

"HOW I STARTED" by *Seventy Stars*

Radio Digest

MAY

*Twenty-Five
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★

Lillian Taiz
CBS—N. Y.

A. Wilson

Cosmo Hamilton

Paul Whiteman

J. B. Priestly

THE RISE OF CAROL DEIS



False teeth are a great invention BUT keep your own as long as you can

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MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

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False teeth are a great invention, but keep your own as long as you can. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.



F O R H A N ' S

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for your solar horoscope. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia network.



YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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.



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- ★ THE FOREHEAD — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
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- ★ 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.
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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
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MARY McCOY... Even as the air waves take to her lovely golden voice... just so does NBC's intrepid Mistress Mary take to the air waves. She refuses point-blank to go up in a plane unless the pilot promises on honor to stunt it for her!



MARY CHARLES... Red hair, blue eyes, white skin, winsome smile... add them all up and throw in a talent for impersonations and dialect songs and you know why this girl made good on Broadway and is a leading light on Columbia's La Palina Hour.

May, 1931

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LUCILLE WALL... Once she made up her mind to be a nun. Now she's known to millions as the Love Story Girl of Collier's! Something changed her mind for her, we don't know what, but "Mike" says he's glad she's acting faithfully for his sake, anyway.



RUTH HULSE NELSON... Another tiny little girl playing the great big organ. At four she played piano by ear. Now having grown up, she decides the KMOX (St. Louis) piano hasn't enough keys and takes a lease on the big console.

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MICROPHONE SNAPSHOTS FROM WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS



ANSWERS IN MELODY TO THOUSANDS OF • LETTERS •



John Herrick, Baritone

A radio dial—one of thousands—is turned to 990 kilocycles! A lilt of fascinating rhythm ends in a crashing crescendo of saxophones and trumpets! Then a mellow baritone swings into the melody of an appealing popular ballad.

For a half hour this succession of intriguing numbers holds its merry pace from WBZ-WBZA. And Ranny Weeks and his H. P. Hood and Sons Modern Concert Orchestra have filled many of their thousands of requests . . . made hundreds more staunch friends in their vast audience. Eagerly, a multitude of radio fans await the night when the H. P. Hood

Modern Concert Orchestra comes on the air. Approvingly, they thrill when their letters are answered in notes of music.

So it is with all Westinghouse Radio Station programs. Families have long since learned to listen for them and enjoy broadcasting that maintains a consistently high level of radio entertainment. And KDKA, WBZ-WBZA, or KYW are favorite dial settings nightly in thousands upon thousands of homes.

Advertisers also find a satisfying response in the popularity of Westinghouse Radio Stations.

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WBZ-WBZA
990 Kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Statler Building
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

KDKA
980 Kilocycles

COMMERCIAL OFFICES
Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel William Penn

KYW-KFKX
1020 Kilocycles

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

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

DID you have the good fortune to attend the Radio début of the sensational new diva, Lily Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera? She sang for Radio listeners for the first time over the NBC network last Easter eve. Nellie Revell, our "Voice" on the National net, told you about Miss Pons' simple unaffected manner. The item appears in Miss Revell's *Gablogue* in this issue. Now our inveterate interviewer, Miss Lilian Genn, has had an enjoyable afternoon with Miss Pons in her apartment. As the interview was in French many of us would not have been able to make much out of it.



But Miss Genn is equally facile with her English, as you well know, and she is going to tell you all about it in the June issue.

* * *

IF YOU are unfamiliar with the "Bishop of Chinatown" you may still have the pleasure of meeting one of the Radio classics of New York. The "Bishop of Chinatown" or Tom Noonan, brings hope to the outcasts. He puts them on the WMCA mike, sometimes. And it's many a tragic tale you are apt to hear when these underworld characters take the air. A vivid story of the "Bishop of Chinatown" will be presented you next month by Miss Dorothy Thomas.

* * *

ANOTHER matter of great interest to Radio listeners and readers of RADIO DIGEST will be the announcements of the winners of our State Championship contest in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST. See whether the stations for which you voted win the medals to be awarded the four most popular stations in your state.

* * *

MR. PLUMMER in these pages begins his story of how Seventy Radio Stars had their beginning. The most of them that you know so well were humble American citizens and quite like the rest of us. But there is one great favorite who began his career in that dark and mysterious land of the Russians. David Ewen will introduce Toscha Seidel to you as he appeared at the time his mother took him, a little boy in a sailor suit, to meet the great Leopold Auer in Petrograd, and you will read what the famous master said to the faltering mother and her little boy. His life is a thrill of



human adventure. And that comes in June, too.

* * *

JACK STANFORD ALLMAN sauntered in to see us one evening and called our attention to an item in a newspaper concerning Robert M. Crawford, director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra and prominently identified

with many other important musical organizations. "I heard his name over the air a few evenings ago," said Jack, "and just about dropped dead when I discovered him in all that æsthetic glory. The last time I saw Bob Crawford he was decked out in a rough woolen shirt, short ragged breeches hanging outside his boots, an old slouch hat and a bag of camping truck over his shoulder. The neck of a uke sticking out of the top. It was up in Alaska where he was born. I simply could not imagine him down here in soup and fish leading an orchestra of 82 pieces. But sure enough it was Bob—the same old Bob, so far as fine character is concerned." You're going to read all about it next month.

* * *

ATENTION, you fair admirers of Jean Paul King! Mr. King, one of the newer idols of the NBC announcing staff has turned author. He is writing for RADIO DIGEST and



DUMKE

several other magazines. We have been successful in bringing you the personal writings of Rudy Vallée, who contributes to this magazine regularly, and now we know you are going to be pleased to read what Mr. King has to say about some of his fellow artists. Don't know how long it's going to keep up but anyway we have his first story which happens to be about those two intrepid "females" of domestic wisdom, the Sisters of the Skillet. When

they put away their aprons, hang up their bungalow blouses, and attire themselves in their natural habiliments they are known as Ed East and Ralph Dumke. What they don't know about household economics is plenty, but they are not in the least lacking in advice on the subject. It's a roaring skit. Jean Paul King gives you the low-down about these rotund Skilleteers next month.

* * *

"HITTING the crest in Radio," is an expression that applies to a person who is sweeping to a high wave of popularity. Entertainment rolls along in a gay and fairly even tenor and then suddenly it is observed that someone is sailing out ahead of the rest. He is attracting unusual attention. The fans are deluging him with letters. He is discussed in private homes and public places. Stories are told about him. His background looms up in a glamorous mystery. When RADIO DIGEST spots an individual or an act in this position it hastens to inform its readers first as thoroughly and completely as possible—just as it was first to tell the world about the personal side of the individuals who became internationally famous as Amos 'n' Andy. Now we have the spot light on Morton Downey of CBS. He's sweeping to the crest. We are going to tell you all about him in a series of three articles, the first of which will appear in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST.



EAST

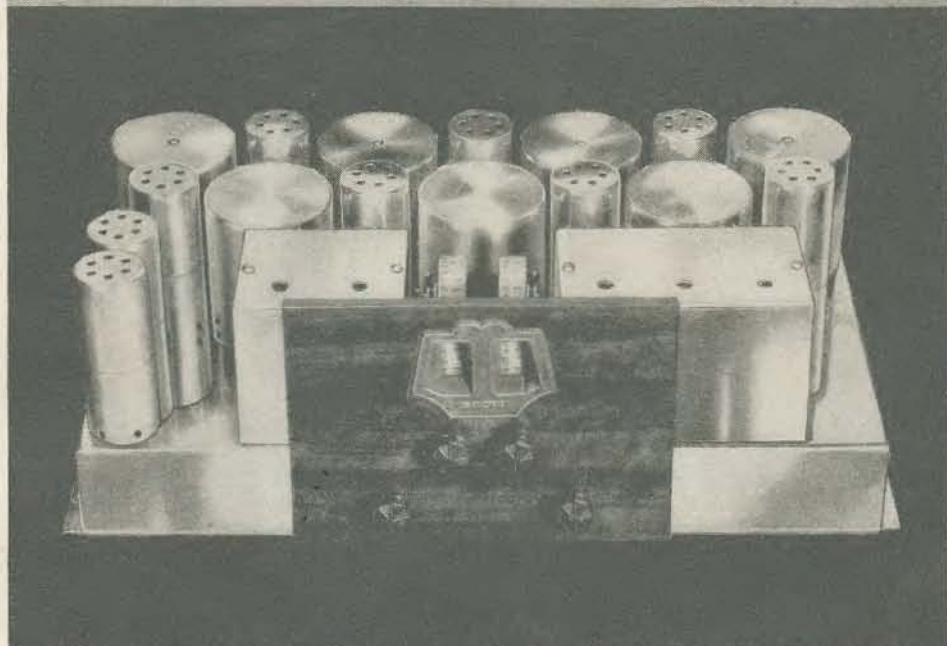


FROM 15 TO 600 METERS

'ROUND THE WORLD-CLEAR AS A BELL

SCOTT

ALL-WAVE



SUPERHETERODYNE

THE NEW SCOTT WORLD'S RECORD RECEIVER

It requires no exaggeration to create enthusiasm for the new Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne. A straightforward statement of the facts concerning this remarkable receiver is sufficient.

With the new Scott, Chicago listeners heard the Pope, *direct from HVJ, Rome*. They listen daily to VK2ME, Sydney, Australia; to KA1XR, Manila, P. I., to F31CD, Chi-Hoa, Indo China; to G5SW, Chelmsford, England, and to dozens of other short wave broadcasts including ship phones, airport stations, and police calls. Not code, but *voice*, and it's sharp, crisp, clean and clear like a local broadcast.

The Scott All-Wave is the only receiver that handles the short wave band equally as perfectly as the broadcast band. This is due to two things. First, the unique manner in which a set of .00007 tuning condensers are automatically cut into the circuit in place of the regular .0005's when the short wave band is desired to be worked. Secondly, the smoothness of this receiver's performance on the short wave lengths is due to the perfect stability of the Scott high-gain, four stage, intermediate frequency, screen-grid amplifier. The short wave stations slide in just as smoothly as those within the broadcast band of 200 to 600 meters.

What more can a receiver give you than the whole world of radio at the mere flick of a dial? The new Scott All-Wave gives you the one additional thing necessary to your complete satisfaction. Its fine construction gives you complete assurance of dependable 'round the world performance throughout the years to come.

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4450 RAVENSWOOD AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Chrome-Plated Rugged Metal Chassis

The Scott All-Wave is as bright a jewel of construction as it is a star of performance. It is all metal—heavy pressed steel that won't warp, twist, or impose strain upon the wiring. And it's put together like a modern bridge! Add to this superb construction, the beautiful, polished chromium plate that covers the whole chassis, and the Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne looks the thoroughbred it surely is.

Thrill to This New-Day Performance

Tune the new Scott All-Wave alongside of any other receiver in existence today. See for yourself how it tunes the whole broadcast band without concern for the miles that may exist between broadcaster and receiver, and with equal unconcern for proximity to local stations. Thrill to real 10 Kilocycle selectivity over the whole band! Thrill to the fact that there's a station at every dial point! Then cover the 15-250 meter band. Listen to stations in Europe, Asia, South America, Africa, Australia. Enjoy a tour of the entire world, in your own living room. Then, and only then will you fully realize why all major world's records are held by Scott receivers and that the new Scott All-Wave is, in all truth, the greatest achievement in modern radio engineering.

The price of the new Scott All-Wave is amazingly low. You'll be agreeably surprised when you hear the low figure at which this remarkable instrument may be obtained.

MAIL this COUPON

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO. RDS
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.
Send me full particulars of the new Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne.

NAME
STREET
TOWN..... STATE.....



"OLD SIG", as he is known to many, has had a finger in all kinds of Radio pies . . . has been musical director, sports announcer, spot news broadcaster. Now he is M. C. of the Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC

Sigmund Spaeth

A Learned Ph. D. and a Jolly M. C.

Sigmund Spaeth

He has Three Unique Achievements to his Credit. He is Doctor of Philosophy in Music, Master of Ceremonies, and a Hero to his Stenographer! She tells here many Amusing Anecdotes of this Radio Pioneer's early Experiences

By MARCHA KROUPA

I FIRST heard the voice of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth while pinch-hitting one day at the switch-board of a big piano company in 1920, when he had just been appointed an educational director of that organization. He talked so long on the telephone and as there were only two trunk lines available, I exclaimed in a very exasperated manner, "Ye Gods, this man ought to talk for a living!"

And much to my surprise I later found out he did. I did not know then that the title of "doctor", which the whole piano trade used with a reverential awe, was actually a Ph.D. from Princeton University, and that "Old Sig" as his friends invariably came to call him, had won his degree in English, German and Philosophy, with a very learned yet very readable thesis on "Milton's Knowledge of Music! Its Sources and its Significance in his Works".

He later became my boss and always insisted that clearness was the one and only object of all writing, talking and thinking. "If you find that you have written a sentence that is not entirely clear," he would say, "it probably means that your thought is not entirely clear in your own mind. First find out exactly what you really mean, and then put it down on paper so that other people will understand it also."

His business letters were the envy of all his colleagues, and still are. So far as personal letters are concerned, he never wrote me more than a picture postcard, so I can't qualify on that subject. But Dr. Spaeth did teach me a lot about the English language, especially punctuation. He insisted again that there were no rules of punctuation except the demands of clearness. That elusive little

atom known as the comma was to him a mere indication of where the voice would naturally pause in a spoken sentence. "Say it out loud", was his rule, "and then you'll know where to put your commas. There are too many commas anyway". (And I am still hoping that letters will eventually be written like telegrams.)

Now that Sigmund Spaeth is known all over this country and in parts of Europe as a writer, a speaker, a teacher and a pioneer of Radio, it is rather good fun to try and put down, as clearly as he himself would wish, some of the impressions of ten years spent almost entirely in his employ. (I might have said "in his service," but that is a little too full of humility. After all, every man of ability needs a lot of managing.)

It was Dr. Spaeth's Radio work that always interested me most, and I still feel that this is his most important field of activity, both as a propagandist for good music and as an effective entertainer of the general public. He has taken part in practically every branch of Radio except the mechanical.

In the early days of the broadcasting stations, the Ampico reproducing piano was often used to fill in on a program, or even to accompany a singer or a violinist. Dr. Spaeth made many interesting experiments in this connection and also introduced the actual

artist on the air, in direct comparison with his own piano recording.

Many of the pioneer programs of station WJZ, in the old Newark days, were arranged by Dr. Spaeth, and he likewise acted as musical adviser for the Atwater Kent programs before the big international artists came into the picture. Roy Durstine, another Princeton man, whose advertising firm has been closely identified with Radio from the outset, had Dr. Spaeth write a booklet on "Music in the Air", and later he prepared a similar pamphlet, "Listening", for the Kolster Corporation, which was widely distributed.

It was at WOR, then also in Newark, that Dr. Spaeth gave the first series of talks on music appreciation ever presented on the air, and this proved very successful and ran for a long time. It came about through a modest program in the piano salon of the Bamberger store, on which occasion, incidentally, Dr. Spaeth introduced to broadcasting a very fine violinist, Godfrey Ludlow, who shortly afterward joined the forces of WJZ, where he became a great success both as a performer and as an announcer. This was only one of many similar cases.

So far as I know, Dr. Spaeth was also the first to make a success of the "ad lib" style of announcing, which eventually became the bad child of the studios and is still looked upon with some dis-

(Continued on page 101)



Marcha Kroupa, who writes this, has been Dr. Spaeth's secretary for many years

Diamond Horseshoe

*Takes to
the Air*

*Millions Now Share the
Golden Circle with
Society's Elect*



*New Simmons
Program Brings Dar-
lings of Opera to Radio*

*By Richard
Spencer*

MIGNON picked up her hoop-skirts and Norma her flowing priestess' robe, and in one leap crossed the great gap between the Metropolitan Opera and a Radio studio. Carmen, with a click of castanets and a swirl of shawl trod on the toes of the bedeviled Faust, and jostled the stately Rhādames escorting his Aida along the same road in oriental pomp.

In other words, opera has come to Radio.

A current and recently inaugurated series of programs on Columbia's air offers to music lovers under the sheltering and sponsoring wing of the Simmons Company much of the finest in music and the most famous of names known to the operatic stage today, and at that under a plan of program setup tending to make for very delightful listening.

Under the baton of Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of French, Russian and English opera for the Metropolitan, a picked symphony orchestra of thirty-two pieces provides the instrumental background for the artists, among whom may already be numbered such as Beniamino Gigli, Rosa Ponselle, Giovanni Martinelli, Marie Jeritza, Sigrid Onegin, Queena Mario, Lily Pons, Grace Moore and Tito Schipa.

The program gives every indication of being a distinct step in the welding

Sigrid Onegin, noted concert artist

of opera and Radio, which until very recently have been so deplorably far apart. Be that as it may, it is assuredly a big step in the right direction so far as Radio presentation of this type of entertainment is concerned.

OF course certain aspects of the plans made for Radio City in New York are another thing again. If, and as seems at the moment highly probable, the Metropolitan Opera is housed in one branch of that gigantic project, it goes almost without saying that the wedding bells for opera and Radio will ring out over the broadcast channels. But—as I said—that is another thing again—and is still much of the future.

Today it is still rather a goodly jump from the glittering galaxies of the "diamond horseshoe" at the Metropolitan to the arid atmosphere of a broadcasting studio—so far indeed that when for this or that reason operatic stars have been heard over your loudspeaker—it is an even chance they gave beauty or fashion hints, tips on what the well-dressed man will wear—or won't—or if you were very lucky, thrilling moments from those other dramas enacted in the grimy, can-

vas-encrusted chasm "backstage"—things that the diamond bedecked dames in the audience never dreamt of, and would not be interested in beyond a polite boredom if called to their attention.

This does not mean that opera stars have not been heard singing on the air—no indeed—there has been a distinct and growing tendency in that direction, though hindered chiefly by, er—"contractual obligations"—I think is the term usually dragged in by the announcer of the moment.

Of reasons there are plenty. One is the quite natural desire of the artists to cash in on an additional and highly remunerative field. Another perhaps, is pressure brought to bear by those behind the principal broadcasting corporations, an effort to cater to that large air audience which prefers music of the vocal order, and which has suffered at least long and in varying degree, if not exactly silently.

THEN, too, we must take cognizance of the attributes of big business—of interlocking directorates—and this and that. So not to be overlooked is the natural desire of one angle of such a combination to make capital of the good things enjoyed by another and complementary one.

To get down to concrete cases, consider



GRACE MOORE. Mr. Ziegfeld hired her for beauty, but later Mr. Gatti-Casazza of Metropolitan Opera liked her voice. A Simmons star.

for a moment the Victor people, with oodles of opera stars under contract. What more natural than that their affiliated corporations, the RCA and National Broadcasting, should look with desirous eyes on those selfsame artists? Nor is it strange that in view of more recent events such as that of present consideration, we should see a sudden and unprecedented rush of these same artists to the microphones of said affiliated corporations, they being for the most part under contract to Victor for recordings.

Of course there have been various and sundry operatic hours, perhaps among the most notable being those which have been picked up from the stage of the Chicago center.

These, however, have been only in part, fault number one; and as far as Radio engineers have gone toward the ultimate perfection of broadcasting, pickup of a program direct from the stage during the play never has been, to be kind, wholly satisfactory. Fault number two.



Maria Jeritza of Metropolitan Opera fame

Even the flowers are there, the bouquets, great vases and baskets of them, more probably than when the opera star was enthusiastically accepted by an audience at the Metropolitan.

Surely were one actually at the opera but little more of brilliance could meet the eye, no more fastidious display of the ultra-smart in gowns—no more prodigal parading of fortunes in gems. Look where one will, it is a keen eye indeed that can spot aught but full evening dress. And if finally discovered it is more than likely to be none but the control engineer seated behind his panel full of dials and doodads. Even here if one gets close enough so that more than a head is visible, it is an even wager a dinner kit will move into view.

Yes, there has been a deliberate attempt to make the program a high hat one indeed.

The Simmons people have had an urge to go on the air for some time, but were unwilling to take the step until they could secure that which they felt was of an order fine enough to be known as the "Simmons Program".

It is known that more than a year ago negotiations were under way to present Fritz Kreisler under their sponsorship, but for one reason and another that dream never materialized. But now they have secured the type of program material they want, on the air they are, and it is to be hoped, for a good long time.

A DEAL of care and thought was expended to make the offering as perfect as possible. The hour of presentation was chosen as being—not too late for the younger set before they start out on their nightly quest of venture and adventure—and early enough for the old folks. Thought is given to the listener who is congenitally against advertising on the air, a very brief opening bit, and the closing announcement is made prior to the last offering of the singer—leaving a very pleasant taste withal.

In naming Wilfred Pelletier to direct the orchestra, which by the bye is composed largely of Philharmonic musicians, they chose well indeed. Besides his duties at the Metropolitan, where he was made a conductor at the surprising age of twenty years, he is director of the San Francisco Opera and of the Ravinia Park concerts at Chicago in the early summer.

The idea has been to make the programs in the nature of a studio social event, and to that end attendance at the Simmons hour has been by engraved invitation only—with the old R.S.V.P. and all that—to a selected few. To get in without one of these cards is about as hard as crashing a star's dressing room, and I am still wondering how I turned the trick.

Of just how this scheme of things, making a Radio broadcast a social event, has worked out, there will be more to be said later.

As one sits in a corner of the studio, doing one's best to hide a sack suit behind



Giovanni Martinelli; another Simmons star

Of what you hear at home nothing need be said here. Those who like this type of program have most assuredly heard those Simmons hours which have become Radio history; and hearing, were content.

In makeup the hour is unique. The artist around whose famous numbers the individual program is built has full scope in which to offer his or her best. The one selection given over to the orchestra is just enough to lend pleasing contrast to the hour.

But enough of that! Have done!

Here I would tell you of the scene presented recently in the studio at Columbia at the Simmons premiere on a Monday night at 8:30 o'clock.

Sit in a corner near the control room and half close your eyes, just sufficiently to shut out the confining walls of the studio—to lend distance to your perspective—and it is a very easy matter to be moved mentally to that lobby at the opera which gives onto the lavishly publicized diamond horseshoe.



Wilfred Pelletier, the orchestra conductor

a harp, the while reveling in the wealth of melody which floods the place—and taking more or less for granted the smoothness and perfection of the presentation—it is rather difficult to visualize the many trials and obstacles that had to be overcome in the very beginning before the programs could ever be presented.

Such things as conflicting or limiting contracts, and prior professional engagements of the artists, were but a few of the barriers that had to be successfully hurdled. The date of appearance of the singers had to be set so as to cause no conflict with their scheduled appearances in opera. Opera companies, even the Metropolitan, have a habit of going on tours, and this fact alone sprouted more than one gray hair in the harassed head of the program director.

Just to give you, who have nothing to do but sit back at your ease and drink your emotional fill of these offerings, some idea of the minor points that had to be

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Friend Husband

"I Have To Feed His Pet Oysters, Buy His Neckties, Shoo Him to the Studio on Time—There's Nobody Like Him"

By Mrs. Graham McNamee



Friend wife—Mrs. Graham McNamee

I HAVE been trying to think of the things I might tell you about Graham, and do you know, the first thing that comes to mind is that he likes apple pie better than almost anything else to eat. And, I don't mind telling you it must be apple pie that I bake.

But I suppose we had better start at the beginning of a day: Graham usually has his breakfast some place between the dining room and the front door. Inasmuch as it is seldom more than a glass of milk—he never has time for anything else—I don't have much trouble getting it to him before he is gone. I am not sure what he has for lunch because I rarely see him then. I do manage, however, to see that he eats a good dinner. It's keeping that dinner good that is occasionally difficult,

as the hour for dining in our apartment is just about what it is in a first-class hotel. From six o'clock on.

Also in checking up with my friends I find that Graham, like most other husbands, is under the impression that the best place to practice golf putting is on the living room rug. In our house the game usually starts about midnight after he gets home from work.

As husbands go I can't imagine anybody just like Graham. When he gets a new necktie it is because I have bought it for him. His favorite color is blue. I usually remember where he put his key ring, what particular shirt he wants, where the collar buttons are kept and when to have his hair cut. At some time in his life he may have arrived at some railroad station two minutes before the train left. But usually I land there first with his bag, and those important papers he forgot to take when he left the apartment.

With Graham working as he does, and not knowing just when he will be free, our social life is necessarily difficult. I make it a point to keep the hours he keeps, and to entertain our friends when it is convenient for him. Many a time I've made pancakes and fried egg sandwiches at four o'clock in the morning.

Although Graham's work takes him away a great deal, I have one advantage over most other wives. I can always hear him. And no matter where he is the first thing he does when he finishes a broadcast is to telephone me and say: "Did you hear the program? Well, how was it?"

Living in a pent house on top of a skyscraper we cannot have the pets Graham would like to own—a couple of dogs, for instance. He doesn't feel that it is fair to keep a dog in a small apartment. But as many other people think differently, he gets a lot

of fun playing with the neighbors' puppies. Once this caused great excitement. He was late leaving the house for a very important broadcast. I think he drank his glass of milk that morning while waiting for the elevator. It was some time after that that the telephone rang and a frantic voice asked: "Where's Graham?" "Why he's gone. Left here fifteen minutes ago," I said. Five minutes later I answered it again, and five minutes after that. Doing a little detective work of my own, I discovered that Mr. McNamee had stopped in the lobby to play with a terrier puppy while the broadcasting company was considering sending out the police to locate him.

LIKE most people associated with public events, Graham has many souvenirs, of which he is extremely proud. For my part, I'm proudest of the phonograph record made when he broadcast Lindbergh's return. Graham has in his study nine autographed baseballs, a chunk of coal which he mined himself, keys to several cities, a commission making him a Kentucky Colonel, loving cups of various sorts, lots and lots of pictures, and oh yes! his police record—finger prints and all. I must admit that the record was done as a joke. But Graham didn't know that until it was all over.

Being the wife of an announcer is fun, but it also has its difficulties. I wonder if any of you women ever tried mothering a hundred pounds of oysters or a live wild turkey. I've had to. The

(Continued on page 105)



From a portrait by Howard Chandler Christy

Graham McNamee



Ex-sheep herder + ex-book salesman = Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Interwoven Pair

PART ONE OF A SERIES

HOW DID the big air favorites get started? Is there any set formula or rule by which you or I can get the "break"? Perhaps this study of some of Radio's most notable artists and entertainers may help. But first—take a tip from an old-timer who has been watching Radio grow since twelve years before KDKA and WJZ blew their first tubes. Here's the tip:

Good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship does not mean success in Radio.

There are many better voices, actors and musicians outside the studios than the stars within. But they've something missing. Call it "X" if you will. That X means the difference between Radio success and failure.

Radio, like the movies, stage and vaudeville, is looking for "trick" voices, acts, instrumentalists, stunts, bands—something that is different and something that has an uncanny appeal to the public when pumped through a microphone into millions of blind loud speakers. We'd all like to think we are Amoses and Andys, but most of us, except perhaps one out of a million, never will be.

That sermon may be a bit off the original subject, "How They Got Started", but nevertheless it may save many a mike-struck lass and lad a whole flock of heart-aches later. How did the big favorites get under way? Well, here is a study



Being a traveling salesman didn't exhaust Jimmy Wallington's capacity for telling stories so he became an NBC announcer.

of many stars of varying magnitude and brilliance all of whom are living room topics to most of you.

Few of the present stars trained themselves especially for Radio, for when they were young there was no such thing as hurling voices and music through space. So the microphone drew much of its entertaining personnel from stage, opera, vaudeville, concert hall and movie lot. Yet many of the big names today came by none of these routes. They accidentally went before the microphone and became successes practically overnight,

Seventy Radio

How They

There's a Chance for You if you have Salesmen, Cowpunchers, Stenographers

By Evans

much to their utter astonishment.

In their various pasts, Graham McNamee, James Wallington and "Old Topper" Ray Perkins were traveling salesmen. "Roxy" Rothafel and Wallace Butterworth clerked in department stores, and Roxy also was once an American Marine. Of the Landt Trio and White, Karl Landt taught chemistry, Dan was a house painter, Jack was still in school and Howard White ran a bakery. William Merrigan Daly was editor of *Everybody's Magazine*. Elizabeth Davenport, Vee Lawnhurst and Giovanni Siragusa, a recent find, were accomplished pianists before their voices were discovered by Radio directors. David Ross had a widely varied career including even being an orphan asylum supervisor. Louis Katzman was a "jack" of twenty trades before Radio. James Stanley, Merle Johnson, Ben Bernie and Nat Shilkret started out in life to be civil, electrical or mechanical engineers.

BUT probing farther into the mikesters' backgrounds, one uncovers many interesting facts.

Freeman F. (Amos) Gosden served in the Navy during the War, then became a tobacco salesman. Returning to Richmond, Va., he danced a clog dance in a "home town" talent show staged by Chicago professionals. He did well enough to earn a job coaching similar shows for that outfit. Thus his life converged with Charles J. (Andy) Correll. The latter sold newspapers as a boy in Peoria, Ill., laid brick for his family's construction company, and in his evenings turned out to be considerable of an entertainer, playing the piano, acting, dancing and singing. He was hired as a coach by the home town show production company.

Stars Tell

Started

"X"—air "It"! These folks were and Whatnot before Taking the Air

E. Plummer

Correll met Gosden when the former was assigned to teach the latter the business. Six years later, made office managers in Chicago for the company, they took a joint apartment. For fun they went to WEBB, Chicago, in 1924 and tried out as a harmony team. They were given a job—without pay.

Stage appearances and a small pay job at another station were next. Then that station wanted a daily comic skit based on a famous strip appearing in the newspaper owning the station. Correll and Gosden tried to write it but gave up. Instead they proposed a blackface turn, "Sam 'n' Henry". Almost from the start it was a success. Two years later (1928) they took Announcer Bill Hay along to another Chicago station, higher pay, and to avoid legal troubles, the names Amos 'n' Andy. Transcriptions made them nationally famous and NBC did the rest.

LOWELL THOMAS didn't train for Radio—it trained on him. Thomas, in his thirty-eight years, has been Chicago newspaper reporter, college professor, and discoverer of news events in strange and difficult lands all over the world. The latter work made him friend of kings, sultans, premiers, generals and mandarins; turned him into a famous author and caused him to give lectures to standing-room-only audiences in the world's largest auditoriums. His voice, trained for public speaking by his father, was a Radio "natural". The magazine for which he newscasts nightly sought him out.

Phillips Lord, creator of *Sunday at Seth Parker's* and *Uncle Abe and David*, graduated in '25 from Bowdoin College, was a teacher and strived to become a



Here's one phase of Lowell Thomas' multi-colored career—Chicago newspaper reporter.

in the Soconyland and Schradertown programs. Now you hear him four nights a week as the mean "David" who plays opposite good-natured "Uncle Abe" as enacted by Phillips Lord.

