. Orton's blast seems to be derived from the fact that a group of educators rather tactlessly muddled into a situation at Washington where, instead of a reception committee waiting with open arms to hand them 15 per cent of all broadcasting time, they found a rather stern and hard-headed group of business men who were ready to play ball but insisted on playing according to rules of the game as approved by the crowds in the bleachers and the grand stand. Nearly two years ago RADIO DIGEST printed a statement by a representative of the National Broadcasting Company to the effect that education was the greatest thing about Radio at that time. From that time, and before, some of the best minds in the United States have been engaged on the problem of how to "sell education" to the listener. The conclusion has been that "showmanship" was necessary. The group of educators who went to Washington to see what could be done about it resented suggestions from those who had been making Radio a business and a profession in a big way for years. They particularly deplored a statement by one of the vice presidents of the NBC who was quoted as saying, "Every person entrusted with teaching by Radio should be required to pass an examination on his ability as a showman. When education joins hands with Radio it enters the show business." And Mr. Orton says:

"Here, at any rate, is one of the reasons for the sorry story of Radio education in America, as revealed in recent reports of a committee appointed (ten years too late) by the Secretary of the Interior and an investigation by the American Association for Adult Education. The kind of education that can be made to conform with the conceptions of Messrs. Sarnoff and Ellwood is not the sort of thing in which the best minds of the country can be deeply interested." There seems little likelihood just now that an Educational Bureau of Broadcasting will be created in Washington to function along precise academic classroom lines. Nor is it at all probable that Mr. Orton will see the time when the United States will go into the broadcasting business for set owners at \$2 per year per set. We still like the idea of competition for program interest—even if we are only on the level of thirteen-year-olds.

the Editor's Chair

For the Radio Pulpit

WE ARE asked by the pastor of a Methodist church in a Texas city to make suggestions for a half-hour religious service on the air. What a marvelous opportunity to do a great deal of good! To do the right thing in the right way is the problem that confronts our friend—and it is a problem. Perhaps RADIO DIGEST readers would like to make suggestions and let us pass them on to him.

In spite of the widespread cynicism which the sophisticate so loves to display, we are, deep-down, a religious people. Our country was founded by spiritually minded men and women who lived and worked in close touch with an Omnipotent Being conceived and believed to be the very essence of perfection. The blood and carnage of wars have not obliterated that consciousness. Misguided and sometimes astray, we have, in the main, kept the faith of the fathers.

Religious services on the air are well received. They are vital to the comfort of many of the aged and invalid who otherwise are unable to attend regular religious services at the churches. In some rural communities daily morning devotions are directed from broadcasting stations and are largely followed.

Our pastor friend asks for ideas to be incorporated in his sermon that will make his half-hour "different and effective" and not "flat, as some religious broadcasts seem to be." What he means, but did not say, is "how can I exercise what broadcasters call 'showmanship' without being undignified? I must acquire and hold my Radio audience, but must I resort to devices that are cheap or unworthy?"

Sincerity is the greatest asset of any preacher or moral leader. We have no patience for tricks or tawdriness in such matters. The listener must feel the beating heart back of the voice—the unmistakable tone of honest feeling. The pastor who would succeed with a Radio audience must first have a clear conception of his message and then present it with the very utmost feeling of sincerity.

A generation or two ago our fathers, or grandparents, were well convinced that the Devil was a real personality. Nowadays we don't hear much about him. But the same old sins in new disguises are still here. They beset us at every turn. Some of them have been disarmed of their deadliness but others are just as bad. The pastor who would lead a 1931 Radio flock would do well to spot these modern wolves and shout a note of warning. The sheep's clothing today may be a magistrate's robe or a policeman's uniform or it may be just a metaphorical covering like a shady business deal, condoning of a vice, a slacking at the polls.

There should be singing in this half-hour on God's air. Singing is an expression of the spirit within us whether the music be secular or popular. Prayer we would not recommend to a general Radio audience, unless it is a pause for a moment of silent prayer by the individual listener. Pulpit prayers, even under the most favorable circumstances, too often sound stagey. Prayer is for one's own communion in the secret of his chamber or under great emotional stress.

The message, we believe, should constitute the main part of this religious program. The success of the message, of course, would depend primarily on the conception and ability of the person who presented it. A real ringing message will cause the whole world to listen.

Broadcasters on Their Guard

YOUR Radio entertainment is in the hands of your broadcasters. What affects them affects you. Therefore both the broadcaster and the listener have common interests. In order to maintain a high order of service leading broadcasters have united into an organization called the National Association of Broadcasters. The activities of the association seem to be growing. The headquarters have been moved from New York to Washington, where a watchful eye is kept on proposed legislation.

Someone in one of the Southern states read that in some countries set owners paid a tax on their receivers. What a grand scheme to procure a little extra revenue! Automobiles are taxed three or four times through state, county, city and gasoline; why not tax Radio receivers? The broadcasters complained that their business would be affected by such a tax. It was found that a broadcaster's business is interstate. Just all the legal technicalities that were involved we do not pretend to know, but in a general way we understand that the courts decided it would be unfair discrimination to tax the citizens of one state for the identical service that was distributed tax-free in the surrounding states. So the scheme failed.

As we write, the association is concerned with legislation in Washington affecting a form of copyright racketeering. Are hotels to be "lawed" out of giving Radio service to their guests in their rooms? Some fine points are under discussion. Is a Radio program literally a "public entertainment"? Is it analogous to entertainment provided from a phonograph record, and therefore governed by the same laws? Every broadcaster should belong to the association for the good of all concerned.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

IDEA! Crack the whip, Don Clark. Get an idea!

It is the planning room of Columbia's continuity department. Around the table sit Don Clark's staff of nine. From the commercial department has come the word that a big motor company wants to go on the air, wants a program submitted.

They get their heads together, do Don Clark's staff. Here an idea, and there an idea, until finally one is evolved that is suitable. Don Clark, as head of the department, then assigns it to be written up by the one who is most apt for the particular kind of program wanted. For his is a staff of specialists. One is good at atmospheric stuff. One is a master of the wisecrack. One has a musical background and can do symphonic continuity. And so on.

When the script is completed, an au-



Don Clark

dition is given for the company, perhaps several auditions. An audition, in lay terms, is simply a broadcast which does not go outside the studio. Yet the listeners hear it exactly as it will go on the air.

"It is dangerous to let scripts be read," said Mr. Clark as we sat talking in his little office high up in the Columbia Building. "Things written for the ear should be presented to the ear. Can you imagine a magazine editor accepting a story from hearing it read? No, he wants to see it, wants it presented to his eye, as it will be to his readers. The most excellent of Radio scripts might have no appeal if it were read instead of heard."

"That is a thing many people forget in writing for the Radio, too, that there is only the ear. Action cannot be explained by business as on the stage. So different is the technique that once acquired it gets to be a habit. Right now I am working on a play, and find that I put in too much talking, leave too little for stage business."

I noticed the stack of manuscripts upon his desk.

"Do many people send in Radio scripts by mail?" I asked.

"Quite a few, but not one in hundreds is acceptable. Although once I did receive a script that was so good that it eventually led to my taking the author of it on my staff."

Mr. Clark has a finger in all of Columbia's Radio pies, for he edits or writes all of the CBS continuity. Some of the programs for which he is personally responsible are the Robert Burns Panatella, the Story in Song, Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop, Night Club Romances, and the Necco Candy Party.

He has a good background for the kind of work he is doing, a background of newspaper reporting, Radio editing, acting on the air. He refuses to take his job seriously. He says he works better when he doesn't.

"I used to worry about it," he said, "and gave myself a nervous breakdown. That was back in the days when I was an announcer, and announcers were supposed to do a lot of other things than just announce—act, write programs, see that the performers got there on time, substitute

wherever they were needed at all times.

"I remember once I had to fill a twenty-five minute gap in a program. The ground was covered with three feet of snow and the performers had decided to stay in.



Mary Hopple

I always kept a ukulele handy and played that till I thought my listeners had had enough. Then I told them to stand by for a minute, dashed out to our library, collected a couple of speeches, and dashed back. When I started to read them I saw I had one on how to raise children, and another on spring gardening. I didn't mind talking about raising children, for children aren't seasonal, but I did feel foolish talking about spring flowers with the snow on the ground."

Despite the fact that Don Clark says he doesn't take his work seriously it is known around the studio that he puts in, if not prevented, about seventeen hours of work a day. And he also has the happy faculty of making others want to work.

He is tall, slim, and good-looking, and is known as the "Ronald Colman" of the air. They say he is just as fascinating a villain as in the rôle of a hero.



Marie Gerard

Mary Hopple

"GENTLEMEN prefer blondes," and that makes you think, of course, of that other wisecrack, "But they marry brunettes."

Wonder if that's the reason Mary Hopple gets furious if you call her a blonde. For Mary Hopple, featured artist on the Armstrong-Quaker program, and one of NBC's most popular contraltos, believes in matrimony. She thinks no life complete without a husband, home, and children.

"And some day," said Mary, "I'm going to have them all. Although just now I haven't time for anything but singing."

She isn't a blonde. It's because her eyes are such a dark velvety brown that her hair seems light by contrast.

"Will you give up your career when you marry?" I asked.

"Indeed not. I'll swing them both. Any girl can with a little organization. I'll sing for my supper, not cook it. I mean I'll sing to pay a cook to cook it. Although I love to cook. I have the world's nicest kitchen."

"A kitchen," I said enviously, "you mean a whole kitchen, not one of these New York arrangements, a kitch-o-bath, where you stand in the tub to fry the eggs?"

"A real kitchen," she laughed, "and I have all sorts of gadgets in it, a special cookie cutter, and a mayonnaise mixer, and an orange squeezer. I'm always buying knicknacks at the ten cent stores. And it's in green. I have green linoleum on the floor—Armstrong-Quaker, for I have to be loyal—and I have green oil cloth on the shelves, and green pots and bowls. And I'll tell you something else I have in my apartment. I have thirty dogs."

"Thirty dogs!" I gasped.

"Oh, they're china ones. Someday I'm

going to have some real ones, but just now I'm collecting the kind that doesn't take up so much room. At home—that's Lebanon, Pennsylvania—I have a great big Collie. He likes me to sing to him and I do."

Others besides the Collie think Mary's voice is swell. For three years she has been with NBC and has sung on more programs than she can remember. Right now she is with the Armstrong-Quaker hour, and has been featured in Enna Jettick Melodies, on the Chase and Sanborn hour, in the Victor Herbert Opera series, and in Philco Theatre Memories.

There is a belief current that pull is necessary to get before a microphone. Mary Hopple has proved this isn't so, for she was utterly unknown when she walked into NBC and asked for an audition. She sang and they liked her. It was as simple as that. A few days later she was in a program.

She has been singing ever since she was a child. It happened once that Schumann-Heink came to Lebanon. Mary's friends wanted the great contralto to hear their own little song bird. After Schumann-Heink's concert Mary went back stage to sing for her.

"My child," said Madame Schumann-Heink, "you have a good voice. Study hard. Some day you will sing for everybody."

And it so happened that a few months ago when Schumann-Heink was appearing as a guest artist on a program, Mary Hopple was there as one of the supporting voices. Madame Schumann-Heink recognized her and said, "Ah, my child, I see that you have been studying hard."

Marie Gerard

WHAT a lucky break. Because Marie Gerard, Columbia's well-loved soprano, has a flair for antiques. And when I was invited up to her beautiful Seventy-fifth Street apartment, didn't I walk right up to her prize possession, an old open sideboard, called an *étagère* and admire it, and didn't I notice the Wedgwood pit-

cher, and sit down reverently in the Windsor chairs. For I don't always notice furnishings, but Miss Gerard's were so lovely.

Miss Gerard, or Mrs. Charles Touchette. Four months married and ecstatically so. Husband was there, and he is one of the Ebony Twins, you know, that two piano team at Columbia, of which Adolphe Opfinger, Miss Gerard's brother, is the other—Gerard being her Radio name . . . That sentence is getting involved. Let's begin again. As I said, husband was there, wearing a gorgeous gold-colored lounging robe over his suit, a present from wife. Wife, wearing a cute little apron over her henna colored satin dress, went into the kitchen to make some of the most scrumptious caviar sandwiches I ever put in my mouth. (I ate eleven.)

While she was fixing them, husband told me what a wonderful cook she was. "You just ought to eat her fried chicken," he said. And when she came in bringing the tea she told me what a wonderful carpenter he was. "Come see the shelves he built," she said.

And so I must see the living room closet and note how cleverly the shelves were built to hold their stacks and stacks of music. Since both are musicians they need a great deal of space.

(Continued on page 108)



Peter Dixon, David (Raising Junior) Dixon and Aline Berry Dixon

MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask
Her about the Stars You Admire*

WMCA is certainly coming into its own, but of course, if you knew those behind the micro-scene, it would be easy to understand. There is Donald Flamm the owner, with his very able feature writer, Muriel Allen. Patricia H. of North Arlington writes: "Have been tuning in on WPCH (WMCA's sister station) to hear the haunting lyric soprano, Marie Kelley. Does she look as beautiful as her voice sounds?" Judge for yourself, Patsy.

She is but twenty-three but has crowded in a big bunch of experiences during those years. At twenty she sang for an entire season at the Club Lido in Paris, and before that she worked in stock companies. And should anyone ask, Marie has over 300 songs in her repertory, one for each day of the year, leaving out Sundays.

* * *

RAUDIO DIGEST has broadcasting "artists" on its very own editorial staff, my dears, in the person of Mr. Brown, our Managing Editor, who writes coming and going, here and there, and variously herein, sometimes using the



Marie Kelley

nom de plume of—no, guess he doesn't want me to tell you; and our Radio columnist Mr. Tighe, Associate Editor. Perhaps you heard Mr. Brown talk on the Five Arts program conducted by Ida Bailey Allen over CBS, Thursday morning, January 15th. If you did, you got some startling glimpses into Radio's future. Our M. E. pointed out that although we

have long heard that "television is just around the corner," television has actually turned many, many corners since it first dawned in the minds of men. It may interest you, my dears, that Mr. Brown spoiled a very wonderful plan

I had to get his picture for this page.

Our other "artist," Mr. Tighe, promises to out-popularize Floyd Gibbons, judging from the abundance of fan mail which is brought in every day by an extra staff of ushers. There is even a slight resemblance, if you will look closely. Yes, I know the patch isn't there, but even Floyd Gibbons' twin brother, if he has such a reminder of himself, would not



Frank Hornaday



Charles R. Tighe

necessarily have to affect the patch. The guest artist on Mr. Tighe's program which is broadcast, by the way, every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 over WMCA, New York, was Frank Hornaday, well-known tenor. Peggy Hull, famous writer on astrology and war now appears regularly on the R. D. programs. As every one knows, Peggy has the honor of being the only girl war correspondent. And you may have heard the beautiful things Floyd Gibbons broadcast about Peggy. Mr. Tighe presents a gossipy line of chatter about Radio notables each week.

* * *

E. E. D. and Alice M., of Goodlettsville, Tenn., have requested pictures of Ernest Naftzger—a name not lending itself very easily to pronunciation, as you can see, my dears. To begin with Mr. Naftzger is



Ernest Naftzger



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hall

the man you hear almost every morning in his *Something for Everyone*—he has created and directs three other features, *Morning Moods*, *Morning Devotion* and *Melody Parade*. When a young boy, Mr. Naftzger was prevailed upon by his father to accept the singing engagement offered him by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, noted evangelist. There was the desire for a college education that kept tugging at the young heartstrings, but like an obedient son he went with Dr. Chapman. The tour lasted over eight years. Every English-speaking country in the world has caught the strains of his fine voice, and out in Belfast, some Ulster maiden made goo-goo eyes at him—she's now Mrs. Naftzger.

* * *

EVERY month your Marcella receives numerous requests for information about the private lives of Gene and Glenn at WTAM, Cleveland. She wrote to Hal Metzger for the low down. Hal replied to the effect—"Nothing doing—the boys maintain their private life is *private* and that's that." But having known genial Glenn Rowell these many moons, she wrote to him direct, and of



Violette Clarkson

course Glenn never hesitated. I give you the letter: "Dear Marcella: Here's the 'works'; Gene *did* marry the curly haired, brown-eyed girl who lived next door, and her name is Mary. She has been on the stage, being a member of the act known as the Stewart Sisters, and later known in the Radio act, Polly and Anna. You may have heard them at WLW. They have three kiddies—three, six and nine—Theresa, Gene, Jr., and Mary. Glenn's wife's name is Velma. They have two children, Glenn Jr., twelve, and Patsy, two. And, incidentally, may we take this opportunity to thank you for the many nice things



Campbell Arnoux



George F. Beck, Jr.

you have said about us in your RADIO DIGEST articles." It was signed by both Gene and Glenn. And now, Babs of Darragh, Pa.; Micky of Niles, O.; Jean of Dunbar, Pa.; Inquisitive Kate; Mrs. Millie S., Sandwich, Ill.; M. N. D., Herndon, Pa.; Mrs. A. L. C., Cleveland; Mrs. A. F. F., Cleveland; and all you others who wrote before, I hope you are satisfied. And, holy mackerel, boys, it sure relieves me of a lot of worry because I dote on giving my correspondents "the works" in this here Marcella department.

* * *

MRS. BREWSTER of Arkansas City writes for information about the "Sunflower Girl." I think she means "The Sunshine Girl." Don't you see her here with the golden sunshine melting on her hair? The Sunshine Girl, known as Violet Clarkson in the editorial department of the Kansas Farmer, is now broadcasting over WIBW, Topeka, Kans. When the microphone isn't claiming her sweet boopy-doop voice, the Sunshine Girl writes for the Kansas Farmer, a newspaper owned by the Capper Farm Publications. Uncle Sol has endowed this young lady of 110 avoirdupois with so



Bettye Lee Taylor

much cheer and merriment that the program automatically took the name of the Sunshine Hour. She is just three inches above five, and her bright smile is just as much a part of her as her brown eyes and light brown hair. And I surmise, just guessing, you know, that the Sunshine Girl is the same who was formerly known as the "Sunshine Girl" at WBAP.



Fred L. Jeske



Paul W. Morency

IT'S not everyone that can carry a letter around in his pocket as the one received by Bob Hall from Mr. Patrick J. Kelly, chief of announcers up at the N. Y. NBC. "Sorry I am unable to persuade you to

reconsider your decision to leave our organization," writes Mr. Kelley, and goes on to say that Mr. Hall has done some splendid work as announcer at the NBC, has an outstanding personality and a fine spirit of cooperation. Mr. and Mrs. Hall—listeners will remember Mrs. Hall as Aunt Sammy who gave recipes and talked over KOIL, Council Bluffs—are



Harold Sparks



Monte Meyers

Radio veterans, so to speak. Between the two of them they can practically serve as an entire studio staff for any ordinary broadcasting station, for their capacities are unlimited. Mr. Hall is an announcer, singer, reader and character delineator, and Mrs. Hall is an organist, pianist, composer and reader. Wanted—a station in need of these combined assets. Mrs. Hall has wearied of New York idleness and there was no spot for their teamwork on the NBC schedule.

Paragraphs follow the sequence of photos as they appear from page 64.
—Editor.

MRS. CORA BENNETT of Carlisle, Ark., and Paul Simms have both been waiting patiently for a little something about Campbell Arnoux, general manager and chief announcer of KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Arnoux was born in New York—well, I'm sorry I haven't his birth date—but he was born in New York—and that's saying something because most New Yorkers were born somewhere else. He's an old timer in Radio—been in it since 1922 when WEA first opened a station. Had not settled long in Hot Springs before he married Natalie Brigham who played the first selection broadcast over KTHS, according to



Leo Bates and William Rockwell

Constance Peters, secretary of that station. They have two children, Suzanne of four mild summers and Patrick of three blowy autumns.