"ROXY" (S. L.) ROTHAFEL, native of Stillwater, Mich., after department store clerking and a "hitch" in the U. S. Marine Corps, found himself in early movie days a successful pioneer in presenting stage shows and other entertainment along with the feature films. New York soon claimed him, and when broadcasting began, it was only natural that a mike should be placed in the Capitol Theater, where Roxy was then located. His method of announcing and quality of programs made him an early favorite and he still stands his ground. In checking, incidentally, on where many of the present musical air favorites had their first "break", I learned that Roxy was responsible for launching many of them on their way to fame and futures. Roxy has probably started off as many Radio vocalists as Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink has operatic proteges.

"Tony Cabooch", or Chester J. Gruber, climbed from ragged newsboy to vaudeville success. For eighteen years he did his more than half a dozen dialect impersonations to the encore cries of vaudeville patrons in England, France, Germany and his own United States. Then, by reason of a friend's recommendation, KMOX, St. Louis, tried him out. In fourteen



Henry Burbig could have been catcher of Detroit National League Team but chose to put 'em across instead—as CBS monologist.

magazine editor. Tuning in one night to a rural sketch on his Radio, he recognized some discrepancies as a result of his early environment. He hid himself to the Radio studios and showed them how it should be done. The Seth Parker sketch, first of his creations, paved the way for the second one in which Yankee humor mixes with shrewd bargaining.

Arthur Allen, past the fifty year mark now, wanted to be an organist but the lure of the stage won him. He played years in stock and on Broadway and finally entered Radio with character parts

weeks of applause-weary 1929 he pulled 42,000 fan letters! A commercial chain contract soon followed.

Jones and Hare wandered about in many jobs. Billy Jones was government clerk, bank clerk, sheep herder, miner, telephone and telegraph lineman, carpenter and blacksmith before he discovered he could sing. Ernie Hare only sold books, pianos and baking powder until he learned likewise. They met in a phonograph recording studio, tried a double act, and merged. Much vaudeville acting and singing followed after that and before Radio dawned in 1921. The pair were selected to become "The Happiness Boys" way back when on what was one of the first toll (meaning commercial) programs, and it looks as if they will beat Weber and Fields yet on their partnership duration.

"OLD TOPPER" Ray

Perkins was in turn a college student musically inclined, an army captain, an advertising salesman, a music critic, a song writer, a vaudeville performer, early Radio performer (as "Judge Junior"), once more a vaudeville star, and three years later, again a luminary of the air. Wendell Hall, air pioneer, started writing songs and singing them as he strummed one of the first ukuleles, when he was still in high school in Chicago. KYW drafted his talents to fill its hours when it was the first station in town. His tours, songs and vaudeville work have made him internationally known.

Gene and Glenn made air debuts on separate teams before they made network fame together. Glenn Rowell ran away from his Pontiac, Ill., home at the age of thirteen to join a tent show, eventually became a song plugger in a ten-cent store, next elevated himself to be music publisher's representative, and then became a theater organist. WLS attracted him in its early days and there he teamed with Ford Rush. Gene Carroll at the age of seven carried a crown in a play at Hull House, Chicago. His fate was sealed. He likewise teamed with a pal as Jack and Gene at WLS at about the same time Ford and Glenn were going over great. WLW and WTAM engagements followed and the two teams melted into simply one of Gene and Glenn. In Cleveland the networks found them

the toast of the town, and so you hear them every week morning—with your toast.

Brad and Al, the Senator and Major, or whatever name a sponsor wishes to call them, also traveled many roads before Radio. Bradford Browne was a stenographer for the government in Washington, a successful cemetery lot salesman, a realtor on a larger scale till his assets shrunk, and a lawyer. Al Llewelyn watched an open hearth steel furnace in Pittsburgh until the plant and his job burned down. Brad and Al met in a Newark, N. J., boarding house as both reached for the hash simultaneously. Becoming pals, they wrote a musical act, formed the Radio comedy team of "Ham and George, the Cellar Knights", and as such were discovered by WABC and CBS.

"DAD" (Obediah) Pickard and his family got into financial difficulties and Radio with their old-time and hill-billy songs in Nashville, Tenn., at practically one and the same time. "Solemn Old Judge" George Hay, WSM's director, found their talents just as Dad Pickard's commercial credit business blew up. Confident of himself, Dad loaded mother, Bubb, Ruth and four-year-old Anne into the family flivver along with their fiddle, jews-harp, harmonicas, guitar and banjo, and rattled on to New York. Parking at 711 Fifth Avenue, the family took their instruments and asked to be shown to

Al Llewelyn (right) once stirred up things over the open hearth in a Pittsburgh steel factory. Brad Browne, lawyer, gave his opponents some awful pannings. Now they're both cooking up programs for CBS



M. H. Aylesworth, the president of NBC. Just to show you that it can be done, the big chief saw them. Dad told his tale of financial woe and Aylesworth asked him what they could do. In one minute the family had their instruments out of their cases and were playing the first music that ever had been played in the office of the head man of the National Broadcasting Company. They were booked, too, as you well know.

Phil Cook, the man with half a dozen characters in his voice, started out in life as a commercial artist. As a sideline he began to write songs. Books for musical shows followed from his pen. Vaudeville audiences soon enjoyed his comic characterizations and songs, his guitar and ukulele playing. Early in WJZ's day he tried it on the listeners. They liked him, and there at the mike he stayed.

Jesse Crawford's first job was playing the piano in a nickelodeon for five dollars weekly. He worked at that three

Phil Cook was commercial artist before becoming the big pancake and syrup man.



years, doubling his pay, and then took a cut back to the original five to work in another theater as organist. He learned the organ on that job! As one of the best pioneer movie organists he initiated many successful ideas, was one of the first to broadcast, and now he's on top in New York at the Paramount Theater.

Henry Burbig, the burlesquing monologist, at fourteen had evolved his first act, "Abie Goldstein's Wedding." It won \$5 in an amateur contest. An eighteen-year-old friend, who was dancing on skates in vaudeville, encouraged him to see a vaudeville manager. Burbig did. The

manager listened and booked him before the piece was finished. Sixteen weeks of vaudeville followed. He continued his school studies. At one time, just eleven years ago, he almost turned ball player. He was offered the catcher's mask by both the St. Louis and Detroit National League teams. He didn't accept. Instead he kept up his vaudeville work, and, with Radio's coming, he donated his services to the microphone. The networks discovered him as a result of his tremendously suc-

Cartoons by
Walter Van Arsdale



Civil engineering supported Merle Johnson before his saxophone did.



Gene and Glenn rose from vaudeville to the chain gang (NBC). Now they're thinking of going higher—but they're cautiously testing a Zeppelin part before flying.

cessful broadcasts from a New York station. He's been on the air eight years.

Charles W. Hamp, remembered by Eastern fans as last year's "Early Bird", and who is one of the greatest stars on the Pacific Coast, played first in a dance orchestra, thumped a piano at twenty in a vaudeville theater's pit, trouped for two years in musicomedie, invaded Italy with a jazz band and excited the olive-skinned Verdi lovers enough to win the Dal Verme medal in Milan's Teatro Dal Verme, entered Radio via the audition route as an announcer, and then evolved his piano-playing, singing and chatting act.

"DOBBSIE", or Hugh Barrett Dobbs, every bit as big as Amos 'n' Andy on the West Coast, walked into the studios of KPO six years ago and applied for an audition. In four and a

half years he had accumulated over a million letters attesting to his popularity. A commercial sponsor signed him for three years at a salary higher than President Hoover's. Back of Dobbie's air success, we find him attending Johns Hopkins at Baltimore to become an instructor in physical culture, graduating and taking a world tour, next teaching physical training, and then

promoting the building of outdoor playgrounds in New York City. Judge Ben Lindsay sent for him to do the same for Denver; Seattle was next to call. Then, in 1905, he became associated with the U. S. Government Survey and aided in establishing the boundary between Alaska and Canada. Commercial movies occupied his attention after that, and in 1924 he came to San Francisco to sell musical instruments. His Radio tryout followed this varied career.

ANTHONY WONS, of "Tony's Scrapbook", is a born philosopher. Working his way through college by making automobiles, beds and punching cows, he probably would have continued fishing, hunting and thinking in the Eagle River country of Wisconsin, but that he felt the air was short on philosophy. So

he went to WLS and proposed to start a philosophical period, communing with kindred spirits among the fans. His scrapbook, a collection of bits of poetry and philosophy submitted by his listeners and gathered also by himself, sold 80,000 copies in nine months. Going to WLW, he sold 90,000 of its next edition in a like period. CBS scouts were watching and had him sign the dotted line.

Little Jack Little, whose right name is Leonard, wrote a lot of college songs at the University of Iowa, so turned to song writing when he was graduated. He was given a job as song plugger in Chicago eight years ago and told to use the Radio stations. He worked with a partner in his earlier days. Then he went on alone, crooning in his inimitable way as he played his own accompaniments. Tours playing every principal station in the country followed along with vaudeville engagements. In the past several years he settled in Cincinnati to make WLW his headquarters, but NBC finally awakened and signed him up early this year.

Ohman and Arden, the duo-pianists, didn't know one another when they both were looking for work and food in New York. Phil Ohman was hired by Wanamaker's and Vic Arden landed with Ampico. Ohman first met Arden when applying to him for work making player rolls. When Arden went to Q.R.S. to make rolls he took along Ohman to work out the duo piano recording scheme. Their first work of this type brought society, club and musical show engagements. Friends persuaded them to embark on a Radio career.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY, whose unusual syndicated "Believe It or Not" cartoons brought him his Eastern network contract, sold his first drawing to a humorous magazine for \$8 when he was fourteen years old.

JUST folks after all—these people who entertain you on the air. No royal Radio antecedents in this field. It shows that we are interested in people who know us and belong to us from all walks in life. That's why you are going to enjoy the next installment wherein Mr. Plummer will tell you how other successful Radio celebrities got their start. Don't miss it in the June RADIO DIGEST.

Stand



The Muezzin, calling all good Mohammedans to prayer

OUR Radio station at Algiers was really a birthday gift for the Centenary year, 1930, the year of Algeria's hundredth birthday as a French colony. It is an appropriate present, for after one hundred years of development under French rule Algeria may be said to have attained its majority, and is now important enough to make its voice heard among the nations.

The Radio station is some ten miles from the town of Algiers on the road from Maison Carrée to l'Arba, and was opened by His Excellency The Governor General of Algeria. It is a simple and dignified building, gleaming with oriental whiteness under the African sun, and well suited to the Algerian landscape.

Technical details of interest are as follows:—Wave Length, 364.50 metres, feeder power, 100 kilowatts, aerial power, 13 kilowatts, and modulation percentage 100 per cent. The station has a high frequency emitter of three circuits, and there are six automatically cooled valves, the cooling being done by an ingenious water system. The pylons supporting the antennae are about 250 feet high.

Arabian musicians address their love songs to the mike as to some houri of a Mohammedan paradise when they broadcast.



The calculated radius of action is nearly 3,000 miles.

The Algiers Radio is fitted with the most modern apparatus, and with a five valve set and a loud speaker it has been clearly heard west of the Azores, and letters reporting good reception have been received from Newfoundland and from Tonkin in French Indo China.

The writer of the present article has

received hundreds of letters from various parts of England and Scotland and Ireland, as well as from European countries, commenting on the clearness with which Algiers can be heard. A few letters have also been received from the U. S. A. In fact, several writers wished to know if they had been hoaxed when they heard an English voice announced as speaking from Algiers, and one writer said that he had been told by his friends, to whom he related his experiences, that the Algiers station did not exist.

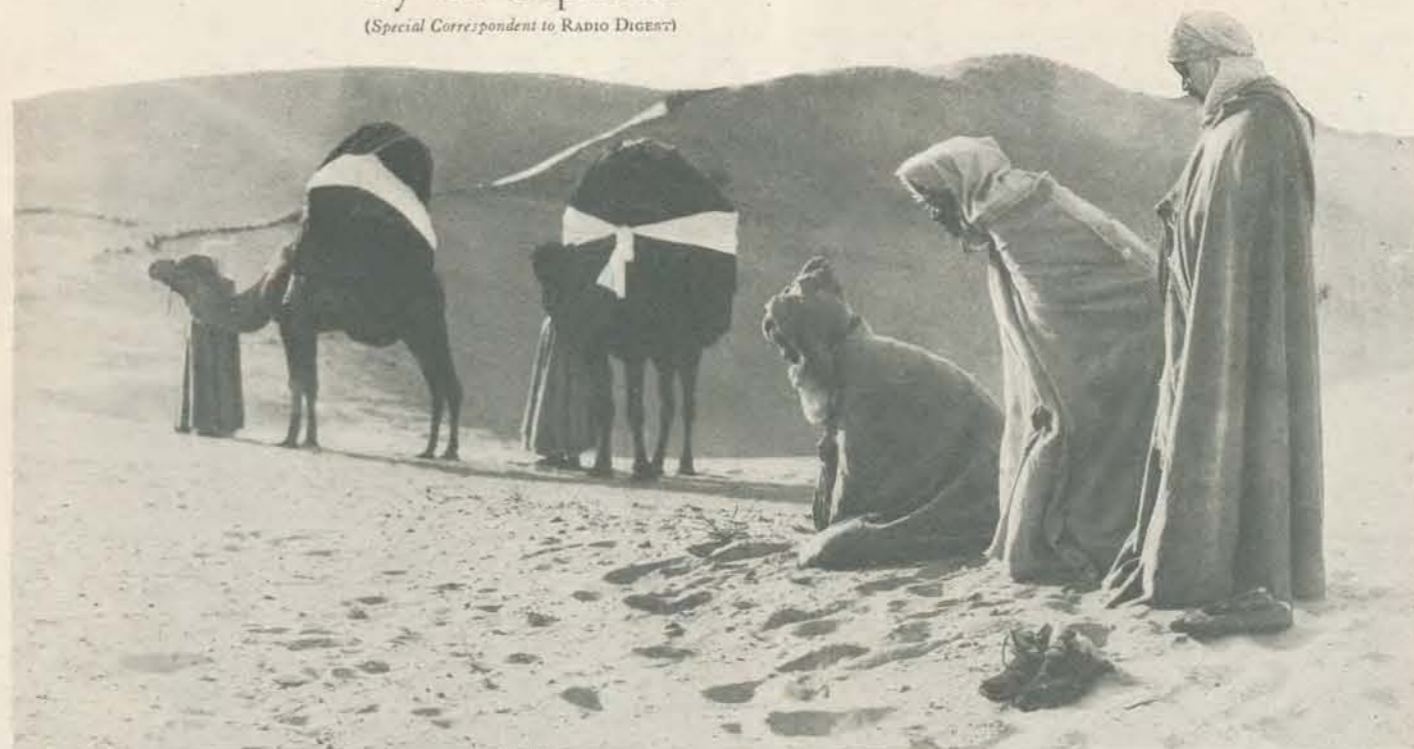
The actual broadcasting studio is in Algiers itself, and the programs are transmitted from there to the broadcasting station and then relayed back again to a loud speaker in a room adjoining the studio, so that the studio staff can judge how the program sounds to listeners. The principal program is given in the evening from 7 p. m. to 11 p. m. Greenwich mean time. While of course for the most part the French language is used, there are also items in Arabic, and English and Esperanto.

Among the interesting regular items are the Arab music and singing, and talks given by natives. It is amusing to watch the native musicians in front of the microphone—they address their love songs to the instrument as to some houri

By for Morocco!

By Le Capitaine

(Special Correspondent to RADIO DIGEST)



from his balcony was one of the first "broadcasters".

of a Mohammedan paradise. The Arab stories, too, are often really humorous; they are told first in Arabic and then translated into French.

The English talks have been for the most part descriptive of the scenery and the life in Algeria.

It will readily be realized that a powerful Radio station is of especial benefit to a country like Algeria where farms and estates are far-flung over wide areas, and communications not so numerous as in America or Europe. It is also a powerful means of propaganda and publicity, and as the natives are already taking an interest in wireless it will help to spread French culture throughout the whole of French North Africa.

At the fourth Algerian wireless exhibition held at Algiers last November many of the visitors were puzzled by one of the exhibits. It was a safe, just like any other safe, but when one put a hand near it or approached it, or even when any object at all came near it there was a loud ringing which warned the owner that some unauthorized person was near his safe. This is a scientific application of the principle underlying the phenomena of capacity variation, so well known to wireless amateurs.

It was most interesting to watch the large groups interested in this exhibit,

and to hear their comments while there.

In the campaign launched against malaria by the Algerian Government General one of the most important weapons is the Algiers Radio. This reaches not only distant colonists and farmers in North Africa but also many of the native population.

Last Autumn the first of an important series of lectures was broadcast from Algiers by the medical officer in charge of the anti-malaria service. In addition,

"WHY don't you give the DX hounds something to chase?" demanded a caller at RADIO DIGEST. "We are picking up distant stations all over the world practically every night. Come on out and we'll prove it." A day or so later the article and pictures on this page chanced to come from a correspondent in Algiers. Let's see if some of our DX jans can pick up this station. Next month we are going to give the DX friends an article by Charles J. Gilchrist, secretary of the Chicago Daily News DX Club.

at all the concerts of native music and singing which are regularly given every week from Algiers practical advice on the prevention of malaria is broadcast in Arabic.

The Algiers wireless station is adopting a novel method to find a new announcer. There are thirty applicants for the post and a committee will select the three most suitable speakers. Afterwards, three special concerts will be given at which the three selected candidates will act as announcers, and listeners will be invited to send letters voting for the candidate they prefer. Prizes amounting to francs 10,000 are offered for the best letters.

WIRELESS is becoming increasingly popular among the native population of North Africa, owing, in great measure, to the excellent propaganda work on behalf of Radio-Alger and Radio-Maroc, which was done earlier in the year by "The Giant's Voice," a travelling wireless installation and loud speaker. The installation consists of two motor vehicles, one for the actual broadcasting and the other containing the power plant. The plant has a modulated output of more than 600 watts derived

(Continued on page 99)

The RISE of



CAROL DEIS traded her typewriter for a grand piano and \$5,000 cash

Carol Deis

*She Hitched Her Wagon to the Bell Song
And They Heard Her Round the World*

By Anne
B. Lazar

JUNE skies, fleecy clouds floating daintily in the blue heaven. A robin cheering lustily in a maple shade tree at the corner. Green lawns and hedges. Children idling homeward from school their books tucked under their arms. A farmer with a long red beard seated in his horse drawn cart, homeward bound from a successful morning in the public market.

Carol Deis was going home, too. She had finished her second year of high school—and she would not be going back. She was not very happy and the world suddenly assumed prodigious and inconceivable proportions. Next year she would be in a business college. And what would that lead to?

Certainly she had no great interest in business. She wanted to be a singer, an artist; oh if some kind fairy would wave a wand and make her an opera star! But how could a girl win artistic fame and success in Dayton? A bumblebee droned dizzily over her head. She glanced upward through the tree tops. Far above an airplane was circling upward and upward. The Wright brothers had won fame in Dayton—and there was the great flying field of the army at the edge of the town. But a girl—what could a girl do?

Well, there was no other way for the present. She must go to business college, and watch for opportunity. For a girl just finishing second year high the outlook for any rise of consequence appeared remote. All she could see was just another stenographer in an army of thousands. But anyway she would be the very best stenographer possible, and earn enough money to achieve ways and means for better things.

Before she entered her home she heard her mother singing. She adored her mother's voice. It was clear and true and sweet. Her father could also sing



Mr. Atwater Kent presents a \$5,000 check each to Carol Deis and Raoul Nadeau, audition prize winners.

well, and her brother. Carol imagined that if she could only get the right sort of training she might find her future with her voice. But her dream of a grand piano suddenly turned into a typewriter—she would be playing a typewriter—a tuneless clicking typewriter!

Carol was just fifteen when a great event happened in Dayton. The famous Galli-Curci was announced for a concert. Mrs. Deis had promised Carol she would take her to hear the great diva sing some "real music".

Never had there been such a treat. Carol floated in ecstasy as the incomparable coloratura appeared on the stage and poured out the perfect notes of the revered classics. She came to the *Bell Song* from Lackme—and as Carol listened some great and wonderful thing was born in her soul. Some day she too would sing the *Bell Song*. Some day—

ONE must be inspired, and hope and strive onward and upward, even as the circling airplanes ascend into the azure skies beyond the vision of earth bound mortals. Carol was inspired. The *Bell Song* as she heard it that day lifted in angelic sweetness by Amelita Galli-Curci summoned and called up the something within that would never die as Carol followed her course through business college.

The *Bell Song* was the Star of her life toward which she would arise surely and

certainly even if she did have to take her first job as a stenographer for the law firm of Estabrook, Finn and McKee. It was rather a cold prosaic world, but then she would do her best at whatever it was best for her to do.

TWO weeks after she had been assigned to a desk and a typewriter there came a call from the office of a member of the firm.

"Miss Deis!"
"Yes sir," she answered somewhat of a tremble and wondering what terrible blunder she may have committed in her tyro ignorance. Perhaps

she was going to be fired. The boss looked up from his desk. His face seemed cold and expressionless.

"I believe you have been with us two weeks, and that this is your first job," he said.

"Yes sir, but I'm beginning to get onto things bet-better now," she said with a catch.

"You seem to be getting on very well, young lady," he replied. "So I thought I would let you know we have decided to raise your pay—er-beg pardon, what's the matter—"

Carol sat down in a heap on the nearest chair.

"Didn't think you'd take it that way, Miss. But if you'd rather not have the raise, why, er—"

Well, Carol recovered and mentally she began to hum something from the *Bell Song*. She had already acquired a record and had begun playing it over and over.

You see Carol had already begun to rise.

Now she was in a position to take vocal lessons. Her family joined to give her every possible advantage. She sang in the church choir—and that helped to give her poise before an audience. Ralph Thomas, now conducting an opera school in Los Angeles, was her first instructor and he held for her the most ambitious hopes.

And now let us skip over eight years during which Carol became Miss Deis.

She had been gaining ground as a singer. But still she did not feel justified in surrendering her secretarial job.

There came a day only a few weeks ago when your interviewer was called upon to see this same Miss Carol Deis in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Ave., New York. We found her comfortably seated in a green tapestry chair, and her smiling blue eyes grew reminiscent as she leaned back and told me of some of the things that happened up to the time when she had been awarded the Atwater Kent first prize scholarship and \$5,000 in cash, last December.

She was no longer the little girl with school books under her arm, but a grand young lady dressed in the latest style with black velvet gown and her abundant hair, almost typical in its auburn shade, was neatly coifed in the mode of the hour.

"I can scarcely realize it yet," she smiled. "It seems almost too good to be true. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before. Still, as I sit here in the very Radio heart from which flows such marvelous and wonderful music to all the country and the world beyond it seems an incredible dream from which I must presently awake at my little desk in the law office of Estabrook, Finn and McKee at Dayton."

INDEED it did seem unbelievable that this luxurious young pet of the musical world had only six months ago been one of the millions of young women who find their day beginning and ending in a humdrum of office detail with little hope of ever finding a way out. She fanned the edges of a little folder she held in her hand—an announcement of a new Atwater Kent contest, I believe.

"Life was so colorless, such a grind, almost as far back as I can remember," she continued. "Of course I was busy, always busy, but it was all such a deadly routine. Every girl who works in an office will understand what I mean. There was just a spark somewhere within that seemed to whisper, 'If you will keep trying, keep up your faith in me I will transform your life.' I believe that, if we recognize it, that spark of our better innerselves is in every one of us, and we can accomplish much if it is nurtured and developed to the best of our ability.

"Mother had great hopes for my voice. She had wanted to be a great singer. As I grew up she hoped I would achieve some of the things of which she had dreamed. What can be more wonderful and inspiring than a mother's love! I would have wanted to strive for success if only to please her. But it was hard to bring myself to believe that singing could ever be more for me than just an extra bit of good fortune to relieve the deadly monotony of making a living."

Then she told me something of the



"Never give up even if every day seems as hopeless as the other," says Carol Deis.

romance that blossomed into her life, an experience that did much to change the whole world for her. There was a seamy side that has no place outside the confidence through which one woman may speak to another. Her marriage did not end happily as a romance but it left her a mother and spurred her on to accomplish things she might have missed otherwise.

AS a matter of fact," she said, "my voice really was never anything much until after little Donnie came. What happened? I cannot explain. I only know that when I resumed my vocal training I discovered new tones at my command which I had never known before. And there was distinctly more power back of my voice."

"You recommend marriage, then?" I asked in some surprise.

"Yes," she replied simply and hesitated a moment before she added, "even though it should end tragically as mine did. No girl should forego this greatest of all experiences. It calls forth the best that is in her, expands her capacity for love and compassion; and through some kind of process it changes the worst side of selfishness into a broader sense of things."

Disillusioned by the one she had loved, her ideals shaken by the breaking of

lightly taken vows, she returned with her child to her mother's arms, and resumed her maiden name, Carol Deis. Once more she took up her duties in the law office from which she had stepped out into a heart-wrenching interlude of two years. Again she took up the dry transcription of legal proceedings from notebook to typewriter paper.

Seeking the old paths she soon discovered her new advantages of voice and power. She felt new courage. Somehow, some way she would find a way to achieve. Her mind was alert. Opportunity, she felt, would be found. She earned more money now. Her services were decidedly more valuable. Where would this new trend of ambition take her, toward business or toward a profession?

NOW she was a mother, a daughter, a student—and a business woman. Her life had filled out considerably, and she was nearing twenty-five. No, she did not neglect her voice culture; she followed it more vigorously than ever. She reasoned within herself she must make the most of these precious years of youth. She had good instruction.

"I feel that I owe almost everything of this new turn in my life to Ralph Thomas, my teacher," she said reminiscently. "It was the four years he took to build into my voice the important fundamentals of singing that counted. He had previously wanted me to enter this contest of the Atwater Kent Foundation. But I felt inadequate—lacked the courage to match my voice against the many, many others who, perhaps, had been better privileged than I.

"When I realized that it had to be done in 1930 or never, because of the age limit, I decided to make the try."

During all this time she never had forgotten her great ambition to sing the *Bell Song* as she had heard Galli-Curci sing it. She had never been encouraged to attempt it by her teachers because even the best of singers fear that opening cadenza, sung without accompaniment. Disaster is inevitable even if you are a very little off key.

When Mr. Thomas had finally persuaded her to try for the contest her first thought was to put all her chances on that one song. Eight months before her first local audition she began rehearsing it. Her success with this intricate song would be sure to win the favorable notice of the judges. She applied herself diligently. To acquaint herself with the Radio technique she was one evening permitted to sing a few songs over WSMK at Dayton. She conquered her tendency to mike fright and took a posture about two feet behind the microphone, hands clasped behind her head. This, she

(Continued on page 96)

"Yes, You American Women Are Happy"

Says Cosmo Hamilton

LAST month Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," stood on the negative side of the fence and told RADIO DIGEST readers she doesn't believe American women are happy. Here's an Englishman's answer:



Cosmo Hamilton

Reported by Lillian G. Genn

NOWHERE in the world do you find women so vivacious, so ambitious and so enthusiastic as here in America. They walk swiftly up the street of life like beautiful Dianas, turning its corners with an adventurous and youthful spirit. And the zest that they derive from it comes as near to happiness as it is possible for anyone to achieve on this earth."

Thus summarized Cosmo Hamilton when he was approached for his opinion on Anita Loos' challenging statement that the American women are not happy. The famous English novelist and playwright is a sophisticated cosmopolite who has lived in many countries of the world. He has a house in London and a villa at Mentone on the French Riviera, but of late years he has been living for several months in this country where he has a very large and admiring public. Recently he engaged in a series of public debates here with Gilbert K. Chesterton, another brilliant and witty Englishman of letters.

Mr. Hamilton comes from a distinguished literary family. He is the brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and Major A. Hamilton Gibbs and the uncle of Anthony Gibbs, all of whom are well

known to readers in both England and America. Lady Mary Agnes Hamilton, Member of Parliament, whose transatlantic broadcast a few months ago received considerable attention, is also a member of this renowned family.

Mr. Hamilton began his career at an

early age and was under thirty when he became editor of one of London's most fashionable and clever of society journals. He took an active part in politics, served as Captain in the Legion of Frontiersmen and was commissioned in the Royal Navy Air Service in the World War. Nevertheless he found time to turn out such successful works as "The Blindness of Virtue," "Scandal," "The Rustle of Silk," "Caste," and "Parasites." Oddly enough, his new novel, "Damned Little Fool," an entertaining, romantic book, has as its basis a young woman's search for happiness, so that the discussion for RADIO DIGEST was of particular interest to him.

THE author is a tall, handsome man with the military bearing and gracious, charming manners that are so typical of the cultured and aristocratic European. His apartment in New York is a delightful and cosy place, filled with books and colorful paintings which he brought from his London house.

Lighting a cigarette in a long holder, he relaxed in a large, comfortable chair, and thoughtfully gave his views on why he believed the American women to be

happy. His conclusions had been deliberate.

"I believe that Anita Loos' diagnosis was a correct one," he said in his slow, crisp voice, "but only of a certain class of women. It does not hold for American women at large. Similarly, when she declared that the European women

are happier, it applied to only a select class. When it comes to the mass of women in Europe, you do not find them to be anywhere nearly as happy as the American women are.

FIRST of all, Europe has worn itself out. It has long been decaying, and whatever spirit it had, was effectively killed by the World War. We therefore find that its people are cynical and disillusioned. They are critical of each other and of themselves. They have no ambition or enthusiasm. And no one can be happy without them. For they are the only things that give meaning to life and make it worth while.

"When one goes to a party abroad, the thing that impresses the observer, is that there is no gaiety about it. You do not see people laughing or indulging in banter. They are rather serious and solemn and talk in undertones. Their one object seems to be not to be entertaining at any price, so that it is hard to believe you are not at a funeral. Even groups of men, like the Rotary clubs here, are very quiet. There is nothing boyish about them like the American men.

"Why is this so? Simply because these people have no spirit; they have lost their zest for life. They have no hope of anything; nothing to look forward to. Thus the atmosphere of Europe is a gloomy one.

"On the other hand, the rhythm and the vibrations of this country pulsate with youth and vigor. This naturally affects the people so that everyone here is full of life and ambition. Even the stranger who comes to these shores is influenced by the atmosphere so that he too soon falls in with the gay, quick pace. Life suddenly becomes an exciting affair.

"What I have particularly admired about the American woman is the knack she has for getting enjoyment from even small things. If she is president of her club and has an opportunity to introduce one of the literary lions of the day; if she gives a dinner and it runs off smoothly; if she wins some sort of social success in her set—these things make her exuberantly happy.

"The women here have a delightful naïveté and are very easy to please. So much so that they at times seem child-like. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why they keep youthful even when they are grandmothers.

"When an American girl starts off to a party, there is a sparkling air of anticipation about her. Her eyes and her man-

ner tell you: 'It's going to be a marvelous party. I'm sure I'm going to have a grand time.' Just the other day, when I was leaving a woman who was going to an afternoon party, I said: 'I hope you will have a nice time.' 'Of course I will,' she laughed. 'I'm going to raise mischief!'

"It would be hard to imagine any English girl going to a party with such a spirit. She goes bored and indifferent. At the party she makes no effort to relieve the gloom. Indeed, she doesn't seem to have any capacity at all for fun.

"American women are happy in some form of achievement. If they can organize a movement, or do their share in bringing about social reforms, or hold down a position in the business world, they are enjoying life.

"English women are not interested in doing anything, while the French women

are primarily concerned with their complexions and their beauty. Those who do have jobs are apathetic about them and they have no ambition to advance themselves. They work merely to mark time or to get some liberty of action which they could not otherwise obtain. The European business girl is carelessly and unattractively dressed and she has a rather hang-dog look about her.



Cosmo Hamilton (from a sketch by James Montgomery Flagg)

BUT watch the American business girl when she goes to work in the morning. She walks quickly and briskly, and glows with health and vitality. She is smartly dressed and well-spoken. She takes an intelligent interest in her job and always has her eyes on a better one. Any number of them hold important and responsible positions.

"What is more, in this country, there are no dividing lines between the classes, as there are in Europe. The business girl has as much of a chance to marry a big executive or a banker's son as the girl in a better social circle. The knowledge of these limitless business and social opportunities that are open to her and the freedom she has to make any choice that she wants, make her keen, high-spirited and ambitious.

"As for the women who are at home and who have considerable leisure, I find great numbers of them devoting themselves to the job of being better wives and mothers by improving themselves culturally, and also serving humanity in whatever way they can. For they are the ones who are chiefly bringing about worthwhile social reforms and who are undoing many hideous and unfair laws. Men grumble about laws, but they do

nothing to change them. The women put pressure on politicians and statesmen and work energetically in peace movements. They investigate and establish new methods of child training and education. They sponsor cultural societies and serve on innumerable charitable boards. At their clubs they discuss and analyze anything from world politics, birth control, to labor conditions and crime prevention.

"All this work is tremendously important, for it shows that women are contributing to human progress and paving the way for a better world. At the same time, these women are living their lives fully and intensely, finding a complete outlet for their energies and enormous enthusiasm. To my mind, that is the greatest happiness and experience any human being can get."

Mr. Hamilton pointed out that European women, on the other hand, could not be happy because they have not much that they want nor are they looking for ways to gain it. They are neither active nor constructive.

"It is because the modern American woman has the opportunity to live her life creatively," he continued, "that she is happier than her grandmother was. I do not feel, with Miss Loos, that the women of other days achieved happiness by merely working for their families. We may think so simply because they did not complain. They bore the cross of life stoically.

"But life was really a dreadful affair for them. They worked like slaves merely to exist. They had no time to get any satisfaction from life. They had no freedom of thought or of action. Women in those days had to depend solely upon their husbands for happiness. The tragedy of it is that when their husbands died, they were left stranded, with no interests in life and with no ability to support themselves.

BECAUSE a girl was not trained to earn a livelihood, it meant that she had to marry the first man who proposed to her, no matter what sort of person he was. For the same reason, she could not leave him, if he made life intolerable for her. Imagine the sadism that went on in marriage because of the woman's inability to free herself.

"If she did not marry, she had to endure the stigma of being a spinster. She was on the shelf so far as life was concerned. The only way she could manage to support herself, if she had no relatives to live with, was to take boarders in her home, sew for the neighbors or be a governess. The bachelor girl of today can get into almost any field of work. She can have her own apartment and her men friends without losing her reputation. She has freedom to travel and to enjoy life in any way she wants.

"Since she does not have to depend
(Continued on page 99)

The Play's the Thing

By Harriet Menken



Harriet Menken, author, authority on matters theatrical, and conductor of a weekly air-column on Station WOR.

SUCH an infant is the Radio script art in the dramatic firmament, that the leading men who are responsible for the Radio dramas that come to you over the ether waves do not even agree on what material goes to make up a good Radio play, so "you pays your money and takes your choice".

C. L. Menser, for instance, who directs the RCA half hour dramatic broadcasts you hear weekly over the National Broadcasting Company chain, as well as other airy playlets, says, "a good Radio play must have two things,—an elemental dramatic situation and structural simplicity. By the former I mean that we cannot have a play about a man who can't swim, out in a lake in a canoe that turns over, for there is nothing dramatic about this; the man is doomed. Put another man in that boat and we immediately create a dramatic situation. Is it his younger brother, perhaps, to whom the inheritance would come? If so, will he save him? Any number of situations might arise. This is drama."

In speaking of simplicity of structure, Mr. Menser explained that he was almost inclined to think that the real values exist in the old definition: "2 actors, 2 boards and a passion!" He thinks simplicity particularly important on the air because it is not what happens in the studio that counts, but in the minds of the listeners. Mr. Menser believes that two examples of perfect Radio plays illustrating both his points are George Kelly's "Finders Keepers" and Sir James Barrie's "Rosalind", which you heard recently with Billie Burke in the title rôle.

Menser's Motto is: "fewer and better Radio dramas!"

Upon discovering that this talented director was also Chairman of the Play-

reading Committee at NBC, I pressed him for his reasons in turning down scripts as impossible material for Radio drama. He admitted to finding some too long, some whose themes were too sophisticated—or shall we say immoral—some with too many characters in the cast, and many plays whose whole point and crux turned on some business that required visualization. Other scripts "C. L.", as studio folk call him, simply found needed too much adapta-

tion, "something that takes too much time. I only added twenty-five words to "Rosalind" for the Radio version", the 37 year old director commented.

But Mr. Menser thinks on the whole that a good play is a good play on the air or elsewhere, a bad play a bad one anywhere. "All this talk about a new medium, and spiritual qualities is just a lot of hooey, if you ask me", the former dramatic director at Knox College, ejaculated.

On the other hand, Vernon Radcliffe, who directs NBC's Radio Guild, one of the best dramatic hours on the air, says, "In a word, we must almost have a certain Radio shorthand. We must have plays that can be reduced to that shorthand, which means plays that have a definite structure, like Pinner's and Fitch's dramas. Then we must have actors who can read, can interpret such a script, who are constituted and trained to read our Radio shorthand."

When Mr. Radcliffe chooses a

weekly vehicle for his broadcasts, he tries to select a play he says that has both the right dramatic calibre and Radio adaptability.

By the calibre of the play, Mr. Radcliffe says he means that it must have proved its worth at the time of its run, that its author must be well known, that the play must be of highly dramatic content, and that it must have an idea.

Mr. Radcliffe is not interested in plays
(Continued on page 106)



Don Clark, Columbia continuity chief, ponders over the merit of a script.



Keeping up
with the

March

of Time

By Fred
Smith

TWO years of writing and re-searching in the offices of *Time*; one year of broadcasting weekly electrical transcriptions of dramatized news events over a nationwide group of 110 Radio stations; three months of rehearsals and auditions in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System—these are some of the major actuating elements behind *The March of Time*.

Three years ago at WLW I arranged a daily broadcast of news events which included paragraphs from *Time*, *The Weekly Newsmagazine*. It occurred to me that other broadcasters also would be glad to present a professionally prepared daily news release. I submitted the idea in a letter to the publishers of *Time* and was subsequently asked to syndicate for them a daily news release, called "NewsCasting", to Radio stations. During the summer of 1928 I visited major stations in practically all states east of the Rockies and we began the release of NewsCasting the following September over a group of 34 stations. By the spring of 1929 we had 80 stations.

I THEN began to work on the idea of dramatizing major news events. Specimen scripts were submitted to the editors. Interested, but cautious, they decided that I should test out these novel dramatizations over a period of several weeks to determine if each week would provide sufficient news for dramatic interpretation to warrant the preparation and broadcast of a first-rate Radio program.

In December of 1929 we made our first electrical transcriptions of broadcasts along this line, sent them to a small group of 20 Radio stations as an experiment, and requested comment. The approval was unanimous. From that small initial group of 20 stations, the feature spread—under the revised title, "NewsActing"—to 110 leading United States stations—from Florida to Hawaii and Alaska and from Halifax to New Orleans.

In December of 1930 we approached the Columbia Broadcasting System and said that we might be interested in transferring and ex-

panding our 5-minute recorded feature into a half-hour chain program—if Columbia could prove to us that such a feature could be artistically and authentically presented. And Columbia's answer was: "We'll prove to you that it can be."

Then the CBS production department and Artist Bureau set to work with our

scripts, and Georgia Backus, Charlie Schenck and Harry Browne directed and presented the experimental shows to small—but critical!—audiences listening in audition rooms. One major audition was presented in the evening, "piped", by telephone lines, to the home of *Time* Vice President and General Manager Roy E. Larsen and there was listened



Illustrated by

Broadcasting the

SURROGATE FOLEY reserves decision on the application for sale of the *New York World*. Dynamic little Publisher Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, chafes at the delay. . . . The 2,867 *World* employees know that only a few of them can possibly find employment on the prospective *World-Telegram*. They band together in a last-minute desperate attempt to buy the *World* properties for themselves. The call sweeps through the *World* Building, out into the city to old employees, and to friendly bankers; to newspaper men in other cities throughout the country and throughout the world. Pledges mount to \$650,000. Surrogate Foley, touched by the deadly seriousness of the employees, again delays decision. (clatter of typewriters, chatter, etc.) In the City Room of the *World*, at 2 A.M., 200

nervous, tense employees—writers, artists, reporters, compositors, pressmen—are waiting for the Surrogate's final decision.

BARRETT: Here is a telegram from the *Houston Texas Chronicle*: ". . . a pledge to buy stock in the *New York World* if put under employees' ownership was circulated here this afternoon. \$500 was subscribed in ten minutes with much more in sight. We believe there are thousands of newspapermen all over the United States to whom the *World* has been the law and the prophets and who would pawn their last shirt to help keep the paper as a liberal-independent."

FIRST REPORTER: (rushing in) Any word yet from the Surrogate?

SECOND REPORTER: No. Expecting it any minute.

to by other executives and the *Time* staff.

At the end of three months of ceaseless work—constant molding and revision of the dramatic formula—the feature, under the title of *The March of Time*, was ready for the air. On the afternoon preceding the initial broadcast CBS presented *The March of Time*, by piping the program via telephone lines, to sta-

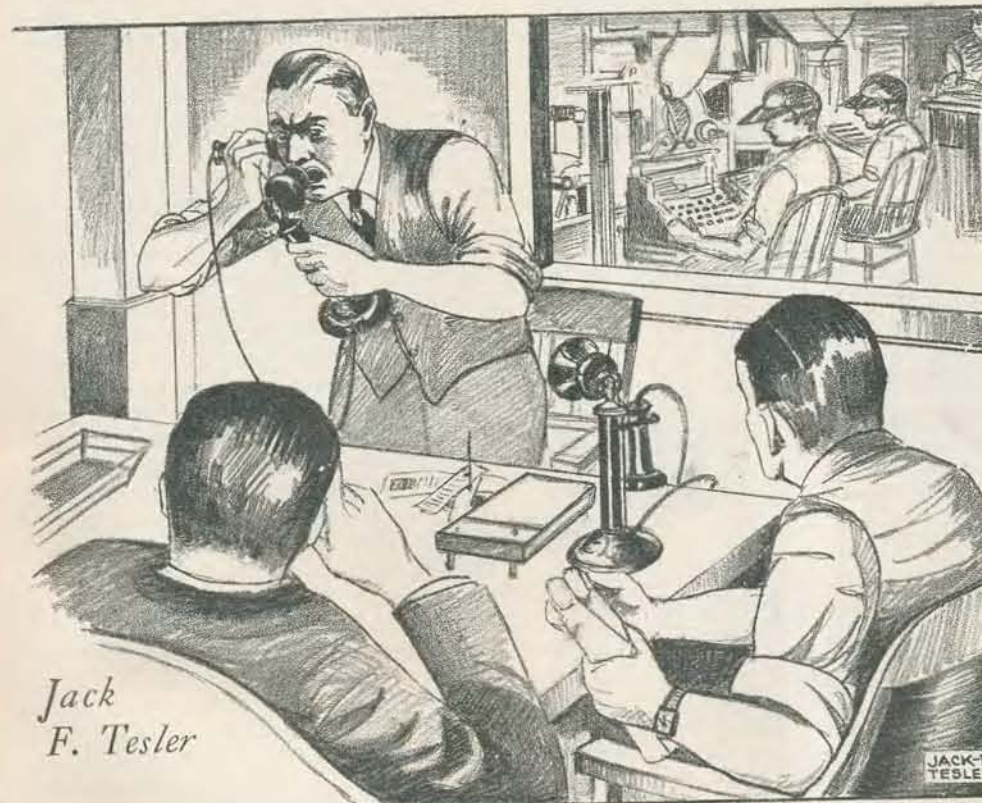
tions in the basic network where Radio editors had assembled to listen to that, the first nationwide Radio preview. In Columbia's New York WABC studios representatives from leading newspapers, The United Press, the Associated Press, the International News Service and the National Enterprise Association listened to the preview and then unanimously ac-

claimed the new Radio program to be revolutionary in its technique, amazing in its power to clarify and graphically portray the memorable events of current times.

In the meanwhile, *Time's* Radio account had gone to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and into the picture stepped efficient Arthur ("Son-of-famed-bandmaster Pryor") Pryor, Jr., who is manager of that agency's Radio department, with capable assistant James H. Wright. The exigencies of this complicated program were so intricate that Director Pryor elected himself to personally take charge of production, went after the 14-hours-per-week rehearsals with kinetic enthusiasm. Within a week, actors had become so interested in the fascinating quality of *The March of Time* that they said to Pryor: "Don't hesitate to call on us for extra rehearsals—this show deserves and must have extra rehearsals!"

PRYOR gathered in a nucleus of Radio's finest actors, supplemented them each week with a large variety of actors. Included among the regulars are Bill ("Collier's Uncle Henry") Adams, who impersonated in the inaugural program Mayor Thompson of Chicago and Speaker Longworth of Cincinnati so authentically and so differently that, in both instances, Radio audiences complimented *The March of Time* on its selection of voices so closely imitative of Mayor Thompson and Speaker Longworth. In the second *March of Time* program, Harry ("Show Boat") Browne played The Voice of Fate in the Vivian Gordon melodrama and followed immediately in the hilarious interpretation of Wilbur Glenn ("The World is Flat") Voliva.

Versatile also are regular *March of Time* actors Frank Reddick, Charles Slattery, Herschel Mayall, Pedro de Cordoba—whose "King Alfonso" was a sensation—and Alfred Shirley. Also Lucile ("Collier's Love Story Girl") Wall, who starred as the Spanish telephone operator in the program of March 20th. Announcer for the hour is famed Ted Husing—and *The March of Time* is the only program on which Husing does not sign off by announcing his own name.



Jack
F. Tesler

"End of the World"

FIRST REPORTER: How about the pledges? What do they total now?

SECOND REPORTER: Nearly a million, and I hear that a big banking house is willing to back us.

BARRETT: Here's another telegram, boys—from H. V. Kaltenborn. He pledges a thousand dollars to the fund.

THIRD REPORTER: Good for him!
BARRETT: And here's another. The Nashville Tennessean has raised \$200. But I'm afraid we're too late—

(Telephone rings) **SECOND REPORTER:** I'll get it, chief.

BARRETT: The decision!

SECOND REPORTER: (answering telephone) Yes, City Room.

ANOTHER REPORTER: (whispering to Barrett) Well, what do you think it is? Yes or

no?
SECOND REPORTER: (telephoning) All right—go ahead.

ANOTHER REPORTER: (whispering) It's the decision, all right. Look at Joe's face.

SECOND REPORTER: (telephoning) I have it—thanks.

ANOTHER REPORTER: Let's have it, Joe. What's the answer?

SECOND REPORTER: Sold to Scripps-Howard!

(Silence)

BARRETT: All right, boys. It's tough, but we're still newspapermen and we've just got time to get the decision into the last edition!

REPORTER: "Last edition" is right.

(Sound of presses comes up with a roar.)

For, in Ted's own words—"in this program I am just a Voice—the Voice of Time!"

Howard Barlow, musical director of the 23-piece symphonic orchestra which provides the musical atmosphere for *The March of Time*, says he has never seen his men—and all of them have been with him half-a-dozen Radio years—so interested in a program. As individuals they come from many European countries and naturally when a news drama from Roumania, or Russia, Germany or Italy is being enacted, Howard's Roumanian, Russian, German or Italian musicians jump out on the edges of their chairs. Barlow himself, scoring special music for *The March of Time*, frequently sits up until two o'clock in the morning, writing musical atmosphere to surround colorful news dramas.

We who prepare the script work at research and writing seven days a week—and often far into the night. It is frequently necessary to search through histories, encyclopædias and special reference books to discover a single pertinent fact necessary to the clear exposition of a particular news drama or scene. Sometimes we must telegraph or cable our representatives in isolated or far distant spots of the country or world to obtain more complete details of a story we wish to dramatize and to get exact information concerning kind and quality of voices.

Sometimes the news story itself is so replete with dramatic moments that we must select only one or two episodes out of six or eight in the actual story. Such was the case with the passing of the *New York World*. That story ran in the newspapers for a week or more, was continually exciting, constantly dramatic. Eventually we selected for dramatic exposition the court scene where Herbert Pulitzer explains to the judge why the paper must be sold; and the 2 A. M. scene in the old *World* offices when 200 employes, who had been campaigning for three days to raise sufficient money to purchase the *World*, learn that the paper has been sold to the Scripps-Howard interests.

At the other end of the scale, where the news story is very short but contains valuable dramatic elements, we build up the dramatization from the actual brief but significant news story. Such was the case with the story of King Carol of Roumania who visited a Bucharest police station, found the jailer third-degreed a petty criminal by stringing him up by his thumbs, ordered the prisoner liberated and the cruel jailer dismissed.

In all cases, the advice and cooperation of the magazine's highly specialized staff of writers is invaluable in bringing the half-hour production to the state where it becomes a well rounded and precisely balanced program. Active ad-



Fred Smith, producer and author of the "March of Time" broadcasts.

visor on script and production is Vice President Roy E. Larsen. In reality, behind *The March of Time* are the personalities behind *Time*, the News-magazine. They contribute ideas, counsel and enthusiasm for this new kind of news-reporting: Henry R. Luce, president; Managing Editor John S. Martin; Foreign Editor Laird S. Goldsborough; National Affairs Editor John Shaw Billings; Music Editor Elizabeth Armstrong; Mary Fraser, head of research; Managing Editor of *Fortune*, Parker Lloyd-Smith. Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, intensely interested in the success of the program, contribute much editorial and production advice of great value through Vice Presidents Roy S. Durstine and Paul Hollister.

AS a result of this concentrated flow of ideas and interpretations from many sources, the program finally goes out on the air and into the homes of America's millions as free from bias and prejudice as *Time* itself. Never can we tell a week in advance what stories will be ours to dramatize. In a large

sense, the author of this production is—Destiny! Back of all the personal artistry expended upon each week's performance, a greater than any human hand is writing the stories and dramas which finally make their way into *The March of Time*.

* * *

ONE of these days some great philanthropist will post a worth-while prize for the person who creates a new kind of program that will add new zest to Radio listening. We have had Amos and Andy with their program which stands out in Radio like Charlie Chaplin in the movies, and we have had the Atwater Kent, and Vivian Ware Murder Trial and other outstanding events. With the presentation of *The March of Time* by a contemporary magazine RADIO DIGEST believes a new and bold idea has been brilliantly developed to mark a new epoch in broadcasting.

Mr. Fred Smith, managing editor of *The March of Time*, has at various times been an active contributor to RADIO DIGEST. He has been a pioneer of new ideas. When Bob Casey wrote the serial story *Step on the Stair* for RADIO DIGEST five years ago, Mr. Smith was asked to dramatize the story for broadcasting. He was at that time director of the Crosley station, WLW, at Cincinnati. Sixteen of the most powerful stations in the United States then presented the *Step on the Stair* in weekly episodes from coast to coast. So popular and unusual was this program that several of these stations have repeated the series two and three times.

Later Mr. Smith took a hand in producing the notable Majestic program, featuring Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. He worked out novel sound effects to illustrate highlights in the program. Realism is Fred's middle name.

These experiences have gradually led up to this last grand departure—*The March of Time*. To him the conception is not new but only the realization and crystallizing of an idea that has long been in process of evolution from a fundamental thought. *The March of Time* is the ultimate product of a carefully worked out laboratory experiment.

We would vote to award Mr. Fred Smith the season's Gold Medal for distinctive achievement in the presentation of an outstanding Radio program.

—Editor.

* * *

NEXT MONTH. Readers of RADIO DIGEST will learn something about an evolution in broadcasting from Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth. It is an article especially written for this magazine by the president of the National Broadcasting Company. Be sure to read it.

Broadcaster Oil

Our Columnist Greases the Skids—Slides out a few Pearls of Great Tripe and some True Defective Stories

By Ray Perkins

WHEN you buy a magazine entitled RADIO DIGEST, I suppose it's reasonably fair to assume that you expect to get printed matter having something or whatsoever to do with Radio. The circulation department of this handbook of microphonetics claims for its readers an overwhelming interest in Etheriana. I have therefore been coaxed and wheedled by the Editor into a promise, lightly given withal, not to go fluttering off into such subjects as true defective stories or the love life of the herring.

Well. If you want to be considered an intellectual heavyweight on the subject of Radio, there are three noncopyrighted pearls of wisdom you can scatter hither and thither. Pearls of great tripe. They should be said the while you cock your head on one side and squint one eye ever so slightly dill-pickle fashion, a gesticulatory combination derived from the Movies denoting deepness of thought. These three cover-alls are: (a) "Radio is still in its infancy"; (b) "We have hardly scratched the surface"; and (c) "Television is just around the corner."

PUT them all together and they spell horsefeathers.

The trouble with Radio today is that there isn't anybody who knows what's the trouble with Radio today. Except I. (Don't crowd, I will not be bullied.) The secret is too many songs of the I-Love-You school. They're making the good old microphone sticky as a wet lollipop. That's why we have a new wealthy class in the country today—millionaire megaphone manufacturers. A lot of singers have to use megaphones so the songs won't spill all over them and get their clothes gooey. Unquestionably the present overproduction crisis in the sugar industry can largely

be traced to the vogue of Sweetness in Song.

My old friend Lew Conrad, the verse and chorus man, has such sweetness of tone, that he rarely takes sugar in his coffee, contenting himself with singing a few bars of *Just a Gigolo* into his cup. It's non-fattening too. I know a crooner whose voice is so sweet that I'm laying odds that by summer time it will draw

flies. He'll have to have an assistant standing by the microphone with a Flit gun.

Problems like that do not bother me. My voice fortunately is just a teenyweeney bit sour and I aim to keep it that way. No megaphones for this little man. I wouldn't even use a funnel.

Another difficulty we are experiencing at the studios these days is the matter of

mixed quartettes. A mixed quartette is a very delicate thing to handle. They say the best thing to do is put a barrel under its stomach and roll it back and forth. If that doesn't work you should send for the fire department or a visiting nurse.

I remember in my student days at dear old Milkstool University we had a mixed quartette of six chemistry students. And you know how chemicals mix. Well, the annual spring concert always came the night following the big ring-around-rosie contest between dear old Milkstool and the State College of Taxidermy, even on years when the contest was cancelled. Incidentally we usually licked the stuffing out of the taxidermists.



It's hard to snap Ray Perkins because he's always wiggling his ears, but this piano is so grand he doesn't dare.

WELL, one time just as the quartette was bracing itself for their second number, one of the singers—(I think it was the second tenor, or no, I guess it was the assistant cashier)—came down to the footlights and said "Is there a Doctor in the Audience?" Well it seems that old Doc Hairoil had been sitting in a box, so that his good ear was nearest the stage, which allowed him to hear the first number. So the Doc stood up and said "Yes, there's a doctor in this audience but from now on there's no audience in this doctor"; and with that he got up and left the hall on his good ear.

But getting back to some—
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Illustrating the method used by the Radio cruisers. One car strives to intercept and block escape, another will follow and corner the bandits. The big yellow Chicago police car on the right is manned by Sergt. Burbach and Officers Will, Chap and Kelsey.



Especially posed for RADIO DIGEST by NBC Actors Peter Dixon and Aline Berry. Harold Stein, Photographer.

Three Police Commissioners Reveal How Radio is Cutting the Cost of Prosecution and Preventing Crime

A DARK, cavernous alley behind a bank in the Highland section of Detroit. An hour after the last homeward-bound talkie fan has turned in. No moon, so Police Radio Cruiser No. 8 slides unseen into the black alley.

Four armed patrolmen jump out of the car even before it stops, guns drawn, ready for action. Two race to the rear of the bank. Two run for another throbbing car parked in front of the bank. No lights on this big car either, but its powerful motor is panting, ready to go.

Then Police Cruiser No. 10 races up from the opposite direction at forty miles an hour. Brakes squeak. A give-away.

Action! From out the shadows before the bank darts a watcher, who jumps into the driver's seat of the suspect car. A raucous horn—the signal—and the bank's door opens.

Satchels are flung into the get-away car, and two dark figures follow, leaping into the tonneau. They are off with a grinding of gears.

"Stop, or we'll shoot!" A yell from the occupants of Cruiser No. 10. But the big car zooms on. Then, aid from the alley! Car No. 8, first on the scene, is back on the job again. It is out of its hiding place, the crew of four picked patrolmen on the running board, shooting as they go.

Bullets go wild, ricocheting from neighboring houses. It looks as if this will be one more getaway in Detroit. Then . . . flash! An explosion louder than that any pistol could make. A tire is pierced. Into the curb jumps the big car, completely out of control.

Pistols in hand, Detroit's Radio cruiser police close in to capture three desperate men. One is severely wounded, one is bleeding from slight wounds, but the third surrenders and then turns to his captor with a slightly dazed look, "How the hell did you get here?"

Yes, how had the police gotten to the scene so quickly? Before the robbery was perpetrated, before the loot had been disposed of, the robbers were "caught in the act."



Detroit Commissioner of Police, Thomas C. Wilcox

Caught in the Act!

Experienced bank thieves, the three had been careful not to set off any alarms. Their acetylene torch worked noiselessly. But they had made the error of leaving their getaway car parked at the curb with a purring motor in a neighborhood where all good householders have garages. Edward Hight, an astute young man returning home on foot, had noticed it.

HE KNEW the building was a bank. Racing home, he phoned police headquarters. In fifteen seconds Police Station WCK was on the air. The dispatcher announced, "Cruiser No. 8, go to 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected. Cruiser No. 8, go to 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected." And then, "Cruiser No. 10, go to reenforce No. 8 at 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected."

Riding around in their precincts in the neighborhood, the Radio patrolmen heard their instructions via the loud speaker placed over their heads. Instantly they were on the go. They caught the robbers red-handed. No time to establish alibis was given. There was no opportunity to dispose of incriminating loot.



Courtesy Western Electric Co.

The three criminals were sentenced. No clever criminal lawyer could find an out for them.

This is an actual case report of an arrest by the squad of Cruiser No. 8 of the Detroit Police. It is just one example of the many frustrations of hold-ups and criminal acts which have been brought about by the operation of the new Radio police system which makes the law "Johnny-on-the-spot" everywhere this device is installed.

In Detroit, pioneer city in this able method of giving wings to the law, Commissioner Thomas C. Wilcox reports a yearly decrease in the number of crimes committed. Total homicides, armed robberies and cars stolen in 1929 were 11,284, but in 1930, when Detroit's Radio cruiser force was increased in size, but 8,138 of these crimes had been committed, a decrease of 28 per cent.

Criminals are staying away from Detroit, but they are fast finding it difficult to locate in many of the other large cities. Chicago has tired of acting as the butt for all gangster jokes and has installed the largest police Radio system in the country; Washington, D. C.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; Pittsburgh, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio, in the

east are operating police Radio stations. Following the trail west and south we find Louisville, Ky., Atlanta, Ga., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Pasadena and Tulare, Cal. State police in Pennsylvania and Michigan have State-wide patrols. Every day the Federal Radio Commission is presented with new applications from wise city officials who are anxious to use this new, modern method of crime detection. Many of the cities mentioned have had Radio patrols for so short a time that the police, ever cautious in publicizing, are wary in giving figures and divulging methods of operation, but our correspondents all over the country, who have seen the systems in operation, report amazing progress.

LET'S pay a visit to one of the police Radio stations and take the wheels apart . . . see how it works. The Federal Radio Commission authorizes the use of short wave transmitters to broadcast "emergency communications from central police headquarters to squad cars or other mobile units." So unless you have a special short wave set you can't hear squad

By Janet
A. Dublon

Trapping Criminals Red-handed by Fleet Johnny-on-the-spot Police Cars, equipped with Radio Receivers

instructions on your receiver, which is tuned only for the longer wavelengths. Give up the idea of getting your vicarious thrills that way, for you'll have to drop in on one of the Radio stations with us.

Here, in any of the wide-awake cities mentioned, you'll find a switchboard where incoming calls for help are received. In Chicago, with its squad of 100 cars, you'll find ten men on deck at telephone number "Police 1313," pencils poised, ears alert to catch names, addresses, details. In smaller cities, like Tulare, Cal., with its two patrol cars, one man can handle all the incoming pleas for assistance. But the system is the same. On the instant the telephoned details are down in writing, the man at the broadcasting set is handed the information slip. With amazing rapidity, he barks into the microphone on the desk before him,



Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Commissioner of Police

"Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." His announcing must be crisp, clear and couched so that there is no possibility of misunderstanding.

Simple, isn't it? And the method of receiving is just as easy to understand. A car has been equipped with a special short-wave receiver tuned in on the Police Broadcasting Station. A squad of four or five husky policemen with a sergeant or other officer in charge, hops in. They proceed to their "beat" and cruise around the streets waiting for a call, and watching, too, for unreported violations and stolen cars. Suddenly the loud speaker over their heads inside the tonneau roof speaks. "Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." The police car siren goes into action. A path is cleared, for every motorist knows enough to get out of the way of this screeching speed demon. The squad arrives while the hold-up is still in progress, arrests the surprised criminals and the good citizen who has seen it from some window or doorway, has the satisfaction of knowing that his telephoned report prevented a robbery.

With the old system of police on foot reporting to patrol boxes every half hour, it might have been more than thirty minutes before one lone policeman could receive a report and hurry, unaided, to the spot. In the meantime, bandits have escaped and the hysterical victim may even be unable to describe them. Everywhere in the country criminals have become more and more audacious. They have taken advantage of every advance of science and every method of increasing the speed of escape.

Machine guns have been called into play, new methods of opening hitherto uncrackable safes have been devised, tear gas and other chemicals have been used, and last and most important, increasingly speedy cars have been used for get-aways. Police were badly handicapped by these high-powered cars. Many times before a report of crime was relayed to its patrols, the crooks were miles away from the scene on the open road. But now, with police on the air instantaneously, escape is becoming increasingly

more difficult. In Detroit, where the system has been polished to utmost precision, it takes only fifteen seconds for a report to go on the air, and one of the 100 cruisers reaches the spot in an average of ninety seconds. One hundred and five seconds doesn't offer much opportunity for a getaway, does it?