INTRODUCING George F. Beck, Jr., of WRVA, Richmond, to the whole population of Richmond and especially to Mrs. Hazelwood S., who writes, "I think it's about time we got something nice about artists and announcers from



L. J. Barnes

our local station WRVA. Won't you do this for me, Marcella?" Let's begin with Mr. Beck who I should say is a very vital part of the station. Just listen—he is announcer, saxophonist, director of a large dance orchestra, vocalist and, still going strong, he proceeds with a juvenile lead in various dramatic features. WGR, Buffalo, claims his first broadcast—it was when that station was still in its swaddling clothes—from there to WIOD in



Dr. Thatcher Clark



Geo. D. Hay

the city, where summer makes its refuge when winter enters on the Northern scene—Miami Beach. The full photograph which Marcella received showed Mr. Beck, Jr., with a cigarette in his hand most likely rolled with Edgeworth Tobacco for the makers of this glorified weed are the owners of WRVA.

* * *

HERE, Lloyd Robbin of Burlington, Vt., is your Betty Lee Taylor herself of WGY, otherwise known as the *Queen of Harmony*. "Where is her crown?" And what, pray, are those proud wavy tresses but the W. K. "crown of glory!"

Lois H. B. of Dale, Wis. wants pictures of all WTMJ announcers. So let us start with Fred L. Jeske, known as the "baritone with the lovin' voice." Wish you could see him with his guitar—it adds so much to the romantic-ness. The strummin' baritone has very dark brown hair and brown or gray eyes depending on the dominating color, I presume, of his cravat. He's been in Radio now for eight years and has entertained over the most popular stations in Chicago and thereabouts. Besides
(Cont. on page 100)



Pat Binford

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



Peanut Vendor

NOT since the *Stein Song* has there been so much comment or so much playing over the air of a song as there has since Cuba sent us *El Manisero*, or *The Peanut Vendor*. Although it is new to the U. S., especially to the Northern New England states where it is enjoying its greatest vogue, it is old stuff to Havana, Cuba, where it has been played continuously for the past two years.

Emil Coleman, whose orchestra is a most unusual combination of instruments, has always been identified with the Montmartre, one of New York's most swanky supper clubs, and is usually found at smart society affairs, such as a brilliant function in the home of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and in fact any elite gathering of Manhattan's society; this same Coleman has been playing the *Peanut Vendor* for years. He and his brother have been alternating between Havana and the United States for years, playing there for certain seasons, and in New York the rest of the year. Naturally the “rumba,” the “danson,” all dances, or “tipicas,” that the Cubans love and know, have been well-grounded into his repertoire.

Few orchestras play the Argentine Tango as well as Coleman; these tangos he also learned from Cuba. Yet, strangely enough, it was not Emil Coleman who introduced the *Peanut Vendor* to the world at large. Possibly he may have been the cause of its initial start, but it was really Major Bowes, in his Capitol Hour, with Yascha Bunchuk directing the orchestra, who was responsible for the outburst of the *Peanut Vendor* which sent it on its way to undying fame.

The “Orquesta Tipica” of Havana, Cuba, with Don Aspiazu directing, through their Victor record, probably also did a great deal towards introducing the composition. Their record is second to our own record of *You're Driving Me Crazy* in Victor sales. This same orchestra has been featured in Keith vaudeville houses all around New York. It was my pleasure at one affair to witness the rendition of *The Peanut Vendor*.

Now on Nation Wide Tour With His Orchestra, Rudy Sends His Selection of Ten Song “Hits” of the Month Post Haste to RADIO DIGEST, And Comments on Unhoiy Uses of Grapefruit

It is another one of those compositions that must be heard in order to be appreciated. No kind of verbal description can give you an idea of it, except that it is basically a rhythmic composition with all the instruments in the rhythm section contributing nothing but rhythm—the same rhythm over and over again.

By this time you have heard over the air the odd Cuban Instruments which produce an effect not unlike that of the rattles that babies are given to play with. In fact, the shakers that the drummer uses look very much like babies' rattles, and it is seed inside them that causes the sound. Any other member of the orchestra may do nothing but sit and scrape a metal file-like instrument over the rough grooves of a long gourd which gives a sound, much louder than, but akin to, the grating of nutmeg. Still another member of the orchestra may do nothing but hit two pieces of a heavy type of wood, a piece of wood that looks like black mahogany, which gives forth a single note sound, one that seems to blend with all others. All of these typical instruments go at full blast, monotonously pounding out the rumba rhythm, while either the trumpet or voice, or maybe the trumpet, voice and violin synchronize in the melody of the song itself. The Victor record will give a very good idea of the song itself.

The singer on the record has one of the most charming voices I have ever heard; in fact, I was very much flattered to find him billed as the “Rudy Vallee of Cuba”, although he sings without a megaphone.

The song tells the story of the old peanut vendor who seeks to sell at least a few handfuls of the peanuts to the housewife before she closes her house today.

It so happened that for a long time I was unable to give the composition due consideration before presenting it. Finally, however, after securing the orchestration and rehearsing it with the orchestra, I felt that we would be justified in playing it over the air. I was then puzzled as to whether to sing it in English or in Spanish. That I had the desire to sing the Spanish was due to the fact that I majored in Spanish at Yale, with the intention of going to South America to seek my fortune. Spanish is taught at Yale more efficiently, perhaps, than any other course, and a great deal of care and time is given to it by the department; after taking the unusual amount of hours in Spanish that I did during the four years I majored in it, I still find that it serves me in very good stead. I decided that my first rendition of it should be in Spanish. Days later I was very pleased to receive a letter from the Consulate's office in Cuba complimenting us on our rendition of it, and telling me, furthermore, that the average American band was presenting it incorrectly. I had been told that most American bands began the composition with the sound of the little whistle which we Americans have come to associate with our peanut stands. In fact, several of my American Radio fans had criticized my rendition of it as lacking the peanut whistle. My Cuban informant gave me a graphic description of the peanut vendor and pointed out that our rendition was the truest picture of him, inasmuch as he had no whistle, but simply has a little charcoal fire in the bottom of his portable peanut stand which he carries with him, and which keeps his peanuts roasted. He also informed us that our rendition was the most delightful he has listened to.

This gave me a great deal of pleasure, and I was even more pleased when on a Saturday evening at the Villa I was able to pay tribute to Major Bowes and Yascha Bunchuk as we played the composition, both of them being at the Villa as my guests; and then later to introduce Major Bowes, who took the microphone and spoke for a few minutes. Saturday nights our Villa program reaches Cuba on a

By
RUDY
VALLEE

short wave, and I am told that through that broadcast we have built up a host of friends there.

The letter from the Consulate at Cuba has dissipated all fears I had before our first presentation of this intricate composition.

It is published by Edward Marks, and it should be played at a medium tempo.

*When You Fall In Love
 Fall In Love With Me*

THIS is a composition that delighted me upon my first hearing of it. Written by two famous song-writers and a young new-comer, it is a refreshing number, melodically and lyrically speaking. Vincent Rose is mainly responsible for its melody. He is the little Italian who gave us *Linger Awhile*, *Avalon* and *When I Think of You*, and he seems to have a writing streak again after many years of quietness. One of the Tobiaseses, Charles, to be exact, handled the lyric proposition extremely well along with Benee Russell, whose *Song Without a Name* was one of the most beautiful compositions it has ever been my pleasure to introduce and feature.

The song is one that everyone likes on its first hearing, which is most unusual. We have recorded it, and it is a record that will be most pleasant to listen to. The thought of the song is quite simple; it merely cautions the young lady to flirt as much as she likes, and to keep everyone guessing, but to save her love for the boy who sings the song.

It must be done slowly. We play it at thirty-eight measures per minute. It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

Yours and Mine

THAT tiny firm of Villa Moret deserves a special consideration as we discuss *Yours and Mine*. Charlie Daniels is the Villa Moret, both in name and in reality. Villa Moret is one of those one-room, one-office organizations, although at various times it has had a New York office. Villa Moret has always had its headquarters in San Francisco, Cal., and

has, from time to time, picked one song as its feature song and worked on that alone. It can boast of a list of hits that many a big firm could be justly envious of. Songs such as *Chloe*, *She's Funny That Way*, and their latest success which has held first place in the list of popular songs for such a long time, *When It's Springtime in the Rockies*.

Several months ago Mr. Daniels sent me two songs for my approval and perusal. He assured me in his letter that *Yours and Mine* was another one of those songs that the masses would take to its bosom as they did *Springtime in the Rockies*. He cautioned me to be sure and record it for Victor, as it would make a great seller for me on Victor records. I know now that he spoke sincerely, not only sincerely, but wisely!

I gave the song a careful looking-over, and failed to see anything really outstanding or worth while about it. In



Rudy dons Southern attire in Florida.

fact, it seemed to me quite "doggy", as a professional calls a song that seems to be, perhaps, too simple. It was not until I heard Little Jack Little render it on a Saturday night broadcast just before mine that I realized the song was there, and that it was destined for popularity.

Now I am a sadder but wiser singer of songs. Still it is not too late for me to sing the song over the air, which I do with pleasure. It was written by Steve Nelson and Johnny Burke. I have not had the pleasure of meeting either of them. We do it slowly, at about forty measures a minute.

*If I Say I Don't Love You
 I'd Be Lying*

IN MY selection of songs I have come to one conclusion; that is that it is a pretty good rule for me to let my conscience, my free liking, be my guide. I have found it generally true that it is not worth while to push any song that I forced myself to like, either because of its composers, publishers, or because I wished to help somebody, or because someone talked me into believing it was a good song. I have in most cases found that such a song never really did impress me, and usually did not turn out to be a great song. Anything that I figuratively prick up my ears on hearing, a tune that strikes me instantly as being a good song, or one that haunts me, has generally justified my reaction to it, and later on become a great song.

I'm Just a Vagabond Lover, which I heard in its unfinished state, and subsequently helped to write, *Sweetheart of All My Dreams*, and even *The Stein Song*, are the best examples of what I mean. These were songs that wandered around for years, either in an unfinished state or unknown to the public at large. *I'd Be Lying* is one that I feel will be liked, though perhaps not sensationally.

It is an unhappy thought, a song that causes one to think, that arouses the attention and makes the listener become quite serious as the thought unfolds. Such songs rarely become big hits, but I believe that *I'd Be Lying* should at least become a fair-sized hit.

For years there has been a most unusual character known to Broadway night clubs and to New York society as Tommy Lyman perhaps one of the most unusual singers of songs that New York and other parts of the world have ever known. A unique and almost mysterious type of personality, singing a song about a Shanghai Poppy Girl, going from table to table at brilliant society functions, singing to those who had known him through other affairs and other night clubs, Lyman has always been a great favorite with the upper strata of New York society.

I number among my friends a young lady who has moved in the elite circles for years, and who on one occasion asked me if I knew a song called *I'd Be Lying*.

(Continued on page 97)

KJR Artists Cash In On

“Largest Station Payroll *in* Northwest”



IF STATION KJR had complete control of the situation, there'd be no unemployment situation in Seattle, for the popular broadcaster, key member of the Northwestern Broadcasting System, claims to support a larger staff of entertainers than any other station in its vicinity.

That's a far cry from the situation in 1929, just two years ago, when the American Broadcasting System, previous owner of KJR, KEX, Portland, and KGA, Spokane, went into bankruptcy. There wasn't even enough money in the coffers to pay for records, and friends were asked to contribute from their record libraries. Today KJR broadcasts every day for seventeen full hours, without a single recorded program.

Besides the entertainers whose pictures are shown, there are many others who are equally popular with listeners. There's William Pinkerton (Pinkie) Day, newest addition to the staff baritones, and Thomas Freebairn Smith, chief announcer, who is a descendant of the Thomas Freebairn who was chaplain to the Scottish king Robert the Bruce—and Robert Monsen, KJR's double-chinned Paul Whiteman, who wields a baton like his double. Chet Cathers, another baritone who joined NBS after apprenticeship in vaudeville and pictures, is familiar to all northwestern listeners—and behind the scenes are Thomas F. Smart, secretary, and the able staff of engineers who push buttons and manage the technical end from the brand new control room equipment.



Left, reading downward. Glen Eaton seems never to have learned the “mustn't point” precept at his mother's knee. He's a popular tenor. Elmore Vincent, the Texas Troubadour with the four-quart Stetson, is only twenty, but learned to sing when he was knee high to a grasshopper down in Texas. He's only six feet tall! Henri Damski, KJR musical director, is one of the big reasons for the station's growth to popularity. Pretty Billie Landers, blues singer, is the Northwest Broadcast System's own Fanny Brice—she's there with the voice and the comic touch.



Right, reading downward. Stephanie Lewis, pensive and demure, is soprano solist for the NBS. Ivan Ditmars has his fingers in many KJR pies—he's studio director, organist and pianist. A product of Olympia (not on high but in the state of Washington), he is twenty-five, a grad of the U of Washington, and is very Nordic, with blond hair and blue eyes. John Pearson, announcer and director of dramatics, comes from Southwest Texas to KJR via road companies of *Lightnin'* and other plays. Eulala Dean is another of KJR's prize blue singers.

Below, left to right. Ken Stuart is one of the best know sports announcers in the Pacific Northwest, covering baseball, wrestling, boxing and crew. A. E. Pierce is the genial general manager of the Northwest Broadcast System and one of the prime factors in its success. Grant Merrill, pianist, Radio actor and continuity writer, has been over the royal road of romance. He swam the Bosphorus, teed with Queen Marie of Rumania, slept on an Egyptian pyramid—has been college professor, and is considered the handsomest man at the N. B. S. studio.





WMCA Answers

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

WHAT station in the United States has the fairest staff of feminine entertainers? Station KROW out in Oakland, Cal., certainly raised a tempest in a tea pot when Manager Bill Gleeson claimed his pretty girl singers and radactresses couldn't be beat, collectively, anywhere in the United States.

That challenge brought the flush of battle to Manager Donald Flamm of WMCA, in New York, who claims otherwise. Mr. Flamm is choosing his entertainers not only on the basis of their air personality, but he aspires to enter five or six young ladies in the Radio Queen contest this fall. From the tiny photos shown here (which, by the way, aren't so attractive as the subjects themselves) it isn't hard to predict.

In the meantime you Radio listeners and readers are appointed a nationwide jury to send in your votes on this question of pulchritude. Are WMCA damsels fairer? Or did KROW's bevy of beauties meet with more approval (you'll see their pictures in February RADIO DIGEST.)

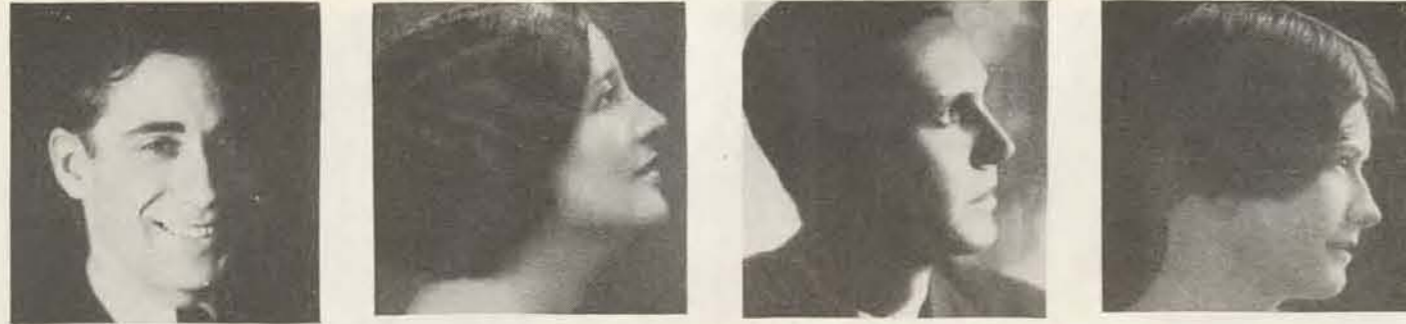
Every one of the members of this album is a real staff entertainer—no outside help has been called in to lend support. And there's variety in the ranks—dreamy blondes, peppy brunettes, and real titian-haired girls. There are jazz singers, a singer of classical songs who knows six languages, a program director who proves that beauty can have brains—and two pairs of sweetly harmonizing sisters.

Next month we'll have another answer to the Beauty Challenge—but give us your vote on the contest thus far. If you've been a-visiting any of the stations and have seen their fair entertainers in person, and liked their looks—enter that station's staff in this tournament of pulchritude.

Top—left to right. Sylvia Miller, who has been singing ever since she was four years old. Winner of first prize for best soprano in a New York Music League Contest—a real polyglot, since she sings in six different languages. Center, Marie Kelley, whose blonde beauty is no less pleasing than her lilting lyric soprano. Has sung in Paris at the Club Lido—a far cry from Springfield, Mass., where she grew up. Right, Vivian Marlowe, "musical comedy" girl who keeps the phones buzzing with requests for songs in her repertoire.

Above, reading downward. Nalda Nardi, Program Director for WMCA and possessor of a deep contralto voice. The blue of Lake Como is in her eyes and her hair, worn as only one gifted with beauty could wear it, is a rich warm brown. The Calvert Sisters are harmony personified—one dark as a gypsy and one with hair like spun gold. Jeane Carrol lives up to her name, for she has a beautiful singing voice—acts, too, in WMCA's Radio playlets—has dreamy gray eyes and soft, chestnut brown hair. Melba Lee, singer, studied with Anna Fitziu of the Metropolitan Opera and got her first stage job when she accompanied a friend to apply for a musical role. Melba got the job instead! Has auburn hair and grey green eyes.

Above, reading downward. Bee Singer, a very tiny brunette with expressive brown eyes, who isn't old enough yet to vote—has a rich crooning contralto—has to climb on a stool to reach the carbon mike. Mary and Billie Lee—Billie, the blonde one, was "scared pink" when Mary married and Billie had to face the mike alone—so Mary came back and now "They're Friends Again." Hilda Harrison is WMCA's whispering soprano—the girl with perfect Radio technique—her hair is very dark brown and curly, and her eyes sky blue. Sylvia Froos—Who is Sylvia? She's WMCA's baby songbird. Only seventeen years old—hair, light brown—eyes, real hazel, and just tall enough to reach up to the top button of a man's vest.



The people in the story—here they are—from left—Professor Edward Staadt, winner of KSTP Radio drama prize. Ida Blackson, charming WLW soprano whose concert work brought her to notice of astute Crosley station directors. Leonard E. L. Cox, brilliant director of WQAM, Miami. Dora Shaw Iauch, winsome WJAX (Jacksonville) soprano, who made Radio debut a year ago.

Listening In on Some

BY RIGHTS, Edward Staadt doesn't belong here, for he's a Westerner, but he's news because he won the \$500 prize offered by the Great Northern Empire Builders program arbiters for Radio dramas. He's head of the Department of Dramatics at the University of Minnesota. Have you heard his play from KSTP in St. Paul—*Against A Copper Sky*?

IT'S not so long since Henry and Percy had their names in electric letters goodness knows how many feet high, over a Birmingham vaudeville theatre. All because their WAPI tri-weekly skit is so popular. Henry C. Vance is also short story writer, author of movie scenario *Diamond Handcuffs*, and newspaper columnist. And Percy Rosenberger is also literary and ex-newspaper but has always found time to sandwich in dramatic and entertainment work. Henry was born in Orland, Fla., Percy in Atlanta, Ga.

WHO ever heard of bringing music from an old vinegar jug? It's done this way—the player blows into it and the jug acts as a sounding board, for the expert "blower" of the Ballard Chefs. They are the eight black lads who entertain Monday nights at WHAS in Louisville. Four of the boys form a quartette, and the other a novel orchestra . . . they landed in Radio through their popularity as war-time entertainers at doughboy camps.

COWPUNCHER, rancher, miner, traveling salesman, aviator—and his latest is director

of Station WQAM at Miami, Fla. That's Leonard E. L. Cox, who came to Miami last year after successful production of dramas of the air at WABC, WJZ and WOR in New York. Two of his most popular features at the Florida station are *Tonight at the Opry House*, a series of blood and thunder old-time melodramas, and *Junction City*, portrayal of life in a small town as seen from the general store vantage point. Born in Central Africa of English parents, and a world-roamer himself, Mr. Cox seems to have anchored himself firmly at WQAM . . . to whose new studios, by the way, all Florida visitors are invited.

RADIO curiosity—a few minutes after Helen Corbin Heint, whose picture appears here, had played as soloist with the U. S. Marine band, she heard her selection replayed over long distance telephone from New York via a record which had been made there from a telephone transmission of the broadcast. Mrs. Heint is one of the few pianists to solo with the Navy—she has also appeared on Hugo Mariani's concert series, *Works of Great Composers*.

HERE'S a brother team that really is one—Jimmy and Leonard Mazzei of WAAM in Newark. Big brother Jimmy and little brother

Left—The long and short of it are none other than Henry and Percy, popular comic team of WAPI, Birmingham, Alabama.

The vinegar jug below is the one that makes the music on the Ballard Chef hour at WHAS, in Louisville.



One after another, these headliners are: Helen Corbin Heint, whose piano solo brought more congrats to Marine Band than any other soloist. Irving Sewitt, young WMCA orchestra leader destined to go far. The "Neilson" pair—Marguerita Nuttal, soprano, and Wishart Campbell, Baritone, who go on the air on a Canadian network from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Eastern Wave Lengths

Sergeant (U. S. veteran) Leonard portray fifteen different characters in their popular comic skits. They are 37 and 35 years old, respectively, like spaghetti, and are of Italian parentage although they can take off Irishmen, Scotchmen or Dutch.

AN ORCHESTRA leader who plays the trap drums with his own jazz band—that's Irving Sewitt, WMCA'er and featured at the Argonaut Club in New York with famous Tex Guinan. Other claims to distinction of this unusual young man are his youth (he is not yet twenty-five) and his unusual orchestral arrangements. He's heard on New York *Graphic* and

Right—"You can't ketch me" sez Jane Dillon, (WTIC, Hartford) as herself, to herself as a slick city feller, one of her many impersonations. Below—Leonard and Jimmie Mazzei, (WAAM, Newark), a couple of Italians, caught putting on a mike-skit about an Irishman and a Jew.



Brooks Jewelry programs with his band.

WITH the migrating songsters and Radioists generally . . . Nils Falkman, Swedish tenor, Elizabeth Stidman Bilson, soprano and Charles Cohen, cellist are recent additions to WBAL, Baltimore, staff . . . Jerry Akers is new general manager at WCKY in Covington, Ky. A case of promotion on merit from post of studio director. KFEL, Denver and WGKS, Gary have been under his management in the past . . . Lee Goldsmith, the "Little Colonel", moves from WCKY, to WKRC, Cincinnati as production manager, and Tremlette Tully, formerly women's program director of the Ken-

tucky station moves with him to Ohio . . . Belle Bart, President of the American Academy of Astrology, is another of the star-gazers who becomes Radio minded with her tri-weekly broadcasts from WGBS in New York.

ONE of the many lives saved by Radio was that of Edgar Chapman, sixteen-year-old orphan of Chattanooga, Tenn. He needed a blood transfusion, but his "type" of blood—type 4—is rare. An appeal was broadcast over Station WDOD and hundreds of generous people responded. Twenty-year-old E. D. Milligan was the right type and within a few hours after the Radio appeal Edgar was on the road to recovery.



Should she be called Mister, Mrs. or Miss Dillon? That's the puzzle about Jane Dillon, versatile impersonator of WTIC, Hartford. She depicts a motley assemblage of characters, varying from the squeaky-voiced village choir belle to the slick, oily-tongued big city rounder. Years of vaudeville trouping have made her a quick-change artist.

A descendant of stern Quaker folks from Iowa, she had a hard time getting permission to go stage-wards, but after graduating from Northwestern University in Evanston and Chautauqua-ing for a while she went vaudeville. On a tour in England she made her Radio debut, repeated in South Africa, and finally landed at WTAM in Cleveland. She's happy at WTIC, her present location.



No, it's not a toothache Clarence McCormack has. It's a harmonica—the one he uses for his solos in *Turkey in The Straw* and the other old-time tunes so ably rendered by the WLW McCormack Fiddlers. That's Ma beside him.

Real Mountaineers Play Old-Time Tunes Mornings at WLW

THREE years ago "Harmonica Mac" and Ma McCormack were listening to some mountain music through their radio receiver. "Ma," he said, "we can do better than that. We can give them the real stuff, not a bad imitation." You see, McCormack was born and reared in the Blue Ridge Mountains. His real name is Clarence McCormack, and he directs the ensemble that bears his name. The other members, besides Ma, are Frank Miller, fiddler, Omer Castleman, banjoist and Robert Schule, guitarist. They play widely known mountain tunes on the Top o' the Morning hour and other popular programs at WLW in Cincinnati.

When you hear program announcements at WLW in German, you know Fraulein Ruth Kessler is going on the air. Her parents in Leipzig listen in via short wave. The young lady mailed her request for an audition to WLW from her home in Germany, and today her voice, accompanied by her own lute, is often heard from the Cincinnati station.

ANOTHER Radio wedding! When Lenore Herbst, then a demure school teacher at Ada, Minnesota, came to WDAY at Fargo, North Dakota, for a Radio try-out Dave Henley, WDAY's program director, was impressed with her abilities. When her school closed in June Miss Herbst was added to WDAY's staff. (Mr. Henley was still impressed, it seems). Not long ago they were married—they are

heard frequently together—as the Two Octaves, piano duo, as the Night Timers, vocal duo; and in addition Mrs. Henley conducts WDAY's popular children's hour.

A few months ago North Dakotans blessed Radio. When two sleet storms swept down telegraph and telephone poles and cut half of the state off from communication with the rest of the world, WDAY and KFYZ in Bismarck hopped into the breach. Railroad trains were dispatched via Radio, business messages, death announcements, everything that was urgent was broadcast.

HE'S one of the world's youngest professional announcers—eighteen-year-old Reynold McKeown, whose picture appears among the group of four you see here. Reynold is a baritone and accomplished pianist as well as announcer, and continues at the Wisconsin station under Hal Lansing, present Commercial Director.

Another member of the quartet pictured here is Myrtle Spangenberg, the featured soloist of the WTMJ Kilowatt Hour. Besides possessing a lovely lyric soprano voice, the lady is a ravishing blonde with sky-blue eyes and a peaches and cream complexion.

Then there are Royal Gordon, WIBA tenor and Dorothy Jahr, his accompanist. If fan mail is any indication, they are two of the most popular artists at the Madison, Wisconsin, station.

Midwest

By BETTY McGEE



Homar's the one with and Harold's the one without—the moustache, of the Two Little Crows, early bird harmony team at WOWO, Fort Wayne.



Eric Sagerquist, handsome conductor of the WIBO Studio Orchestra, still plays the violin with the boys occasionally.

DETROIT'S newest Radio station WJBK, has passed through the swaddling clothes age. Now in operation seven months, many of its entertainers have gained favor in the automobile city and the surrounding country. Carl Rupp, musical director and Clarence Knight, chief announcer and specialist in play-by-play sports broadcasts, are headliners. The Blue Bird trio (Ellen Beta, Mildred Van and Inez Greeman), jumped from WJR to the new station and are drawing new fan friends; Verne

Chatter

Chicago Correspondent



7,000 pounds of soap in this seven-foot-high model of Station WFAA in Dallas. Carved by 15-year-old Mike Owen, Jr.



Not every Tom, Dick and Harry can be as handsome as WGN's popular trio. Their driving licenses reveal them as Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover, Chicago.

Tom, Dick and Harry of Station WGN Write Popular Song Hit

mense amount of research in old books and papers of the years 1809 and 1861. With such a background, it would have been well-nigh impossible for Warren to do anything else but succumb to the temptation of becoming an author.

* * *

BECAUSE we liked the music on the "First Nighter" program, an NBC feature, so much, we determined to find out more about Eric Sagerquist who conducts the orchestra for the program and is leader of the WIBO Studio Orchestra. (His picture appears here.) Eric began his career some few years ago when he made his first public appearance at the age of twelve in a little movie theatre down in Houston, Texas. Since that time he has been doing a number of things—was leader of the orchestra that played for both the Prince of Wales and Queen Marie on their American tours; was with the Victor Recording Laboratory Orchestra for two years; played in the Benson all star orchestra; and in the old days was with Frank Westphal when he played at the Rainbow Gardens.

Don't let anyone tell you that everyone has gone "nutty" or "cuckoo" over at WBBM. They are probably just talking about the "Nutty Club" which has been revived by Paul Whiteman. Bobby Brown who succeeded Garland is again mike master of ceremonies and chief nut cracker of the new order.



Top—Royal Gordon and Dorothy Jahr of WIBA, Madison. Bottom—Myrtle Spangenberg, WTMJ soprano and Reynold McKeown, WHBY announcer.



Willard, one time WJBK favorite, Fred O'Mear and Betty Schmult all are filling the bill with the listeners.

* * *

THOUSANDS of Midwest Radio listeners will be interested in a new book—a book that grew out of Raymond Warren's entertaining series of Lincoln plays which have been presented under the title of *The Prairie President* from WLS. Warren gathered enough dramatic material for his series of sixty plays by doing an im-

TOM, Dick and Harry, that widely known vocal trio heard regularly from the Chicago studios of the NBC and over WGN, are putting on rather grown-up airs these days—but why shouldn't they, with their new song composition just out. It is entitled *The Cradle Song* and we are willing to wager our new spring bonnet that everyone will be swinging to its melody in a few months.

Their real names are Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover. The Vandovers hail from Los Angeles and it was Bud who first pulled away from home—with a buddy who played in an orchestra. Bud sang. The two pushed on and on, until they arrived at Kansas City. Here his partner deserted and Bud took to the highway again, hoofing it, and carrying a tuxedo wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. He headed for St. Louis where he happened on a job at one of the St. Louis Radio stations. This supplied bread and butter, and a job as cigar clerk at the Statler Hotel furnished his clothes.

Just about this time Gordon blew into town and he became relief clerk behind the cigar counter. During off hours Bud strummed his uke and one day someone bet him they didn't have nerve to go into the dining room and sing with the orchestra. They had the nerve but it cost them the job behind the cigar counter, as employees were not allowed in the dining room. They took to the highway, with Chicago as their goal, where they clicked with Marlin Hart.



It's a \$26,000 listen when Nathan Abas plays his rare Guarnerius violin at KPO.



A dramatic moment in the adventures of Jack and Ethel (Ted Mawell and Bernice Berwin) in their trek on *Roads to Hollywood*—see their concentration at KPO mike.



Harvey Orr, one-time Canadian ace and member of the "Devils of the Air" is now a baritone of the air at KPO, San Francisco

Here you see the fingers that pluck a harp, caressing a canine pet—Zhay Clark, of both KFI and KECA in Los Angeles.



West Coast Currents

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

STATION KQW of San Jose turns the whole scheme of Radio broadcast upside down. Instead of presenting a program as a unit from one of its studios, it originates features from two or even three studios operating simultaneously. The announcer, let us say, is in the main studio in San Jose, the orchestra may be in the San Francisco Blue Diamond Studio, and the chief speaker of the evening at the mike in Sacramento, or on the University of California campus studio in Berkeley.

The Blue Diamond Studio was presented to KQW by the world-famous figure, Captain Robert Dollar of the Dollar Steamship Lines because of his interest in the entertainment and valuable agricultural features offered by the operators, the Pacific Agricultural Foundation. The managing genius of the station has been Fred J. Hart, who has watched it grow from a little one-celled organism to an important and elaborate network.

* * *

Aviator "Ace" Now Singer at KPO, San Francisco

CAPTAIN VERNON CASTLE used to like to hear Harvey Orr sing, when the KPO baritone was a member of the Canadian "Devils of the Air." Only the night before the Captain's tragic death, Orr sang to him, but after that singing was forgotten until several years after the close of the war, when he toured with Keith Orpheum, ending up in California as a broadcaster. His work with the

California Crooners, the KPO Smilers and the Clarions has made him well known to KPO dialers. Orr sang his first solo at five years of age with a boy chorus, and at twenty-two he won the gold medal in the Earl Gray singing contest.

Harvey was football player, amateur boxer and swimmer before he showed his prowess as ace of the air. Now he belongs to Floyd Bennet Aviation Post, No. 333, American Legion and his nine year old son, Harvey, Jr., seems destined to follow his pace—he's "crazy" about aviation.

* * *

BORIS KARMARENKO directs his balalaika orchestra while they strum away to their hearts content once a week over the new United chain on the Pacific coast. Boris was born in Manchuria and, in his early twenties, came to California and Hollywood five years ago and organized his group, including some who were formerly in a Siberian orchestra with him.

* * *

JOHN PAGE, one of KGER's new tenors, hopes eventually to get into the talkies through the medium of Radio. He sings the heart throb type of songs. His parents interrupted his schooling long enough to take a year off and tour the country by automobile. Then he went back to Los Angeles and was graduated from high school where he took the male lead in the senior class operetta. In San Francisco for a visit, he did two KFRC programs as a sort of semi-audition. Then he joined the KGER staff for a morning program. This makes three tenors for KGER . . . the others being Eddie Marble and Penry Selby. When the number reaches six the staff is considering the



From left to right—Hale—and not Hearty, but Derry, the popular team of harmony boys who accompany themselves on the guitar at KHJ in Los Angeles.



Ann Grey is "pianoed" here, Don Wather and his orchestra at her left, and Buster Dees at right.

feasibility of declaring open season on tenors, shooting them all at sunrise, and then starting all over again with a clean slate.

* * *

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY brought another birthday to Lewis Meehan, western tenor, as he sung over KFWB, KNX, KFI or some of the other Los Angeles stations from whence his lyric voice is gently wafted every so often. Still in his early thirties, the Irish-ancestored tenor was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on Valentine's day. Unmarried . . . a tremendous addict of health foods; neither smokes nor drinks; somewhat of a philosopher, some six feet high, 150 pounds, with brownish hair and blue eyes.

* * *

CHARLIE HAMP, fresh from mid-west triumphs, gets back to the home folks on the Pacific. He goes back to one of his first Radio loves, the toothpaste magnates, and does a thrice-a-week evening program over KHJ and Don Lee's coast chain, as well as two or three morning times. In odd moments, Charlie . . . his wife and young daughter . . . are busily scanning maps and blueprints and the clay model of a castle. Charlie, reputed to be one of the country's highest paid one-man program features, has bought a sightly lot in the Outpost Estate, just off the hills beyond Hollywood, and plans to erect an imposing Spanish castle type of house . . . including goldfish ponds, dog kennels and a studio in the form of a room simulating a modern Radio studio.

* * *

BUSTER DEES, KFWB's blonde young tenor (whose picture appears here), hails from Dallas, Texas, from whence he was packed bag and baggage and dispatched to Los Angeles by a fond and rich uncle. Destination . . . the state university in that city. But young Buster craved a sackful of spending

money. So he took his Southern drawl and ambled over to KFWB and its studios for auditions.

The very next day he went on a nighttime program. Then M-G-M gave him a short term contract to work in talkie shorts. 'Twas then that the young Texan marched out of ye halls of learning and embarked on a musical career in earnest. He continued to study voice, did KFWB programs often, was in *Hell's Angels* prologue for five months at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. Ambition . . . To become a light opera star.

* * *

WHEN GEORGIA MILLER, female lead with the cast of KOA Players, was married to Lieut. Frank E. Fries, of Fort Logan, Utah, earlier in the year. The plans called for an altar under an arch made by the crossed sabers of Lieutenant Fries' fellow officers. Mrs. Fries, has been in stage life since she first appeared as a child in the Elitch Gardens of Denver. Later she did some bits in the movies, a Pacific coast tour in stock, and finally the radio activity wherein she starred in many serials and short dramas at KOA.

* * *

CAPTAIN EDWARD A. SALISBURY has come back to Radio for awhile. In KHJ's early days he staged a Radio barbecue to which more than 30,000 fans made a caravan and firmly barricaded approaches to Los Angeles by roadway for several hours. To feed them he bought bread by the cart load, beans by the shipload, and barbecued beef by the ton. Locale . . . out in the San Fernando valley.

Now he appears at KFOX for a series of daily travel talks in reminiscent vein. While his brothers stay in Los Angeles in prosaic duties as automobile outing club executive and engineer, "E. A." travels—and how! Specialty . . . savage tribes and their customs, primitive peoples of the world. The captain speaks some forty languages and dialects.



Pretty co-ed Sylvia Jones is slated for two more years on KWSC (Washington State College) as soprano, as she's now a "soph".

The peppy boys are Ken Gillum and Duke Atterbury, one time KNX and KFWB luminaries, now heard on recorded programs.





Captain Edward Molyneux, Couturier and Ex-Soldier.

WHEN a man who wants to be a portrait painter finds that a bullet through his hand has put an end to hopes of becoming a Whistler, what is he to do? If he is as resourceful and courageous as Aviator—Captain Edward Molyneux, he doesn't crash, but keeps on going up.

He turns from artist-soldier to dressmaker. And the very qualities which made the fighting Irishman with the French name successful on the field of combat, put him to the forefront in the battle of wits that is the Paris haute couture. Originality, daring ideas, his picturesque personality, placed him there—and they, too, were reasons for his choice as the very first Paris couturier to broadcast fashion news direct from the French city to the United States, at the height of the Spring "openings".

These "openings"—first showings of new fashions—are awaited eagerly today by every curious female—and that means every woman. At the end of January hordes of buyers and fashion reporters from the United States walk up the gangplanks of transatlantic liners. After they attend the first preview, by special invitation (worth much, much gold) they keep the cables humming with frenzied descriptions of new fashions bound to be successful. Staid newspaper columns are filled with synonyms for chic and smart and dozens of new fabric names. But it is weeks before the new fashions can be imported, copied in New York, and shipped to San Francisco, Fort Worth and the general interior.

That's why it's a large happening when a Paris couturier himself consents to dis-

pel our curiosity about waistlines and skirt lengths and colors. Since this is being written before Captain Molyneux' broadcast (magazines and printers' schedules being what they are) it is impossible to say just what will be revealed. But whatever it is, we wager it will be startling and individualistic. For was not Captain Molyneux the couturier who told us it was not necessary to wear corsets, when all other fashion designers were saying armor must come back.

THAT was when he paid his first visit to America, back in 1929. But that wasn't the only surprise he gave to the press. When reporters asked him the stock questions about the New York sky-line and prohibition, he ignored them and told, instead, about his new perfume, created for men. Virile and masculine as the man is, he is still so in tune with beauty of line and color and odor that he found it necessary to invent a perfume which would at once satisfy a man's desire for loveliness, and still be masculine.

From air service to perfumery does not seem a long jump if you are acquainted with the nature of the man. Born in County Waterford, Ireland, of a family that had a generations-old French strain, his Celtic poetic tendencies took the form of a talent for painting. So he left for London at an early age, where he studied painting by night, and by day made costume sketches for the house of Lucille (Lady Duff Gordon) to keep him in paints, brushes, and incidentally, ha'penny buns and tea.

Then came the war, which put an end to his aspirations, as it did to those of so many young Englishmen. He entered the air service, but so modest is the Captain

The Fighting Dressmaker

Captain Edward Molyneux, Couturier who Broadcasts from Paris, has been War Aviator, Designer of a Royal Trousseau, and Inventor of Perfume For Men

By Janet A. Dublon

that he refuses to discuss his heroic exploits. But this much is known, that he suffered two wounds—a minor one early in the war, and the serious accident which crippled his hand, at the very end. That kept him hospitalized for nine months, and when he was discharged he found the war over and his career ended.

Here's where he showed his intrepid courage. With only a modest capital he invaded a field monopolized by the French and opened as a designer. Luck entered too, for Queen Mary remembered him as the "clever young man from Lucille's", and entrusted him with the trousseau of Princess Mary. That was the stroke of fortune which made him one of the most-talked-of young couturiers. But his daring, novel ideas were what brought him from only one member of a house where he was at once designer, cutter, salesman, book-keeper—to the managing genius of an organization of 2,000.

His personality? He's very handsome, as you can see from his picture, but again, in his private life, he is individualistic. In Paris, center of gayety, he never goes out socially. Of course you can tell from that that he isn't married—he lives with his dogs (a whole pack) and his servants in a house in the Bois.

It is strange that one who has designed a trousseau for real royalty should kowtow to King Cotton. For it is a manufacturer of cotton frocks who is sponsoring his broadcast (and those of the other fashion authorities who will talk from Paris each week). But knowing him as an artist, one realizes that it is his faith in the beauty of simplicity which leads him to give the royal approval to the once lowly fabric—and perhaps, too, his business acumen leads him to see cotton's future favor with those whose dress allowances suffer from slumpitis. So watch out for cottons this summer!