But let ex-commissioner Rutledge, originator of the idea for Radio equipment for Detroit cars, tell the story in



John R. MacDonald, Chief of Police, whose progressive methods in small Tulare, Cal., might set the pace for many a metropolis.

his own words. "Snaring criminals in a Radio network, woven by broadcasting to Radio-equipped cars, has become a matter of seconds," declared Mr. Rutledge in an interview with one of our correspondents.

"Seconds are precious to the law-breaker. They spell the difference between escape and capture. The wider the margin of time, the better his chances to escape. By the use of Radio the Detroit police department has pared this margin to a minimum, and they are catching the criminal red-handed. And too, Radio is cutting down the cost of law enforcement. One hundred fifty men on duty in Radio cars are equal to at least 400 men on foot."

But there's a funny side to this police Radio tale as well as the serious side.

A Radio cruiser in Detroit captures two fleeing bandits with their loot.

Originally police Radio sets were ordinary receivers, and they could be tuned in on any station. Many a squad call was unnoted because the police were too busy listening to Amos 'n' Andy to tune in on the police headquarters! But there's no temptation to stray from duty now, because the new sets are permanently and unchangeably tuned in on the police wave length.

Then, too, originally police reports were broadcast over the regular broadcasting channels through some co-operating stations. In 1929 Chicago operated by that method with WGN functioning as intermediary. A woman saw burglars looting an apartment across the way, under her very nose. She phoned a report to police headquarters. The police called WGN which stopped its entertainment. Clang! Clang! "Squads Attention!" barked Quinn Ryan who then directed certain squad cruisers to speed to the scene. But when they arrived the birds had flown. In the looted apartment a Radio was going merrily, and on the table was this note, "Thanks for the tip-off."

But that, too, doesn't happen today, because police have their own short-wave lengths now. However, they are making use of the entertainment-broadcasting stations, too, in the unique field of crime prevention.

Arthur B. Reeve, author of the Craig Kennedy detective stories, was one of the first to see the value of Radio as a crime deterrent. He conceived the idea of a "Crime Prevention series" and brought about its production over the National Broadcasting Company chain. And Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Police Commissioner, in addition to maintaining a police station for broadcasts to police cars, presents a weekly "crime-logue" over Station WGR of the Buffalo Broadcasting Company.

Many a reader of this story will remember having heard these stirring police dramas from Buffalo. The unique feature is that they are based on fact. Cases are taken from police records and dramatized by Herbert Rice of the broadcasting station. And the able dramatic staff of the station is assisted

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The Royal Maestro

King Paul



Paul Whiteman, dapper and smiling, as ever

*Whiteman is growing Thinner!
Two Chins remain firm of his
famous Trio. But he's Losing
none of his Mastery of Jazz*

By Ann Steward

DOES Paul Whiteman deserve the title he wears so gracefully—the King of Jazz? Is he in reality the king—or is he the figure head letting some one else do the work for which Whiteman gets the glory?

Both of these are legitimate questions, often asked, and why not? Our only opportunity to see Whiteman has been on the concert or vaudeville stage or in his recent picture, *The King Of Jazz*. We have never seen him as he is—minus his stage manner—minus his glamorous setting we all know so well.

But at last there comes a night when we are privileged to see the real Whiteman—the Whiteman devoid of all pretense—the Paul Whiteman who is not the King of Jazz, but rather the business man, the brains of a world famous organization. He is to be found in a Chicago night club. We go hopefully because we understand that here is to be found a new and an impressive light on the great maestro.

As we enter the cafe we are reminded that it was in this place that a now famous band made its start to stardom and New York. But what a changed night club it is now. There are two rooms, one large, for the guests and one small, used for the Whiteman broadcasts and where only the privileged may enter. We stand at the entrance of the larger, newer room where lanterns bearing the face—the familiar, caricatured face—of Paul Whiteman light the way for the dancers.

The band is playing. As we near the stand we see the greatest of all living maestros—Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz. He is not smiling.

He is listening to his band and his rhythm-conscious hands are beating time at his sides. The number is smooth and new. The dancers crowd by in a great merry group. They stop a moment beside Whiteman, almost near enough to touch him, and undoubtedly they thrill at the proximity, for after all, it is not every one who can boast that they might have touched Whiteman had they wished. That is enough description of what meets our glances when we first enter Paul Whiteman's night life.

THE band plays on smoothly, grandly, majestically. One that didn't take the time to analyze it might say, he has a very good orchestra—he must have, for is he not Paul Whiteman? But one who knows would say—he has power, he has finesse he has rhythm, he has melody. It all goes to make a perfect band that cannot be described in colorless words. It is like a great ship steered by the firm hand of one lone man. There is a feeling of mightiness there, whether one wishes to admit it or not. He has well earned the title of King, Paul Whiteman.

And then of a sudden the music stops. The crowd claps and whistles because this is college night at the cafe. Whiteman bows and smiles. His men bow and smile. They leave the stand and go into the next room, the broadcasting room. It is time for the evening broadcast of Paul Whiteman's Paint Men over an NBC

chain. The men take their places solemnly, some of them smiling quietly. Whiteman says something audible only to his men. They laugh out loud and make fun of one another. They relax.

Paul, the great, moves a mike, moves a chair, talks to the boys, looks at a sheet of paper, he holds in his hand and then steps to the front of his orchestra. "Let's go over that tune again, boys." An upraised right hand. A sudden hush falls over the room. It is only practice but it might well be a finished performance. The hand descends and softly come the full notes of a bass clarinet.

The song rises, swells, pauses for a vocal chorus and flows on to fade and end abruptly in an unruffled silence. It was only a commonplace dance number, but Paul Whiteman had glorified it and made it as beautiful as one of the popular classics.

A TELEPHONE bell rings. It is time for the broadcast and Whiteman raises a plump finger to his lips. Then his hand goes into the air, three fingers upheld. One finger comes down. The second follows. The third finger falls and the hand swings down in a graceful motion. The *Rhapsody in Blue* comes out of a pregnant silence and the half hour show is on.

The Whiteman we now see in front of his orchestra is not the Whiteman the

public knows. His face is stern and set. His eyes are fixed straight ahead of him in deepest concentration. His body sways to the music but there is no comedy in it now. This is grim, hard, earnest work by one of the greatest living artists. Suddenly he turns and hurries into another room where a receiving set is turned on. He listens to see if his band is coming through properly, then he is back again. The program continues on.

Some one whispers—makes a sound in the audience. Whiteman turns and frowns slightly, his hand still swaying in motion, guiding the rhythm of his music. The whispering has stopped. He is nervous, this King of Jazz. He doesn't want talking and whispering in his private place of business. The cafe out there in the other room is the place to go if one would be social.

IT IS time for a solo. A youngster scarcely out of his teens steps up to the microphone. Whiteman grins and tweaks the boy's ear as he passes. It is a moment of kindness, of relaxation. The boy begins to sing.

Whiteman watches him, beckons a trumpeter forward, a saxophonist back. The solo has stopped and Paul is again waiting for the signal. The air in the room is motionless. The silence is tense and drawn. We are tempted to scream just to relieve the awful lack of sound. The signal comes. Down goes the hand. We are saved from making a severe mistake.

A chair must be moved. Whiteman moves it. A music stand must be put to one side. Whiteman puts it there. He acts as stage hand in between his periods of leading his band. He waves to a friend and smiles. He goes across the floor to speak to some one. He makes no sound. The round, chubby man is incredibly light on his feet. He, as well as all of his men, is a shadow. Their music is the only tangible thing in the room, that and the breathless silences in between. Not a sound, a cough, a sneeze—nothing but music. Whiteman is on the air.

AND at last the broadcast is over. We go back to the main cafe and the band goes directly to the stand and begins to play a dance tune. After that comes a concert, solo numbers, the whole *Rhapsody in Blue*, *When Day is Done*—the Whiteman repertoire.

We look at the leader. He has changed somehow. He is thinner—much thinner than the man we knew as the King of Jazz in the talking picture. True, Paul has traces of the three magical chins, the same tiny black wings on his upper lip. But is it Whiteman? He smiles, he chuckles, he laughs quite frankly—and then we know it is Whiteman, a thinner Whiteman, it is true, but a merry, dapper man who is just shaking off the

spell of the hardest part of his daily work—his period of broadcast.

He is on and off the stage where the band is. He sways with the music whether he is leading or listening. He talks to an acquaintance. He listens to the music from every corner of the room. It must all be perfect. He darts back with a friendly pat on the head for one of his saxophonists. His funsters make a great deal of merry. Some of his performers go through a floor show. And at two o'clock Whiteman and his band are still on the stand, still entertaining, still working. Their last period of rest came at a quarter of twelve, two hours and fifteen minutes before. It reminds one of a marathon and when they do stop finally, the crowd lets out a mighty cry, "More!" But there is no more for the present.

One more dance and then Whiteman and his orchestra are through for the night. The crowd does not disperse immediately. They gather around and eat a little or else talk to some one in the band. They wander out slowly—a little loath to leave the place where they spent those happy, intimate hours with Paul Whiteman. And then too, the King of Jazz has not yet left. He sits in a chair and looks at the people around him. He talks just a little to your writer. "I have a bad 'code id da dose.'" His upper lip crinkles in a characteristic smile. His eyes dance merrily. "But I feel all right now." He laughs to prove it. "You don't want to ask me anything? Very well, but I'll answer anything you want me to, providing, of course—" and he walks off chuckling to himself. We suspect him of being just a bit weary.

IN a moment he is back again. "Let's go home. I've had an awful day. Let's go." We get ready to go. We stop and look at pictures in the lobby. We chat, and then finally your writer screws up enough courage to ask just one question—"When will you give up your work, Mr. Whiteman?"

"Stop leading my orchestra? Oh, my goodness, you can't expect me to answer that. I'll never stop as far as I know. Sousa's still going and he's only seventy some. I have a lot of time to keep going. When will I stop? Never, I hope."

And when I asked a close friend of Mr. Whiteman's the same question, he replied, "Whiteman will never voluntarily give up his band and his work. I am convinced that when the end comes for Whiteman it will surprise him in his boots with a baton in his hand."

So much for the evening with Paul Whiteman. It was interesting, awe inspiring and happy. We heard the Whiteman concert, we heard the broadcast from its source and we danced to the Whiteman band. Could humans ask more? But, in addition, we found out

some things about this mighty character that his followers would undoubtedly like to know. One little instance that shows just how big a really big man may be.

Whiteman recently gave a free concert at one of the Universities in Chicago. He wanted to be charitable in the name of musical education. And everyone knows that he was just that. He played his concert in the name of charity to a crowded hall at the University when he might have charged and collected six dollars for each seat in the house. It was just one of the numerous gestures, one more generous gift to music lovers and those who would like to know more about music.

PEOPLE ask, "Who wouldn't want to go with Whiteman's band?" Truth to tell, there are plenty of musicians who could not and would not stand the gaff for more than a week. Before a man joins Whiteman's staff he is asked two questions by the maestro himself: "What pay do you want?" and "How many hours a day are you willing to work?" Whiteman never tells a man how much he will pay him. The musician states the price at which he will automatically become a happy man. If it is too steep for Whiteman he will not pay it, nor will he take the man at a lower price. "I want you to be happy with me. If I pay you less you won't be happy." If the price is all right, Whiteman says, "You'll probably work twenty hours some days, my boy. You may get very little consecutive sleep for weeks. Do you want the job bad enough to go into it and stick?" Whiteman never forces a man. If he wants them to come with him and they are willing, they must be perfectly happy in the bargain or they are lost as far as Whiteman is concerned.

AND speaking of the twenty hour a day schedule, that is not the exaggeration it seems. Of course, not all days are that long. But there are times when Whiteman knows his band needs practice, and when they need it they get it. For a local broadcast alone, he sometimes practices for hours. Often after the cafe is closed, Whiteman and his orchestra stay until six or even eight in the morning, working. I said Whiteman and his band. That means that every hour that the band works, Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz is working also, working for each man in his band, holding each one in his power, his power of leader over many units.

That is all your writer can tell you. To see for yourself is to feel the mightiness of Whiteman. He is not merely an orchestra leader, an artist or a celebrity. He is the man who is responsible for our modern music. He is the man who is back of compositions such as his theme

(Continued on page 100)



"THE find of a decade," chorused New York critics after her recent appearance in Metropolitan opera. "Mikes a million dollars," said the man in NBC control room when she made her Radio debut. She's a French coloratura. U-mm, let's see, ten years back—? She's booked CBS now. Think of Spanish lace and pearls—and EYES—when you hear her!

Lily Pons



Margery Maxwell

"FIND of a lifetime," say we of Miss Maxwell, coloratura of the Chicago Ravinia opera. She began in a church choir, studied under Daddi in the City-by-the-Lake, made her debut in opera with Galli-Curci at 19. She has appeared in concerts from coast-to-coast, and is now sponsored on one of the Swift programs over NBC. Her hobby—singing for the Off-the-Street Club urchins of Chicago.

Alma Ashcraft

CRINOLINE GIRL of WCKY—typical Kentucky beauty, in a state famous for beautiful women, fine horses and other excitement. She goes crinoline because of the sweet sentimental songs she sings that were popular in the Victorian era. "In the gloaming, Oh my darling."



Paul Whiteman

BIG Glorified Jazz and Paintman from Chicago—at least for the present. And that's Niles Trammell with his eye on Paul's pen. Mr. Trammell is V. P. of the Chicago branch of the NBC and Paul has a five year contract with artist's bureau before him. Will he sign it? Will Whiteman's band ever play Rhapsody in Blue? Don't be silly. (See story in this issue.)



Ginger Rogers (left)

Lorna Fantin

SHE'S got your number, Ginger. Both are Columbia artists. Miss Fantin is famous numerologist and calculates your destiny according to the letters in your name. Ginger walked in on her and wouldn't you love to know what she made out of the name "G-i-n-g-e-r R-o-g-e-r-s"? Must be good because everybody knows Ginger took her audiences by storm from the day she entered a Texas Charleston contest.



Ted Maxwell (left) Charlie Marshall

JUST a coupla hard-working Vermont Lumberjacks gone West. That is, they do their vocalizing in the San Francisco NBC studios. How their backs must ache! Look at that big pile of sawdust under the log where they struck a knot! No joke fiddling logs all day. Guitars are better. Sound your A, Ted, and spare that tree!



Jolly Bill and Jane

"SURE," says Jolly Bill (Mc) Steinke, "'tis a foine time, Jane, for the two of us to be takin' flight over the Emerald Isle." Little (Nora) Jane Harbater gazed up wistfully. "Oh Jolly Bill, I'd be so plazed ef you would." And whizst—away they wint in their magical airship dressed in their very best. You must have heard them on their NBC Cream of Wheat program.



Grand Duchess Marie

SUZERAIN of Style. Grand Duchess Marie left her European Duchy and palaces to broadcast to American housewives through the Columbia system the last decree in fashions for dress. She is regarded as one of the world's highest authorities in this realm. And plaids, my deah, are quite the mode.

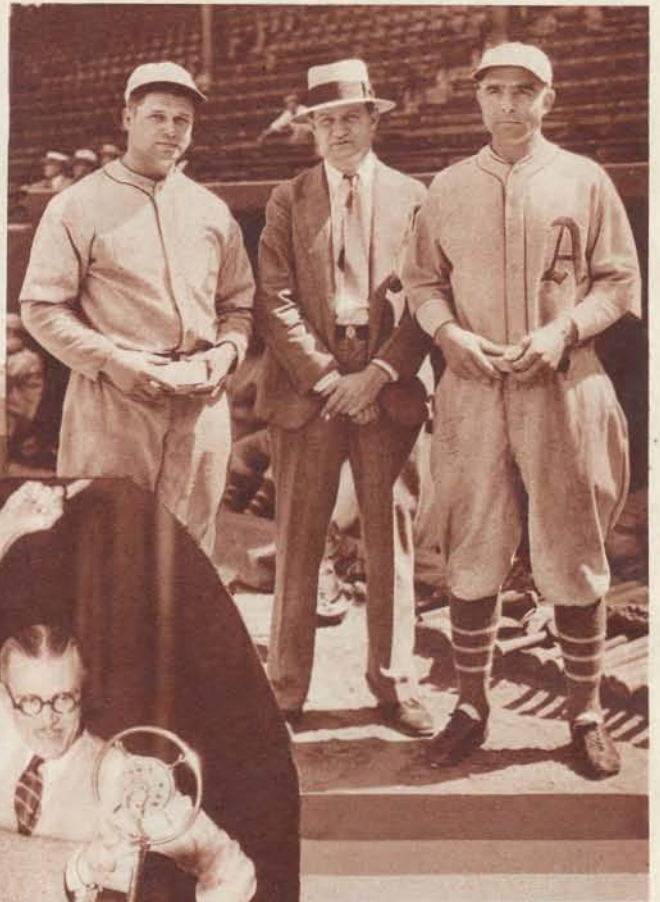


PRINCESS CHARMING, Good News—Strike Up the Band —ta-taTA-ta! That's Dorothea all over. She's a sparkling bit of femininity in all of these great musical shows. Yeah, and she's been in motion pictures ever since she wore pigtails (if any). She gave the Radio listeners a treat in the CBS Radio Roundup.

Dorothea James

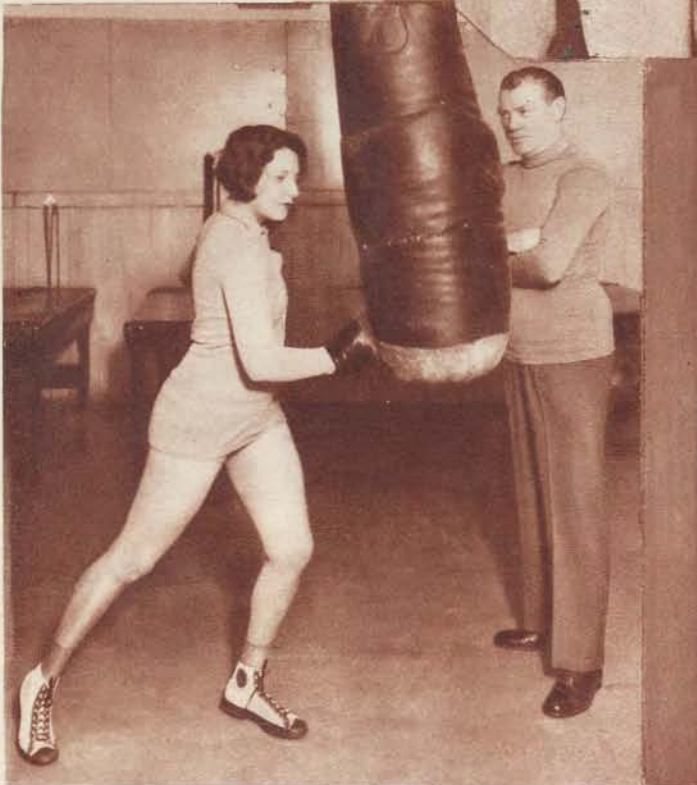
Batter Up!

DIAMONDS are trumps and the American sporting world is in the pitcher's hands for another thrilling season of baseball. Where will these two famous stars be when the 1931 pennant is in the balance? France Laux of KMOX (center), introducing Jimmy Foxx (left) and Bing Miller of the champion A's to St. Louis audience.



Mickey Walker

WHEN Mick meets Mike it's a round of interesting ring chatter; at least so thought the fans listening in while Mickey Walker was interviewed by Don Hix at WFBR, Baltimore. Don jabbed questions right and left until Mickey hauled off and tucked Mike a sock on the ol' push button.

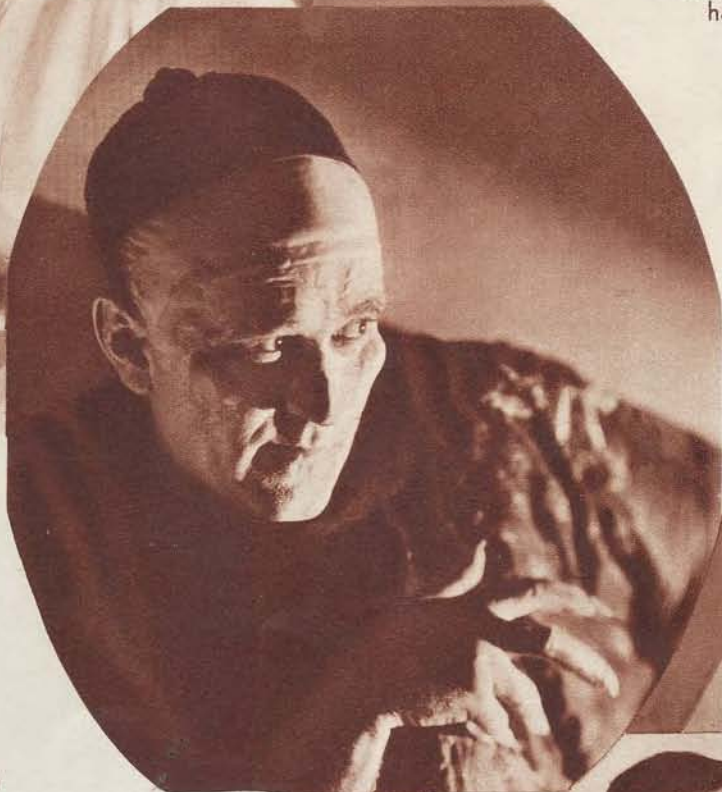
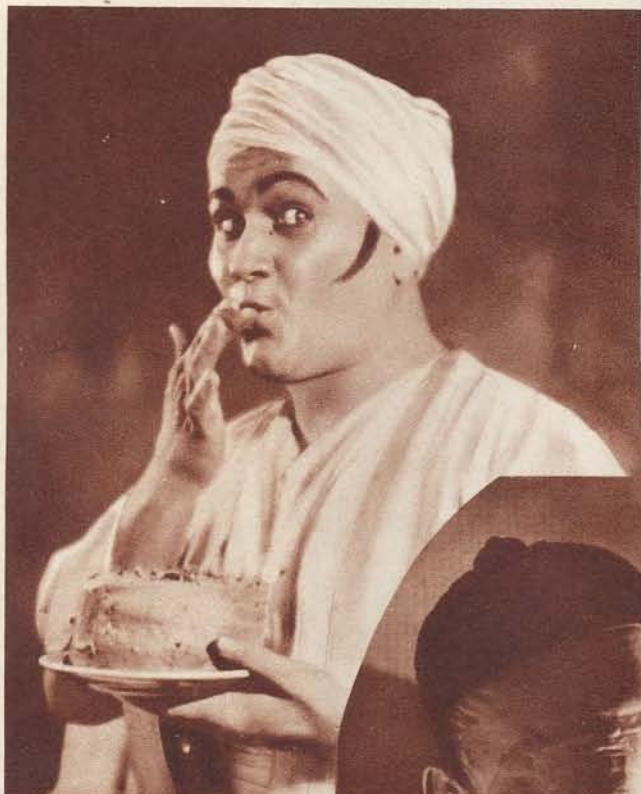


Rosaline Greene

IT'S tough to be a punching bag when Rosaline gets down to action. But a girl who goes in for Radio dramatics as she goes on the NBC New York staff must keep in trim—and boy what a wallop she carries in that left! Miss Greene is an all around athlete. Uppen atum, Rosaline!

Mario Chamlee

HE takes the cake and well, you know, this is the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera in his character as Marcuf. It was the character that made him supreme in his success. Radio listeners heard him during the Swift Garden Hour. Alas, Marcuf, 'tis said you cannot eat your cake and have it too. (On NBC.)



Parker Wilson

"HEE he he he ha ha h-rrr!" You have heard that terrible mysterious laugh of Yu 'An Hee See during the broadcast of the Collier Hour on Sunday nights. Here is the villain who does it. It's one of Sax Rohmer's most weird characters. Pardon, Yu, a good manicure would do you good.

Richard Crooks

FROM palette to palate Mr. Crooks applies his art, inasmuch as a palate functions in the control of a voice that is said to most nearly rival that of the late Caruso. Mr. Crooks is famous in opera and concert. He was recently guest artist on the NBC network on a program heard from coast to coast.





Marion Marchante

WHEN lights are low and you have 570 kc on the dial it may happen you will be listening to this charming damosel, for Marion is one of the sweet voices you hear during the Shubert programs at WMCA, New York. She is usually identified with one of the current musical shows. Marion, please, step up here to the mike and—that's a good girl.



FOR nice look-see-hear you gotta have a nice look-see-hear girl and that's why Columbia began look-seeing around for a perfect type for their new television experiments. Hundreds of girls were given photo tests before Natalie was chosen. She is on record as the first artist selected by a national chain especially for television.

Natalie Towers



Irene Dunne

ONE by one the great stars of the sound pictures are becoming more closely identified with Radio. And here is the lovely Irene Dunne in her famous character of Sabra of the Radio Keith Orpheum picture, Cimarron. Radio folk attended a large reception in her honor at the Sherry-Netherland. You hear her on the NBC-RKO broadcast features.

G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

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

in professional life, Mary Kennedy, an actress and also a playwright of distinction. * * * They have a very interesting little daughter, who calls her parents "Deems" and "Mary." * * * A friend recently asked the child what she wanted to be when she grew up. * * * "Oh, I want to be a writer like Mary," she said. * * * "Well, what are you going to be before you grow up?" the visitor inquired. * * * "Oh," she replied, "I—I—guess I'll be just a musician like Deems." * * *

And speaking of opera suggests that Radio's Easter gift to opera lovers is Madame Pons, of the Metropolitan. * * * Zanitella, the tenor, and his wife, Marie

Gay, heard her in a provincial theatre in Europe and two years ago sent her all the way to America for an audition with Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House. * * * Gatti sent her back to Italy for another year. * * * She returned to New York last fall unheralded and almost unknown. * * * But one Saturday afternoon last January, she made her debut in "Lucia," and was immediately a blazing, breath-taking success. * * *

AND strangely enough, this wonderful lady, Lily Pons, is a singularly naive person. * * * The morning of her debut, she was serene and utterly unconcerned. * * * She strolled down Broadway, bought two dresses and walked home to Washington Heights (which incidentally is some walk). "I don't see why everybody is so nervous,"

she said, "all I have to do is to go out there and sing." * * *

The Madame's English vocabulary is limited to two words, "Okay" and "Thanks"—both handy words. Her triumph at the Metropolitan recalls one I witnessed some years ago when the incomparable Fritzi Scheff made her debut there. I don't believe I've ever seen such a radiant creature as she was that night. * * * One critic described her as a piece of bric-a-brac aflame that electrified the audience. * * *

I REMEMBER she was nicknamed "The Baby of Grand Opera." * * * After deserting opera, Miss Scheff appeared under C. B. Dillingham's management. * * * Victor Herbert wrote four operettas for her, among them, "Mlle. Modiste." * * * still regarded among our American classics. * * * Mr. Herbert told me shortly before his death that he hoped to live long enough to write one more opera, and that Fritzi Scheff would sing it. * * *

I had the pleasure of exploiting Miss Scheff oftener perhaps than any other press agent of the theatre. * * * In the many years I have known her, and travelled with her . . . (and through some one-night stands, too) . . . I can't recall her ever being unfair or unkind. * * * She was the wife of the late John Fox, Jr., the novelist. * * * And unlike many other celebrities, no breath of scandal has ever touched her name. * * *

Many spectacular stunts were attributed to Fritzi Scheff and she has never been able to live down such stories told about her temperament. * * * But most of them were inventions of over-zealous press agents. * * * I am talking about Fritzi Scheff because she is coming on the air next Wednesday night. * * * No

(Continued on page 98)

HOWDY, friends. Now before I get started on the Old Settlers, I've got a lovely task of hand-shaking to do, and some newcomers to welcome, because we've got some new neighbors moving into Radioville. * * *

This job of welcoming people to Radio port, or should I say air-port, and presenting them with the dials to the city makes me feel I ought to have a pair of spats, a cane and a gardenia, like Grover Whalen. * * * (Don't crowd, boys, make way for the cameramen). * * *

Let's begin with music. * * * Wasn't that Deems Taylor concert last Sunday an inspiration? * * * The composer of the Peter Ibbetson opera, certainly has found a way to relieve Sunday traffic congestions. * * * Everyone will stay home to listen to Mr. Taylor's concerts. * * * And by the way, Mrs. Taylor is

Tuneful Topics



The original Connecticut Yankees and their leader, Rudy Vallée. From left, Mannie Lowy, Jules de Vorzon, Harry Patent, Ray Toland, Rudy Vallée, Cliff Burwell, Joe Miller, Charles Peterson.

Winds in the Willows

ENGLAND, or London, to be more exact, has again contributed to America's Tin Pan Alley with a song that I think is perhaps one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard, although like *Body and Soul* and so many other musically excellent songs it will not fascinate the hard-working masses who want simple rhythms. I have rarely been satisfied with my own work and the work of my band on Victor records; maybe because I am super-critical, or that by the time the record gets to me I have lost my taste for that which I once enthused about, but this is one song that I feel we did full justice to in our Victor recording of it.

It begins with yours truly playing a baritone saxophone. The verse which follows has the most melancholy quality about it, and is played by Del Staigers, featured trumpet soloist with Goldman's band, whom I am very happy to be able to engage for our Victor recordings. Del does full justice to the exquisite melody line of the verse. I was in fairly good voice on the day we recorded *Wind in the Willows*, which was preparatory to our leaving on our tour of Paramount-

Rudy's May Choice of "Hits of the Month" Leads to Reminiscences about Boyhood Days, Working in Father's Drug Store

Publix Theatres, and although it has an odd range I am quite satisfied with the record as a whole.

To the average person the first playing of *Wind in the Willows* will lead him to believe that the orchestra is either playing out of tune, or that one half the band is playing one song, and the other half another. This is due to the fact that certain melodic phrases are played in whole tones. Nothing can express the various sounds of nature as well as melody written this way, and the effect of the wind in the willows has been conceived by these whole tones. Upon the second and third rendition of it, the haunting and unusual qualities of the piece should grow upon even the layman, to make him like the composition. The thought is very pathetic, beautiful and sad—the fact that the girl is gone and only the wind in the willows left to remind him of her.

I doubt if this season, or any other season, will see a song so really beautiful and deserving of a three star rating in com-

position as *Wind in the Willows*.

We play it very slowly, about thirty-five measures a minute, which produces an effect quite in keeping with the theme. The song is published by Harms, Inc.

When Your Lover Has Gone

MOST people have only a vague idea of what the word "arranger" really means with reference to music. They read that "So-and-So arranged the piece," or that "So-and-So is an arranger," but just what his function is in music very few people actually know. The arranger takes the simple melody and harmony and puts the chords in certain formations with passing notes and many tricks of harmony against melody to bring out the true beauty of the piece, if it has any. You have only to listen to the Chase and Sanborn Hour on Sunday night to hear the very fine and colorful methods that Rubinoﬀ uses to bring out the simple composition like a beautiful flower. This is perhaps the acme of arrangement.