The Private Life of Cinderella

*Did the Fairy Tale Heroine Have Torn
Cuticles? Were Her Nails Broken? No!
She Wore Gloves When Sweeping Cinders.*

By FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday Morning



No magic wand is needed by Irene Ahlberg,
famous Earl Carroll Beauty

SINCE Mr. John Erskine and Mr. Walter Winchell have been opening the closets on the skeletons of so many historical, mythical (and in the case of Mr. Winchell, not so historical or mythical) characters, there have been very few secrets left to the famous people of any age. However, in spite of these intensive probings, Cinderella has somehow managed to keep intact a few of the illusions with which her original chroniclers invested her. Some of the details of her life have always displeased the authorities on etiquette. For instance, they have always regarded with grave disapproval her unchaperoned attendance at the ball where she is reputed to have met the prince. These details have not interested beauty experts as much as a certain lack of details in regard to this heroine. Therefore, with malice toward none and with apologies in advance to Mr. Erskine, Mr. Winchell, and to Cinderella, herself, suppose we do a little delving of our own into the private life of Cinderella.

We all know that the fairy godmother played a most important rôle in Cinderella's life. This supernatural person waved her wand and supplied the little girl who spent her life among the cinders with a beautiful dress, some glass slippers, a luxurious coach, and some prancing steeds. It took magic to materialize these

objects out of thin air, of course. We will agree that it was an amazing and awe-inspiring performance.

But what about Cinderella? Was she prepared for all this magnificence? Just as clothes alone do not make the man, clothes alone could not change Cinderella from a grimy little slavey into the belle of the ball. The narrators of the Cinderella story have been extremely remiss on the most important details.

By all this we mean that Cinderella could not have outshone all the other beauties at the ball if her hands had been red and unkempt, if her nails were dirty and broken, her cuticle ragged, or her hair in an unattractive condition and coiffure. Surely the prince was a rather discriminating gentleman, and it is doubtful that he would have lost his heart to Cinderella if she had offended in these details. Granted—the dress was lovely, and the slippers spectacular, but no prince would overlook calloused elbows and uncared for hands and hair certainly. And so we come to the very private life of Cinderella.

If we accept the story of Cinderella, even with its implications of magic, then we accept also the fact that Cinderella must have been prepared for her metamorphosis. She must have been one of the first advocates of the policy of preparedness. When she swept the hearth and did the scrubbing, Cinderella must

have worn gloves to protect her hands and nails. She must have been able to borrow her step-sisters' brushes for nightly brushings of her hair, too. Undoubtedly she also was able to avail herself of her step-sisters' cold creams and cosmetics. Obviously, her skin had regular care. Otherwise her appearance at the ball would not have been so eventful. Yes indeed, you can count on it—Cinderella was prepared. Her fairy godmother was versed in magic—true—but so was Cinderella. As a matter of fact, Cinderella's magic was more potent than the magic of her supernatural godmother. For the magic of good looks lies in the policy of preparedness.

It did in Cinderella's day and it does today. The most beautiful girl the prince had ever seen knew the importance of regular and faithful attention to the necessary details which make a woman outstandingly attractive. And the most beautiful girl you have ever seen follows in Cinderella's footsteps.

You may be sure that she has the will power and the character to care for herself faithfully and systematically. Her policy, like Cinderella's, is one of preparedness.

Beautiful clothes are important. Regular features are an asset. But unless the skin is clear and unblemished, unless the hands are smooth, and the nails are cared for, smart clothes and good features avail a woman little.

(Continued on page 99)

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.

Mrs Scott and her three healthy, normal children. The eldest daughter was recently graduated from Vassar with very high honors.



By

MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

*Well-Known Authority on
Children's Problems asks
an All-Absorbing Question*

Do You Know Your Child?

"MY CHILD is disobedient!" "How shall I teach my child to obey me?" Thus have begun hundreds of requests for help from earnest parents made to me by letter or in person. This disobedience seemingly takes as many different forms as there are different children.

I quote from typical letters: "My child is defiant to desperation," writes one mother. "She deliberately refuses to do the smallest thing I ask her to do. How am I to teach her obedience?" And another parent writes: "Please tell me how to control my little son's most objectionable trait, *contrariness*,—he is very bright but terrifically wilful, and persistent to the point of exhaustion." "My little girl of three," writes another mother, "is usually manageable at home where she always keeps busy, but she is most unmanageable, most stubborn, outside the house. Spanking and putting her to bed early have no effect on her." And still another mother writes of a boy of four, who is energetic, spirited, keenly intelligent, but who will never take her requests or her commands seriously. Thus the complaints run on.

Just as I asked you last time to realize that before we can handle the outbursts of temper in a child successfully, we must first of all try to understand the ingredients, the forces, behind temper, just so must we first of all understand the powers, the qualities, which cause a child to disobey—we must search for what is behind

the behavior which irritates, bewilders us, and renders us desperate. And while we are searching we must search ourselves with utmost candor for our motive in desiring that our child be obedient. Is it primarily for the child's betterment, or is it for our own relief, our own convenience or even to satisfy our own false pride?

BEHIND the child's disobedience we often find a very sensitive nature, imagination, originality, and ruthless determination to express his creative impulses. These fine qualities should not be crushed by arbitrary, autocratic discipline. Such handling is certain to stimulate in the child rebellion, defiance, the most stubborn kind of disobedience, and not infrequently we can trace acute digestive disturbances, frequent vomiting, nervous disturbances, such as stammering and twitching, to the thoughtless handling of a child of this type.

The story of six-year-old Charles will concretely illustrate my point. When he first came to the Children's Garden with his parents for an examination, he looked like a haunted wild animal. His thin, pale face was tragically twisted with fear and distrust. He would not enter or touch a thing in the room although I tried to make clear to Charles that everything in the Children's Garden was for him to play with. His eyes were fixed on his parents and it was evident that Charles dreaded criticism, admonition, punishment at

every move. I realized that nothing I could say would convince Charles that he was free to do as he pleased in the Children's Garden. I said no more but from one of the shelves I took down a Russian wooden egg containing eighteen concentric eggs of different colors. I sat down at the green table and began to open up the egg, arranging the half-eggs in a circle, the red, the blue, the green, the yellow, the purple—and more eggs were coming—growing smaller and smaller. The parents were fascinated and like children expressed their delight. By the time I had opened the ninth or tenth egg, Charles was at my side and with a look in his eyes which said, "May I try it?" Without a word, I handed the egg over to him.

To my delight and to the parents' surprise, Charles played with that egg for one full hour, opening the eggs, closing them, arranging the halves in intricate patterns; handling the parts with the most exquisite care, showing an appreciation of the fine texture of the wood, of its polished colorful surface. After that, Charles discovered other toys and material of interest in the room, all of which he handled with skill and with an unusual observance of details. By the end of the examination, I knew that Charles was a gifted boy, responsive to all reasonable requests, eager to cooperate; that there was *nothing wrong with Charles*. After talking with the parents and studying their home environment, I was convinced that the boy's defiance, his disobedience, his

stubbornness, were the natural reaction to his patients' treatment of him. The father, impatient, domineering, insisted always that Charles should do what *he* wanted done and in *his* way, entirely disregarding Charles' nature and needs. The mother, an over-conscientious housekeeper, who could not endure the slightest disorder was forever telling Charles not to do this or that because it made such a mess! All of Charles' treasures—his towers, castles, bridges, Radio stations—constructed with infinite care out of cardboard or building blocks were, by his mother, without a thought for Charles, swept into a heap. The small boy

was constantly interfered with, *his* play, *his* interests, were never seriously considered; it was a mere trifle to yank Charles out of the house although he pleaded "In just one minute—I want to finish my bird house." Certainly such lack of consideration for a child's rights can only generate indifference, rebellion, and disobedience.

In general, my advice in Charles' case will fit most children of his type. First: The child who is gifted with fine qualities must have special consideration and more opportunity to make use of them. He must be given materials which will provide for him an outlet for his imagination, originality and constructive ability. Second: Every child must have a space which he can call *his*, if it is only one corner in one room, and an accessible shelf or two to hold his toys and materials. Third: We must respect the child at play. We must not thoughtlessly interrupt him or disturb him any more than we would allow him to interrupt us while we are seriously at work. Fourth: We must have respect for the child's achievements, however crude, however simple, however imperfect they may seem to us. We must realize that these are the child's best efforts; that the child's castle out of his building blocks, or his train on tracks going to a world of his own imagination are as important to him as our efforts are to us. Children who are handled with respect, with consideration and with sympathy, will quickly respond to reasonable and just requests of them.

We can hardly conceive of the extent to which disobedience is fostered by our failure to appreciate the values the child attaches to his act or his desire. Often in our endeavor

GUIDE CREATIVE ENERGY

Problems with children are common in most homes but they can all be adjusted if approached properly. These errors of self-will, stubbornness, and temper may be traced to misdirected creative energies which are latent in the child and which will respond only to the sympathetic touch.

This broadcast by Mrs. Scott is published here through the courtesy of the NBC over which network Mrs. Scott broadcasts regularly.

If you are disturbed over the behavior of your children, Mrs. Scott will be pleased to help you solve your problem. Address your request to Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.—EDITOR.

strictly to carry out an established rule, we leave out of account the imagination or emotions of the child. A little girl of six, who was just learning to write, con-

ceived the tremendous idea of writing a letter to her father, who was returning home late that evening, which letter she was going to place on his pillow, to be discovered and read by him when he went to bed. The mother, not appreciating what this meant to the child, put off the child's writing of the letter until it suited her own convenience. Her convenience did not arrive until twenty minutes after six—ten minutes before the child's bedtime. With painstaking fingers the child began to write the letter. Her hand grew tired, she grew sleepy, but with unfaltering will she kept on—for before her was the dream of the pleased surprise of her father when he found her letter. At six-thirty o'clock the mother ordered the child to bed; the child pleaded for time to complete her letter. This the mother flatly refused and in turn the child flatly refused to obey. Then came the clash. The mother forcibly picked the child up and carried her off, the girl resisting and fighting her mother in a passion of wildest violence. By superior strength the child was put to bed. *Obedience* had been enforced, but the little girl lay sobbing in the dark, wild with grief over the tragedy of her broken dream—her spirit newly sown with the seed of disobedience!

* * *

During Mrs. Scott's visit to Russia (U.S.S.R.) she lectured on the subject of child training at the Universities of Moscow, Leningrad and other educational centers. One of her books, *How to Know Your Child* was translated into Russian during her visit. While there she made a study of the homeless children who have been such a problem to Russia and who are the subject of much spirited discussion here in our own country. Mrs. Scott had an opportunity to study them at first hand as the various institutions where they are cared for and educated were thrown open to her.

Mrs. Scott has also lectured in some of this country's principal centers on the question so close to her heart. The Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York has this to say of the series of lectures she delivered here, "I consider the lectures given by Mrs. Scott epoch-making. They were the best ever delivered in the schools of New York."



Mrs. Scott, Author of *Meeting Your Child's Problems* and other books



The mischievous twinkle in Mr. Guest's eyes betray the boy that's still in him

Mrs. Edgar Guest, wife of America's well-known poet, delivered the following talk over the National Broadcasting Company on what it means to be a poet's wife.—EDITOR.

WHEN I was asked to speak on how it seems to be the wife of a prominent man, I wanted to decline the invitation, because for the twenty-four years that I have been his wife he has done *all* the talking. Now, that in itself should be a unique experience for *any* wife, to have to listen to her husband talk in public places for twenty-four years and not be able to make any reply at all. Tonight I have him in the same place. Whatever I have to say he cannot reply to. Of course, I will have to be careful what I say, because he is listening to me and the night is long.

Really, I don't know *what* to tell you. You know he is just like other men judging by what other men's wives tell me. He has a good appetite, sleeps well, snores and leaves his clothes all over the house. He likes to be petted. He very often picks out the wrong necktie. He is the kind of a husband that likes to go to bed at night and read. Besides the bed he likes to have a plate of apples and hard candy. And when I try to go to sleep he munches this in my ears.

Somebody asked me one time what his favorite food was—I have seen him take the most elaborate menu card with apparently everything in the world on it, and after considerable study of it would wind up by ordering calves' liver and bacon and rice pudding. Oh, I know he does all the things that all other men do. He is just a normal person and incidentally, I have found him a mighty nice somebody to have around the house and to be with. He loves

to play bridge, and I have been patient with him, even though he is the worst card-holder in the world. Do we argue at the bridge-table—well, we are married!

Of course, his pet game is golf. He loves it, and I have listened to score after score and have even gone to Pinehurst with him and heard nothing else but golf.

I think one of the funniest things he ever did occurred at Pinehurst. We have a friend who is a very prominent citizen in Detroit, and who goes to Pinehurst every year with a group of his friends. He is very much interested in his game, although he is a great enough sportsman not to take it too seriously. However, on this particular day, they had arranged what they thought was a very important foursome and so my husband decided that this would be a good time for him to act as a caddy for this gentleman.

YOU know all the caddies at Pinehurst are colored boys, so Edgar proceeded to blacken himself up and get on some old clothes and go in with the rest of the caddies. When this particular Detroiter came along, the caddy-master, who of course, was in on the joke, called Edgar out and he took the bag of clubs and proceeded to the first tee. Well, from there on he did everything in the world that a caddy—shouldn't do—he would talk just as his friend was about to shoot, he dropped the clubs, he walked into the bunkers. In short, he did everything he shouldn't have done. This continued until they reached the twelfth hole and here the friend shot a ball in the bunker and

A Fireside Poet At Home

By MRS. EDGAR GUEST

*"A Good Somebody to Have around
although He Leaves His Clothes
All over and Snores in His Sleep"*

Edgar went in and stepped on it. Well, this was about the finish, but when they got to the green—you know the greens at Pinehurst are sand—he waited until his friend was about to putt and then dragged the clubs right across in front of the ball. That was the end. He was discharged and sent back to the clubhouse—then removed his wig and the laugh was on. The friend as I have said before, was a good sportsman, so he laughed the heartiest of any of them.

I suppose that the wife of a man in the public eye has to contend with many things that many wives do not meet. Among these are the stories that come to our ears about how unhappy we really are and this and that and the other things that go to make up gossip. I have heard
(Continued on page 106)



Mrs. Guest enjoying her husband's pet game, golf

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LIBBY, McNEILL AND LIBBY PRO-GRAM
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WHAM WHAM
WIKO WLW KDKA WSB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WDSU WISN WOWO WBBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLL KTRH KTSa

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAF WSAI WSTP WOC
WJZ WDAF KSTP WHAS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WTAM WBZ WHAM WHAM
KYW WREN KSTP WBCB

CERESOTA PROGRAM—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
WEI WRC WGY WCAE

EMILY POST—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WBRW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
KPRC WFAA WMC KWK

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WTAM WEI WHAM WHAM
WCHS WRC WLIT WGY

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WBT
WCHS WRC WGY WCAE

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—
3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
WJZ WBAL KDKA WLW
WIBO KWK WREN CKGW

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WCAE WJAR WCHS

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields and Helene Handin—
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCHS WRC WLIT WGY

RADIO ROUNDUP—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

RADIO GUILD—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KGO
CKGW WPTF WHAS KFSM

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WIAM
WIBO KWK WREN KFAB

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WKBW
KYW KWK WHAM KPRC

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WGR WLWZ
WGAN WDRC WNAC WCHS

THE DUTCH MASTERS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WADC WCAO WNAK WGR
WIBM WKRC WPKY WXYZ

NIT WIT HOUR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

BERNIE CUMMINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM ST. PAUL—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES
National Broadcasting Company
Kc. Kc.
CKGO... 960 ??? 1450

Columbia Broadcasting System
Kc. Kc.
CFRB... 960 WEAN... 780
CKAC... 730 WFAN... 610

Friday
LIBBY, McNEIL AND LIBBY PRO-GRAM
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WHAM WHAM

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS
—with Arthur Murray.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC

BENJAMIN MOORE TRIANGLE—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
WLIT WRC WGY WREN

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM WMC KDKA
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WBT
WCHS WLIT WRC WREN

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WCKY WIBO

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WFAW WHP WJAS WLWZ

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAZ
WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC

SPANISH SERENADE—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WGR WLWZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC

WINIFRED CARTER—Cooking Treas-ogues.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WFAW WHP WJAS WLWZ

TRUE STORY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WBT
WCHS WLIT WRC WREN

WINIFRED CARTER—Cooking Treas-ogues.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLWZ WEAN WDRC WNAC

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WFAW WHP WJAS WLWZ

TRUE STORY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WBT
WCHS WLIT WRC WREN

FREE

Your Horoscope

by
PEGGY HULL

who—

in each issue of RADIO DIGEST tells how the STARS influence the lives of popular Radio Artists.

You can obtain your horoscope by filling in the coupon below with the necessary information and mailing it to us, together with a remittance for a year's subscription to RADIO DIGEST.

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Year of birth

Place of birth

Present address

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City State

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Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—			
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WHAM	KWK	WHEN
WIBO	WSB	WJDX	WSMB
SNOOP AND PEEP—			
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WHEN
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WOW
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	KGO	CFCE
"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE", Gilbert E. Gable—			
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WTAG	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	KSTP	WEBC	KGO
KGW	KFSD	KTAR	
WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	KOA	KSL	
RADIOTRON VARIETIES—			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
WBAP	KECA	WFI	
FULLER MAN—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WBEN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	
EARLY BOOKWORM — Alexander Wolcott			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDBC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	W3XAU	WBS	WVNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KFPY	KHJ
KPRC			
THE SILVER FLUTE—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WIOD
WJAR	WBEN	WOC	WHO
FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDBC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WBS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKRC	WKBW	WNAC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KFPY	KHJ
GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WKY
KSTP	WEBC	WVA	WJAX
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	WHO		
CARBORUNDUM HOUR—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WIK
WXYZ	WMAQ	KMOX	
HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEBC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBW	WVNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ
B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WEAA	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

The Pipes of Pan

Broadcasters, Forget Moss-Covered Joke Books and Hire Some Smart Gag Artists—Ambitious Public, Shun the Pseudo Air-Training Schools

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

WE ARE ready to offer a handsome reward to the individual who will help stamp out a menace that is one of Radio's ace "goat-grabbers."

We refer to the practice of some announcers who call into play the rhetoric that was Mark Anthony's when they give you the title of the next selection to be played. With intonations that are majestic and in tonal cadences that a United States Senator would hesitate to employ, they inform you that "you will now hear 'WILL you *always* love ME?'"

The word "will" is said pleadingly; when the announcer gets to "always" he has become highly wrought; "love" is uttered fervently and by the time he gets to "me" the announcer has worked himself up to a high pitch of dramatic frenzy. Six distinct musical notes are employed in the simple statement, and one shudders to contemplate what the zealous lad would have done with "*When you Were the Blossom of Buttercup Lane, and I was Your Little boy Blue.*"

Can't we have a little more simplicity in announcements? Be yourself, boys.

* * *

STUDENTS of Radio, and "fans" as well, have more often than once expressed themselves as displeased with the musical chimes that some stations use during call-letter announcements.

There is no contradicting the fact that chimes, in small doses, are beautiful, but they can become a decided annoyance when they are inflicted every fifteen minutes for an entire evening.

One Radio chain has solved the problem by substituting graceful musical interludes during station announcements.

It certainly makes a difference.

* * *

THE pseudo-pedants affiliated with Radio schools of voice-culture ought to be investigated.

Of course, there are a few legitimate institutions where oral expression and the declamatory art are authentically taught, but when they guarantee that they will get students positions as announcers or Radio orators they speak through their Stetsons.

For every on-the-level voice school there are a score, and more, that are "phonies". The gullible are ever with us, and so the "voice-professors" in many spots through the country are reaping

harvests, in return for questionable instruction and gaudy diplomas.

Beware of the school or instructor that "guarantees" anything. The world's foremost universities don't do it, so how can you expect definite assurance of employment from concerns far less reputable?

* * *

A PRIMARY requisite for acts and presentations in show business is that their routines employ the change-of-pace principle.

The average theatre offering starts slowly, gains momentum as it proceeds, builds up to a climax and closes with a bang.