There are many fine arrangers—Whiteman had one of the greatest, Ferdie Grofé, to whom Whiteman owes much of his fame, especially for his work on

By
RUDY
VALLÉE

the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Rubinoff's arranger is a man by the name of Salti, and is one of the finest. There are many other great arrangers along Broadway.

It is rare that an orchestral man, especially a saxophonist, turns arranger and becomes a great success at it; usually arrangers are pianists. Years ago when I was at Yale, an occasional appearance in a public ballroom in Bridgeport brought me into contact with a young man who called himself "Swanee". After being associated with the Paramount Theatres, from time to time I heard the name of "Swanee" mentioned in connection with beautiful arrangements. I never dreamt that this could be the same young saxophonist against whom we used to play at the ballroom at Bridgeport on several gala occasions, but it turned out to be none other, and he is considered one of the greatest arrangers in the country.

And now he has turned composer, writing the melody and lyrics of one of the most beautiful, haunting, and unhappy thoughts in songs I have ever heard. Those of you who listen in on our Fleischmann Hour have already heard me sing it, and I think you enjoyed it. He called it *When Your Lover Has Gone*.

We do it in what I term semi-slow tempo, or at about fifty seconds for a chorus, in order not to destroy the beauty of this very fine composition. Swanee is certainly to be congratulated.

It is published by Remick Music Corp.

Whistling in the Dark

ONE of the pioneers of the music industry, who has been associated with many very fine firms, being the New York head of one for the past three or four years, a man for whom I helped to write *I'm Still Caring*, namely Abe Olman, has finally gone into business, like a great many others, for himself.

That his judgment is most unusual has always been a recognized fact in Tin Pan Alley, and he certainly justified it in the selection of his first song, *Heartaches*, which, peculiarly enough, was partly written by the same young man with whom I collaborated on *I'm Still Caring*, John Klenner.

Now Abe Olman has another song, written by Allen Boretz, and Dana Suesse.

They called it *Whistling in the Dark*, and it is a real whistling song. That is, it lends itself well to that gentle art. As I said in my Radio broadcast recently, it is a long time since we have had a song which dealt with the idea of whistling; *Meadow Lark* by Ted Fiorito, I think was the last that was really popular, and that was way back in 1926.

There was a very unusual reaction after the broadcasting of this song, which I had the audacity to whistle very much as I did on my Victor record of *Huggable*, *Kissable You*. One old, boyhood schoolmate of mine wrote me to do it again, as it brought to him a mental picture of me walking down the tracks after finishing work in my father's drug store late at night, and whistling as I came home.

In fact, our rendition of it proved so popular by requests which poured in, that we are going to do it again this coming Thursday, as I write. I think Abe has a potential hit in the song, and all the bands seem to be playing it.

We take about a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

You're Just A Lover

THERE seem to be a lot of "lover" songs on the market, song-writers believing in the formula of love, and lovers, and loving. This one, however, is by a master, and is really a very beautiful type of song, perhaps too beautiful to achieve a sensational popularity.

Nacio Herb Brown, writer of a long list of hits, *Pagan Love Song*, *The Doll Dance*, *Singing in the Rain*, *The Broadway Melody*, *When Buddha Smiles*, and a great many other tunes, writing now for the Radio Music Co., with his own subsidiary publishing company, Nacio Herb Brown, Inc., offers this as one of the current songs for the month. Phil Spitalny's rendition is beautiful, as vocally rendered, by his able banjoist-vocalist. It showed me the charm of the piece, and I have delighted in playing it on our *Fleischmann Hour*.

We take about fifty seconds for the chorus.

Oh Donna Clara

BACK in 1920, when I lay in a bed in Westbrook Hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation, one of the Victor records which I played by my bedside all day, and which gave me the greatest pleasure, was a recording of *Go Feather Your Nest*, by Henry-Burr, who has a most agreeable voice. It was a very popular song, being distinctly of a different melodic twist.

When I first heard this famous German composition, *Oh Donna Clara*, which I was told by a publisher (who didn't even have the song!) would be a tremendous hit, I thought that it was a revival of *Go Feather Your Nest*. The similarity is only apparent in the opening strain, however, and there is no pla-

giarism. Just another proof of the fact that two melodies, even as the Darwinian theory, may spring up in two minds, situated many thousands of miles apart.

The song was the rage of Germany and Europe in the musical sensation *Die Wunder Bar*, in which it is featured. "Wunderbar", I believe, means "wonderful", and it is the German expression for that superlative. But Germany has adopted the English word "bar", so the title of the musical comedy really has a double meaning. When the Shuberts decided to produce *The Wonder Bar* in New York, featuring that great comedian, Al Jolson, it became necessary for the lyrics of all the songs to be translated. Irving Caesar, one of our most able lyric writers, was chosen for the task. I think he handled it excellently.

Donna Clara, however, is a sort of contradiction in itself, being in the pseudo-Spanish vein, rhythmically speaking; the lyric is also in that vein, telling of one who sees a young Spanish senorita dancing, and falls in love with her. And yet the song is from a German show, produced in Germany. Not having seen *The Wonder Bar*, I am at a loss to understand the connection between *The Wonder Bar* and *Donna Clara*. However, as I intend to take an evening off very soon in order to see this masterpiece, which I am told takes place right in the auditorium amongst the audience, and not on the stage as usual, and which, I have also been told, gives Al Jolson unlimited scope for his great ability, I am looking forward to it, and will probably understand more about *Donna Clara* after seeing it.

It is published by Harms, and we play it at about thirty measures a minute.

Charlie Cadet

EVER since the unusual success of *Betty Co-Ed*, which song gave me the privilege of writing with one of Chicago's most charming young song-writers, Paul Fogarty, with whom I later collaborated on *She Loves Me Just the Same*, there has been a demand for another similar type of song. We hit on the idea of introducing Betty's male counterpart and rather than have him a mere member of a typical college campus, we chose to have him a young, gawky lad who becomes transformed by the training at West Point, hence the title *Charlie Cadet*.

The alliteration of the two "c's" is good, and I have hopes that the song will do at least somewhat as well as Betty did. At the present time we feel that we are too close to the rhythm and melody of *Betty Co-Ed* and are making a supreme effort to get away from that trend. This is more difficult than you would think at first, because the lyrics of *Charlie Cadet* lend themselves exceptionally well to the same melody and rhythm as *Betty Co-Ed*. By the time this issue of RADIO DIGEST goes to press, I believe we will have attained our ob-

jective and *Charlie Cadet* will be flaunting you from every sheet music counter. It will be published by Carl Fischer, or Radio Music, which is the same thing, and will be played in brisk, snappy 6/8 March tempo.

Were You Sincere

IT IS getting impossible for me to write this column for RADIO DIGEST without bringing in the name of that genial and extremely likable little Italian, Vincent Rose. In mentioning his composition, *When You Fall in Love, Fall in Love With Me*, I forgot to credit him with the song by which he is best known—*Whispering*.

He visited me in Buffalo, on my tour, to play a very unusual song, but it was back in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, before we left on the tour, that he played for me the song of which I am now writing.

The opening strain pleased me from the moment I heard it, but the middle part, it seemed to me, needed a little "fixing". The revision was subsequently made, and now I get a great kick, as I hear the song everywhere. The opening phrase has a sort of running start which builds up into something of a climax near the end of the first phrase, with a seven note drop, at which point the dropping *glissando* may be beautifully employed. By "glissando" I mean the dropping of the voice from a high note to a low note, with no particular note standing out in the drop—a sliding down from the higher note to the lower in one smooth sound. I picture it like a waterfall. It is the use of these *glissandi*, in going from low notes to high notes, and especially from higher to lower notes, that is the distinctive feature of the type of singing that the public calls "crooning". My belief is that the word "croon" originated from the fact that on the double "o" syllable the word "croon" seemed the best noun to describe it.

Anyway, *Were You Sincere* is one of the most popular songs of the day, and the lyric job was admirably done by Jack Meskill, who is collaborating with Vincent Rose on all of his new songs.

It is published by the Robbins Music Corp., and we play it taking one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Hello, Beautiful

EVER since his Radio debut on the Chase & Sanborn Hour, that great master of personality, Chevalier, has been casting about for the hit songs he needs for the broadcast. He seems to avoid the beautiful ballad type of songs, evidently believing his forte is the rough, comical, risqué type of song. Consequently he has had a hard time finding a means of expression for his vibrant and buoyant personality, since this type of song is very scarce.

This song certainly affords him the

opportunity to express it. When I first heard it I thought of Maurice at once, and I was not a bit surprised when I found out that he was going to feature it on the Sunday night hour. And I am not a bit surprised to find it climbing up the list of best sellers, for which he himself may certainly take credit, although that old master of song-writing who crashes through every now and then with the hit of the year, Walter Donaldson, may take Part Of The Bow.

It is nowhere near the hit that *Little White Lies* was, or *You're Driving Me Crazy*, but it does not pretend to be that type of song. Walter certainly did a great job on this type. When Mose Gumble, director of Donaldson's firm, just mentioned the title I knew that it was going to be a lilting, lively, catchy melody, and that is just what it turned out to be. It is a great dance tune.

It is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble, and when we play it we take forty-five seconds for each chorus.

Out of Nowhere

JUST before leaving on my tour of Paramount-Publix theatres, I received a delightful surprise in a visit from John Green and Edward Heyman. They are the two boys who wrote *Body and Soul* for Gertrude Lawrence to take back to England with her, before it returned to become the rage of American society, and one of the most talked-of songs of of the year. Heyman, incidentally, wrote the lyrics for one of the songs of my talkie, namely the song I sang near the end of the picture, *Then I'll Be Reminded of You*. Green is the young scion of Westchester society whose father temporarily disowned him because of Johnny's refusal to go into a stock brokerage, but which stern father has now become an exceedingly proud one since his son has been made one of the musical directors of the Paramount Movie Studios out at Astoria, L. I.

There, all day, Johnny fits music to all sorts of scenes, writing music on the spur of the moment for any particular situation, directing the orchestras in the recording of these musical scenes. His *I'm Yours*, which he did not write with Heyman, was one of the best musical tunes of the season.

Both Green and Heyman played at least fifteen tunes for me on the piano which I have tucked in one corner of my miniature suite at the Brooklyn Paramount. All of them were beautiful musical comedy pieces, much too beautiful not to be in a musical comedy; both boys being of fine, aristocratic family stock write in that particular vein. In fact, they have no intentions of writing the corny type of tune, and I doubt if they could, unless they tried very hard.

The fourth week of my tour, New Orleans, to be exact, I received from the publisher of their song, a rough manuscript of a tune which he rightfully

boasted about. It took only a cursory glance to see that the boys had come through with another very beautiful class song, and I don't know which one deserves the most credit. I am always happy to see the perfectly balanced type of song in which the lyrics and melody are both equally contributive toward the final popularity of the song; and this is certainly a classic example of a beautiful thought wedded to a beautiful melody.

Although this song will not be the gossip rage that *Body and Soul* was, I think it will sell more; at least the boys are hoping that it will, as *Body and Soul* was far from being a great financial success, but gave them more prestige than money. There is a beautiful high drop in the song right near the end, on the word "nowhere", where the same dropping *glissando* of which I have just spoken may be employed enchantingly.

The song is published by Famous Music, and we play it at thirty measures a minute.

Moochi

IF YOU have ever glanced at the bottom of a song to see whether the copyright is an original American one, or whether it has been assigned from some foreign country, as in the case of *Just a Gigolo*, *Donna Clara*, *When the Organ Played at Twilight*, *King's Horses*, and so forth, and if you are a keen observer, you must have noticed that there is an increasing number of foreign songs being taken over by American publishers, and published here with great success. In fact, little by little it would seem that the English publishers are losing faith in the ability of American publishers to publish hit songs, with reciprocal increase of confidence in their own judgment. And the American publishers are learning to respect that confidence.

The fact is, were it not for some fine English songs which have wended their way across the sea to small and large American publishers, some of the Tin Pan Alley heads over here would be in a fine quandary. Of course that does not mean that everything that was a hit in England becomes a hit over here, because that has been shown to be a fallacy many times. However, it seems quite logical that any song which was a hit, especially in England, where the temperaments and tastes are so parallel to those of the American song-buying public, should at least become quite popular over here, and usually in a certain proportion it has attained the same great popularity throughout our forty-eight states.

Several months ago, before leaving on this tour, one of the biggest of American publishers, Chappell-Harms, which represents the English firm of Chappell, notified me that they were going to take over a very odd type of dance-rhythm song called *The Moochi*. The odd story

(Continued on page 100)

BEAUTY CHALLENGE



Laura G. Gaudet (above) is staff pianist of Station WTIC; a French-Canadian miss who won a scholarship to study in Paris and has been at WTIC six years.

WHICH station in the U. S. has the most beautiful staff members? That's a moot question, RADIO DIGEST feels, what with the election of the 1931 Radio Queen coming on . . . so we're holding an elimination contest in these pages. See February, March and April issues for previous challengers—and here's the staff of WTIC, in Hartford, Conn. Reader, which station do you choose? Write—remember your choice may help pick Radio's Queen.



Anna Kaskas (left), Lithuanian blonde with a contralto voice well known to New England fans; for three years a member of the national grand opera company of Lithuania.



Pearl Hill (above), is pianist in the classical "Musique Intime" programs heard under the direction of Christiaan Kriens, Dutch-American composer.



Thelma Adams (right), obliging young miss who is in charge of the daytime information desk at the studios of the popular Connecticut station.



Jane Dillon (left), talented character actress of the WTIC staff, who for seven years toured vaudeville as an impersonator in America, England, Australia and Africa.



Marion Jordan Bridgman (above), red-headed flutist of the studio concert orchestra, also a member of the Springfield Symphony Orchestra of Massachusetts.



Mildred Godfrey Hall (right), staff harpist; formerly with the distinguished Carlos Salzedo harp ensemble and with the McQuarrie Harpists.



Florrie Bishop Bowering (above) director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC; author of many cookbooks and household authority.



Malvina Samolis (above), assistant to the program manager, in charge of the making up of all WTIC schedules.



Betty M. Ryan (right), in charge of all fan mail received by WTIC.

Martha E. Dixon (right), assistant to Florrie Bishop Bowering of "The Mixing Bowl," domestic science broadcast from WTIC.





Studios resound with merriment from his entrance to his exit—Richy Craig, Jr., irrepressible new Radio jester.

J e s t

Richy Craig, Jr.,
Wisecracks His Way to the Wave
Lengths from the Footlights

By STEVE TRUMBULL

BORN in a dressing room, cradled in a trunk." That phrase, borrowed from the profession, describes, figuratively, the origin of Richy Craig, Jr., the Blue Ribbon Malt Jester and one of the latest additions to the firmament of Radio stars.

Richy, Jr., who, at the age of 27, has peddled his wisecracks over the footlights of most of the variety houses in the United States, over the tables of most of New York's night clubs, from the stage of many a musical comedy and who, withal, has found himself with a surplus of humor to sell to other actors, is now appearing each Tuesday over a coast to coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Craig's humor is the humor of sophistication, a sophistication bred of a lifetime in "the profession". The son of Richy Craig, veteran musical comedy producer, and Dorothy Blodgett, musical comedy prima donna, young Richy cannot even remember the circumstances surrounding his first stage appearance.

"I suppose I just strolled on while Dad and Mother were out there doing their stuff," Richy said. "Dad saw there was no use interfering with the inevitable, so it wasn't very long before he was touching me up with a little make-up and costume, and even giving me a line

or two to say. Audiences love tots."

When Richy was six years old the Craig family went into conference and decided he should stay behind with relatives in New York and attend school, and there's where Richy's difficulties started.

The change was too abrupt. Teachers found it impossible to convince him that the same antics that had made the audience roar in Ithaca, merited a vigorous spanking when attempted in the classroom.

School teachers were unappreciative. The snappy come-backs with which young Richy had panicked the gang backstage drew the most severe of penalties when addressed to these dour gentlemen.

Richy couldn't understand it; he didn't like it, but there was the consolation of summer vacations with dad and mother, back in those old and familiar surroundings, the world of footlights and merriment. And so life went until Richy had reached the ripe age of thirteen.

THE previous summer Richy's family had decreed that he should remain in New York in a summer school, so young Richy promptly stepped out on his own and found a job dispensing peanuts with a carnival. It was a

glorious summer, and young Richy, ever the mimic, learned by heart all of the "line" of the "spielers." In the fall he returned to school with his newly acquired information.

One day, shortly after the resumption of classes, the teacher was summoned from the room. Returning, ten minutes later, he found young Richy standing on his desk, a snake skin wrapped around his neck, shouting in the approved style of the carnival barker all of the lures of the "amazing spectacle inside for ten cents, a dime, only a tenth part of a dollar!"

Twenty-four hours later, Mother and Father Craig, in the midst of a performance in Buffalo looked into the wings and saw Richy, Jr., a grin spread across his face.

"THAT was my first real break," Richy said. "That very evening the juvenile had been taken sick. Dad was desperately in need of another and there I was. I suppose if he had been short a chorus girl, I would have been a chorus girl."

"After that I was everyone in the cast who took sick. Dad encouraged me in taking dancing lessons, perfected my technique and kept me going. I kept at it, and finally struck out on my own in a vaudeville act, *Sixteen Sunshine Girls*. At the age of nineteen I achieved that ambition of every variety actor. We played the Palace, New York.

"Phil Goodman's show *Dear Sir* came next. It was a colossal flop, lasting two weeks, or twenty minutes, I forget which. Anyhow, it was back to vaudeville for yours truly.

f o r F u n

"Along about this time I made a discovery. Up to then I had been playing the ukulele, singing, dancing and wisecracking. I now discovered that in vaudeville the less you did the more you collected. First, I threw away the uke, then I quit dancing and singing.

"THE act went over. With a glimpse of real money I wanted to make more of it, lots of it, and fast. I figured out that the more times I could do my act, the more I could collect, and there was New York, full of night clubs paying good money for anything that would make them laugh.

"Before long I was ducking into Texas Guinan's for a fifteen minute skit, grabbing a cab for the Moulin Rouge for another fifteen minutes, and from there, all in the same evening and in turn, to the Monte Carlo, the Chantee, the Twin Oaks and the Studio Club. Between times I filled engagements at Loew's State and at the Winter Garden.

"It was great while it lasted, but quite suddenly, I found myself in a physical breakdown. The doctor ordered me to a country sanitarium. I'd been doubling in rôles so long that instead of going to one sanitarium I went to two of them.

"My health improved (I believed), I made all arrangements for a tour of English theatres when I was called to New York and offered a contract that bettered anything I had ever received. I was walking on the clouds, when my health again failed."

And the remainder of Richy Craig's story is the story of a "never-say-die" spirit. Banished again to the mountains Craig refused to sit idly, brooding and bemoaning his fate. He couldn't peddle his wisecracks along Broadway. He couldn't, personally, go on in this laugh-making business—but the sense of humor was unaffected. It was still there.

Richy started writing. While convalescing from that illness he turned out, and sold, twenty vaudeville acts, several hilarious scenes for Broadway revues and even some "talkie shorts." Richy was still making them laugh, even from his sick bed.

In Radio, as he was on the stage, Richy Craig, Jr., is a fountain of wisecracks. He refuses to regard anything as wholly serious. In the midst of an important business conference he will burst out with a remark that will completely disrupt the entire proceedings. The art-

ists' reception room at WBBM, key station for this broadcast, rings with laughter from the moment he enters until he leaves.

Jack Nelson, associated with Richy in this program, is a Midwest Radio favorite and proof of the statement, "Radio fans never forget their favorites."

Back in the early days Jack was director at WJJD, then broadcasting from the Mooseheart home for orphans. The microphone open, Jack would hear the youngsters' prayer, at 9 P. M., and then hustle them off to bed. Until far into the night he would stage a one-man Radio show. In 1927 he retired from the microphone end of broadcasting and went into program building. Nearly four years had passed when his name was announced on the Blue Ribbon program, but his old friends remembered and showered him with letters.

Nelson is, incidentally, co-author of *Remote Control*, first a Broadway success, then a "talkie."

It is a unique combination, this act—stage veteran and Radio fledgling Craig, supported by stage fledgling and Radio veteran Nelson.

CRAIG'S shafts of humor often wing their way toward Nelson, but Jack shrugs them off, because he knows they're "jest for fun." Here's a sample of what he has to grin at and bear:

"I sincerely hope that you liked that last song, as immediately after this broadcast Mr. Nelson is to rush right over to St. Luke's Hospital. He is going to have his nose lifted so he can sing to people living above the tenth floor.

"And next Tuesday night at this time,

Mr. Nelson is going to sing the same song in Greek for the benefit of the bus boys in Thompson's restaurant. I think we are very fortunate in having Mr. Nelson with us on our programs as he is a thorough musician—his grandfather for many years was a first violinist on a ferry boat. He knows music from A to Z and has just published a book on music entitled, 'From Bach to Beethoven and Back to Bach Again'.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to take this opportunity to say a few words about a man who was and still is the idol of our country. I thought it would be nice to say something about Abraham Lincoln. It is an old saying and a true one that history repeats itself. Lincoln freed the slaves in 1863, and Hoover is doing the same thing in 1931. Nobody is working now either. But I

guess you can't blame it on Hoover, as the unemployment situation is by no means anything new. My father thought of the same thing twenty years ago. In fact, he's been practicing it for longer than that. If I'm not mistaken, he was the originator of the whole thing. He just sits in his rocking chair and says: 'What is to be, will be,' and naturally nothing happens. He is waiting for a job that fits his personality. He wants to be a floor walker in a telephone booth.

"But getting back to Lincoln—there was a great man. He was born in a little town in a log cabin that he built himself.

"Well, to get off the subject again, it's getting so now with these short hair cuts and the smoking that the women are doing, you can hardly tell the boys from

(Continued on page 105)



Jack Nelson, Chicago Radio Pioneer who sings between the halves of Richy's rapid-fire barrage of wisecracks.

Cuckoo College

Van and Don, Professors of Drollery, WHAS, Transfer Allegiance from Kentucky—Take Post Graduate Classes at Dear Old NBC

BELIEVE it or not, but "Cuckoo College," that mythical center of learning whose insane doings are chronicled through the Pacific Coast NBC network each morning by Van and Don, the Two Professors, was founded over a luncheon table recently.

The waitress who used to serve Don McNeill and Van Fleming in a Louisville, Ky., restaurant really should be one of the trustees of dear old Cuckoo, for she it was who abetted its future pedagogues in their foolery. The hilarious Radio act they present each morning grew out of Van and Don's inability to be serious, even while eating.

FROM the "gags" they tossed across the table at each other to make the waitress giggle, developed a comical duo which is unlike any other on the air. Whether it be in their tense description of a knitting tournament between Cuckoo College and some rival university, or a "drammy" class lesson in which they put on a deep "drammy" to show the students how to act, Van and Don present perfect teamwork in their nonsense act.

There was the time the Two Professors set fire to Cuckoo's school buildings, to test the efficiency of their fire-drills—and the time they ran against each other for the job of janitor of Cuckoo, because as professors

they were unpaid, and as a janitor, one of them could "clean up"—and the big football game in the Nose Bowl of Washalfornia—the boys themselves have to smile when they discussed some of the side-splitting situations in which the Two Professors get entangled all the time.



"We have more fun than the audience," confides Don, and it's easy to believe him.

He started a career which included newspaper work and Radio announcing, when he was graduated from Marquette University. His first job was Radio editor of the *Wisconsin News*. From there he went to the *Milwaukee Journal*, and from there to the *Louisville Courier Journal*, still steeped in the tradition of "Marse" Henry Watterson. He acted as announcer at NBC station WHAS there. And that is where he met and renewed acquaintance with Van Fleming, guitarist and singer of sweet songs, whom he had known in Chicago.

FLEMING has been soloist with various leading dance orchestras of the country. He was a member of the NBC artist staff in San Francisco before he went to Chicago, where he was heard with an orchestra conducted by Jean Goldkette. He was singing at NBC station WHAS, Louisville, when he and Don became partners and inaugurated their Cuckoo College skit over the NBC network from there. It was an immediate hit.

So successful was it that the Quaker Oats Company, which sponsored their program, brought them to San Francisco to broadcast it over the NBC network from there when the company opened a Pacific Coast campaign.



By Louise
Landis

Called on by the League of Nations to settle an international boundary dispute, the "Two Professors" take a short cut and do a little globe-splitting. Left, Don McNeill, B.V.D., T.N.T., and right, Van Fleming, P.D.Q., O.K., D.F., Q.E.D.





Sergeant "Doc" Wells

Commander of the Smiling Army

Sergeant "Doc" Wells of KROW Came Through the War Shell-scarred, One-armed, but with Courage to lead 8,000 Listeners to Happiness

By Mary V. Roeder

THIS is a success story.

A story of a man who has been successful, not at making money, but at making happiness—a much more difficult accomplishment.

Sergeant "Doc" Wells, commander-in-chief of more than 8000 members of the KROW Smiling Army of the air, is a successful philosopher. He went through a terrific life battle during the World War and has come out with a wealth of "smiling ammunition" which he gives gladly to those of his many listeners who are ill, discouraged, and heartsick.

Few have the pleasure of watching Doc Wells work before the microphone. It's a picture worth seeing—he stands firmly on two feet, every inch a soldier, one arm gone, his face glowing with the glory of his wonderful message of "smiling ammunition". His camp fire meetings over KROW, Oakland, Calif., Tuesday and Thursday nights at 9 o'clock, and Saturday nights at 8:15, are an inspiration to thousands on the Pacific Coast. The Members of the KROW Smiling Army are scattered from Alaska to Mexico.

The evening I chose to get this interview with Doc Wells will always remain in my mind as one of the most inspiring happenings in my life. I stood looking through the plate glass window into the studio where he stood before the mike.

Questions crowded close in my mind. Would he tell me how he escaped from the German prison? Would he be willing to discuss the horrors of the World War as he had seen them, as one of the first Canadian soldiers at the front, back in 1914? Would he talk about himself, or about his work—you see I know Radio personalities!

He came out of the studio and greeted me with one of the most wonderful smiles I've ever seen . . . it seemed to warm me clear through. And then followed two hours of an intensely interesting story of a soldier, a journalist, a lecturer, and lastly a Radio personality. He gave me an autographed copy of his new book *Sunshine and Shadows of Life* which recently came off the press, a collection of stories of France, along with dough-boy poems that anyone would treasure. For example, an anonymous contribution by one of the Smiling Army members, an ex-soldier:

I was only a buddy in khaki,
A pawn in the game of chess,
And I am saluting your smiling army,
In honor of those gone West.

I've wallowed in mud to my ankles
Read the shirt of the Poilu in blue,
Missed pot shots that cost me a helmet,
And bummed fags from a guy like you.

And tonight, coming over the ether,
You brought back those days again.

Of carefree frolic and laughter,
Yet so often garnished with pain.

You ask me if I'm still smiling,
Sure, Doc, and I'm mighty proud
To be sitting here dreaming, and
thinking
Where the guy is, that laughed out loud.

And tonight I am with you a million,
As Commander in Chief of the air,
Of the army of smiling doughboys
Who came back from Over There.

You are welcome in Castle and cabin,
You are followed by Gentile and Jew,
And here's hoping the sunshine you're
spreading
Brings sunshine and smiles back to you.
A Vagabond Trooper.

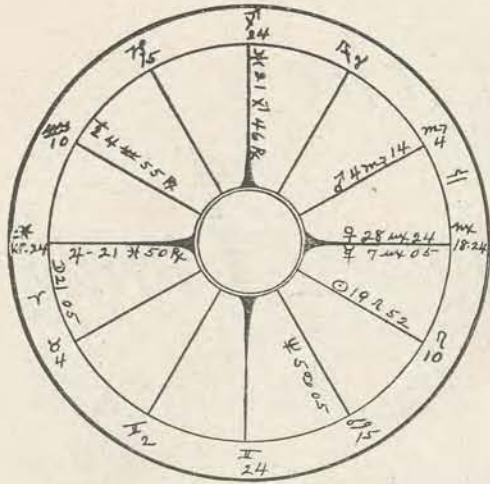
DOC WELLS, a native of Boston, Mass., was working on a newspaper in Vancouver, B. C., when Europe declared war in 1914, and he was the first man to volunteer for active service from Canada. When he went up for final medical examination at Valcartier, P. Q., it was only through his life-long friendship with the examining doctor, that he was passed as physically okay. So he was able to go on to France with the first Canadian Contingent.

I had heard about the famous "Tin Can Band" of the Canadian Army, which Doc Wells had originated, so I was curi-
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The Countess and Her Stars

*"Go West, Young Woman—to Hollywood!"
That's advice to Countess Albani Relayed
from Moon by our Astrological Reporter*

By Peggy Hull



Horoscope of Countess Olga Albani

MILKY WAY, April 20th—The Moon, in an exclusive interview today declared that the Countess Albani, Barcelona Beauty and Spanish emigré, who has made a name for herself singing over the NBC chain, is destined for greater fame via the motion pictures. "If she is a wise little girl," said the Moon, "she will go West. The farther she goes from her birthplace the greater will be her success and prominence."

In looking over the aspects which surrounded her birth in Barcelona, Spain, one August 13th not so long ago, the Moon pointed out that Jupiter, the great benefic, is in a position to assist her materially in California. She will receive the full force of his fortunate rays in the West, and as all the other indications in her horoscope point to a dramatic career, the Moon, as spokeswoman for the other heavenly bodies, asked specifically that she be informed of the greater possibilities which await her out there.

It was a good thing for the Countess that she came to the United States, according to the stars, for she is one of the natives of the earth planet who must shake off the family ties and home surroundings before she can adequately express herself. She had established herself as a singer in Spain before she came to the United States, but through the Radio she has reached millions of listeners who would never have heard of her otherwise, and now it seems that she can still further add to her fan following by taking up a screen career.

JUPITER, that planet whose position in our natal charts indicates the degree of success we will achieve, was in a most fortunate position at her birth.

Posited in the sign Pisces and on the ascendant he promises her great fame and prosperity. He also stands by like a guardian angel to protect in times of difficulty. No matter what happens to her; no matter how many arguments, quarrels and disputes she has; no matter how many times she stubs her toe and falls down, Jupiter will come along like an indulgent father, pick her up, dust her off, and put her on her feet. This position also adds strength to the location of Uranus near the mid heaven.

THIS unusual arrangement of these powerful planets," remarked the Moon, "establishes beyond all question the extraordinary life she will have. This is not an ordinary horoscope by any means. No one with a fire trine could be anything but an exceptional person. The trine, very unusual I want you to know, gives her an inexhaustible supply of energy. These people are always doers. They make history, nations, new records of achievement. And the Countess is at heart a pioneer. If she takes up a motion picture career she will doubtless contribute some thing entirely new and different to motion picture history."

Some of the intimate facts which her chart reveals are her love of animals, insatiable desire for travel and her generosity to people. She has a deep, profound, philanthropic nature. She is quickly sympathetic and no matter how lowly the individual's position, the Countess is ready and eager to help. Nothing of snobbery here, all gentleness, warmth and sweetness. She will give of her own substance until she has nothing for herself, so genuine is her charitableness. She is tolerant, broad-minded and easy

to get along with, but she is not easy to amuse or entertain. She has great mental depth and unless a subject can hold her interest she is quickly bored.

She is subject to moods. The Moon explained that it was her own position in Aries. The Moon's rays directed through this sign gives the Countess sudden enthusiasms and varying moods. She can be the life of the party one moment and the next, quiet, sad, remote.

Three planets in water signs make her very adaptable. They give her rhythm, a love of music, flexibility and instinctive sense for the dramatic. And another thing they are going to do for her is to make her change her mind about a lot of ideas she has concerning life at present.

"There's no doubt," the talkative Moon told me, "that the Countess Albani has already reached a higher degree of prominence than any of the people in the circle in which she was born. Uranus near the mid-heaven is responsible for this."

She will meet many interesting men and have lots of admirers among the members of the opposite sex. As a matter of fact, she'll have admirers right up to the day she dies. Is there a woman on earth who wouldn't like to hear that?

THE Moon, who helps Venus out on all love affairs, confided to me that there were plenty of romances in the Countess' chart. That is, the romances are there if she wishes to turn her pretty head in their direction.

She is intuitive, psychic, has a pioneer spirit and oh my word! . . . what's this? Why it is nothing more or less than that she'd make a wonderful astrologer! I'll wager that's something the Belle of Barcelona never thought about, although she
(Continued on page 97)



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI, NBC song star, is fond of apple blossoms, according to her horoscope and the photographer. Peggy Hull charts her future across the way.

Broadcasting from

The Growing Political Power of Radio

THERE is ever accumulating evidence that the influence of broadcasting is growing rapidly in political arenas throughout the world. In a recent issue we published an article by Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia, whose use of Radio is so extensive and so constant that he is known by many as "The Radio Mayor." Quite a few of our cities own stations outright or lease time for local broadcasts. As this issue goes to press Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has threatened to appeal to the public via Radio if a certain amendment is not withdrawn from a pending bill affecting the water-power interests—the amendment being of a type which Governor Roosevelt maintains usurps purely executive functions of government for the legislative branch. In England there is much talk about the advisability of broadcasting the proceedings of Parliament so that British subjects at large may know exactly what the government is doing. Over in Russia and in some other foreign countries broadcasting stations of great power are being erected for purposes which are largely political. Sometimes the objectives are strictly national; in other instances, they are international.

Our own federal government is not paying for broadcasting time, but in the United States the leading chains make a point of broadcasting news from Washington with great regularity. Virtually all of the important political figures up to and including President Hoover have been granted frequent microphone "appearances" before the American public. In short, every phase of our political life—community, county, state, nation—is being affected more and more through the medium of Radio. In fact, much of the broadcasting which is not ostensibly of a political nature, such as the international broadcasts now exchanged between the United States and various foreign countries, is of a quasi-political nature. All of these things, moreover, are going on at rapid pace in sizable volume during what might be termed peace times, *i. e.*, times when no major political battles are being fought out in our country.

Of course, when we get close to the actual election periods, double, triple and sometimes even quadruple emphasis is placed upon the influence of Radio. In other words, like it a little or like it a lot, the American people are certain to find that Radio is playing an increasingly important part in their political life directly and in their social life by reason of the effects of political government upon national business economics and the national habits of living. There are many Radio enthusiasts who will accept this knowledge with anything but personal relish. They have heard so many very

poor orations via the microphone that at times they have been truly bored. Hence, their attitude toward the political influence of Radio is largely premised upon impatience and intolerance. However, even this element of American citizenry will grow to see it all from a different and more welcome viewpoint. They will find that to an increasing extent Radio has served as a purifier of political practices, as an improver of the quality of men who run for public office, as a developer of wiser political platforms, and as a liberalizing factor in helping the public at large to understand and be sympathetic with viewpoints other than those which are highly partisan.

Radio is destined to do all these important things in the field of American and international politics because of its ability to do certain things which cannot be accomplished equally well by any other means. In the first place, the politician can talk *in person* to his audience so that *his or her* voice is heard as he actually speaks. By any other means this type of contact is relatively limited in so far as the size of a single audience and the time factor are concerned, because it takes time to travel a state or even to tour about one large city. Not even the enterprising speed which characterizes the modern metropolitan newspaper can accomplish so much circulation of what is said with such tremendous rapidity.

Radio presentations also prevent the opposition party from garbling, extracting or editing the speaker's copy in such a way as to misinform the readers, a practice which is very common with the opposition press. Political speeches over the Radio prevent the partisan press on the affirmative side from overdoing the case and misinterpreting what is actually said. Again, because of the space limitations Radio broadcasting permits of a completeness which is almost never possible in a considerable number of newspapers and in relatively rare instances complete in any. Again, Radio broadcasting insures an accuracy of what is said which eliminates the occasional errors that creep in on account of faulty reporting, or prejudiced reporting or typographical errors.

In other words, Radio is winning a powerful position in political fields because of its ability to do a *faster*, more *accurate*, more *widespread*, more *intimate* job than is possible through any other means.

The Editors of RADIO DIGEST believe that the Radio audience should adopt an attitude toward political broadcasts which is much the same as the one they should hold as regards advertising on the air. Individual ability to turn the dial and thereby tune out any and all objectionable talks should provide a type of censorship which will enable the public to tell politicians how to talk when they are on the air, both as regards the length of time consumed and the character of facts, information and ideas presented.

Mayhap one of these days, because of its ability to get politicians to place themselves in a position where their constituents can hold them strictly accountable for what was

the Editor's Chair

actually said, we will find the genesis of a new party, which, in a sense, will be "the Radio party." If this happens, as seems likely, we can be sure of one thing. The Radio party will everlastingly have to premise not only platforms but also performance on the principles of *honesty* and *fair dealing*.

Film Recordings for Broadcasting

RADIO fans have probably already had a chance to read quite a bit about the experimenting which is being done at Station WLW with programs that are based upon film recordings instead of flat records of the disc type. In the near future undoubtedly much more will appear in print about this relatively new method for broadcasting programs and, no doubt, many of the DX enthusiasts and other long-distance and novelty hunters will get quite a kick out of tuning in for the first time on this new type of recorded program.

Here are a few fundamentals to keep in mind when reading about or listening in to film recordings. In the first place, the recording of sound on film is not fundamentally new. In the moving-picture business it was developed to a practical point several years ago, and since that time has been in active competition with the disc method of recording, which also is used extensively in silver-screen production. Up to this time opinion is considerably divided among moving picture executives and engineers as to which is the best method for handling the sound factor, namely, films or discs. From the standpoint of the quality of results, there is little to choose between the two, but from the standpoint of flexibility and of having specific measures of sound always in the quickest possible physical association with the stretch of film for which they are the accompaniment, it appears that the film method is the most practical and convenient. There are many moving picture men who feel that it is only a question of time when recordings on discs will be eliminated entirely, and certainly usage as regards the total volume is evolving definitely toward the practice of putting sound on film.

In reportorial work such as the news reels, the portability of equipment where the sound for pictures is put on films has been developed to a much better point than where news reporting is done via records.

Turning now to the Radio industry proper, we venture to say that the film method of recording will prove to have some very definite advantages. Most of these advantages, however, will relate to such flexibility as the re-use of parts of a given recording, the "patching" of portions of several recordings to make one complete broadcast, the editing out of defective portions, the condensation of certain types

of recordings through the editing process, the insertion of certain kinds of announcements subsequent to the making of the original recording. Very few of the advantages, however, will relate directly to the quality of result achieved, because at the present time there is very little actual difference between the best in recorded broadcasting and direct broadcasting. The prime difference lies in the psychological effects upon the listener, and as long as broadcasters are forced to announce "electrical transcription" the public is bound to be a little prejudiced in its judgment of the quality of the result achieved.

Popular approval for electrical transcriptions, film or wax, will depend primarily on the individual merit of the program rather than on the quality of the result. Broadcasters will favor film because of its larger adaptability—easy to edit, cut, patch and revise; convenience for recording timely events, special speeches and historic incidents. Owing to the fact that most stations are now equipped for disc transcription film may be temporarily retarded. Two years more and television will make its Radio position secure.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

WELL," said Mr. Johnstone, "in the first place he's a human dynamo. He's working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, and accomplishing in that time more than any three men."

"He," of course, means Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, and Mr. Johnstone is G.



Merlin H. Aylesworth

W. Johnstone, "Johnny Johnstone, Assistant to the President."

We were talking in the beautiful executive offices of NBC.

"He's down here every morning at nine o'clock," Mr. Johnstone went on, "and before that he's read all the morning papers. Just once was I able to show him a clipping he hadn't seen. (Here Mr. Johnstone smiled a little proudly.) That was the day after the Pope's broadcast.

"Here are the clippings, Mr. Aylesworth," I said to him when he came in.

"Seen them all," was his reply, as usual.

"No, you haven't." And then I showed him *Il Progresso Italo Americano*, the Italian newspaper. He hadn't seen that.

But that's the only time I ever got ahead of him.

"Besides reading the papers before he gets down, Mr. Aylesworth has collected the impressions of last night's programs from everyone he has met—elevator boy, doorman, barber. Then he's ready to start on a day that lasts usually until seven o'clock at night. And even then, it is rare that his dinner engagements are not partly business.

"Take today for instance. It's typical. He was in at nine. Something had come up that demanded an immediate conference of the Vice-President, General Manager and the Program Director. He'll be in that conference until ten-thirty. Then he has an interview with a representative from *Editor and Publisher*. At eleven-fifteen his car is outside to take him to a meeting of the board of directors of the Irving Trust Company. Incidentally he is also on the board of directors of four other companies—RKO, Victor-RCA, City Service, and, of course, NBC. At one o'clock he is at a press luncheon for Amos and Andy. At two-thirty he has an appointment with—well, just call him a man from Chicago. At three he must be at the Graybar Building for a conference with the architects of Radio city. At four-thirty he has an interview with a special writer from *Redbook Magazine*. He'll be in that until five-thirty or six. And then somewhere in the day he has to get in a couple of hours dictation, answer the telephone, see all the people who drop in to see him.

"Oh, yes, they drop in. There's hardly a day that five or six persons don't drop in whom Mr. Aylesworth has casually invited. And he sees them, too, although they may have to wait. Sometimes his secretary gets a little frantic when his schedule is already jammed full. She says she could get along better if Mr. Aylesworth were twins and days were twice as long.

"He has a finger in every departmental pie. He'll jump on a train to Chicago, come back and call up the sales department. 'I've sold a program for you,' he'll say nonchalantly. Or if something has gone wrong mechanically, he's as likely as not to go over to Bellmore and investigate the trouble right at the source.

"He's the sort of man who inspires devotion. We love to work for him. But he doesn't spare himself or anyone else. Holidays don't exist for him. I remember one day a friend called up and asked him if he didn't want to get out of a luncheon engagement—a business luncheon, of course—because Monday was going to be a holiday. 'Mr. So-and-So,' Mr. Aylesworth said, 'the National Broadcasting Company works eighteen hours a day, 365 days a year. We entertain the public day and night. We have no holidays. I'll be at that luncheon.'

"And," grinned Mr. Johnstone, "any of us who had been making plans for Monday, cancelled them forthwith."

All in all the impression gained by this Radiograph Editor of Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth was that NBC's chief executive does earn his salary.

Here are some brief biographical details. He was born in 1886 in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He graduated from the University of Denver in 1908. He married Blanche Parrett in 1909. He has two children.



Lula Vollmer

Barton Jerome and Dorothy. He practiced law in Colorado until 1914 when he went into public utility work. In 1919 he became managing director of the National Electric Light Association. In 1926 he became president of the National Broad-



David Ross

It was with a shade of envy that she learned to know and love these simple mountain folk. But she did learn to know and love them, and her first play about them, written at the age of sixteen, was made into a successful vaudeville sketch. *Sun-Up* first produced at the Provincetown Theatre in 1923, has been playing ever since, both in this country and in Europe. *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, originally scheduled for thirteen broadcasts has gone on for thirty-two, and will probably continue indefinitely. The reason for her success is summed up in one word—authenticity. Her characters are real, her background is real. She writes as if she were a mountaineer herself, which she says, sometimes she thinks she is.

"Of course, occasionally I should like to come back to civilization, but I could be happy for months at a time among the mountain folk. Life is so simple with them, in contrast to the complexities of the city."

She does not find writing for the Radio very much different from writing for the stage. She thinks working on Radio programs has given her more facility. "You know writers are notorious dawdlers, but with actors waiting for scripts at a certain hour every week, you just have to get busy and produce them. Rain or shine, in sickness or in health, the script must be in. Sometimes it is quite a task. A half hour of dialogue is thirty pages, as long as an act in a play. I once wrote one when I was sick in bed with the grippe and had a temperature of 102."

Miss Vollmer tries to write every afternoon from one to six. Sometimes the actors will make suggestions as to how she may do a part for them, but mostly she carries on by herself.

"Fortunately," says Miss Vollmer, "in Gerald Stopp I have an excellent director. When I turn a manuscript over to him I know the drama will be produced exactly as it should be, and that I have nothing to worry about except getting out next week's program."

David Ross

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints,
We trust."

DON'T know if I'm giving that quotation correctly, but if David Ross, CBS announcer and dramatic reader, had lived back in the days before knights were dust and swords rust, he undoubtedly would have been one of those wandering minstrels who came to the great castles to play and sing for the lord and his family.

It being, as it is, prosaic 1931, he stands before a microphone, and his beautiful resonant voice goes out not to one family but to hundreds of thousands.

For David Ross believes that poetry should appeal mainly to the ear, that just as a piece of music is to be played, a poem is to be voiced. And Radio, he says, is

establishing something that was almost lost from our modern life—the intimate contact of the poet with his audience.

We were talking up in that little room on the twenty-third floor of Columbia that they call "Siberia" and the "Dog Watch". It is the room—barely furnished with a desk, two chairs, and a microphone—from which local announcements are made.

Every fifteen minutes David Ross would lean forward in his chair and say into the microphone on the desk, "WABC, New York." "W2XE, New York." Even with that short announcement the surprising beauty of his voice was apparent. And more than its beauty you were aware of the character of the man behind the voice. Here was poise and serenity and understanding. Somewhere—and I don't know whether I have this quotation right either—there's a line which says when a cup is full it runs over, but the real fullness stays within. That is what you feel about David Ross, that whatever he gives out, there is much, much more within.

One can be crushed by an unfortunate environment or one can rise above it. Certainly there was much in the early life of David Ross to kill in him all love of beauty.

He was born in New York on July 7, 1894. Before he was old enough to go to school, he was selling newspapers on the

casting Company. He lives at 812 Park Avenue, just around the corner from his office.

Lula Vollmer

SHE wrote *Sun-Up*, that Southern folk drama which has had such an international success. She wrote *The Shame Woman*, *The Duncce Boy*, and *Trigger*. Then she turned to Radio. *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* is the title of the serial which comes to you every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock (EST) over the NBC network. The episodes center around Clem Betts, a boy of the Southern mountains. Louis Mason takes the part of Clem. On the legitimate stage, he was in Miss Vollmer's *The Duncce Boy*, and *Trigger*.

As a little girl, Lula Vollmer wanted to be a moonshiner. Well, maybe not a moonshiner, but she wanted to be as unrestrained and carefree as were the little mountaineer children with whom she was brought up.

For Miss Vollmer's father was in the lumber business and she was born in a North Carolina lumber camp. She early saw how much luckier the mountaineer children were than she was. They could play in the woods all day; she had to go to school. They could be sewn into their clothes for the winter; she must be always dressing and undressing. They could fight and swear and chew tobacco; she must be a perfect little lady.



Georgia Backus

street. All the way through school and college he had to work to earn enough to eat. Out of college he did all sorts of things to make both ends meet. He waited on table in a restaurant. He was a mail clerk in a wholesale dress house. He acted with Eva Davenport. He was a supervisor in an orphan asylum. He was a social director in a settlement house. He was a dramatic coach at a summer camp. He was secretary to a Russian baroness.

(Continued on page 102)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

WELL, you needn't look at me like that," blinked Toddles (who is, has been and always will be Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court). At this we both regaled ourselves with another smack of cracker and honey. "I suppose," I retorted as coherently as a mouthful of cracker and honey will allow, "I'm to blame for it." "Well," said Toddles, with her own homely philosophy, "whoever is to blame, an apology is necessary." So here we are Jeff Sparks, as humble as two birds of a feather can possibly be for getting things a little twisted about you and Harold Sparks of KFJF. There is a vast difference between the two. So everyone please get out the March copy of RADIO DIGEST and compare. Jeff Sparks is 25, has an altitude of five feet eight and a half inches and a predilection for blondes. His favorite hobby is Boy Scouts. You must all, and Clara D. of Davenport, especially, have seen him in Marcella's department in April. Thanks, Jeff, for the tip on the blondes. Toddles and I shall be off in a jiffy for some hair dye. Toddles' noodle is of a deep maroon and Marcella's locks are of an old rose gray, but that wouldn't do, I suppose, would it?

Girls! A discovery! John S. Young was classmate of Rudy Vallée in Yale! Now what d'ye think about that, Sally, Christine and Elsie? His success is entirely due to taking his job seriously. Enjoys most announcing Rudy's program. Studied playwrighting at Yale and worked as actor at WBZ-WBZA but is now recognized as among NBC's best announcers. Also fine uke player.



John Young



Hugo Mariani

Mariani was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A., of Italian parentage, Bob, and learned the rudiments of music from his father, one of the best violin teachers in that Republic. At the age of eleven, on a tour of South American countries, he was hailed the

"Wonder Child." As solo violinist at the Rialto Theatre in New York he became very popular with the audiences, and as orchestra director with the NBC, where he has been ever since the organization started, he has won for himself a great reputation. He is an exponent of jazz and believes that this type of music will eventually become complete expression of America. Mariani is married to a Ruma-



Above: Al Cameron and Pete Bontsema
Below: Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan

nian artist, Nella Barbu. Mariani, though a musical giant, is small in stature, very modest and has keen, searching black eyes—always searching for the hidden beauty in things. He is invariably well tailored but his gaudy shirts are the distraction of his associates. He makes a hobby of collecting shirts of extraordinary hue. But the enigma—prize fight lover!

Bee of Rockport, Texas, pleads, "Marcella, please tell me something about my favorites, Al and Pete, and why don't you give us their picture?" Well, my dear, here's your comedy team. Al Cameron née John B. Brodhead, might have been an M.D. had not injuries sustained in football game diverted his interests to music. While in vaudeville he met Pete; at that time leader of an orchestra. Pete Bontsema, the team pianist, is tall and blond, and was born on Holland soil. He has a penchant for contests of any and every variety. Just can't resist it. When he's not busy answering his young son's questions, which are legion, he can be seen working out or creating cross word puzzles. Al spends his leisure time writing short stories and has a drama on the fire, I understand. He hopes some day to spend

all of his time in writing. In four years they've amassed 10,000 old-time songs sent by their admiring audience. I don't think Al is married, Loraine. And, by the way, they are NBC artists.

OH, WHERE, oh, where are the Ray-o-vac Twins—oh, where, or where can they be. I've looked up and down through the Radio waves, but oh dear, I'm still-I-I at sea. And if anyone tells me where they are I'll make up another little song. Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan, the Twins in person, have not been on NBC for some time and some Marcellians are very anxious about them. Their pictures are here so that they can be identified, for it's possible they're broadcasting under some other *numb de prune*. Reward—one of Marcella's own prepared compositions.

THE female partner of "Mr. and Mrs.," the striving young couple who air their domestic difficulties over CBS each week, was busy on her Westchester farm when RADIO DIGEST's photographer sallied forth. So we are able to present only the likeness of "Mr." "Mr." was presented to his parents in 1902 by the long-billed bird as



Jack Smart

a Thanksgiving gift in the city of Philadelphia. As a school boy he refused to study—and his artistic temperament cost him many of his earlier jobs. After trying his hand at advertising, selling, shoveling coal on a lake boat and other similar executive positions, he developed noble aspirations for the stage. Played in vaudeville and made pictures. Appeared in stock companies and managed them. In September, 1929 Jack Smart, alias Joe, alias "Mr.," became husband, radio-ically speaking, to Jane Houston, the "Mrs.," and the way they both rave on, one would think they were actually married—but they're not. Jack was also the Radio dad of Lillian Taiz in the late lamented Dutch Masters program.



Chas. Tramont

AT 27, Charles Tramont is one of NBC's popular announcers, Mrs. L. K. A. of Indianapolis. He started out with an M.D. as his goal, but during a summer vacation, faced with the responsibilities of marriage, he applied with forty-nine others for job as announcer and he has been at it ever since. Obtained his education at Canisius College in Buffalo. With a twinkle in his eye he said baby golf was his hobby. Interested in Romance languages.

"Here they are," calls Bill Hay, and Amos 'n' Andy's banter flows into a million homes. That introduction has a history all its own.



Bill Hay

Way back in the days when Amos 'n' Andy, then known as Sam 'n' Henry, made their first broadcast, Bill Hay attended the rehearsal just before the act went on the air. He was in stitches, but managed to get through the opening announcement. Just as the boys were supposed to come on, Bill intended to say "here they are" just as you or I would say it, when he became overcome with mirth, and the phrase bubbled out as you hear it today. Hay made his Radio debut at KFKX, Hastings, Neb., where he was everything from chief cook to bottle washer. Thence to WGN. And shortly after that to WMAQ, where he has been ever since. He was born at Dumfries, Scotland, and got his musical education at an early age. During his stay in Hastings he conducted the largest church choir in Nebraska. He ad libs all announcements on musical programs because he feels a closer contact can in this way be had with the Radio audience. His hobby?—Golf, of course, and generously indulges his taste in baseball, swimming, squash and—bridge. As Sales Manager for WMAQ, he can hold his own in any battle of wits.

THE last that has been heard of Marthin Provinsen was when he was in Detroit. All track has since been lost of him. He is blond and tall and resembles somewhat Adolphe Menjou. His brother, Herluf Provinsen, is supervisor of announcers in the Washington studios of the NBC, and in this capacity introduces



Marthin Provinsen

President Hoover whenever the latter talks on the air. The Provinsens have been making history for many years. One of their ancestors, Ansgar, the famous missionary, is reputed to have brought Christianity to the north of Europe. In 1017 the father of



Harry C. Browne Edith Thayer

Marthin and Herluf accepted from King Christian of Denmark a post in charge of three churches in Jutland, Denmark. Herluf was born in Racine, Wis., on July 10th, 1908, and although an American citizen he spent ten years in Denmark, the family's native land.

Interested Mother and Mrs. Lucey are terribly interested in Hank Simmons' Show Boat, a CBS presentation every Saturday night. Harry C. Browne is the guiding spirit behind this very popular river boat feature. No, Mrs. P. R. S., the programs are broadcast direct from the studios in an imaginary show boat. It is one of the oldest programs on CBS wavelengths, and its success is entirely due to Mr. Browne's versatility as an experienced actor and director. The cast is as follows: Harry Browne is Hank Simmons; Edith Clinton—Lettie Simmons; Edith Thayer—Jane McGrew; Elsie May Gordon—Maybelle; Lawrence Grattan—DeWitt Schuyler; Frank Readick—Happy Jack Lewis; Harry Swan—Joe Carroll; James Ayres—George Morris, and Brad Sutton takes the part of Frank Miller. Edith Thayer, the charming Jane McGrew is known as the world's smallest prima donna, reaching the magnificent height of four feet eleven inches. Theatregoers will remember her in the leading role with the original company of *Blossom Time*. After this three-year engagement she appeared in Chicago theatres under the management of her husband, Howard Butler, who is now stationed as announcer at WMCA.

"WISH the whole RADIO DIGEST could be devoted to WTAM's staff," writes Janet Hart of Punxsutawney, Pa. "WTAM is my favorite station," says Al of Pennsylvania, and in this Carolyn F. of Cyclone concurs with him. "Let us have something about WTAM," is the cry of E. J. H. of Warren. Well, my dears, with so many



Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning

readers on my neck for WTAM, guess the safest thing is to say a kind word about that station. Here are Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning, all WTAM-ickers. Doc, or Clark Whipple, played the piano for years at the Golden Pheasant Restaurant. Then he toured on the road with a dance combination of his own, and in 1929 joined WTAM's forces as leader of the dance band. Miss Bucher is soprano, composer and pianist all rolled in one—a sweet roll—and it's not just a Jack of all trades with her. She is skillful in each of these callings. Tom Manning, my dears, is all of 28. He started on his athletic career as a boy on the baseball diamond and is well known among baseball fans. During the winter he announces all dance bands and any hockey, basketball or indoor games taking place.

I'M JUST about knee deep in letters asking about



Jean Paul King

Jean Paul King. Mrs. S. of Dayton writes, "Here I come with a burning question about Jean Paul King. Won't you publish his picture. He rates high in this household." A. F. P. of Rockford, A. E. G. of Reading, Phyllis of Jackson, Mich., Miss Fogan, Mrs. C. J. Williams of Ottumwa, Iowa; Lucille Bolinger of Kankakee, Mrs. A. M. Beach of Earlville; Mrs. Bert Myers of Bloomington, Ill., Helen of Peoria, Mrs. Lyle of Marseilles, Ill.; Marie Hummel of Detroit; and MCRK, all swell the grand and noble chorus for a picture and some dope on Jean Paul King. Well, Jean was born at North Bend, Neb., on December 1st, 1904, the son of the Methodist pastor there. In 1928 he married Miss Mary Cogswell, a Radio writer, who was graduated from the U. of California. Sorry to disillusion so many hearts, my dears, but he is married and from all appearances, Mrs. J. P. King is terribly healthy. Some Radio fans think that Jean's voice is second to none in the field (I wonder what would happen if we took a vote on that), but there is no doubt that he is entirely individual in his work. Jean has now taken pen in hand to write his "imprints" of the Sisters of the Skillet for our next RADIO DIGEST. He was educated at the University of Washington, where he was active in the University Players, the glee club and the varsity baseball, wrestling and track teams. Member of innumerable fraternities. Believes in wide general education for announcers and is quite opposed to specialization.



Francis MacMillen

Francis MacMillen, whose \$30,000 Stradivarius is known to NBC audiences, began meddling with the fiddle when just three. He was born at Marietta, Ohio, and at seven was taken to Europe for musical training. At 16 he won first prize at the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, with a purse of five thousand dollars. When Gamba, musical writer of London, heard MacMillen at his debut in Brussels, he proclaimed him a genius. The Stradivarius violin now in his possession once belonged to the Spanish crown and was used by Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, and other famous musicians. Hobbies are baseball, football, and a good punch at the heavy and light bag. (See his picture on previous page.)

★ ★ ★
HAROLD STEIN may be a photographer but he's a character and a personality in himself. He has snapped the picture of more than 57 varieties of celebrities and these include kings, princes, presidents and Radio stars. He doesn't just turn these "celebs" out of the door when he's through with the flashlight; he likes to discuss things with them. And so that he may know about these personages, and about Radio stars especially he has equipped his car with an auto set and tunes in on half-hour programs when the red traffic light is turned on. There is a story that Harold Stein loves to tell about Rudy Vallée. The Prince of Photographers, sent his young new assistant to the Paramount studios to get some good shots. The youngster arrived with his camera at the studios but being less experienced was unable to place the instrument in the right place. A bystander seeing the awkwardness of the lad, took the camera from him, snapped the necessary pictures, patted the boy on the shoulder and whispered, "Tell Harold that Rudy was glad to help him out." It seems as if I hear deafening applause from the Rudy fans. And while we're on Rudy, I might say that we really ought to establish a Rudy corner right here in Marcella. Here, we go: Elizabeth Trayner, Rudy never broadcast the Heigh Ho Club from WOR. Difficult to estimate how many songs he has written. February 22nd was WOR's ninth birthday. M. C. Miller of Pleasantville, Rudy has no steady lady friend—can you imagine how many suicides there would be if he had! I. T. H., you can buy Rudy's book, *When Vagabond Dreams Come True*, at any book store. The volume is published by Grosset & Dunlap. F. V. H., over 35,000 copies of Rudy's book have been printed. Sorry, Therese Meyer, I can't give you his home address. Rudy is at work on another book and he is Master of Ceremonies at the Villa Vallée, New York. Would like to answer your other



Harold Stein



H. Studebaker, B. Congdon, Don Parker

questions, but I mustn't answer queries that are too personal. I. T. H., Rudy was married to Leonie Choif but the marriage was annulled a short time after that. He studied French and Spanish at college, Agnes, and the dinner was swell! Mary Hanlon will find a picture of Rudy and the original Connecticut Yankees in this issue. He comes back from his tour just today, as I am writing this, my dear. Sorry, Ann Smith of Philadelphia, but Rudy does not broadcast more than twice a week. Rudy announces in Spanish, Robert Longnecker, just to lend a little variety to his program, don't you know.

★ ★ ★
HERE you are Ruth Adams and Agnes. At last! Two more in the Happy Hollow Group at KMBC. Hugh Studebaker, who takes the part of the *villyun*, Harry Checkervest, and Bertina Congdon, the romantic Annie Laurie Blackstone. Versatility is Hugh's middle name. He is organist in "Between the Book Ends" and "Midnite Muse" programs; is dignified announcer and dramatist in the Salon Hour and in between these acts he is heard in character songs. Outside of that he has nothing else to do. Bertina, or Chic as she is better known to her friends, my dears, is just five feet tall, has yellow hair and blue eyes. Outside of her Happy Hollow role she is heard as Jane in the Town Crier Dramalogues and when she is not all of this she acts as secretary to Dick Smith, KMBC's Program Director.

★ ★ ★
DON PARKER, popular crooner at WMCA, is a study in brown. Beatrice Butler of Pleasantville, N. J. And because, perhaps his eyes and hair spell such color harmony, it is just natural for him to get it over in his songs. He is just twenty-one and has been on the air now for two years. Drives hither, thither and yon in a dark gray Chrysler roadster.

★ ★ ★
LEE SEYMOUR, formerly with the Majestic Hour, is now connected with a New York Insurance Company, Patsie, and Arthur Snyder left WCCO a year ago last fall to go with the NBC in its production department. He left there about two months ago and has not been seen or heard of since.

Mum's the word about Enna Jettick songbird, R. E. D. Mustn't tell who it

is. And Milton J. Cross is not of the Tribe of Israel.

★ ★ ★
STAN LEE BROZA of WCAU is one of the best known Radio personalities in Quaker Town. Way back in 1923, when WCAU was just a wee bit of a babe of only 500 watts, Stan broke in as an announcer. He worked his way up and is now Director of Programs of WCAU, the largest station in Philly. He was born, reared and educated in this city. Had his hand in real estate, advertising and now Radio. Hobby is his Sunday Morning Children's Hour. And what d'ye know about this? Stan discovered Bobby Dukes, four-year-old screen and stage star!