On the Radio, however, it's different. The art of "timing" here is a negligible factor. An orchestra will offer three fast numbers in rapid succession, then will come a tango or novelty, then, perhaps a slow waltz, four more fast numbers and, more often than not, the program ends with a waltz. There's never a let-down and hardly ever is it apparent that the musical continuity has been intelligently built up.

An orchestra director who is identified with possibly the most important commercial hour on the air said to us the other day:

"I plan my shows on the air as though they were to be presented before a visible audience. I am not handicapped because I work with musical instruments, instead of thespians. I plan my program as Belasco might conceive a stage play. There is the opening, the introduction of characters, the unfolding of the plot, the comedy relief, the love interest—the denouement.

"The saxophones are the comedians. Romance is brought with the violins, and all the string instruments give me my love interest. The trombones; tuba and bass are the 'menace,' or 'heavies.'

"My fortissimo numbers are reserved for the close of the program. We begin with waltzes, increasing our tempo gradually until we have achieved a grand and glorious finale."

Nothing fantastic about all this, dear readers. The leader we quote simply builds his programs on elementary show-business principles. He must be right, for he's one of the three foremost men in

the field of orchestral broadcasting, earns more than any of his contemporaries and recently signed a new three-year contract with the firm that employs his talents.

* * *

FOLLOWERS of this pillar of prattle may recall that, in our preamble to this department, we said some time ago that we own an automatic applause-making machine, which we shall not permit to grow rusty while we are using our automatic hisser.

So turn on the current, Hawkins, and let the apparatus clap loud and long for the Camel Hour, in our opinion the most showmanlike and intelligent period on the air.

* * *

WITH the many "comedy" hours now on the air, something should be done by a public-spirited committee to collect all the old Joe Miller joke books extant, and throw them in a huge bonfire, for which we shall be glad to contribute the matches and plenty of excelsior.

Radio needs some "gag-men"—the sort of funny lads that the movie moguls employ to create original humor. Continuity writers employed by the broadcasting companies find it too easy to refer to old files of the humorous magazines, and to "gag" books from which vaudeville hams have lifted material since time immemorial.

If a stage comic pulls an old joke he's usually rewarded with silence,—the greatest of all punishments. Whereupon the "gag" is cast from his repertoire pronto.

You can't observe audience reactions on the air, however. Which is possibly the reason why jokes with long grey beards are so frequently offered.

* * *

SPEAKING of continuity writers, quite often they attain the heights and really create some distinctive material.

As a spur to better results, why aren't the names of continuity writers mentioned on the air? They should certainly get a "credit line", like the movie scenarioists do.

Especially should this be so when it is considered that announcers are permitted to mention their names at least once during every broadcast. Surely the writer of the announcer's material deserves as much consideration.

CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

IN THE modern Italian operas, like Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* or the more skilfully worked *Tosca*, *Madame Butterfly* and *La Boheme* of Puccini, the audience seems to care little or nothing about the story. The pathetic little tragedy of the tiny Japanese girl in *Butterfly* is sad enough to wring tears from the hardest heart, but few opera-goers seem to know the story correctly. On the other hand, when you take away the soft musical Italian tongue and substitute for it our rough English, the words often sound merely ridiculous, as in *Butterfly* when Pinkerton sings to Sharpless "Another high-ball?" and Sharpless answers, also in song, "Yes, mix me an-

other!" very prosaic and quite simple.

On the other hand, to put the matter in a nutshell, Wagnerian opera requires that one know its story, whereas in Italian opera only the pretty tunes seem to matter. Now, it happens that Wagner had one of the most highly organized musical brains that ever have existed. His music is so utterly eloquent that it actually is capable of telling its own story, making words unnecessary. For this very reason, if Toscanini or another conductor announces an all-Wagner program, he knows that the title given to each of the excerpts will explain all that is needed.

In a recent concert, which I hope you all heard, the first piece was the *Prelude to Lohengrin*. This ethereal music is Wagner's thought about the story of the Holy Grail, the very cup out of which, it is said, our Saviour drank and gave to his disciples. No one could listen to this music without realizing that its composer was dealing with the intangible and the unseen, with heavenly visions not vouchsafed to those who are gross of appetite and dull of sight.

The last items in Toscanini's program were from what, to me, is one of the jolliest and finest of all operas, Wagner's glorious *Mastersingers of Nuremberg*. This marvellous combination of fun, irony, satire and musical genius is not only the most perfectly Germanic of all operas but, to my thinking, the finest piece of work that has ever been done in the entire field of opera. In the first place it is a good story, a story that is intelligible and not particularly improbable. In the second place, the action is homely, natural, largely domestic and altogether on the common level, dealing as it does with ordinary men and women and their ordinary ways. In the third place the plot is built around a musical story and so the application of music to the acting seems perfectly natural. And lastly, Wagner is here, to my mind, more his own natural self

than ever he was when he had to deal with those pretentious and often somewhat over-solemn ideas which he presents in his mythological operas like those of the *Ring*, or in the legends of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhauser* and *Parsifal*. There is a delightful atmosphere of beer and sausages about *Meistersinger*. Any one who has ever had the felicity to sit in a bierkeller in *Alt Nurnberg* itself and to meditate within the shadow of the very walls which once resounded to the songs of Hans Sachs, will know what I mean.

Wagner's Der Meistersinger

The story is simple enough. During the middle ages some of the German towns had among their commercial and industrial guilds (the mediæval counterparts of our modern trade unions and combinations of capital) companies of master singers, who alone had the privilege of conducting musical festivals, and of furnishing song for the great high holidays which the towns used to celebrate. Wagner has taken the history of the most famous of these guilds, that of Nuremberg, and built up a charming love story around the person of the daughter of Pogner, master of the guild and rich banker, with Walther von Stolzing, a young knight who has worked out a new and radical method of composing music. Pogner proposes a contest and offers the hand of his daughter as a prize. Walther and Eva have already met and fallen in love. Beckmesser, town clerk and secretary of the guild, also desires the fair Eva. The story deals with the contest between the two men, handsome young knight and crabbed elderly bachelor, and with the benevolent intervention, on the right side, of Hans Sachs, cobbler, poet, musician and the real hero. The tale works out delightfully, without a jerk or a gap. The music is jolly, intelligible, irresistible. Yet it often ascends to heights



Toscha Seidel, Columbia violinist, who is presenting a series of "Historical Concerts"

as lofty as any ever scaled by the wizard of Bayreuth in his most serious moments. There is not a dull moment in the play or in the music.

I hope that every reader will take the earliest opportunity to become acquainted with this music. The Prelude or Overture of which we have been speaking is often played by symphony orchestras. Watch for it, and listen to it. Hear the pompous march of the grave conservative guild of the master singers, the ravishing beauty of Walther's melody which he composes for the contest, the delicious love music. Above all, in the latter half, hear the extraordinary exhibition of technical skill in which Wagner, as if to refute the charge often brought against him in his days of struggle that he could not write polyphonically (that is, keep two or three tunes going simultaneously and separately) actually inserts a fugal passage with no less than five melodies, all parts of the opera, going at once. All of them when a good conductor wields the baton are easily audible.

I have rambled along here about Wagner and about operas generally, although I freely confess that to me most operas are dreadful bores. I would indeed go many a mile to hear Mozart's merry and lovely *Marriage of Figaro*, Wagner's *Maestersinger* or Puccini's *Butterfly*. As for the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces . . . well they are in a class of their own. Some day we'll talk about them.

The history of the growth and development of opera is intensely fascinating. Some day I shall inflict upon you a dose of talk about this.

Seidel and his Strad

Do you know the work of that excellent artist Toscha Seidel? He is one of our best violinists. He has not only a thorough mastery of the intensely difficult violin technique, but also genuine musical perception and a temperament which enables him to discipline his emotions and present the patterns of the music he interprets so that they become plain, clear and intelligible. He neither spills all over with sentimentality (miscalled "feeling"), nor asks us to be satisfied with mere technical display. He has both feeling and technique; and he knows how to bend each to his will.

I have been listening with genuine pleasure to Mr. Seidel's historical violin programs, in the course of which he is giving us music ranging from the sincere and clear cut art of the seventeenth century to the sophisticated and complex music of to-day. To me, the violin music of the 18th century, which Mr. Seidel illustrated during a recent concert, is the loveliest of all violin literature. This is largely, I think, because the composers of that age had to write music which could be played readily on instruments and by players still quite innocent of modern technical achievement.

It was not until the development of the

Cremona school of violin making, which came to its climax under Stradivari about the year 1715, that the modern art of violin playing was born; nor did that art become what we know to-day until the epoch of Paganini a hundred years later. The dazzling technical fireworks which now we take as a matter of course, were then unheard of. Violin music therefore was based mainly upon a refined sense of tonal beauty, and upon simple, clear, well-designed musical patterns which, in a day of formality, politeness and clear thinking, were at once appropriate and inevitable.

I hope you all heard Mr. Seidel and I hope that you will watch for the later concerts in his historical series. He is a fine artist and I confess to a great fancy for his playing. His fiddle, by the way, is one of the finest works by that great master of all fiddle makers, Antonio Stradivari, whose little house and workshop still stand in Cremona.

Papa Haydn

Recently the Philharmonic Society orchestra under Toscanini played one of the loveliest and most easily followed of all works in the symphony form, the beautiful little symphony in the key of G major by old Papa Haydn. Haydn died as late as 1809, nearly twenty years after Mozart had passed behind the veil at the very height of his powers. *Der alte papa* was old and tired, but his good humor and his charm of manner remained with him to the end. He had begun to make his own music twenty years before Beethoven was born and his teacher was old Porpora, some of whose music Toscha Seidel played in the course of the program to which I have been alluding.

Haydn set the form of the symphony. That form remains to this day. Many have tried to break it down, but in vain. It was good enough for Haydn, for Mozart, for Beethoven, for Mendelssohn, for Schubert, for Schumann, for Brahms. Naturally, in Haydn's hands it was always, as befits something new, simple and clear. You can follow without the least difficulty the introduction, the two main themes, their development and the close of the first movement. You can recognize the languid beauty of the song-like second movement, the simple joyousness of the Scherzo, which is so obviously founded on the dance step known as Minuet. Then the closing Rondo in all its jolly merriment is so characteristically Haydn.

Musical Definitions for your Scrapbook

Here are two more musical definitions to add to your collection.

Minuet: a graceful dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ (waltz) time, but slower than the waltz and not danced in groups. It was a celebrated dance form through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Italian name is Minuetto and the French Minuette.

In German and in English it is commonly called Minuet. The Scherzo (Italian word meaning jest—I have already described it as a musical form) which Beethoven invented for the third movement of his symphonies, grew out of the graceful beauty of Haydn's minuet music.

Rondo: This is an Italian word. It carries the same meaning as the French "rondeau" or the English "rondel" or "roundel." In music it is a sort of circular movement, distinguished by the fact that one tune reappears at definite and regular intervals throughout its course. A similar form is used in poetry, under the same name. Here is a charming specimen, which will indicate what I mean:

"Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old old love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling,

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old old love that we knew of yore.
Ah, who shall help us from overspelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore?
E'en as we doubt, in our hearts once more
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old, old love that we knew of yore."
Austin Dobson.

Here the two lines beginning "The old old love" correspond to the recurring theme of a musical rondo. The closing movements of early symphonies (Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's first two) are in Rondo form.



Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, frequently heard on Radio.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

How The "Televisor" Works

IMAGINE yourself in the combined television and broadcasting studio of WIXAV at Boston, Mass. Movie camera men rush into the room. The camera man sets up his tripod and camera, the sound men their amplifiers and microphone, the giant, intensely bright spotlights are turned on. The apparatus is tested, adjusted, and the cameraman finally utters a short crisp "O. K."

The stage is set—set for the televising of Rudy Vallee and the taking of motion pictures to record the event, the first time that a figure so prominently in the public eye as Rudy Vallee has been televised. Rudy Vallee enters the room. He is interested in the apparatus, wants to know how the television machine works, but time is short. He is playing at a Boston theatre and in an hour he must return to the theatre for another performance.

He is seated in front of the television apparatus, the arc light is turned on, the spot of light scans his face, sweeps across his face some fifteen times a second, each time breaking up the light reflected from his face into some 2,000 distinct parts. Each distinct signal is then amplified millions of times, is finally impressed on the

main transmitting tubes and leaves them to go over the air, to be picked up by those who have television receivers and who are tuned in on the station.

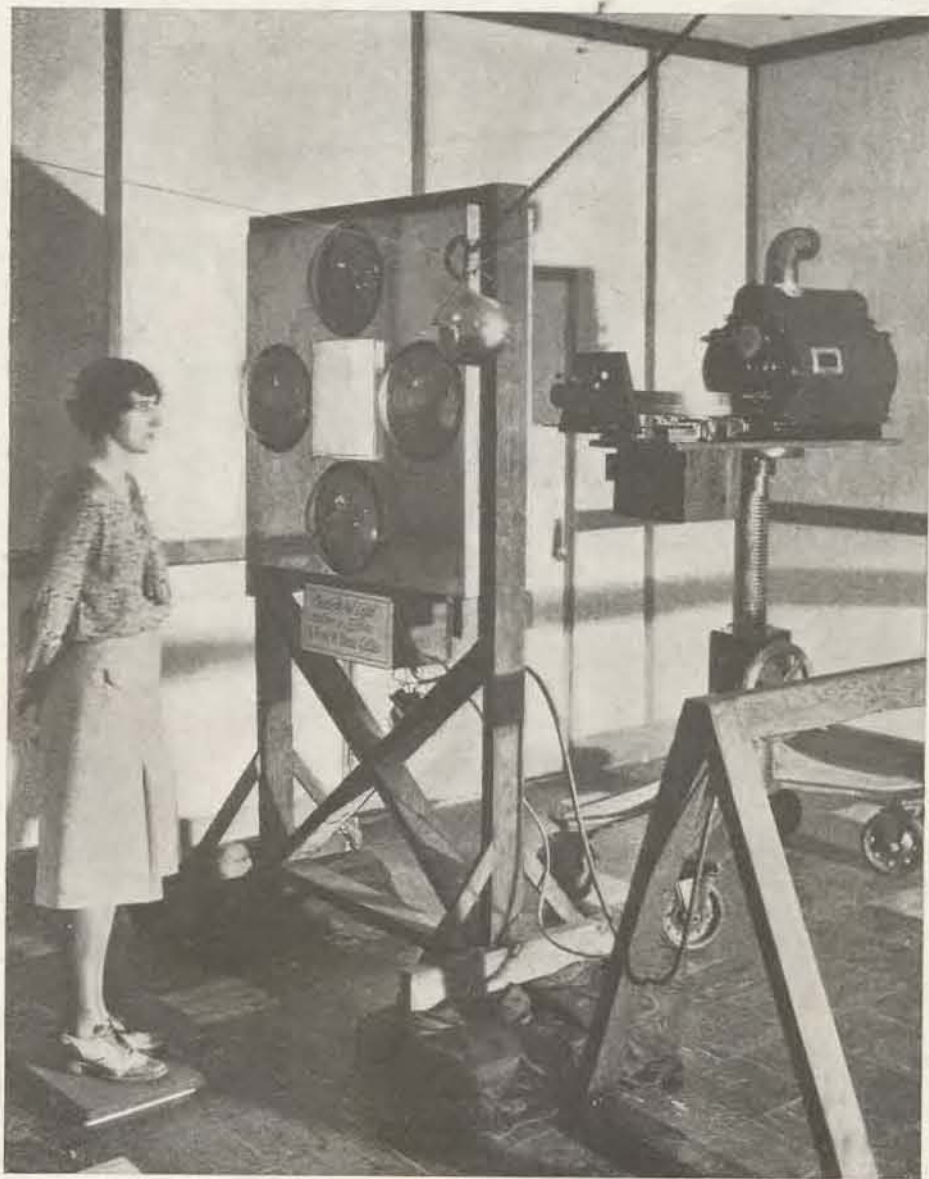
After a short while Rudy Vallee is shown the television receiver. Seated in front of it he sees a reproduction of a photograph of himself being held in front of the television transmitter. The picture

he sees is about three inches square and has a pale pinkish glow like that of a neon advertising sign.

Then more movies of him seated in front of the television receiver, the clicking of cameras as newspaper photographers snap his picture, and the allotted time has passed.

Rudy Vallee passes out of the studio to hurry back to the theatre, where the schedule he must begin his performance has been figured to the minute. The television engineers breathe easily again, the camera men sigh. The job is done, and it went through without a hitch.

It is probable that the general public does not realize the extent to which regular television programs are being broadcast by various stations throughout the country. In the Boston, New York, Washington and Chicago areas, particularly, these programs are sent out on regular schedules; the transmissions are not haphazard but occur regularly at definite specified times. As a result "lookers" (to manufacture a word equivalent to listeners) are able to tune in regular television programs, just as the broadcast listener tunes in his broadcast programs. The



Television sending apparatus at WIXAV, Boston. A spot of light sweeps across her face fifteen times a second, breaking up the reflection into 2,000 distinct parts to be broadcast.

of the Radio Arts

television programs are not as varied or as great in number but at least the art has passed the stage where transmissions are infrequent and irregular and has reached the point where the purchaser of a television receiver may be quite certain of receiving regular television programs provided he is located within the service area of one of the stations.

Who buys television receivers? Well, mostly experimenters, members of the enthusiastic group who built broadcast receivers back in the toddling days of broadcasting when there were only a few broadcasting stations on the air. Some of the companies operating television stations state frankly that the programs they transmit are for the sole benefit of these experimenters, while other groups insist that the television receiver has been developed to the point where it can be used by the average person and that television, therefore, has passed the experimental stage and has reached the point where it is quite practical. One group states that television is still "experimental"; the other group states that television is "here."

Who is right? If we base our opinion on the program value of the average television broadcast, we would be inclined to agree that it is still experimental for the programs and their reproduction is quite crude and will not hold the attention of the average person. But it is questionable whether the practicability of televi-



Television receiver. Picture is three inches square and has a pale, pinkish glow.

sion should be based on the merits of the program any more than the practicability of the automobile depends on its appearance. If the television receiver is quite simple to operate, if it will maintain its adjustment over fairly long periods; if, in other words, it does not require an expert to operate it, it has certainly passed the experimental stage.

Let us also get away from the meaningless phrase "television is still in the laboratory," which in this age of scientific development might be applied to most any device. Television may now be in the laboratory stage—but so will it be ten years from now. Perhaps what we

really mean when we refer to television as still being in the laboratory is that we have no assurance that the present methods of television transmission and reception will not be superseded by much better methods.

This is a moot problem. Once the sale of television receivers to the general public begins manufacturers tie themselves to a particular system. A newer and much better system could not easily be adopted, for it would render obsolete all the existing television receivers. So long as the sale of such sets is limited to the experimenter we can change systems as often as may be necessary, for the experimenter realizes that the television receiver he buys may have to be rebuilt frequently to conform with changes in methods of transmission.

The writer, for one, does not want

to suggest that now is the time for the public to buy television receivers; we do not believe that the reproduction is anywhere nearly good enough to satisfy the public. And we are not alone in this opinion. Up in Boston is located the Shortwave and Television Corporation, who operate WIXAV, over which Rudy Vallee was televised. In the laboratories of this company a simple receiver has been designed to be sold in kit form by Kresge stores throughout the country. But in spite of the fact that greater sales of these kits might be had by heralding television as an accomplished thing,

(Continued on page 100)

Table with columns: Meters, Kilo-cycles, Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes entries for 199.9, 201.6, 202.6, 204, 205.4, 206.8, 208.2, 209.7, 211.1, 212.6, 214.2, 215.7.

Table with columns: Meters, Kilo-cycles, Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes entries for 217.3, 218.8, 220.4.

Table with columns: Meters, Kilo-cycles, Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes entries for 222.1, 223.7, 225, 225.4, 227.1, 228.9, 230.6, 232.4, 234.2, 236.1, 238.

Official Wave Lengths
Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 67)

Its title arrested my attention and I asked her to sing it for me. She did so, and then told me that it was a song that Tommy Lyman had often sung for her. As she sang it I felt that melodically there were several places that could be changed much for the better; lyrically, too, there were possibly a few different twists that might make the song more likable.