Stan L. Broza

★ ★ ★
MY DEARS, I am simply all embarrassment. I am blushing to the very roots of my feathers. First I put my foot into it by calling Martin B. Campbell of WHAS an artist. Then I had to get my other pedit in by calling him an announcer. But, my dears, he does not belong to either of the species! He is *Assistant Manager* of the station and is very modest about his accomplishments, as witness his letter, "Dear Marcella: Your apologies for calling me an 'Artist' are accepted. Now, what are you going to do about calling me an announcer? I do not know whether to smile or to cry . . . I am the assistant manager of the station and as such try to stay behind the scenes." So not having had any success with Mr. Campbell himself, I turned to his secretary, Catherine Steele, who says that one of her boss' pet aversions is giving out personal information for publicity purposes. However, I did get some info about Mr. Campbell and you can guess for yourselves who gave it to me. The hero of this sketch is a native of Asheville, N. C. Took up show business for a time, then dropped it to take up his pen for the Louisville *Times* as Radio Editor. Took a decided interest in the ether business and three years ago became assistant manager of WHAS. Mr. Campbell is very good looking (no picture available to bear me out, but, my public, you'll simply have to take my word for it). In his late thirties, has black hair and black eyes. Quite reserved, but withal has cheery disposition and fine personality. A wife, a six-year-old boy and daughter four years older, complete the family circle.

See you subsequently.—Your own Marcella.

★ ★ ★
MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.



"Hack" Wilson, NBC impersonator.

Chinning

with the

Chain Gang

By Jean Dubois



Therese Wittler NBC actress.

IF Graham McNamee, Walter Damosch, Major Bowes, Rudy Valée, or any one of a long list of NBC celebrities should be held up in traffic some day, there's some one in the studios who could hold the fort until the star's arrival. He's "Hack" Wilson, newest find up at National. He was and still is one of their best engineers, but one day news of his remarkable gift for mimicry percolated through to the powers that be, and he went on the air. I heard him in the April Fool broadcast, where as "Graham McNutt" he introduced himself as "Walter Gotterdammerung", "Major Bellows" and "Rudy Chevrolet". Tone quality, mannerisms, even inflections were perfect imitations—he tells me long hours spent at the controls when the celebs were on gave him a swell opportunity to get their little idiosyncrasies down pat. H. Warden Wilson is the name on the diploma he received from the engineering school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1929. Admits to twenty-seven years, and is six feet tall.

* * *

COLUMBIA'S newest quick-change artist doesn't do personages like Wilson, she (yes, a female) does types. Elsie Mae Gordon takes off ragamuffins, chorus girls, serious-minded clubwomen or what-have-you in great style on the Wallace Silversmith program Saturday nights. She worked her way through dramatic school, and one of her first jobs was in a "five and dime" store. That gave her a good chance to study character, visited as it was by everyone from cooks to grand duchesses.

* * *

DID he commit a murder, or was he listening to the Lowell Thomas broadcast on the

night of January 6th when the attack was made? That's the question before a court in Norfolk, Va., which is trying a man who tells of listening to the broadcast in the home of friends. Affidavits support him and tell the subject matter of the broadcast. NBC officials have rushed a copy of the continuity to Norfolk to prove who's right. As this is written, the court has not yet made decision. With the new vogue of program murder trials what could be more apropos than a real murder hearing being identified with a broadcast?

ANOTHER popular local act has been grabbed by the networks. Buffalo's WKBW bids a cheerful but envious farewell to F. Chase Taylor, alias Col. Stoopnagle, and Budd Hulick, who have been signed up by Columbia for a Green Brothers program to go on coastwise waves beginning May 24th. Six years at it makes Taylor a real Radio veteran, but Hulick has been in Radio just a year. Louis Dean, Columbia announcer, once was Taylor's partner, and thinks it would be grand if "they" will let him announce the new program.

* * *



Elsie Mae Gordon, Columbia's quick-change artist, as (from left) a tomboy, a French dancer, a small-town clubwoman and herself.

PUT this in your Album of Funny Coincidences. Not long ago Columbia announced the building of a special audition room where Big Business executives could listen to prospective entertainers. Furnished like a living room, to make Mr. Executive feel at home. A month later NBC announces a living room in its quarters, too—but this one is for "timid Radio speakers" who find the big bare studios too much for their nerves. Not being a Big Executive, I haven't been in Columbia's sanctum, but I hope it has more ash trays than NBC's. I have heard complaints from gentlemen that the big NBC living room has only two! Every well-equipped living room should have at least six.

* * *

THIS month's milestone . . . May, 1931, is exactly one year from the date of Therese Wittler's arrival in New York with the Morse Players of St. Louis, who competed for a Little Theatre Cup. She decided to stick in the metropolis and contrary to tradition, got a dramatic job. She plays "Gypsy Carter" in NBC's *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* on Sundays. (Continued on page 97)



Mr. and Mrs. H. Felton Williams, of the studio staff, whose marriage ceremony was broadcast over WPTF.

Met in Studio, So They Broadcast their "I Do's"

IT WAS a complete surprise to WPTF staff members when Margaret Fussell and Felton Williams announced their engagement and early marriage. And it was more of a surprise when H. K. Carpenter, manager of the Raleigh station, invited the young couple to use the studios for the ceremony and asked their permission to broadcast it to the thousands of listeners to the North Carolina station. On February 28th the nuptial knot was tied.

The studios were a mass of flowers, and the broadcast lived up to all the traditions of a simple home wedding. It was one of the most solemnly beautiful half hours ever placed at the service of WPTF listeners. Kingham Scott at the organ, played the *Lohengrin Wedding March*, while the Blue Bird String Ensemble contributed several romantic selections. Mrs. Williams is a pianist and popular "crooner", while Mr. Williams is one of the members of the engineer's staff. Both have been with the station for over a year.

TWO renowned artists of the concert and operatic world are now heard regularly over the air from WBAL in Baltimore. Mabel Garrison, who retired from the Metropolitan Opera to devote herself to her home (she is the wife of George Siemonn, conductor of the Balti-



Left, Frank Gittelson, eminent American violinist, and Mabel Garrison, former soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. Both appear regularly at WBAL.

Below. There are many pairs of twins making their appearance before the microphone, but Station KTSA claims to have presented the only pair of real Siamese twins on the air. They are pretty Misses Violet and Daisy Hilton. At the mike with them is Paul Spor, well known master of ceremonies for air celebrities.

genius of its musical staff.

JAMES JOHNSON is only seventeen years old, but he's already one of the most popular staff members of CHML in Hamilton. The young Canadian xylophonist and pianist appeared recently in a local picture house. He admits to becoming confused at the end of the performance . . . tried to leave the theatre through a fire exit . . . then made for another door, which he thought led to the stage, only to be met by a shower of brooms and dust-pans. To the audience's amusement, the soft-soap pail fell down and spattered on his manly chest. That's why he feels more at home in a Radio studio.



A Circle Tour from

more Symphony) sings on a Tuesday evening program sponsored by the McCormick Company. And Frank Gittelson, eminent American violinist is on the air every Sunday morning. He made his concert debut abroad in Berlin under the direction of Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and appeared with Nellie Melba as co-artist when that famous singer gave a concert in London. While not all of the WBAL artists have such brilliant public appearances, the station is noted for the high calibre of its entertainment and the

NEWS from Boston . . . Ben Hadfield of the WNAC staff recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of his debut as a Radio announcer. Ben was on the stage, when he heard the call of the mike. He is still with his first love and has seen longer service than any other WNAC announcer. . . . Hazel Story, assistant program director at WEEI is going in for physical culture. She has let it be known that in June she will marry Lang Fernald, physical director of Wallingford, Conn., High School. . . . It wasn't St. Patrick's Day, at all, but all in one day WLOE offered: Francis X. Rooney, tenor; Fahey Brothers in *Emerald Gems*; Edward J. McQuillon, tenor; Theresa Blackwell, *Irish Colleen* and Mary O'Leary, singing and whistling! Next, Boston will substitute spuds for baked beans.

East to Southwest

TRIXIE, the famous talking cat, is back on the air again, with Jack Shannon, taking the part of Trixie's mistress, Mrs. O'Hara. Marie Stoddard, the versatile character actress, as the snoopy Mrs. Gaddle, is the third member of the trio of *The Gossipers*, which is the only broadcast that has the distinction of being popular on both NBC and CBS. Now, however, this rollicking, funny trio makes its bow on electrical transcriptions. They are already a popular feature at WGBS in New York, and are appearing on a large number of local stations throughout the country. . . .

THE star of KDKA's new broadcasting station is not a human performer.

It's an airplane danger sign perched on top of a 100 foot antenna pole. Since KDKA is located within a few miles of two Pittsburgh landing-fields, it was thought necessary to mount this obstruction marker at the highest point in a barrage of antennae poles. The ball of red light, resembling a spread umbrella, can be seen from a distance of five miles on clear nights.

Wouldn't you know that it would be the tiniest member of the WGY staff



The flying plane of WPEN, with (left to right) Wes Smith, pilot and Lou Jacobson, announcer.

WPEN Announcer Speaks From Bellanca Plane

LOUIS JACKOBSON, who is known to the Radio world as program manager and organist at WPEN, has now added to his titles that of "flying announcer." He uses the big Bellanca plane owned by the station to convey to the neck-craning public on the streets below the latest programs featured over the station.

The plane is equipped with an amplifying unit, permitting Jacobson to sit behind his mike thousands of feet in the air and talk to the crowds below.

This is but one of the three airplanes owned by WPEN, the other two being used to promote the station through the medium of the press. The ships, another Bellanca and a moncoupe plane, are at the disposal of the local papers, who have covered many major stories by using the planes to fly photographers and reporters to the scenes.

Another of the collegiates who will join the Radio world after graduation in June is Miss Marcia Feinberg of Thomasville, Ga. All during her college course at Brenau College she has been broadcasting, and has appeared on WSB, Atlanta; WJAX, Jacksonville, and WQDX in her home town. She has a soprano voice of exceptional range and quality and is a talented violinist. She writes "College and education came first, now my music comes into its own."

Right—Actress Elizabeth Love of *Strictly Dishonorable* made her Radio debut over WCAU in Philadelphia. With her are Powers Gouraud, Horace Leigh and Paul Douglas of the station staff.



Below—They tried to be serious but couldn't! You see the result. James Jefferies, WFAA, Dallas, tenor, and Edward Dunn, announcer.



who would present the *Musical Miniatures*. Marian Brewer, soprano of the Schenectady station, is just five feet tall, but she's a little girl with a big voice! The program, which she originated herself, tells a short story by means of the group of songs which she sings.

Down in the Lone Star State . . . KTRH celebrated its first anniversary recently, while Milt Hall, program director of the Houston station, announces an addition to his family . . . a bouncing baby boy whom his dad calls "Skipper" . . . Two pretty Siamese twins, Violet and Daisy Hilton, are appearing regularly over KTSA in San Antonio.



Handsome men and beautiful women seem to gravitate to Western studios. From left, José Bohr, KFI and KECA Argentine Tenor, Agatha Turley, Pacific NBC soprano, Pinkerton "Pinkie" Day, a former theatre headliner now at KEX; and Hélène Tourjee, who is accompanist, singer and organist at KFWI . . . she also does comic and serious monologues.

Pacific Coast

THE "Andy and Virginia" team are now up at KOIN, Portland, but they have appeared on a half dozen other coast stations from Los Angeles northward. Virginia Lee hails from Covington, Kentucky, which of course accounts for the tinge of southern accent in her speech. One of the cast of the original New York company of *China Rose*, she has studied vocally in several parts of the country, to say nothing of practical experience on the Keith Albee circuit and a few records for Victor. Andy Mansfield studied at Penn State College, Cornell (New York State) and worked in various orchestras composing, making arrangements and playing the piano. The Andy and Virginia program features piano and song and pianologues in happy, informal mood.

JEAN CHOWN (Williamson) becomes prize contralto for the enlarged United chain on the west coast. Already music circles of the Southwest know her through various recitals and broadcast programs. Gene Inge, who dispenses information from the chain, writes that she studied in England and that . . . "her last appearance before an English audience was at a musicale held under the patronage of Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset and Dame Margaret Lloyd George" . . . which, of course stamps Jean as somewhat of a highbrow. But she seems to have dropped any ritzy idiosyncrasies by the wayside.

BLONDE, petite Kay Van Riper, KFWB lady impresario, writes the series of French miniatures, directs it, and takes three or four different roles. This is quite some task for the 95 pound energetic Radio girl.

DR. LAWRENCE L. CROSS, doing a coast NBC program of an inspirational nature, mornings, is tall and lean

and has wavy blond hair. Pastor of the North Brae Community church in Berkeley, college town, he was born in Alabama and was graduated from a college in Tennessee. Dr. Cross married a Yankee girl and is the father of five small children. During his "cross-cut" talks his little birds chirp . . . Alabama and Louisiana mockers and a pair of German rollers.

STUART BUCHANAN, now directing drama for the United chain out on the coast, achieved considerable fame as a member of the Pasadena Community Playhouse Players but, even before that, he was with Stuart Miller in Indianapolis and in stock at Denver. Before entering Radio, Buchanan played football at Notre Dame; taught in the Universities of West Virginia and Florida.

NELSON CASE, suave blonde announcer for KFWB . . . son of Managing Editor Walter Case of the Long Beach (Calif.) Morning Sun, once had his own college band . . . and had a composition of his own, *Waiting in the Rain* . . . hot dance tune which gallops unrestrained up and down the piano keyboard.

Dorothy Warren, once of the Pacific Repertory Company and several seasons with the Pasadena Community Players, is doubling up on drama parts for KFWB this spring . . . with the *French Miniatures* and the *Romancing Racketeer* weekly continuities.

BARON KEYES, creator of the

air castle family over sundry stations, most recently KFI, has published *Valley of Broken Dreams* . . . first played by Ray Van Dyne's orchestra.

"Aunt Missouri," in the person of Bettie Sale, news-scribe, now helps out Big Brother Don (Wilson) over KFI twice a week on his tour for the kiddies.

DAVID HARTFORD and Frances Nordstrom (Mr. and Mrs.) have turned to Radio as a dramatic medium with weekly skits through KMTR. Hartford is an old-timer in western theatrical circles. He has directed Lewis Stone, Florence Reed, Marjorie Rambeau, and Richard Bennett and directed Los Angeles Belasco and Morosco stock companies.

The Three Co-eds, vocal group from KECA, has never changed personnel since it started in '26 over vaudeville and later on Radio . . . Marian Peck, soprano; Meredith Gregor and Theresa Aezer, contralto and pianist.

Bebe Daniels said she'd accept \$500 for one shot on Sunkist Cocktail hour if expenses for herself and secretary to New York and back were paid. No go.



Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of *At the End of a Perfect Day*, visits KPO and Hugh Barrett Dobbs (Dobbsie). They are looking over the 2,000 letters received by Mrs. Bond when she appeared recently.



Talent and good looks are attributes of these stars. From left, Harriet Pool Branham, KROW organist, and Announcer (also KROW) Frank Killinger, who has been cameraman, electrician and world traveler in the past. Winnie Fields Moore, KFI and KECA travelogue artist, and Ronald Graham, KFRC baritone . . . born in Scotland but likes America.

Pick-ups

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

EARL TOWNER goes back to his first Radio love . . . KFRC. Some four years ago he was singing basso with the Strollers male quartet. Then he went into other fields, but came back early this year with the Buccaneers, another male quartet. Others: Elbert Bellows, and Ray Nelson, tenors, and Morton Gleason, baritone.

Marion Boyle, KHQ's 21-year-old pianist, was born in Vancouver, but she has lived in Seattle since the tender age of three. Just now she is studio accompanist for KHQ and is also an amateur dancer. Eyes of blue, stylishly thin, dark hair—Marion is one of those energetic girls who are the "life of the party."

ALMA MORROW, of KPO, has just written *Lyrics in Lavender*, off the press early this year, with some of her original poems. She does the continuity in verse for "harp harmonies", once-a-week-program of the San Francisco station.

Not many Radio entertainers have ever done their act for the Duchess and Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. In fact, lots of broadcast folks never even heard of

em. But Elbert Bellows, KFRC tenor, has. Serving with the 5th division, A. E. F., Bellows went with a troupe of A. E. F. players after the armistice touring the various units. The royal duo witnessed a performance where the young soldier sang. Later he went into Germany with the American army of occupation.

PAUL BERGMAN, KMTR's trick saxophone player, wrote *Wild Fire*, usually played as a sax solo . . . three years in this country, he is a robust German.

Sam Hays leaves the climate of Oakland (KTAB) and goes to Los Angeles to announce for the new United chain. A year or so ago he played the male lead in the only open air performance of the *Peer Gynt* suite given in this country . . . at Mt. Tamalpais, California.

TWO Southern California stations planned to do spring house-cleaning by moving completely very soon. KMTR, early in June, plans to move its studio to the United Artists lot in Hollywood, while KMCS (formerly KMIC, Inglewood) figures on moving to inside the gates at the Metropolitan studio.

KTAB's newest tenor, Paul Hammet, is another auto salesman gone Radio. By day he goes up and down the well known peninsula selling America's popular family car, and at night he does his song act for KTAB. Married; two children.

KJR believes in playing golf the year round . . . that is, its staff does. Jean Kantner, tenor, headed the list at the last accounting, and some of the fellows at the Northwest Broadcasting System hope to get in good enough shape to challenge the boys at the United chain in Los Angeles pretty soon.

RANCH HOUR at KTM gets a new recruit in the form of Dan Cypert, cowboy singer from the range lands of southeastern Arizona, where he worked on the Lazy Y ranch near Wilcox, tiny cow town. Cypert is an old-time friend of Cactus Mac (Curtis Mac Peters) also on the station's ranch program nightly. The new Radio ranch hand, lean and lanky, is in his late twenties and has also been an exhibition rider at rodeos and country fairs, while his musical efforts have been gleaned from the ranch bunkhouse and around campfire gatherings.

EILEEN ROBERTSON is now staff pianist for CKWK up in Vancouver. Born in London twenty-three years ago her family moved to Salem, Oregon, the next year and to Vancouver in 1917. Besides a talent for the piano, she is likewise a professional dancer and commercial artist and, as such, made a number of vaudeville tours . . . Pantages and Capitol circuits . . . and several years ago won the pianoforte gold medal at the British Columbia music festival.

MAURICE KOEHLER, director of the new KGFJ little symphony, hailing originally from Verviers, Belgium, drops his violin for the time being to direct the group for the station which operates some 24 hours a day.

The bushy haired, bespectacled musician has been studying since the age of eight when he came to this country, although he returned to the continent to study in the Royal Academy in Munich and under Christian Timmer, Amsterdam.



Another one of those trick photos, for Tom and Wash are both Tom Breneman of KFWB. In his noonday sketch he announces "matrimonial bureau, insurance, divorces arranged for, janitor work."

Betty McGee Broadcasts

HERE'S a blow to many tender feminine hearts among WLS listeners—the Maple City Four bids fair to become a double mixed quartet. "Pat" Petterson, basso, started it. In January he was married to Miss Helen Kiff of La Porte, Ind. This inspired Fritz Meissner, first tenor, to join the ranks of benedicts so in February he took as his bride Miss Dorothy Davidge, Cairo, Ill. And now Al Rice and Art Janes, the other two quartet members, report some progress. Incidentally, this aggregation of singers claims the world's record for early morning broadcasting. During the last two winters they have broadcast programs from 6:30 to 7:00 a.m., six days a week, without missing a single engagement.

Al Rice, who is also a "lead" in many WLS plays, is another one of those people who has done his bit toward entertaining the Prince of Wales. It seems that Al once directed a popular orchestra chosen by His Royal Highness to accompany him on a two months' Canadian trip. It was in Vancouver that the Prince heard Rice's band in a large hotel and was so pleased with their American style of playing that the tour was arranged. In 1929, when



First published photo of the mysterious "Miss Melody" of WELL, Battle Creek, Mich., now revealed as Dorothy Peffer, society girl, fashion authority and expert equestrienne.

Rice was passing through Chicago to join a western orchestra, he met the three original members of the Maple City Four in search of a lead tenor,—so that's the "how" of that story. By the way, he sold his saxophone and bought a 10-cent flute which is now known as his "shower-bath wheeze".

AS RADIO goes into deeper dramatics, we are told, the need for realistic sound effects grows most important.

Urban Johnson, xylophonist extraordinary and member of Leon Bloom's studio orchestra for WBBM, is their newly appointed Director of Sound Effects. . . . His job it is to figure out the means of reproducing anything from a rattlesnake's ominous buzz to a baby's whimper or an elephant's sneeze.

Recently, Urban was suddenly called upon to make a noise like a chain and padlock. Nothing in the usual sound equipment would do. With a flash of inspiration he grasped a string of beads from one of the actresses and dangled them over a plate. And the drama's realism was preserved!

THE hurdle from society teas to the microphone is a short one for Dorothy Peffer of Battle Creek, but on the way she masks in the anonymity of Miss Melody. For four years she has been the outstanding entertainer of WELL, Battle Creek, but never disclosed her identity in any of her broadcasts, steadfastly refused to have



WLS Maple City Four may soon become eight. From left they are Pat Petterson, already wed, Art Janes, on the verge, Fritz Meissner, also wed, and Al Rice (?).

her picture appear in the paper and has declined to consider personal appearance offers. RADIO DIGEST is the first publication to publish her picture. In recent months she has appeared in a daily morning program *Shopping With Sally*, over her home station, during which she describes smart things to wear and bits of gossip about the smart places of the community. Although these talks are essentially for women, she recently received a request from a man "just over from England who wants to know something about men's fashions over here." She is a member of the Hunt and Saddle club, exclusive organization, and not only does she ride well but is an excellent dancer.

THERE'S a new member in the Gordon Van Dover family (yes, Gordon is a member of the Tom, Dick and Harry Trio, WGN). The little newcomer arrived in town on Lincoln's birthday and his name is Marlin Arthur—you've guessed it—after Marlin Hurt, also of the famous trio. Little Marlin Arthur has brown eyes like his daddy and red hair like his mother—and a brother, Gordon, Jr., 4, and a sister Lila Mae, aged 2 years.

IREENE WICKER, petite star of numberless roles originating in the studios of WBBM, consulted a numerologist, who suggested that she add another "e" to her name. It may spell more success, anyway, she's had plenty of that in numerous Daily Times dramatic skits and is fea-

From the Great Midwest

tured in *Story In Song, The Carnival and The Band Concert*, which are WBBM offerings to the Columbia Farm Community Network programs. Irene, or rather Ireene, was in the University of Illinois class of '24 and was a member of Chi Omega sorority.

THE secret's out now! "Homesteader Budge" who has been mystifying "Farm and Home Hour" listeners has been discovered to be none other than one Harry J. Budinger, whose scintillating syncopation has attracted notice on the *Yeast Foamers* and other NBC productions. Budinger is also featured on KYW programs as a member of Rex Maupin's *Aces of the Air*.

FRIENDS of "The Smith Family" are tuning in on WMAQ on Wednesday nights at 8:30 since WENR was purchased by the NBC and this program became a feature of the Daily News station. They went to WMAQ with the wind-up of an election for mayor of the town (Glendale Park, a suburb of any city) in which Mr. and Mrs. (Smith) ran against each other. . . . When the race for mayor was being run the station on which they appeared, WENR, received almost 600,000 votes. Statistics show this is without a doubt the largest return from any weekly feature staged on any single station in the country.

Admirers of Marion and Jim, who do sketches and songs, will find them also at

WMAQ. They are presenting "Smack Out" at 6:00 each night over that station. The program finds Marion and Jim in a country store with an old New England character who always has plenty of wagon tongues, plasters and what not.

SOMEONE is always wanting to know if "Herr Louie's" accent well known on the popular WGN "Hungry Five" feature is real, and the answer is that he certainly comes naturally by it. For although Henry Moeller, which is Herr Louie's honest-to-goodness name, was born in Davenport, Iowa, his parents were born in Germany. Henry not only directs the "leettle German band" but writes the continuity for the feature.

Coming to Chicago after finishing school in Davenport, Henry met Hal Gilles, the famous Weasel. Hal hails from Evansville, Indiana, and has been a black face principal, a singer of Negro dialect songs and an ace of sentimental ballads. He is also a clarinet player and a hooper of no mean ability.

Henry and Hal used to play together in musical comedy, and some seven years ago these two enterprising young men entered into partnership as producers and stagers of home talent plays. And it was in March, 1928 that the two first appeared as Radio entertainers over WGN as the principal characters in *Louie's Hungry Five*. . . . Last October Moeller and Gilles began making electrical transcriptions of their Radio act. Today the feature is heard over more than forty stations in

the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

THE latest addition to the dramatic and announcing staff of WHK, Cleveland, is Victor Dewey Lidyard, who claims to have gotten away with a one-man dramatic sketch featuring no less than 22 individuals. His picture appears on this page. Although Lidyard has been doing dramatic work for quite a long time in Akron, he made his first bid for Radio fame not many years ago by giving a most impressive interpretation of Ida M. Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln".

Lidyard is somewhat in doubt as to what his Radio nom-de-plume should be. He has answered variously to Dewey, Victor and Duke. In stature he is rather slight with hair inclined to an auburn tinge; a very pleasant microphone voice and manner, and a smile that is contagious. WHK listeners have heard him frequently of late on remote dance programs and he will be featured soon in dramatic offerings from the Studios.

MENTION interest to listeners and we bring to mind Helen Wyant, (Continued on page 97)



Cumberland Ridge Runners of WLS National Barn Dance. Standing: Gene Ruppe, Hartford Taylor, Ed. Goodreau. Lower: John Lair, Doc Hopkins and Karl Davis.



Victor Dewey Lidyard plays Punchinello. He's the newest addition to WHK, Cleveland, dramatic and announcing staff and claims to have done 22 characters in one skit.



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

*Lovely Chamber Music vs. Bang-Bang Rhythm—
"Those Trembly Singers" Are a Menace*

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

ALMOST any bright student who has taken a few terms of lessons in harmony and counterpoint under a clever teacher, can write music for one hundred and twenty instruments or thereabouts. But when it comes to writing significant music for four or five instruments, then our clever youngsters are simply nowhere. Music for the small ensemble is of all kinds the most delightful, the most elusive and the most powerfully appealing to refined tastes.

Every one of the greatest composers, save only Wagner, who devoted himself entirely to the composition of music-dramas (operas), has written trios, quartets, quintets or sextets, that is to say, music for three, four, five or six instruments. Beethoven wrote a septet (for seven) and both Mendelssohn and Schubert octets (for eight). Schubert wrote several quartets, a trio, and an octet for four stringed and four wind instruments which has been played in every part of the western world by enthusiastic musicians during a hundred years. Columbia made a beautiful phonograph recording of it, a few years ago, which has sold very well. Beethoven wrote eighteen quartets, besides trios and the famous septet. Mozart delighted in chamber music. So did Schumann. So did that little giant Brahms. Chamber music, in fact, has attracted and fascinated the greatest musical minds during the last two hundred years.

I have said something in previous articles about the meaning of the terms, "trio", "quartet", etc., as these are used in describing chamber music. Let me now add that the distribution of the instruments in these small ensembles is not a matter of chance, or even to any extent of the composer's fancy. Long experience has shown that the combination of two violins, one viola and one violoncello is well-nigh perfect for the purposes of chamber music, and this particular grouping has therefore become universal for the performance of what are called "quartets".

Unhappily we use the same word to describe both the music written for four instruments in the grouping mentioned, and for the grouping itself. This is of

course illogical, but like a great many other illogical customs it survives. One has to judge by the sense whether the reference is to the music itself or to the group of instruments, when one speaks of a "quartet" or a "trio".

Chamber Music in Electrical Transcriptions

Happily for us lovers of chamber music, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are steadily giving us more frequent opportunities to hear the playing of first class ensemble groups, especially of quartets and trios. And a good many performances of chamber music on local stations are from phonograph records, but I think no one need worry about that. Recorded music has been produced in conditions the most nearly perfect that can be imagined. The music has been played again and again until each of the artists has proclaimed himself entirely satisfied with the result. Only then has it been published.

I have two thousand phonograph records and am adding steadily to their number. In fact I have to keep a card index record of them. Among these are some four hundred records of chamber music. I have often compared the recorded playing as given out by my big electric phonograph with the same music played direct into the microphone at the broadcasting studio by the same artists. It is not usually easy to decide which one likes better. At any rate, whether from records or directly, we are getting a fair amount of chamber music these days through our Radio sets and I think we all ought to be happy for so great a privilege.

Trios, quartets and quintets, in fact, are, so to speak, sonatas for ensemble, or

to put it in another way, they are symphonies in little. A symphony for orchestra, a quartet for four instruments, a trio for three or a sonata for two or for one—all are founded upon the same fundamental plan. All alike have (usually) four movements of the same general character. All depend in the same way upon the development of distinct musical themes. A symphony written for a great orchestra is powerful, large and complex to an often extraordinary extent, while a quartet or trio will always in comparison be short and simple. Of course, you cannot get out of four instruments, or three, even when one is a piano, the sonority and power of a symphony orchestra. So the composer, writing a quartet or trio or quintet, knows that he must depend upon clarity of plan, clean-cut ideas and masterly working out of them, to capture the imagination of the players and of the hearers alike. Chamber music is never noisy. It is usually not even exciting. But it is pure beauty. And that is what counts.

I am all for persuading my readers to listen at every opportunity to all kinds of chamber music, especially to trios and to quartets. More and more the opportunity is being given to you to listen to this greatest of musical styles. Chamber music is the finest of all music because it is music stripped of meretricious trappings, music which comes to you in stark simplicity of lovely sound, where that to which you listen is the sheer beauty of the tone patterns quietly and simply weaving themselves before your ears, free from blare of trumpets or thunder of drums.

Of course if music is to you nothing but noise, glitter and bang-bang rhythm, then you won't like string quartets. But if you have begun to sense the divine beauty of musical pattern-making as it is done by a master musical mind, then you will more and more like chamber music and you will less and less be thrilled by mere bursts of sound, no matter how magnificent.

I have just had a most interesting letter from a most interesting man, one of the oldest piano tuners on the North American continent. He is Mr. Joseph

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Whiteley of Moncton, N. B., and he has written on a question which must have attracted the attention of a good many Radio listeners. He refers to the prevalent and detestable practice among Radio singers of producing excessive "vibrato". Why so many singers should think it necessary to make their tone production sound like a wheezy church organ with the tremolo stop pulled out and going full blast, is something I do not pretend to explain. Yet the thing happens continually.