The firm of Leo Feist, with whom I am associated, through its professional manager, Rocco Vocco, sought to get in touch with Lyman. Rocco, an old friend of Lyman's, thought he might be in Paris, but finally discovered him in Chicago. It was difficult to find him because he was living the life of a recluse and did not want to talk with anyone as he was not interested. Negotiations continued and finally from Florida came a letter from him granting permission for the song to be published, and giving the name of the other person with whom he had written the song. Both Rocco Vocco, and other critics who listened to the original version, felt that the changes I suggested were imperative and necessary; they have been incorporated into the song. I look for its publication almost any day.

The story of the song is that if the boy says he doesn't want her, doesn't miss her, and doesn't want to kiss her, and as a climax, doesn't love her, he is lying. It is a song that gives me a great deal of enjoyment when I present it.

We do it slowly, at thirty-five measures a minute, and it will be published by Leo Feist.

Just a Gigolo

AS MIGHT be expected from the word "gigolo", this is a European composition. "Gigolo" is either unknown to most Americans, or possibly repulsive to those who do know what it means. In fact, I am sure that the simple country folk of this land of the free have only a vague idea of what a gigolo is, but New York publishers take for granted that everyone knows what Manhattan knows.

A gigolo, at least a male gigolo, is a young man (usually), who is engaged by an old lady (usually, though not necessarily), to take her to tea dances, to dinner and supper dances, theatres, shopping; in fact to be, as it were, a temporary husband, bodyguard, and servant. When I played at the Savoy Hotel in London in 1924-25 the management employed two young men who invited unescorted ladies to dance. While these young men liked to call themselves instructors, escorts, or what have you, they knew that they were regarded as gigolos. The popular conception pictured is the Valentino type of young man, with black, straight, sleekly oiled hair, a pale, sensitive face of per-

fect proportions, always thin, somewhat effeminate, and usually pictured in swallow-tails, or to be plain, full dress. At any rate, whether or not the two young men at the Savoy Hotel were gigolos, I have really seen some who admittedly were because they were at many tea dances to which I went for recreation on my afternoons off in London, and in every case they were very excellent dancers. For me it was depressing to see them and their partners; such an unfair combination of old age and youth, yet both so extremely happy and apparently wrapped up in each other, dancing fairly well considering the difference in ages, and watching with intense interest all the other dancers. If nothing else enticed them to the floor the tango always did.

For that reason I expected this composition to be a tango. The song, as it is published in America, is not a tango. I am in doubt as to just what to call it; it would make a good waltz but it would be too long-drawn out. It is published as a fox-trot though, and here I must become technical for a moment, for if you play it as it is published I believe the true beauty of the piece would be lost. Like *My Ideal*, of which I spoke in last month's issue, we find it necessary to lengthen the piece, giving twice the value not only to each note, but to each measure, or bar, as it is more commonly called, in order to bring out the true melodic value of it. That is, where there is an eighth note, we play it as a quarter note. The single notes contained in one measure we find it necessary to divide into two, in order that the piece does not sound hurried and short. Some of the bands play it as it is written, and others play it the way I have just described. If you listen to it over the air with the composition before you, I think you will see just what I mean.

Due to the odium and repulsion that I, and most Americans, feel toward a person who sells his services to a lady, I have not sung the song, although we have played it. Even a different version, putting the gigolo into the third person instead of the first, as it is written, would still not solve it for me.

While we have the female equivalent of the European gigolo here in the "kept woman", strangely enough the sight of a gray-haired man dancing with a very young girl seems to us more logical than the reverse, but as Moran and Mack used to say, "Who cares 'bout dat?"

Gigolo is a very pretty melody, and in spite of its lyric is selling very well. Howard Lanin, at the St. Moritz in New York, uses it, heaven knows why, as his Radio signature! I find myself humming the melody often; it is a pretty one. It is published by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson.

Say Hello to the Folks Back Home

HERE is a tune dangerously close to being hill-billy (folk songs which have originated in the mountain districts of the backwoods states which the natives have sung for years). Some publishers would contemptuously term it "corney", meaning that it is too trite and *Home-Sweet-Home-like* to be classed as a popular song, but it is the type of thing that appeals to the masses.

Carmen Lombardo, the gifted singer, saxophonist, and song-writer, of the four Lombardo brothers, whose delightful music entrances all who dance to it or hear it over the Radio, contributed to this composition, and Benny Davis, whose list of hits looks like a laundry list, collaborated with Carmen, and these two have given us a popular song which might well be sung by any stranger thinking of his home town and the folks he left behind him. It is a good song.

It is published by Davis, Coots and Ergel. We play it in what we call semi-slow tempo, or about fifty-five measures a minute.

Something to Remember You By

I SUPPOSE I will never think of this composition again without associating it with a grapefruit! In fact, I should banish the song forever from my mind and never think about it again after what happened in Boston last week. It never occurred to me that it would make a suggestion to the mind of a young college student, who answered the plea of the song by hurling from the balcony a real grapefruit! I like to feel that he was not so brainless as to want to hit me as I played my saxophone, because obviously it might have injured me quite seriously if it had struck the saxophone while it was in my mouth. As it was, it hit upon the cymbal of my drummer, several feet away.

That was the only thing thrown, but I continued to finish the song, at least for that show. Of course I took it out the next show, because there was no reason for inviting trouble. It was really a shame, because it is a very pretty song. In fact, although it is of the musical comedy type, and comes from the musical comedy *Three's a Crowd*, it wins all who hear it, unlike most musical comedy hits.

The thought is extremely simple, in fact, almost too simple. The melody is beautiful, and therein lies the charm of the composition. It was written by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. It is introduced in the show by Libby Holman, whose voice and personality have been the talk of Broadway even since her debut in the first *Little Show*.

Despite air restrictions and everything else, the song is played everywhere and is selling extremely well. But somehow for me it will always call to mind the picture of a grapefruit hurtling through the air.

We play it at a semi-slow tempo, about sixty measures a minute. It is published by Harms, Inc.

What Good Am I Without You

ANOTHER song by Milton Ager, of the firm of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein. Ager has written, with his partner, Jack Yellen, a list of hits that you have all danced to and sung in the past decade, songs such as *Ain't She Sweet?*, *Crazy Words*, *Crazy Tune*, the *Rain or Shine* songs, and many other big hits too numerous to mention.

He played this song for me months ago in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, and I was struck by the beauty of its melody and thought. As he played it, it was dangerously similar to *Body and Soul*, although he could not have been influenced by the other composition since *Body and Soul* had not yet been published, and I, perhaps, was the only individual, outside of the publisher, who had heard it. Ager, subsequently, at my suggestion, revised the opening phrases of the song so that there was no chance of conflict between it and *Body and Soul*, and the song was published.

It has a sort of minor, unhappy strain running throughout it, and its chief charm lies in its melody and harmony. I have heard it rendered delightfully by many artists. It makes a good dance tune when played slowly enough. We do it at thirty-eight measures a minute, and we pitch it much lower than its original key, due to the fact that it goes pretty high.

Lonesome Lover

NOT since *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover* has there been another "Lover" song to achieve any popularity. Personally I dislike singing a song of this type because I dislike to lend the impression that I am giving a song that shows me as the lover in question. Peculiarly enough, *Lonesome Lover* is published by the same firm that published *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover*. It is another song that can be credited to the good taste of Rocco Vocco.

It was written by Al Bryan and Jimmie Monaco. Bryan is a poet among song-writers; he has written several books of beautiful poetry, and as a rule his lyrics verge toward the æsthetic, poetic, high-brow type, although he has written very popular songs, such as *Song of the Nile*.

Monaco wrote the melody for the old hit, *Dirty Hands*, for *Through*, and *Me and the Man in the Moon*.

Like Irving Berlin's *What'll I Do*, *Lonesome Lover* is published both as a waltz and a fox trot. The reason for this, I suppose, is that although the beauty of a fox trot may be destroyed by an orchestra playing it too fast or too slowly as a fox trot, there is little chance of

their going wrong if it is a waltz, because the waltz is standard tempo. I believe that is the reason back of *Lonesome Lover* being published both ways. It was a smart move.

I used *Lonesome Lover* as an example of how our band plays regular tempo fox trots in a little Paramount Pictorial movie short which I made a week ago. It is the only song which I really sing in the picture, and it served as a very good example. One hears it a great deal on the air, and it seems to be selling quite well. We play it at about sixty measures a minute.

I Hate Myself For Falling In Love With You

THIS is perhaps the first hit of which that new firm of Silver Songs, Inc., may boast. Abner Silver, writer of *I'm High Up on a Mountain Top*, *C'est Vous* and *Mary Ann*, is already a very familiar figure in Tin-Pan Alley and the minds of music lovers. Cornell, who unquestionably contributed some of the melody, is one of the clever team of pianists, Shutt and Cornell, who are so delightful in their Radio hours. Dave Oppenheim is one of the few millionaires who dabble in lyric writing. Oppenheim owns a chain of over fifty beauty shops, and coins a fortune every day; the writing of lyrics to music is merely a pastime to him, as he assuredly does not need the few thousands of dollars that may or may not eventually come to him if the song is a hit. Still he is intensely proud of his published compositions and enjoys hearing them played.

Silver I have known for some time, and have listened to and helped pick many of his compositions before he went into business for himself. All three of the boys deserve commendation for their work on this song. It is distinctly away from the average song, both in melody and lyrics, and one that is a pleasure to listen to.

We find it necessary to play it at about thirty-eight measures a minute in order to bring it to our listeners in the way we feel it should be interpreted.

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 48)

is responsible for Amos and Andy appearing in camouflaged parts. Neptune arouses the desire to assume an entirely different physical appearance, and in Amos and Andy it expressed itself in the black make-up. Neptune is also responsible for the sound philosophy which they teach under the guise of humor and in amusing plots. Both Amos and Andy have a profound interest in the welfare of mankind and an overwhelming desire to help make this world a little better place in which to live, and it is the Aquarian feeling of brotherhood, expressing itself through the Neptunian ray, which makes it possible for them to entertain us while they are also teaching us big lessons in the way to live. (Aha! *Knights of the Mystic Sea!*)

Andy has Capricorn rising and Capricorn is the most tenaciously ambitious of all the signs. There is no limit to the material dreams of the Capricornian and it is no wonder that Andy is always thinking in millions.

Both Amos and Andy had Jupiter rising, but Andy's is afflicted and for that reason he has to be more cautious in his business transactions than does Amos. If the birth data is correct, it would appear that Amos is the one who likes to strut his stuff, which is just the contrary to the parts taken by them in their programs, and the stars also indicate that it is Amos' feet which give him no end of trouble, while Andy is the one who is always complaining.

The strong Aquarian influence in their charts is responsible for their success over the air, as Aquarius rules Radio and electricity and it is Andy's Sun in this sign which gives him a tendency to worry. Amos' influence is extremely beneficial at such times.

Amos is generous and sympathetic too, but he is more practical in his efforts to help the unfortunate. Neither does he take their individual tragedies to heart as Andy does.

Andy's badly afflicted Moon shows that he will be susceptible to glandular trouble and if he doesn't take care of himself, he will need a doctor more than one of Madame Queen's "mananacures".

Mercury and Neptune in Gemini, the ruler of speech, gives him fluency and makes him a clever conversationalist. His Sun in Taurus makes him fond of food and he is the most satisfactory dinner guest a good cook could ask for.

Andy has Mars in the tenth house, another indication like Amos' Sun, of the success which was to come to him. This position mitigates any undesirable quality and makes Andy a worker once Amos gets him out of bed. He is enthusiastic, ingenious, courageous. He is interested in mechanical inventions, and Mars in Scorpio indicates a great wit and a keen imagination. It is Uranus in the ninth house which is responsible for his unmistakable genius, but with four planets in the airy signs, it is extremely difficult for Andy to keep his feet on earth, but Venus in the first house, makes his friends and acquaintances forgive him his aerial excursions into a realm denied their practical minds. As a matter of fact, this position of Venus, combined with the Sun in the friendly Aquarius, gives him a most amiable and lovable disposition and is responsible for his great popularity with both men and women.

Their combined horoscopes show no lessening of their present popularity, but after 1937, Amos will have to guard both his health and his money. As long as Amos and Andy resist all efforts to separate them, their good fortune is assured, for their aspects balance their individual fates, and as long as they work together, disaster will not overtake them.

Erno Rapee

(Continued from page 7)

become the leader of some symphonic orchestra. And so, in 1912, he came to America—hoping that here he would attain his goal.

He did not attain that goal immediately. First he served as accompanist to many celebrated artists, and as assisting artist to the Letz String Quartet. Finally, he attained his Nirvana. One day, unexpectedly, a call came from the manager of the Rivoli Theatre, New York—you may have heard about that manager; his name is S. L. Rothafel—asking Rapee if he would like to become the musical director of the theatre. Rapee consented eagerly; instinctively he felt that it would be the first important step in his musical career as symphonic-conductor. And from that time on dates not only Rapee's conductorial career, but also a friendship with his employer, "Roxy", which has persisted for more than fifteen years, constantly growing stronger and stronger.

Henceforth, wherever "Roxy" went, he was to take his musical director with him—and so, from the Rivoli Theatre, where Rapee remained for two years, he went to the Capitol and, four years later, he came to Roxy's own theatre. Here, Erno Rapee attained his much-desired and coveted goal. For here he had, at last, at his disposal a symphonic orchestra which must inevitably rank with the great symphonic orchestras of the world.

Erno Rapee will soon see his fortieth birthday—on June 4th, to be more specific—yet, notwithstanding the strain of his profession he looks far younger. His skin is clear and smooth, his eyes bright, and his actions brisk and spirited. Moreover, he has the energy, the conscientiousness and the zeal of a young boy. He is short, thin, almost puny-looking. When one looks at him casually one is apt to wonder how it is that such a small, slim man can domineer two hundred performers with the tip of his baton. But when one is at closer range, one begins to see the sharp-edged cheek-bones that seem to speak of determination and will-power, and above all that inextinguishable fire that burns in his eyes. And one begins to understand that when he is on the conductor's stand with baton in hand, his meagre size is forgotten, and only his personality is apparent to his musicians.

He is a very busy man. He must be up early in the morning to attend the multifarious rehearsals which are always taking place at the Roxy Theatre by singers or orchestra, and he cannot leave the theatre until ten o'clock in the evening when his orchestra is relieved by the sound-films. This routine is invariable every day in the week, every week in the year. Fortunately, conducting is at one time his vocation and avocation; it is still his greatest pleasure in life. Otherwise the rigid routine would be well-nigh intolerable. In fact, conducting is such a pleasure to him that he recently sacri-

ficed almost \$40,000 a year to return to the conductor's stand at the Roxy Theatre from his important—and what proved to be temporary—musical post in Hollywood. And he is only too happy to have made the sacrifice, he will add joyfully.

The rigid routine of his work, of course, permits him almost no recreations. Next to conducting he loves best to lie late in bed—and that luxury has been denied him for years. Night life does not interest him in the least, nor raucous wild times. During spare hours, or in brief vacations, he enjoys nothing so much as to spend quiet and restful hours with his family. For Erno Rapee is entirely a family-man.

He will tell you that he is a better pianist than he is a conductor—but for such as myself who have admired so many of his interpretations over the Radio this is a little hard to believe. At any rate, Erno Rapee is a pianist of the first-order. If he had not chosen the orchestra as his career he undoubtedly would have made a great name for himself as a concert-pianist. Even today, although he no longer practises as much as his fingers require, he plays the instrument with remarkable adroitness and facility. Will he ever be tempted to appear as concert-pianist in a well-known Concerto during one of the Roxy broadcasts?

He has another great distinction—but concerning this he very rarely speaks. The same pen which has composed symphonies and quartets which lie at the bottom of his trunk have also created at least four popular and unforgettable tunes which a few years ago spread from lips to lips like some contagious disease and became four of the really outstanding song successes of our time. The first of these was the overwhelmingly popular *Charmaine*, the theme-song of *What Price Glory?* And after *Charmaine* came *Angela Mia*, *Diane*, and *Mother o' Mine*.

But his fame will rest primarily in his baton. Erno Rapee may be a little man—but he is a little man with a big stick. That big stick has made more than one Sunday memorable to Radio music-lovers throughout the country!

Cinderella

(Continued from page 77)

Now there are modern Cinderellas and there are many potential Cinderellas, too. Often these potential Cinderellas write to me in this way: "I want you to be a fairy godmother to me and transform me into a modern Cinderella. Won't you work some magic on me?"

And there *is* magic in this day and age—magic just as powerful as any which existed in the fairy tales. The fairy godmother's wand in 1931 is a combination of patience, persistence and perseverance. And the private life of the Cinderella of 1931 is based on the same policy which won the original Cinderella her prince—the policy of preparedness and a realization and observance of the prime importance of "the little things in life".

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are now available for readers of Radio Digest. Each binder will hold six copies. Through the purchase of a large quantity we are able to provide these binders at the very low price of

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Note: Volumes of the new Radio Digest — September, October, November, December, 1930, and January and February, 1931 issues—will be supplied in these binders on order accompanied by remittance of \$2.00

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Enclosed find (check or money
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Marcella

(Continued from page 65)

being an announcer he sings and plays and he is also the creator of the *Novel Half Hour*, one of the station's popular features. He met his wife, ask me where? Of course in a Radio station. She plays the fiddle—and what she can't do with it!

* * *

THE reins of WTIC, Hartford, have been taken over by Paul W. Morency. Being equipped with a Ph. B. from the University of Chicago and a thorough education in business administration, Mr. Morency promises to fill this new position more than adequately. For the last two years Mr. Morency was manager of field service of the National Association of Broadcasters of which organization he is at the present time treasurer. Congratulations, Mr. Morency, on your new post, and we're expecting big things from you.

* * *

HELEN McD. of Oklahoma City wants light on the subject of Harold Sparks. Footlights, please *a la* Hank Simmons in *Show Boat*. Flash the orchestra. Ready. Jeff Sparks is only seventeen, girls. He is a former student of Webster, Jr. and Central Senior High Schools where he dipped into electrical engineering and motion picture projection. He emerged from these highly illuminating courses to take up announcing. Altitude five feet, six inches. Fair complexion contrasts strikingly with his black hair. Brunettes, he has a predilection for your type of beauty! Don't all rush at once. As far as is known to us he is one of the "youngest announcers" on the air. Writes all of the continuity for programs he announces. His favorite hobby is playing billiards with staff artists of KFJF.

* * *

TWILLA of Salina, Kans., Marcella wants to thank you for your patience in waiting all of this time for a picture and a word about Monte Meyers, KFAB's nitwit, jokester and clown, according to Budd Houser. I'm wondering what villain dared to go and paint that flourishing mop of hair and diminutive Van Dyke beard. Monte's ancestors came from the land of Killarney, hills and *laiks* and dells.

* * *

WOULD you like to know how Leo and Bill teamed up, Twilla? Well, a little over five years ago Bill was engaged in the enviable occupation of driving an ice cream wagon up and down the streets of Kansas City. As Leo purchased these frozen delicacies each day, they were brought together more and more until an exchange of confidences revealed that each cherished a hidden desire to sing. They formed a harmony team and first

appeared as the Silvertone Twins in a Kansas City station. A few weeks ago they celebrated their first anniversary over WIBW. Their full names are Leo Bates and William Rockwell. Bill is married, but Leo is still holding out.

L. J. Barnes of WGY, Schenectady, is very modest according to Clyde Kittell, Program Manager of that station. L. J. or Barney started out as control man but one day when he was at work on a remote job, the regular announcer failed to turn up. Barney quickly took up the lines and displayed such ability and ingenuity that he was added to the staff of announcers.

* * *

*J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, j'ai chante,
J'ai chante, hier.*

WHAT may all of this ado be about having sung yesterday? Simply this, that by the use of phrase repetition Dr. Thatcher Clark has achieved great success in teaching French via Radio. He calls the nation-wide group of listeners, that number into many thousands, the United States French Class of the Air.

With these French lessons and the aid of Dr. Clark's book, *French Course for Americans*, the student gains ground very rapidly. In Dr. Clark, Radio listeners have one of the best known educators of the day. He was formerly of the Romance Language Department at Harvard University, and also French Lecturer at Teachers College, Columbia University. Yet with this highly academic background, Dr. Clark has been able to master the exquisite technique of simplicity in teaching those who want to add another window in their lives. On the sixteenth floor of the same building where Ida Bailey Allen holds her broadcasts, Dr. Clark instructs day and evening classes and Radio listeners are invited to have as many tryouts as they want before they definitely enter their registrations. The great enthusiasm of the Radio audience for these lessons is evidenced by the enormous mail received by Dr. Clark—something like ten thousand letters during the two years he has been on the air.

* * *

SOME months ago Marcella had a picture and a few lines of George D. Hay the "Solemn Old Judge" of WSM, Nashville, Tenn., but new readers of RADIO DIGEST not having seen it have written for another sketch. So here it is. Mr. Hay, known to his listeners as the "Solemn Old Judge" is but thirty-five. He has attained to the very height of success not only because of his originality but because he never fails to broadcast a smile. Before appearing on the Radio-scene, Mr. Hay was a newspaper reporter and feature writer on the Memphis Commercial appeal. And anyone having anything to do with Radio knows "that a nose for

news" is quite indispensable, as Mr. Hay puts it. He began his Radio career over at WMC, Memphis through which he operated the imaginary steamboat up and down the Mississippi. Then over at WLS, Chicago, his visionary means of transportation was a locomotive. He won the RADIO DIGEST's national popularity gold cup championship at WLS.

* * *

PAT BINFORD, announcer at WRVA, Richmond, "Virginy", is quickly identified by the southern drawl he uses in introducing his programs. "Good evenin' customers, everybody happy? You're about to be disturbed . . ." But from the number of friends Pat has won over the Radio they sho' does enjoy bein' disturbed. His full name is Philip N. Binford.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

The Televisor

(Continued from page 93)

this company states definitely that the kits are for the purpose of enabling the experimenters to construct a cheap but effective television receiver; they make no attempt to imply that the ordinary broadcast listener ought to buy a television receiver. They do this not because they feel the set isn't sufficiently practical—for it is practical—but because they feel that the programs and the quality of the reproduction are such as to be of interest only to experimenters.

In this simple set, the images created on the plate of the glowing neon tube are actually about one inch square but by means of a magnifying lens the apparent size is about three inches square. The quality of the reproduction was good enough for one to recognize a person.

The television programs in Boston are transmitted over station WIXAV on a wavelength of 104 meters and a power of 500 watts. It is stated that the transmitter supplies a good strong signal over a range of about 25 miles, sufficient to cover the entire Boston area. Afternoon programs are accompanied by speech or music which is sent out over station WNAC in Boston. The Shortwave and Television Corporation expects soon to put into operation a short-wave broadcasting station, so that speech and music can be transmitted with all of their television programs. For the present in television programs accompanied by music, the artists broadcast from the television studio, the television signals being sent out directly from that point, while the music is sent by wire to WNAC, from whence it is broadcast in the usual manner. Two receivers are required to pick up both the signals for sight and sound.

Guilty? or Not Guilty?

(Continued from page 25)

enters this story. The *Trial of Vivienne Ware* had increased the circulation of the newspaper far in excess of expectations and with the readers clamoring for further legal drama the circulation manager insisted that it would be unfair to them not to continue. And Editor Coblenz agreed with him.

Kenneth Ellis was instructed to find out the proper procedure necessary in a real case of this kind and write the necessary scripts.

Meanwhile the success of the New York local broadcast warranted other local broadcasts of the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* in cities where Hearst newspapers are published.

The San Francisco *Examiner* sponsored the trial over Station KTAB with a local cast which included famous legal lights in the parts originally played by Wagner, Battle and Pecora. The same thing happened in Chicago at Station KYW with the *Herald and Examiner* as sponsor; in Los Angeles at Station KFVB with the *Examiner* of that city the sponsor; in Detroit at Station WJR where the *Times* became the sponsor; in Washington at Station WRC, with the *Herald* as sponsor; and at Omaha over Station KOIL, with sponsorship credited to the *Bee-News*.

The result was the same in every instance. The Radio audience demanded more court procedure in its dramatics, and one of the great lessons which the sponsors learned was that, by means of a Radio play, many of the objections of the citizens against serving on a jury were being overcome. The broadcasts were serving as an educational campaign in creating an interest in court procedure and in overcoming the popular bugaboo against jury duty.

Hardly had the talk about the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* begun to die down when the New York American announced that the fictional character of Dolores DeVine had been apprehended and would be given the third degree in a single broadcast over WJZ on the 19th of December.

The evidence which was procured at this third degree was enough for the Grand Jury to indict the cabaret dancer and, in another thirty minute broadcast, the New York listeners were then treated to a perfect reproduction of a Grand Jury in action. After this further education of the public into the mysteries of legal technique a "true bill" against Miss DeVine was filed and she was given a Radio trial during the week of January 12th.

As in the first trial eminent legal minds were brought to the microphone as actors in the drama. For Miss DeVine's defense lawyer the services of George Leisure, former assistant United States attorney of the Eastern District of New York, were obtained. Ex-Governor of New York State, Charles Whitman, acted as the

prosecuting attorney and Jeremiah T. Mahoney, former Supreme Court Justice, sat on the bench in this, the second trial to be held in the Special Air Court of General Sessions.

As this is being written the result of the jury's finding for the defendant, Dolores DeVine, has not been rendered but, from the evidence submitted, it looks as though the guilty person has not as yet been found. It is, therefore, quite possible that a third defendant may be given a Radio trial. This depends entirely on the attitude of the listeners and their responses to the DeVine trial just finished.

Whatever happens, those listeners who were fortunate enough to hear the broadcasts already given have received a more thorough understanding of true court procedure through the medium of a dramatic vehicle than it would be possible to instill by a course of lectures.

Most interesting of all are the comments of the three lawyers who took part in the *Trial of Vivienne Ware*—comments made after the broadcast.

Senator Wagner expressed his personal desire "at all times to give matters of public interest the widest possible airing," later amplifying the statement by saying that murder trials should justly come within the province of Radio broadcasting!

Battle said that his participation in the fictional trial had thoroughly convinced him, despite his earlier doubts on the subject, that actual trials could be broadcast without threatening the dignity of the court.

Pecora doubted the feasibility of broadcasting actual trials; fearing that such procedure might rob the court of its judicial dignity, but staunchly favored the project when told that the microphones could be suspended from ceilings instead of being placed before participants.

This means there is something more than a bare possibility that, in the near future, listeners may be privileged to hear real court cases over their loudspeakers.

The "trial" programs sponsored by the Hearst newspapers in various parts of the country certainly gave the jury system a good airing but we could stand more, especially if the trials were coming from a courtroom where the participants in the drama were in dead earnest.

Without permitting the findings of a Radio jury to influence or affect the verdict of the twelve authorized jurymen it would be interesting to compile the ballots submitted by the listening public, following the broadcasting of an actual trial. All ballots mailed to the court would have to be plainly marked with the writer's name and address in order that the authenticity of each and every ballot could be checked. In this way it would be possible to obtain a sincere expression of public sentiment which could be compared with the verdict rendered by the real jury. If I were a presiding justice I would welcome such an experiment. Would you?

"Hold on! . . .
That's a great set,
but the wrong solder
will spoil it!"



"Take my advice and use Kester Radio Solder when wiring and re-wiring that set of yours. It's safe and permanent and so easy to use that even a dub like I am can do an expert job with it!"

When you use Kester, all you have to do is apply heat. The flux is inside the solder, and the right amount of it flows to the job at the right time. The flux is plastic rosin—a non-conductor, and absolute assurance against corrosion. Leading manufacturers, service men, set builders and radio experts all over the country use and recommend Kester Radio Solder. Try it now—at our expense. Kester Solder Company, 4261 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Incorporated 1899.

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The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75 foot aerial 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distant stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Enables set to be moved into different rooms with practically no inconvenience. We predict this type of aerial will be used practically entirely in the future. Installed in a minute's time by anyone. Return in three days if not satisfied. Dealers! Over 80 leading jobbers carry our line; or order sample direct.

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Startling, New, Wonderful Vapor Humidifier Gas Saver. All autos, motorcycles, engines, SENSATIONAL INCREASES. Entirely unlike anything else. New Fords report up to 61 miles on 1 gallon; old Fords 87; other makes 1/4 to 78% gains. \$10,000.00 cash prizes offered best gains 1931. Salesmen, County, State Agencies \$250.00—\$1,000.00 month. ENORMOUS OPPORTUNITY. 1 sent for trial. Write me for one QUICK. WALTER CRITCHLOW, Inventor, 3345-A, WHEATON, ILL.

Punctured Romance

(Continued from page 49)

a nineteen year old blonde, beautiful, alluring. I became my own vision of the desired maiden. Clarence Moore has the perfect Radio personality. His chuckle is as famous throughout the West as is Robar's fun. With a twist of humor to his mouth he read the lines I had prepared for him.

"Top of the mornin' to you, Kippy. How do you feel on this, your nineteenth birthday?"

"How do I look, Bill?"

"Well, from where I sit you are a riot. It makes me sad to think that I am only your brother. Um . . . so you are going to twine those lovely golden curls around Robar, are you? Well, he'll never be able to resist you."

After our program, Charley Scheuerman, the orchestra leader, doubled up over his violin.

"What you trying to do, Kippy, make NBC a subsidiary of Columbia?" Clarence chipped in.

"Looks to me like a case of mutton dressed as lamb."

"You are two kill-joys," I snapped. Clarence chuckled. "Where you headed, Kippy?" I thrust my beret down over my iron grey coiffure.

"I don't know, but I'm on my way."

Mash notes began to arrive . . . invitations for luncheon. I took to sneaking out the back door of KOA to avoid the rush. Who was I to blast young dreams? I began arguing with myself.

"You're an old fool, Kippy . . . be your age. All right you, shut up, I know this is

my Swan Song, but its a humdinger while it lasts." Then would come the insidious vanities that are inherent to us all.

"This really is YOU, Kippy." Then in great big capital letters, "YOUR PUBLIC BELIEVES IN YOU! YOU MUST BE TRUE TO YOUR PUBLIC!" Thereupon I rushed off to Beauty Salons, acquired a ringlet permanent and suffered all those little things necessary when one is "between thirty-five." Just by way of sustaining the old morale. Oh yes, I was true to my public, but wisely I hid out on them. Always a voice warned:

"Let sleeping dogs lie, Kippy, have a care."

By this time, both Robar and I had forgotten that we had programmes to maintain. To me Robar was the personification of Prince Charming. To him, I was Heart's Desire. I had woven around him the perfection of youthful manhood and I had allowed my imagination to run riot. Craftily I placed words in Clarence Moore's mouth.

"Why the red rose this morning Kippy?" (A girlish giggle) "Robar sent me this red rose. I've got a date with him, and I am to wear his rose by way of identification."

The florists in Denver must have blessed me, for there came a flood of red roses from fans. From each box one rose found its way back to KLZ, to Robar. That afternoon:

"Robar, where did you get the red rose?"

"Kippy sent it to me, Verne."

"Not Kippy, the beautiful young thing on KOA? Who is she, where does she hide out, what does she look like?" And Robar, let'er go.

"Kippy is the answer to a young man's prayers. She is beautiful, she is young," she is this and that. Said Verne, (carefully coached by Robar)

"Well, you're no slouch yourself. She's a lucky girl if she gets handsome Robar." Then a string of fun about red roses and red noses. I nearly hugged the Radio.

I was stepping softly around my staid husband, these days.

"Having your fling, old girl?"

"Oh, just foolishness . . . just to make the programme click. Isn't that Robar person a scream?"

"If you don't watch out, Kippy, that scream you're talking about may turn into a Fire Alarm!" I brushed aside the wisdom behind the warning and went plunging down the primrose path.

Came the dawn. Meaning, that Mrs. Boyd returned and I sank into the oblivion of private life; to pink teas, to bridge, to what-not. I live in the Park Lane Hotel, one of those magnificent modern edifices where one may dwell year on end and never meet a neighbor. One evening I was bidden to make a necessary fourth at bridge. The zest had disappeared from my life. All that was left was the daily plea from Robar. The plea that must always go unanswered. Bridge is a poor substitute for Adventure.

My bridge host was a bachelor, the other two were Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfield. I had frequently seen them and had always wondered how such a charming woman had happened to marry such a . . . yes . . . DUD is the word that came to my mind. Mr. Rosenfield is the most impeccable of married men; quiet, unassuming, who rarely speaks unless spoken to. Just a nice middle aged married man,

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct . . .	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

True, he and I are contemporaries, but who wants to be middle aged?

The game droned stupidly on. "What's trumps? Whose play?" Suddenly my heart missed a beat. I had been dreaming of my Prince Charming, and softly under his breath, this Rosenfield person was humming my Troubadour's song, *Only a Rose*. I promptly trumped my partner's ace. The wrath of my partner:

"Why Kippy, get in the game!" My partner then turned to Mr. Rosenfield. "Robar, we expect better things of Kippy . . . what?" One of those moments that are eternal and that should be stricken from the calendar. You have guessed it. My uninteresting neighbor, whom I passed each day in the lobby, was Robar.

Mr. Rosenfield made an excuse to go to the kitchen for a glass of . . . well no matter what. He beckoned me to follow. I unfolded my suddenly leaden torso and a twinge of sciatica made me wince. Not a word was spoken. Tenderly Robar hummed *Only a Rose* . . . as he took from his pocket a very dry red rose. From my bosom I produced its mate: Sadly we both crumpled our souvenirs into the waste basket.

Radio Mayor

(Continued from page 51)

largely hostile to Pinchot. A few nights before the election I broadcast a talk titled, "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make you Free (St. John 8:32)". Many others also told the truth over the air. Pinchot won and Radio played a tremendous part in his election.

As mayor I have sponsored a comprehensive broadcasting program for the people of Philadelphia. Municipal issues often become confused in the public mind due to biased presentation in the newspapers and other factors. I have used the Radio to carry these issues directly to the people and believe that in this way my administration as well as the public has been aided.

I do not wish to appear in the light of attacking the newspapers, but it does seem that Radio has an advantage over them in the presentation of statements by public officials. In the rush of making editions and in the necessity for condensation, the wrong impression of what a man has said in a public address or statement is often conveyed to the readers. The necessity for "telling the story" in headlines also is a frequent cause of false impressions. Public officials also are often misquoted in interviews.

For these reasons particularly I like the Radio. Over the air a man can carry his case directly to the people and render a straightforward account of his trust.

My next experience with Radio was as a guest in the home of my old friend, the late Senator William Flinn of Pittsburgh. That was in 1921, too, and it was then that I saw for the first time a curious thing I was told was a Radio. After a

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great deal of manipulation and adjustment of ear phones we tuned in a concert in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, and thought that quite wonderful.

Surely all that is a far cry from today when international broadcasts are commonplace and television on a regular and extensive basis is just around the corner.

Yes, I'm a Radio mayor and a Radio fan. I was inducted into office over the air, I'll face the microphone many more times before I "sign off" and then I'll probably go out of office over the air.

Bobby Jones

(Continued from page 17)

hood going to take a beating. The fact that I had won our only previous encounter, as I have said, did not impress me greatly. But the fates were kind and the ball was rolling for me and I reached the turn in 33 strokes, by far the best score I had made in competition up to that time. As I won the eighth hole to become three up I thought that I certainly had Perry then, and I was beginning to think how nice it would be to get the big cup, for with all due respect, I felt that I could win the final.

But I soon found that Perry could play some golf too. I began to discover in him the spirit which enabled him later to completely reverse a Southern final in 1923, when he was six down to Frank Godchaux through the seventeenth hole and yet won

by eight up and seven to play. That was one of the most remarkable matches I have ever known but it is also as Mr. Kipling would say, another story.

At any rate Perry began on the tenth hole to play a little golf for himself. He collected a birdie three there, another birdie on the long twelfth, and he won the short fifteenth when I missed the green with my tee shot. The strain got me, I suppose, for I had had my fling on the first nine, and now I was playing as well as I knew how and the holes were yet slipping away. At the sixteenth, a longish hole of about 450 yards, Perry jammed a long iron up less than a yard from the hole and was only prevented from holing another birdie because my long putt from the edge of the green laid him a dead stymie. Even with that, his score on the last nine was 32, and that was a good bit too fast for me. Perry won the seventeenth to become one up and we halved the last hole.

We then met next at East Lake in the final of the tournament there. We played the last match of the week as we had played the first and all the rest, in a down-pour of rain, and there was not much to see except which one was the best mud horse. This doubtful honor went to me by a slender margin, so that when we came to the State championship in August, Perry and I were all even for the year—we had each won one and this was the rubber game.

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Nit Wits

(Continued from page 54)

SUSIE: Well, put the stove by the stove, Steve. Now listen Steve dese willians wants to git into the office to do some dirty woik.

STEVE: Don't let 'em.

SUSIE: I ain't goin' to. Now beat it.

FLINT: Well, I'll get in there some day and when I do—ha ha ha.

STEVE: Weel, you get rid of him. Now, Sue, when you goin' to marry me?

SUSIE: Oh, some time. Dis is so sudden. But foist we got to look out fer them villains, Flake and Blint.

STEVE: Sure, you mean Flake and Blint. Aye.

SUSIE: Oh, look here comes Blake wid the men from de mill.

SANDY: Blake what are ye doin' here? Ye've been fired once.

BLAKE: Yeah. These men are going to strike.

SANDY: Well let 'em strike.

(A Bell is struck)

SANDY: Well, there they are. They struck.

SUSIE: Oh pa. Oh pa. Here he comes.

MR. STERLING: (Gabriel Horn) Did ye call me, Sue?

SUSIE: Gee pop, de men of the mill struck.

STERLING: Gosh, so they struck. Well, I'll be gosh durned gee whiz.

DETECTIVE: (Musclebound again, in a third part) Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry, but I must arrest you in the name of the United States Government.

STERLING: Is that so? What fer?

DETECTIVE: For possessing counterfeit apparatus. This plate was found in your mill.

STERLING: Well, what do you know about that. Well, goodbye girls, I'm through. I'll see you when I get out.

BROWNE: Now just a word about this next act. Well, we're going to skip that and tell you about it. While Mr. Sterling is in jail, the villains Blake and Flint, set fire to the mill with Sue and Steve inside it and the villains think that they were killed in the fire, but they really were over in Asheville, North Carolina, all the time on a honeymoon, or something. Well, the last act shows Mr. Sterling coming home from jail where he got out of on account of his good behavior.

STERLING: Hello everybody. Why are you smiling, Louise?

LOUISE: Cause we're ruined. The mills burned down, the insurance ran out, and them villains Blake and Flint were the cause of it all. How did you get out?

STERLING: Well, the police laughed at the charge. And I didn't want to be outdone so I laughed at it too. Well, we all laughed my way right out of jail.

LOUISE: Well, let's go into the parlor and I'll get you some breakfast.

(Flint and Blake enter.)

STERLING: Well, Mr. Flint, the police is trailing the guilty party, and when he's

found—well, he'll be found.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Well, that's good.

STERLING: By the way, where is Steve?

FLINT: He was burned in the mill fire, with your daughter, Sue. Ha, ha, ha.

STERLING: Heavens. Ain't that awful.

FLINT: And the insurance policy on your mill ran out. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: Goodness gracious ain't that terrible.

FLINT: If you'll sign this paper turning over your property to me I'll pay you well. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: I'll do this for my two daughters. Minus one.

FLINT: Thank you, Mr. Sterling, now you are in my power. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: Not yet, you'se aint. Drop dat paper.

STERLING: My gracious, Susan, you still alive?

SUSIE: And how. Pop there's the guilty party. He tried to put you in jail—he fired de mill—he started the strike—he tried to steal de insurance papers—

FLINT: Stop, you're breaking my heart. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: But we win. Cause here's Steve.

FLINT: You alive too, Steve?

STERLING: Well well, will wonders never cease?

SUSIE: Well, Mr. Detective dere's your man. Take him and see dat he gets life and a thousand more years. And . . . and . . . Mr. Browne they ain't no more on the paper.

BROWNE: Have we run out of show? Well, we'll have to close it up then. All right. Put some kind of a finish on the play. Hurry.

SUSIE: Gosh. Well, we'll try it. Well, Steve let's get married.

STEVE: Aye, Susie let's do that.

LOUISE: Oh Reggie let's get married.

REGGY: Let's do that, Louise.

Body and Soul Girl

(Continued from page 21)

and rises at 11:30—and her weekly salary, for all her labours, amounts to \$2,500.

She is the envy of all other actresses because she is a highbrow. She subscribes to the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Society which she attends regularly. Her favourite composers are Beethoven, Wagner—and Ralph Rainger, who composed *Moanin' Low* and who arranged all her music for her. She reads prolifically, and her favourite authors are Dostoyevsky and Anatole France (both of whom she has read in French) Aldous Huxley and, of course, Bernard Shaw. Her chief affection is folk-music, of which she is making an intensive study hoping some day to appear in a concert of such songs; her chief aversion is the movies. She has two outstanding ambitions: to become an author, and to take her Ph.D. in science at the Sorbonne University of Paris.

The Stage Invisible

(Continued from page 50)

the pictured features of stage and screen celebrities are now. Meanwhile, it is thrilling to one brought up in the theatre, to contemplate what has been achieved by such devotees of the drama as Georgia Backus, Don Clark and those talented men and women with whom it is my privilege to work in Columbia's studios. Not only in the adaptation of famous stage successes, but in the writing of original scripts, the new art has already far outstripped the initial progress of the original photoplay.

Thus far, curiously enough, most of our worthwhile dramas are unsponsored broadcasts. Their costs must be met by the studios, without benefit of "box office". As a result, it is essential that expense be kept down to a minimum, and often such plays are determined upon at the shortest notice. Essential cuts and changes must be made without sufficient time to study their result. Then, too, since Radio drama receives but one performance, improvements cannot be worked out during the run of a "road trip", as is always the case in the theatre. However, I am confident that as the Radio public begins to demand more drama, some solution to this problem will certainly be found.

Before we can hope for more perfect results, something must be done. Too often our Radio actors have scant opportunity to give the proper study to rôles assigned to them. They have almost no chance to perfect themselves in their method of delivery. As a result, the performer must all too often read from a script—since the aid of a prompter's voice would completely defeat the illusion we are seeking to obtain. In spite of all this, however, I feel that Radio drama is already on the highroad to its place among the arts.

In rehearsing my casts, I always urge that they carefully memorize their lines if time permits. I consider this as important for a "one-night-stand" as it would be for a season's run. I feel that when a part is read, the audience somehow senses it, and the listener loses something of the author's effectiveness. Reading also tends to destroy the actor's own illusion. Imagine a great artist rising to tragic heights, as he scans a manuscript for expressions of his emotion!

What is more, in my productions, I insist that the actors *act*. Although their pantomime is not seen, I fancy that it is *felt*—and of course, it helps the player. In the studio, just as on the stage, gestures and facial expression aid each actor and actress to stress their personalities and impress their auditors. But rehearsing in the studio, I cannot, of course, be certain that what I hear will prove effective when it goes out on the air. In the theatre I formed the habit of judging the stage from the darkness of the last row of the pit. So leaving my cast in the

studio, I go into the control-room and check up the performance from the ear-point of the audience which will hear it eventually. Through the loudspeaker which enables the operator to adjust his delicate instruments, I sit and listen as you would do before your receivers.

If I find no flaw as I listen, I am very happy. But if my ears find something lacking, if they distort my mental vision, I instantly halt the actors, by speaking into the microphone, and offer my corrections. When I have made my suggestions, the scene is reenacted, and finally, I hear it, just as it will be broadcast over Columbia's chain. Thus, what we do our level best to make you suppose is spontaneous, is the result of trying over and over again.

So you see that through constant effort, we are getting closer to really artistic drama in the Theatre-of-the-Air. We are learning what will "broadcast", what constitutes "good theatre" before the microphone. And we are making good drama available to millions who live in communities where it is impractical to attend the theatre. But this educational part of our task is only half the battle. We must also appeal to sophisticates who judge us by the standards of those fine performances they have seen on many stages. Not that we hope or wish to supplant the intimate enjoyment of going to the theatre. Not even television ever can do that. For centuries, men and women have been drawn to the playhouse—not only to see the actors, but to be seen themselves. But the frequent broadcast of worthy plays will educate the public, and develop appreciation of true dramatic art.

In a sense, my participation in this important work, fulfills the old prediction that "the blind shall lead the blind". Or in this case, help the "blind"—to see plays through their ears. If I may play even a humble part in writing the opening chapters of this important era in the history of the stage, I shall be deeply gratified. And I am more than grateful for the splendid opportunity with which the Columbia System has seen fit to honor me.

Armida of the Air

(Continued from page 32)

and featured in several pictures, among them "General Crack" with John Barrymore.

It was only a short step then from Hollywood Boulevard to Broadway, where she has been playing a prominent rôle in one of the season's biggest Shubert hits, *Nina Rosa*.

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Tin Pan Alley

(Continued from page 31)

but to Irving Berlin it represented the first delicious fruits of success. His pen, henceforth, became indefatigable; his spirit, indomitable; his hopes, undying. Not only lyrics but music, too, began to flow from his pen—and before long Ted Snyder was accepting one after another of Irving Berlin's compositions. Before long, Waterson—the manager of Ted Snyder's firm—began to whisper into his employer's ear that here, in Irving Berlin, did the company find a composer whose lyrical flow would put all of Tin-Pan Alley to shame and who would, once for all, put Ted Snyder upon the map of Tin-Pan Alley. Ted Snyder looked at Berlin's music, thought for a few moments and then made a momentous decision. The firm was henceforth to be known as Snyder-Waterson & Berlin.

Irving Berlin's introduction to Tin-Pan Alley came simultaneously with that of a new period in its brief, but eventful history. The first phase—the era of the sentimental ballad—had long been over, and while it lasted it had been gloriously fruitful and lucrative. The second phase—of saccharine and sweet songs—was breathing now its last gasps. A nation had become sick of pale and artificial sentiments of *Sweet Adeline* and *Silver Threads Among the Gold*; it was yearning for more substantial stuff.

And Irving Berlin was strong just where Tin-Pan Alley was now weak. He had not yet been spoiled by the stereotyped idiom of the Alley; he had not yet begun to compose to its formulas. And so, when the craze for ragtime set in—ragtime, a type of music which could not be moulded to the formulas of yesteryear—Irving Berlin was the free man whereas all his fellow-composers were slaves. He could compose ragtime with a free and unguided hand; his melodies could have those original curves and twists required by this capricious type of music; he could instill ingenious seeps of rhythm into the tunes. He could do all of these things because his pen was yet fresh and his mind was yet clear. And in the choir of tired voices that constituted Tin-Pan Alley, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* sounded sharp, clear and fresh—so clear and sharp that it drowned out all the other voices. Discord had made way into the harmonious machinery of Tin-Pan Alley.

And discord in more ways than one. The indisputable superiority of Irving Berlin over all the other factory-hands of Tin-Pan Alley who had been manufacturing popular-songs had made him at once a personality. Irving Berlin had brought dignity to the composer and, at the same stroke, had relegated the song-plugger and the sales-department to the background. And therein is Irving Berlin the most important son of Tin-Pan Alley—notwithstanding the fact that he is by no means its finest composer. And by the time

the war began, the composer of Tin-Pan Alley was definitely emancipated and the machinery which had been producing songs with such infallibility and efficiency, was rapidly slowing-up.

Tin-Pan Alley, however, was doomed. Towards 1914 there began the grand *hegira* out of Twenty-Eighth Street. The smaller firms were running away from their flourishing competitors; the larger firms preferred to work in the very heart of the theatrical district. All the publishing-houses which had previously cluttered Twenty-Eighth Street were now generously sprinkled along Broadway and its side streets. Tin-Pan Alley as a street had ceased to exist—but only because its tradition had already begun to crumble.

With the disappearance of Twenty-Eighth Street as a street of song, Tin-Pan Alley became the convenient name applied to all of jazz, that new form of popular music which has grown out of ragtime. Some of the remnant of Tin-Pan Alley may have persisted. The song-plugger is still an important factor in the success of many a song; something of the efficiency in producing wholesale music still persists; and the song-firm is still that bedlam of noise and commotion which it had been down at Fourteenth Street and later at Twenty-Eighth Street. But otherwise, Tin-Pan Alley in spirit and in flesh is no more. Even its traditions are becoming less and less perceptible. Composers have acquired a distinct individuality and such men as George Gershwin and Jerome Kern have revealed such a marked musical talent that their music has penetrated into the symphonic hall. Jazz has acquired a musical importance; the melodies are sometimes poignant, the accompaniments often symphonic, rhythms often colossal. Its lyrics even have lost much of their vapid sentimentality and, every once in a while, possess a splash of wit or originality. Jazz-composers and lyricists are even beginning to take themselves and their creations seriously!

Jazz, in short, has become a lady—and old Tin-Pan Alley turns over in its grave to emit a groan of anguish.

Fireside Poet At Home

(Continued from page 80)

many of these stories but seriously, I doubt if any couple has ever had a happier twenty-four years than we and we look forward with joy to the next twenty-four years or whatever the time is, that we may be spared together.

Somehow or other, I feel very well contented that I chose the home to work in, and I am particularly contented because the partner in that home has been such a comfortable person to be with. Our home is just like all homes—I suppose our children are criticized just like all children, that people don't think we do the right things with them or the things *they* might do. But somehow or other they *please* us

and we *love* them, and feel rather confident that they love us, and will, with or without our help, be a credit to their community.

The mere fact that Bud's drums, skates, shoes and all the other things a boy has, may be scattered all over the house, and that Janet's dolls, bicycles and other toys, may be put in a prominent place to be stumbled over, really goes a long way to making it the home we want it to be and the place where they know *their* friends can always come.

Edgar likes to have our friends in our home and we are both happy that we have the kind of friends that feel perfectly free to do anything they please when there, and we are happier because they are there.

Yes, we enjoy it *all*—it does take "a heap o' livin'" in a house to make it home!

I Wanted To Broadcast

(Continued from page 20)

our great democratic majority despises affectation. That is one reason you will find so many letters from Radio fans which say they do not like chain programs. For this reason I never say "eye-ther" and nigh-ther" on the air, in spite of the fact that even in the Middle West now they are given the preference in educational circles. Radio audiences don't like them.

There are many things which go on in a Radio studio that I early gave the name of "studio static". I tremble for the day when television lets the audience see all that is going on around the microphone—the times will change to meet such conditions, no doubt. For instance, we are all familiar with "harmony teams". They have literally brought the barber shop into many people's homes. Some are better than others and there is no questioning their popularity with the masses. But a team which makes harmony on the air may be anything but harmonious in the studio. They may be having trouble over the mutual pay check, or because one tries to "hog the mike", or because one gets more fan mail than the other. Musically they may be joined as closely as the Siamese twins but actually they are two separate personalities.

Another bit of studio static is in trying to direct a play when there are about three microphones in use—one for the orchestra and two for the actors. The director of a theatrical production has done most of his work before the first night, but in the case of a Radio play, the director is usually all over the studio while it is being put on, making motions to the orchestra and to the actors like the conductor of a symphony. I shall never forget the look of consternation that came over the face of one of the staff one morning when we were producing a play which required the squawking of a rooster attempting to escape the pot. This particular member of the staff was not supposed to be in the play, but the man who had been counted upon to imitate the rooster had

stepped out of the studio. So right in the middle of the play I leaned over to the poor unsuspecting musician and hissed in his ear, "You've got to be a rooster—now!" He gave me one wild look, then pranced up and down the studio, flapping his arms and emitting wild, rooster-like squawks. While his impersonation must have been good on the air, the actions which accompanied it nearly convulsed the other actors so that they had difficulty sticking to their lines.

Actors in Radio plays do not learn the lines, but they are supposed to be familiar with them and to have rehearsed them at least once. My greatest difficulty with amateurs was to make them realize the necessity for practice. Those with dramatic experience never questioned the need and advisability of it—amateurs believed that because they only had to read the lines, it was a waste of time to practice.

In spite of many pictures you may have seen to the contrary, we do not costume for Radio plays unless for some special occasion. Nor do we go through the motions indicated unless it is a peculiarity of the individual actor to make gestures to help him with his dialog. We concentrate on the voice carrying the message. It is a queer thing that while one can "get away" with many things on the Radio because people cannot see but can only hear, that very fact makes it hard to disguise voices—and again, hard to distinguish voices. There must not be too many in the cast, the voices must not be keyed quite the same, or the listener will become confused.

Radio work is very fascinating, whether one looks upon it as a business, a profession or an art—or sometimes just as a job when it seems impossible to think up something for a program.

Thrills

(Continued from page 11)

Shortly afterwards, I invited Mr. Brown of the American Museum to come and go with me to this strange haunt. We returned, and this time we removed the outer-layer of the surface rock and we found 350 tracks of the dinosaur footsteps—which proved to be the largest find of dinosaur footsteps in the world. And as though this discovery were not enough, while poking around at the top of the cliff we stumbled into a thicket—and reaching through the miniature wilderness we came upon a lost Indian city, perhaps a thousand years old. The houses and walls are all intact. Where the Indians could have gone to, we could not tell. But it was a great discovery. Then and there we called the city, the "Lost Mesa", and the cliff, "Dinosaur Canyon".

That was, you must confess, an unforgettable summer. We brought back with us layers of the rock with the dinosaur footsteps upon it—as well as two large dinosaur skeletons which we found nearby.

I understand that considerable strides have been made recently in the study of prehistoric man because of these discoveries. Can you understand, then, why that discovery gave me one of my life's greatest thrills?

Old Panish Custom

(Continued from page 59)

MISS COLLYER: It's the custom, isn't it, Mr. Medbury, for a movie star to be interviewed by the critic?

MEDBURY: Yes—it's an old panish custom.

MISS COLLYER: Then tonight, I want to be different—if you don't mind, I'm going to interview you.

MISS COLLYER: I suppose I ought to ask you how old you are, and where you were born.

MEDBURY: Sure—We might just as well turn this into a census—I don't mind answering that question—I was born in Shanghai.

MISS COLLYER: How interesting—and do you talk the language?

MEDBURY: Well, I speak a broken China.

MISS COLLYER: China isn't a very progressive country, is it?

MEDBURY: No—I understand the laundries over there still tear the buttons off the shirts by hand.

He signs off with something like this:

"And that, dear listeners, about brings this program to a close—I'd love to talk to you all night, but I don't want to be like that deaf and dumb woman up in Alaska who froze seven fingers trying to have the last word in a blizzard."

Medbury is indeed a "Master Without Ceremonies", yea, verily the "Lightning Wit of the Air" who never strikes twice in the same place.

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

"And," said husband, "take a look at her; here's something important."

I looked at her. She is slim and blonde and pretty.

"Look hard."

I waited breathlessly for some startling revelation.

"Here before your eyes is a genuine, native born New Yorker—the only one in captivity so far as I know."

Miss Gerard's parents are German born, the family name being Opfinger. It was under that name that she sang until about a year and a half ago, when she decided to use the more simple name of Gerard, a shortening of her middle name, Gerarda.

Her husband is from Boston, and a year ago came to New York. With Miss Gerard's brother, Adophe Opfinger, who, incidentally is the production manager at Columbia, he makes up the famous piano team called the Ebony Twins. Besides, he is the accompanist and arranger for the Arcola Rondoliers of the Arco Birthday Party, and makes a great many phonograph records.

It was inevitable that one Ebony Twin should ask the other home to dinner one night, and when Charles Touchette met Marie Opfinger, it was inevitable, too, that they should fall in love with each other.

Miss Gerard is an "old" pioneer in Radio, working with WEA F when it was down at 195 Broadway and Graham McNamee was just getting his start. She was with WEA F three years. Then she won a Juilliard scholarship and studied with Claire Kellogg and Paul Reimers. She is now an exclusive artist for Columbia and is heard in the Weed Chains, Paramount Publix and Ward Baking Company programs. She has been featured on the Philco Hour, the Voice of Columbia, the Cathedral Hour, and is the "Mistress Mary" of the American School of the Air.

Every Tuesday at 2:30 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gerard, in the character of "Mistress Mary" steps before the microphone and presents in music and song, such well known characters of childhood as Little Jack Horner, Humpty-Dumpty and Little Bo Peep. Or maybe Mother Goose will be giving a party and "Mistress Mary" will take her little listeners with her, or she will go with them to the land of the fairies, elves, and giants. Whatever

it is, the children are enraptured, and she gets many letters from them in their childish scrawls.

Her hobby, she says, is collecting antiques, her vices, having breakfast in bed, and taking taxis.

The Dixons

OF COURSE a baby is an inspiration. But not every baby is an inspiration for a Radio series. David Dixon is unique in that respect, for said Mrs. Dixon, David's grandmother, to Peter Dixon, David's father, "Why don't you write a story about raising Junior?" Said Peter Dixon looking intently at his four year old son, "I think it's a swell idea." Said Aline Berry Dixon, Peter's wife, and David's mother, "I think so, too." So Peter Dixon sat down and wrote the sketch. He's that kind of a writer.

He went to B. B.—that's Bertha Brainard, NBC's eastern program director. "B. B.," said he, "let me kill the *Cub Reporter* and put on *Raising Junior* in its place. (So that you won't think Mr. Dixon too sanguinary I'll explain that Peter Dixon was employed by NBC's Press Relations Department, and had on the air a weekly sketch called the *Cub Reporter* in which he and his wife were acting.)

B. B. read *Raising Junior*. "No, sir," she said, "we won't use this for a sustaining program. This is just right for the so-and-so company."

Eight months of hopes and disappointments and then down in Rahway, New Jersey, in a little office next to a freight yard they were rigging up a miniature broadcasting station, while up in the president's office, a group of officials were listening intently to the loud speaker. This time the Dixons put it over. Wheatena was going on the air with "Raising Junior."

The Dixon's sketch goes on the air six times a week, every day but Monday. And that means that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon drive in every day from their home in Douglaston, Long Island. And it means that Peter Dixon writes one of those sketches every day. His fastest writing time is one hour and twenty minutes. His slowest, five hours and a half.

Now here's an ad for pajamas. Mr.

Dixon says he writes best when he's wearing them. He puts in his mornings writing and then gets dressed along about three o'clock.

A typical day in a Radio writer's life is something like this: Get up. Have breakfast. Wife and child decide to go shopping. Thank goodness, can get some work done. Type a line or two. Isn't it time for the mail? It is. Important letter that must be answered. Maybe ought to answer those other letters, too. Well, get to typing. Doorbell. "Macy's. \$3.19. C. O. D." Wife has all the cash. Go borrow it from the maid. All right. Get to work. Maid: "There's something wrong with the furnace, Mr. Dixon." Fix furnace. Back to the typewriter. Doorbell. "I'm NOT working my way through college, but will you subscribe . . ."

And besides *Raising Junior*, Mr. Dixon is also writing a book for Century on how to write for the Radio, and running a column of Radio gossip for the McClure Syndicate.

Is he temperamental? Well, he says he's had ten years of newspaper work and has been a mess boy and second cook on an oil tanker. "Just try and get temperamental on an oil tanker," he laughed. He has played in several Radio dramatic sketches and his own serial, the *Cub Reporter*, ran for over a year. He looks like his picture, stocky, blond hair, deep dimples. Incidentally he is the son of a minister.

Oh, another thing—he loves his wife. I don't blame him. Aline Berry is a small, rosy-cheeked brunette, who has that charming quality of making other people feel comfortable and happy. (And that's my very best compliment, Mrs. Peter Dixon.)

She's quite an actress in her own name. She has played with Otis Skinner, and Eva LeGallienne. She has been with the Theatre Guild and has starred in Virginia Farmer's *The Artist*.

It was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that she met her husband. She was playing in stock there and he, as a young newspaper reporter, had been told by his editor to take a part in the show in order to do a series of articles. And so he came, saw, and was conquered. Five months later he and Miss Berry were married.

Just as I was leaving the studio, he pressed into my hand a piece of folded paper. Outside I opened it. It said: "Slants on Aline Berry, by her husband." And then there were the following items:

Crazy about mushrooms.

Swimming is favorite sport.

Can handle a sail boat fairly well.

Looks best in old-fashioned gowns and should wear her hair back of her ears.

Doesn't try to select her husband's clothes. (Thank Heaven.)

Looks pretty in the mornings.

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