Those "Trembly" Singers

In fact, most of those Radio singers who are not merely crooners, whisperers and similar vocal criminals seem to think it a point of necessity to impart a continuous and senseless tremolo to their voices. I suppose that this is done by them for either or both of two reasons. The first reason undoubtedly is found in bad tone production, brought about by bad teaching. There are probably more examples of bad teaching among singers than among all other musicians put together. The second reason probably lies in a belief that the public likes this sort

that defect gives out an excruciatingly complete tremolo whenever a key is touched, is really sounding just as it should.

Well, this may be the expression by Mr. Whiteley of a somewhat excessive fear, but when one considers how few pianos are ever in tune, and how the masses of the people seem to have hardly any idea of the difference between in-tuneness and out-of-tuneness, it is easy to see that his fears may be justified after all.

Which brings me to another matter. Radio and pianos in the home are drawing together. A very interesting new project is under way. Probably most of my readers have already heard about it and no doubt very many of them have begun to listen-in. At any rate the thing is so tremendously interesting to all who really care for music, and it carries such great possibilities in the way of helping to develop latent musical talent, that I consider myself quite justified in talking about it here.

Piano Lessons for a Nation

Of course, I am referring to the Saturday and Tuesday broadcasts which were

President Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company has started. He, like other men who think and look ahead, realizes that the art of music would simply curl up and die if the time should ever come when no one should take any longer an interest in personally producing music. Should this time ever come, which God forbid, music as a living, growing art would come to a standstill and the millions of listeners would find that their greatest pleasure and standby, music on the air . . . was dying on their hands. Now, I am not an alarmist, but the truth is that we have been traveling a good deal too fast for comfort or safety along this line of passivity and apathetic absorbing.

We, and I mean to include the millions of Radio listeners, have shut up our pianos, have banished music lessons from the home and have said, "Oh, why bother when we can get all the entertainment we want by turning a button?" What has been the result? We have begun to find . . . and that this is true evidence accumulates daily to show . . . we have begun to find that merely to listen without ever trying to take part, is a sure way to boredom. No one would sit for hours, day after day, looking on at others playing bridge or go out to the golf links just to watch others playing golf. Occasionally, when a Bobby Jones comes along we are willing to go and watch his play, but that is largely because we hope to pick up a few hints towards improving our own play. Just so, music students will crowd to hear a great pianist or violinist or singer; because they will be learning while they are listening.

If some one could only start the fashion of cultivating an amateur acquaintance with practical music! After all, the thing is neither impossible nor necessarily very difficult. There are communities by the score all through this great land of ours where little groups meet to sing and play music together. Just think for a moment of that marvelous movement which has produced the bands and, still better, the orchestras of our High Schools. I have listened with astonishment and genuine admiration to the playing, under Professor Maddy's baton, of five hundred boys and girls, drawn by competition from high school orchestras all over the country, playing in one great symphony orchestra under Professor Maddy's baton; and playing with amazing freshness and enthusiasm. Again last Fall I had the delightful experience of hearing almost as many youngsters of both sexes drawn from the school orchestras of one single state, Iowa, playing after just a few days' rehearsal at the meeting of the Iowa State Teachers' Association. It was, I tell you, a wonderful experience to see pretty young girls playing the big bull-fiddles, the French horns, the trombones, the clarinets, as well as the more usual violins. It was as wonderful to see fine

(Continued on page 98)



Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is also a fine pianist.

of singing. If this be the case, then of course nothing can be done about it, until the public changes or rather, improves, its taste.

At any rate, this can be laid down as a rule: A singer who makes every tone into a tremolo is not a good singer.

Mr. Whiteley makes another point. He says that Radio listeners who hear this sort of tremulant vocal tone all the time will fall into the error of supposing that it is actually correct. If so, thinks he, they will suppose also that the piano in the living room, which has not been tuned for years, and which because of

led off on March 28th, and to the first of which Dr. John Erskine made the principal contribution. In these programs, which are going on regularly each week, noted musical amateurs, men and women of affairs who play the piano as hobby, relaxation, fun, are joining to demonstrate to the millions of Radio listeners how easy it is for any person who has a piano at home and a little stock of common sense in his or her head, to learn to play tunes and accompaniments for personal pleasure and satisfaction.

This is a very fine piece of work which

A Post-Script ON ETIQUETTE

*P. S. Musts and Mustn'ts of Convention Should
Be Observed. They're Signs of Good Breeding*

WHEN I joined Mrs. Blake's column, which broadcasts over the Columbia network every Friday morning, I promised my Radio listeners that I would try to point out which rules of etiquette are vitally important, and which are not quite so important.

Every rule to be of importance must have for its object the smoothing of the social machinery, or the considerations of taste or of courtesy. Rules for social machinery include all details of dining-room service, table manners, introductions, leaving cards, the unending details such as when to sit and when to stand, and the conventional—practically mechanical—thing we do and say on various occasions. The purpose of this class of rules is best illustrated by a church service.

By Emily Post

It would be shocking to have people trotting in and out of pews, talking out loud or otherwise disturbing the dignity associated with church ritual. For this reason, we have set rules of procedure for all ceremonial functions, so that marriages, christenings, funerals, as well as Sunday services shall be conducted with ease and smoothness.

Among the conventional forms for instance, that allow no deviation we must include introductions and greetings. The formal introduction is, and has always been, "Mrs. Stranger, may I present Professor Brown?" The semi-formal introduction, which is the introduction in general use, and equally correct (whether on formal or informal occasions), is the mere repetition of two names: "Mrs. Stranger, Mrs. Neighbor." Both names said exactly alike. When introducing a man to a woman her name is said first. A woman is never introduced to a man—not even if he be eighty and she eighteen.

When you have been introduced, you say "How do you do?" Once in a while, if introduced to some one you have heard much about, and who has also heard about you, you perhaps say "I am very glad to meet you", or "I've heard so much about you from Mary". But you must never say "Pleased to meet you" or "Charmed"—both of these are socially taboo! Nor do you cooingly echo "Mrs. Smy-uth". Best Society says "How do you do?" Nothing else.

A hostess always shakes

hands with her guests when they arrive and when they leave. She should never shake hands at face height or in any other awkward or eccentric fashion. A proper hand shake is at about waist height. After an introduction you merely clasp hands and after a brief raising and dropping movement, let go. Of course, if you are shaking hands with a friend—especially one whom you have not seen for a long time, you shake hands with a warmer pressure and for a long time. A hostess greets her guests with the inevitable phrase "How do you do?" to which she adds "I'm so glad to see you," or "Mrs. Older, how good of you to come".

When you say good-bye to your hostess, you say "Thank you for a very pleasant evening," or "Thank you so much for asking me," or a young girl says "Good night, I've had a wonderful time!" or "It's been a wonderful party!" Hostess answers "It was a great pleasure to see you" or "I'm so glad you could come," or "How nice of you to say that"—whatever naturally answers what her friends have said.

At a dance, a man asks a girl "Would you care to dance?" She says "Yes, I'd like to very much," or if he cuts in, he says "May I have some of this?" Her present partner releases her. She says nothing. When they finish dancing, he always says "Thank you." Or he perhaps says "That was wonderful". To either remark she answers "Thank you."

AND now let me say a few words about another and even more important division of etiquette, which is that of courtesy. In a nut shell, courtesy means unflinching consideration of the feelings of others—it is the very spirit of good breeding—the outward expression of innate kindness. The only example of discourtesy that has threatened polite society in over three hundred years is that of the hostess who helps herself to the untouched dishes first, and then has her leavings passed to her guests. This example of unknowing, or at least unthinking, rudeness cannot be over emphasized, because it is spreading all around the outskirts of society, and has



Emily Post, Author of popular book, *Etiquette*.

How to set a table for tea. This is how Mrs. Post prepares for her guests. Photo taken in Mrs. Post's New York apartment.



(since choice of home or clothes is limited by money) is the taste with which we choose our words and their pronunciation. In short, our standing as persons of cultivation and social distinction (or the contrary), is determined in the first few sentences we speak. In making the briefest list of mistakes to be avoided, one might put at the top of the list all characteristics of sham and veneer. A would-be-elegant pose, a mush in the throat voice, and any such expression as "I beg you will partake of refreshment before retiring," or "I will be charmed to attend" are all to fashionable people, taboo. By fashionable I mean those who have for generations known widest cultivation. Such people as these would say "Will you have something to eat before you go to bed?" "I will go with pleasure", and all other Anglo-Saxon expressions.

Pronunciation taboos include flattening and perversions of the vowels. "Jest"

meaning "just", "ben" for bin or—pronounced by the very high-brows "bean" but by most of us, "bin". Foreign is right—Foureign is wrong. We drink water—not watter. Thought should be "thowt" not thot; film—not fillum; athletic—not athaletic. And no one with the least pretention to cultivation could ever say "girlie", "little woman", "in the home", "pardon me", "gentleman friend", and so on.

As for subjects of conversation, society might discuss pathology, but it taboos physiology. Any abstract subject could be admissible but should any one mention blemishes on toes by actual name he would find himself outside the barred door of every society that could possibly be admitted as Best.

even invaded the homes of a certain few well-bred but carelessly absent-minded hostesses who fail to notice what their improperly trained servants are doing. And as those of highest position are apt to be those who pay least attention, Mrs. Nono Betta noticing that Mrs. Richan Careless served herself first, tells her butler or waitress to do the same. Others in turn copy Mrs. Nono Betta and it goes on—except, of course, in the houses of those whose courtesy is innate, or those whose social position is founded on the traditions of culture. The only occasion when the traditions of courtesy permit a hostess to help herself before a woman guest is when she has reason to believe the food is poisoned. It must otherwise be remembered that the dish of honor is the perfectly garnished untouched dish, with fresh untouched serving implements laid upon it. And the guest of honor, or whoever is the oldest woman guest present, has the honor of breaking into this dish. For the hostess herself to scoop out a hollow, or to cut a gap, or to break a crust—cannot be defended; since to bite into an apple and then hand it to a guest would be no greater breach of courtesy. Imagine a child at his own party being allowed to help himself to the pieces he likes from the dish of cakes or in the box of candy and then hand the dish or box to his guests!

A THIRD division of etiquette is that of taste. This naturally includes the clothes we choose, and where we wear them, the house we build or buy or furnish, and of still greater importance

QUESTION CORNER

for
Women Readers

THE Woman's Feature Editor of RADIO DIGEST is opening this Department with a desire to assist women readers in solving problems, large or small, which arise in daily life.

SHE will be glad to answer any questions that may be troubling you from some domestic problem to the latest in fashion hints. Address your letter to Woman's Feature Editor, RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Mrs. Miriam
Finn
Scott

THE following article is one of a series of broadcasts which Mrs. Scott gave over the NBC. If you have any problem with your child, write to Mrs. Scott in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and she will be pleased to advise you how to handle it. Mrs. Scott is the author of several books on the care of the child and is a recognized authority on children's problems.—Editor.

THE most difficult type of the unusual child to handle is the child with the original, inventive mind, great mechanical ability, an insatiable curiosity and an almost ruthless urge for experimentation. A child with these qualities is on the one hand utterly fearless, recognizes no physical limitations either within himself or outside of himself, goes to any extreme, stops at nothing in order to attain his ends. But on the other hand he finds it almost impossible to conform to the necessary routine of daily life. This kind of the "unusual child" is, of course, a very trying, disturbing member both in the home group and in the school, but parents and teachers must realize first of all that the child of this type cannot be held responsible because he is endowed with powers beyond his physical control; he cannot be blamed. He must be helped to acquire control of the driving forces within him so that they will become a constructive and not a destructive contribution to his development. But such control cannot be taught to a child by mere words, by threats, by punishments or by rewards. It can be achieved only by taking an interest in the child's deeply rooted interests. He requires the most thoughtful, the most sympathetic and at the same time the most definite training. It is very important for parents as well as teachers to realize that from this type of child perfection in the commonplace de-

tails cannot be expected. If he gives a reasonable amount of cooperation, if he learns to understand and admit his thoughtless conduct, if he shows a willingness to do better—these efforts, however weak, should be appreciated and encouraged. It is a slow, a most difficult task to help this type of the unusual child to get command of himself. It takes time, patience and endless courage, but in my opinion no child is more worthy of the best thought and training than the unusual child, because it is invariably out of this child that the man or woman springs who makes a worthwhile contribution to society.

To the parents who believe that the school can and should do everything for a child, I wish to say from a rather wide experience that no school can undertake this almost overwhelming responsibility of training the unusual child. The school should certainly give understanding co-operation; it should give special attention, in so far as it is able; but it has neither the time nor the facilities to give to the unusual child that individual, intensive training which must be done at home, in all the hours that he is outside the school.

THE story of Bob will illustrate the problems the unusual child presents from various aspects—it will also show how he has been handled, how his unusual qualities are being developed, but not at the expense of the comfort and happiness of others.

Bob started to show his adventurous spirit at the early age of two and one-half years. He was for the first time sitting on a float, carefully watched by his father. Bob was apparently quietly enjoying the new experience when he saw his sister (ten years old) dive into the water. Before the father could move,

The

He Always Has Something Valuable to Offer to the World and Must Be Given More Than Ordinary Consideration

By Miriam Finn Scott

Bob jumped up and dived into the water! There was a momentary scream of terror from those on the beach who saw the incident. To be sure, there was little danger of the child's drowning, with his father right there, but Bob needed no assistance—he bobbed up, caught hold of the rope and pulled himself up on the float. This little incident is typical of the way Bob never misses a chance of trying a new adventure.

FROM his earliest years Bob was interested in boats. He carved them out of wood with a knife, fitted them out with sails and sailed them. Storms and winds made no difference to him, much to his mother's discomfort and anxiety. Then began his engine creating period, when fire explosions and short circuits kept the household in a turmoil. From that he went into the building of aeroplanes. Whatever happened to interest Bob at the time, that interest held him almost spell-bound from the moment he opened his eyes in the morning until he went to bed at night. Every scrap of wood, metal and string that he came across he saved for his inventions. School had no attraction for him, although he learned to read and write, or print, at the age of five. His eldest sister was his teacher. Learning to write interested him because it helped him to understand the advertisements of the things which he loved, and at a very early age he began to correspond with various concerns requesting catalogues and illustrated pamphlets.

At the age of six Bob's mother decided to enter him in a school. She chose one of the foremost modern schools. The mother was very frank. She told the principal of the school that she did not understand how to handle Bob, that he was too much for her. The principal examined the child, found him very interesting, admitted him, and in accordance with the ideals and methods of the school Bob was given full freedom for self-expression. This ideal freedom for self-

Unusual Child

expression played havoc with Bob. The school, as such, was just a fifth wheel to Bob's wagon. He almost took the school apart! After one year in that school he was a shattered, thoroughly disorganized child.

THE second school he entered was a school of high academic standing and splendid discipline. Bob passed the intelligence test with flying colors. He was admitted with the school's full knowledge of his past history. This school found Bob a willful, wild, undisciplined boy, behind in all class studies and terribly anti-social. The amazing skill of his hands, his keen interest in all scientific and mechanical devices, was not even noticed by his teachers. He was interfering with the routine of the class work and the parents were requested that he be removed from the school because he could not make the necessary adjustment.

The discouraged parents were advised to enter Bob into a very small school where he could have intensive individual attention. He was taken to a school that had only about a dozen pupils. It had been founded for the special purpose of developing the spiritual nature of the child and to give particular attention to the unusual child. Here Bob found himself among a group of children, the majority of whom were definitely deficient. Some of the children, although two or three years older than Bob, were of a much lower mentality. The school held nothing for Bob except boredom. Since nothing was provided for him by the school to keep his keen mind legitimately interested and his skillful hands busy, he was driven to find an interest for himself. During his play periods in school Bob spent the time building aeroplanes. To work the propeller he needed rubber bands. In his eagerness to finish the plane he went searching around in the school-room for the rubber bands. He found some in the supply closet and took them. He was caught and pounced upon by one of his teachers—was lectured on the subject of honesty—was practically branded a thief. Not until it was too late did the teachers realize with what outrageous stupidity and injustice they had handled a small boy. The parents, in despair, removed Bob from this school, and it was at this point that he was brought to me.

I found Bob fascinating—alert, interested in everything, keenly observant, and with an almost uncanny skill in his ten fingers. He had brought some of the

models of the aeroplanes that he had built. Designers of aeroplanes have pronounced these models to be extraordinary work for a child of ten. But with all his skill and intelligence, I found Bob nervously worn, chaotic in all his habits, absolutely irresponsible, thoughtless in his contacts with others and cruelly demanding,

I REALIZED that here was an unusual child who was the victim of almost vicious handling. What he needed was freedom to express his valuable powers, but he also needed definite discipline to help him get control of his powers. He had to be aroused to a sense of responsibility; he had to learn to conform to certain rules of conduct for the benefit of others, and unless he did so he could not have the things that were most precious to him. His parents were made to understand that in his physical habits



A child at play in the quietude of the Children's Garden.

they had to deal with him as though he were six years of age. He had to learn to dress himself properly and quickly; to be willing to take his bath on time; to come to the table promptly and observe good table manners. For a while he was tutored at home to get a solid foundation for his school work. All this training was given Bob with regularity, with definiteness, but in a spirit of sympathy and true consideration—it was never "overdone." At the same time he was given a reasonable opportunity to experiment and adventure.

Bob gradually learned to appreciate that, hard as it was for him to conform to the routine of every-day life, conforming brought him release from being nagged and tormented all the time for doing this and for not doing that. In the spring he entered a school at the head of which is a man of true insight and fine feeling. It is now two years that Bob has

been at that school. He is taking a genuine interest in his school work; he is physically stronger than he has ever been; he is more considerate and responsive; he is entirely self-dependent as to his personal care. Because he has gained better control of himself, his unusual gifts express themselves more fully and more accurately and bring him and those about him greater joy.

Here is one case of an unusual child where his wings were not clipped while he was learning to gain control of them.

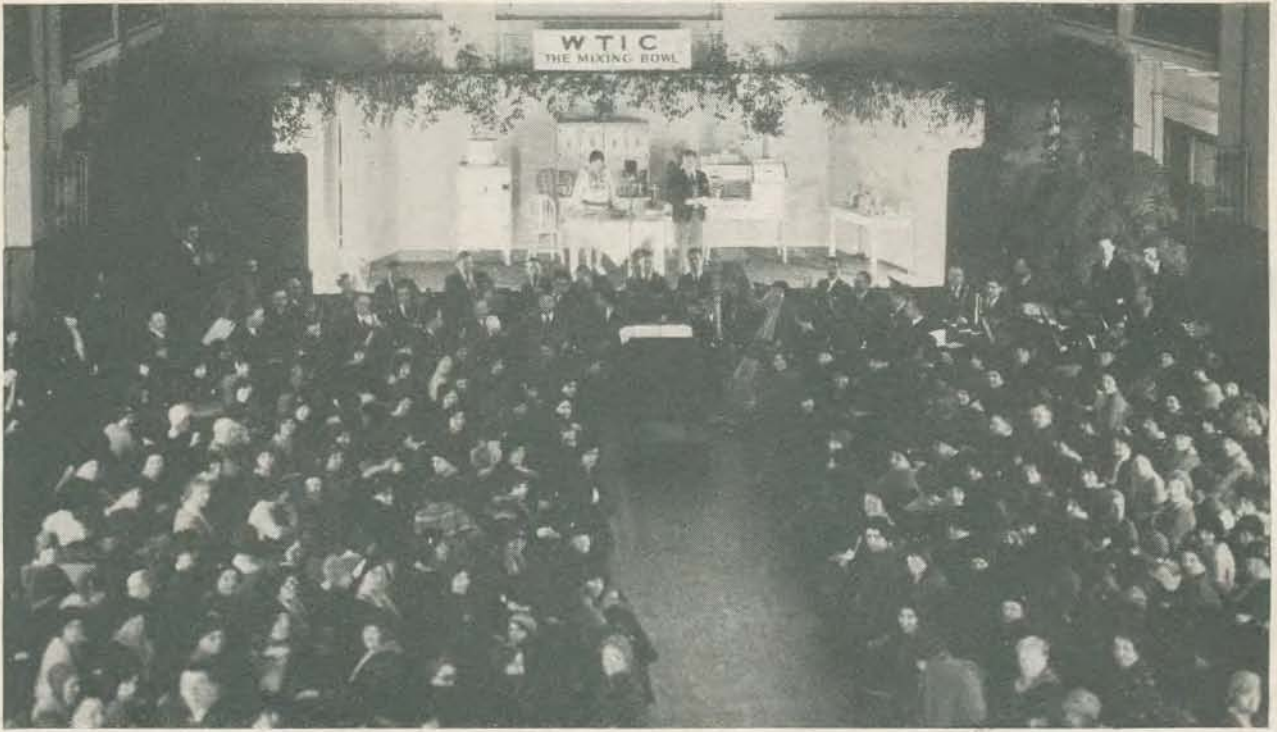
From my rich experience with children of all ages and under all sorts of conditions, I was brought to the realization that the education of the child does not depend on the period the child spends in school, nor for that matter does it depend upon any one particular period or factor in his life, but that his development, his education depend upon all factors in his life. Every contact, every influence,

every impression—whether the child registers it consciously or unconsciously—is a basic influence in his entire development; the very commonplaces of his everyday existence, his eating, his dressing, his bathing, his playing, hold the greatest riches for his growth and progress.

THE parent who has not learned the importance of allowing the child to express himself freely in order to understand him better, but who always dominates, directs, corrects, nags and admonishes, will reveal himself by such innocent interruptions as, "John, be careful!", or "Mary, have you seen this beautiful game?", or, "Don't do that on the table—you will scratch it!", and so on.

When parents with their children come to The Children's Garden, they enter a very simple home, but they all can at once sense that whatever advice I might give is based on a first hand knowledge on my part of practical living conditions.

In The Children's Garden, there is one room set aside which is my laboratory. In appearance it is just an attractive playroom equipped with the simplest furniture—different shaped and different colored tables and chairs which comfortably fit the body of any child from the age of two to fourteen years. Materials, games and toys are attractively arranged on the shelves. Every motion of his in this Children's Garden reveals his physical, mental and emotional capacities and weaknesses.



How men and women listeners responded to WTIC's invitation to attend a public cooking demonstration by Miss Bowering at The Mixing Bowl.

"THERE is no such thing as luck in cooking."

Such is the contention of Florrie Bishop Bowering, director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC of Hartford.

"A cake does not 'come out well' because the cook had good luck, nor does it 'turn out poorly' because she had poor luck," Miss Bowering maintains. "Much of cookery depends on chemistry, and in chemistry certain ingredients act upon others in the same way every time. A pharmacist wouldn't dare concoct a prescription without accurately measuring each ingredient to be sure it was in proper proportion to the others. And neither should a cook, if she desires success."

A half-teaspoon more or less of baking powder than is specified in a recipe, or too much beating or stirring, or just ten degrees more or less heat than called for, will frequently spoil a cake. The three important factors of the art of cooking, according to Miss Bowering, are: first, the effect of one ingredient upon another; second, the method used in combining the ingredients; and third, the application of heat to the mixture or plain food.

In order that she may put her theories into actual practice, a model experimental kitchen has been built for Miss Bowering adjacent to the studios from which she transmits her programs. In this kitchen she tests every recipe she imparts to her listeners and tries out recipes and hints passed on to her by members of the Mixing Bowl audience.

The WTIC kitchen is in keeping with

POT LUCK?

No! You Can't Say to Food Ingredients "Come on Seven 'leven" and Expect an Ideal Angel Cake

Miss Bowering's ideals of efficiency. The tables are adjusted to the "working level" best suited to her and are equipped with rubber casters so that they may be rolled silently and swiftly to any part of the room. The surface of every piece of furniture that would lend itself to such treatment is covered with porcelain to make it easy to clean, and almost every bit of metal is plated with chromium, rendering it immune to rust, tarnish and stains.

AT THE right of the sink stands a kitchen cabinet, and directly above it another cabinet with sliding doors, containing the soap, scouring powders, dish mops and other articles used in washing. The kitchen cabinet is equipped with outlets so that the electric mixer, toaster, waffle iron, coffee percolator and

other appliances may be plugged in at this convenient point. The range is the last word in electric stoves, being equipped with units that heat with triple speed, an automatic clock that turns the heat on at any temperature and shuts it off when desired. The refrigerator is housed in a steel cabinet, is equipped with a temperature control, contains a special compartment for vegetables, and—wonder of wonders!—is set high enough from the floor to allow "broom-room" so that the linoleum underneath may be mopped as easily as the rest of the floor.

"It must be borne in mind," says the charming mistress of the Mixing Bowl, "that my kitchen at Station WTIC is not supposed to be a model for the ordinary home. It is laid out on a rather large scale because there is so much research work done in it and to accommodate visitors. The principles involved in the arrangement, however, may be applied to any home. The same convenient compactness could be introduced into a smaller room with even better effect."

"The aim of the Mixing Bowl is to help women to live more beautifully," says the charming director of home economics for Station WTIC, "to permit more leisure time for culture, entertainment and companionship with their families; to show how, with modern labor and time-saving equipment and food products, they may find short-cuts to efficient management of their homes."

Dispatched over the ether by a transmission power of 50,000 watts, the Mixing

George Malcolm-Smith Reports WTIC Mixing Bowl Activities

Bowl is the domestic forum of housekeepers throughout the whole of New England. It has a large audience in the southeastern Canadian provinces, New York State, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Recently Miss Bowering received thanks for a lemon pie recipe heard by a housewife in Pueblo, Colorado. She has entertained in her kitchen housekeepers who have listened to her in several western states, including Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin. Recently she attained a record for fan mail. The response to one broadcast totaled 1,032 letters requesting a certain recipe. This is believed to be the largest bundle of mail ever received for one domestic science program transmitted from a single station.

Miss Bowering's personality is a rare, almost paradoxical, combination of charm and efficiency. Reared in Nova Scotia, where men are men and demand good cooking, Miss Bowering's training for her present capacity was propitious. Following her education at Boston University, her dual talents as public speaker and culinary expert won her executive positions in several public utility concerns. She also conducted cooking schools sponsored by newspapers throughout the East, addressing as many as 10,000 women a week.

Last March she was chosen to address the National Electric Light Association convention held in Chicago. Her speech won her an assignment to outline a bureau of home economics for the Electric Supply Board of the Irish Free State. During the past summer she tutored a class of Columbia University co-eds. Several cookbooks and many articles in national periodicals manifest her ability as a domestic science authority.

AN INTERVIEW

with her in her kitchen is just about the most pleasant assignment any reporter could desire. While he is putting a luscious piece of pie or cake where it will do the most good, he is regaled with an enthusiastic account of her work.

It came as a surprise to learn that many of her letters come from men. Those who keep bachelor quarters request recipes for simple dishes, such as meat loaf or chocolate cake. And here's one revelation that may give you a shock—men are as fond of that dainty, feminine delicacy known as angel cake as they are of any other form of dessert. That's what Miss Bowering's mail would indicate, at any rate. But the real, he-man dish, the most popular that may be placed before a member of the stern sex, is steak smothered in onions.

Requests for all manner of ad-

vice in gastronomical subjects are contained in Miss Bowering's mail. One woman craves to learn new sandwich-fillings, explaining that she puts up seven lunch boxes a day for her husband to take to work, for three youngsters in grammar school and three more in high school. Another listener is anxious to obtain a satisfactory diet for a son who is suffering from injuries received in the World War. No less than a dozen letters came from members of the congregation of a certain church in Troy, N. Y., all of them beseeching Miss Bowering to send them the recipe for a chocolate fudge cake that won the acclaim of everyone who attended a church supper.

According to Miss Bowering, there is a very definite need for educating women in the use of the new household contrivances, and to illustrate her point she tells several amusing mistakes made by women with

whom she has come in contact during her lectures and demonstrations.

There was, for instance, the case of the woman who believed that the dust picked up by her new vacuum cleaner was carried away by the electric cord plugged into the wall. It was with considerable amazement that she learned that the waste was accumulated in the dustbag, for she had imagined that the dust was "burned up by the electricity in the electric wire."

Then, too, there was the case of the woman who wanted to know where she could buy the tiny cubes of ice to be placed in her electric refrigerator. More ludicrous perhaps than either of these cases was that of the housewife who called her washing machine a "fake" because it did not clean the clothes she placed in the tub. It was discovered that she had dumped them into the machine perfectly dry, expecting the electricity to remove the dirt.

These, of course, are extreme examples. But there are thousands of women, Miss Bowering contends, who are not getting full benefit of twentieth century household appliances because they do not understand how they operate.

Often Miss Bowering receives splendid recipes from her audience. These she passes on to other auditors, The Mixing Bowl being a sort of "give and take" arrangement. Any suggestions submitted by one listener are tested and then imparted to other listeners.

Perhaps the most sensationally popular of all the recipes that have come from members of her audience was Mrs. Smith's Mystery Cake. Believe it or not, it substitutes tomato soup for milk! It requires no milk, no eggs and only a tiny bit of butter. Nevertheless, it is one of the most delicious, fluffiest, daintiest cakes ever made.

One of the most popular of Miss Bowering's own creations is her Cubist Cake. When this masterpiece of the culinary art is cut, it reveals a cubistic maze of pink, green and white, with a central square of yellow. Each color constitutes a different flavor, such as orange, lemon and pineapple, with raspberry, vanilla or almond as the center piece. The icing is a vision of appetizing loveliness and daintiness and is as fragrant as an exotic perfume.

Because many readers have protested against the broadcasting of recipes we are not publishing here the "key" to the cake which Mr. Malcolm-Smith included in his article. However, the Woman's Feature Editor will be pleased to supply the recipe for this luscious, creamy, mouth-watering dessert to those who write for it.



M-m-m-m. "Would you like to have a slice?" asks Miss Bowering as she cleaves the scientifically prepared cake into tempting portions.

"This Changing World"

Leading Suffragette Believes Modern Thinking and Teaching are Bearing Fruit of Long Desired Ideals

By Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt

SCHOLARS have found a new phrase which they like better than any other—"this changing world". They tell us that men are no longer thinking the same thoughts nor doing the same things as were their habits before the Great War.

They point to a very ancient history when they claim men of highest development could only manage to adopt on the average one new idea in a thousand years. Even so, the process was painful and was invariably accompanied by the incidents of assassination, murder, exile, war, confiscation of property, destruction of towns and cities, fire and brimstone.

The time came when men thought faster and here and there clever nations actually achieved a new idea about every five hundred years. Long after, an enterprising nation like ours, well stuffed with education and enlightenment, often hurried a new idea through all its necessary stages at the rate of one to a century. For example, it required a hundred years of very hard work and much eloquence to stop the importation of slaves and another hundred years, including a Civil War, was needed to free these slaves. From the time when the American Colonies first tried to prevent the sale of rum to savage Indians down to modern prohibition lies two hundred years. It took 150 years to get woman suffrage sufficiently discussed to persuade statesmen that it might safely be put into the constitution.

SO IT happened that the first step onward in making over the old world into the new was the determination to put war out of it. Thousands of men and women ranged themselves on the side of the new idea and thousands more said war always had been and, therefore, always would be. For eleven years these two groups, in forums, conferences, schools,

classes, lectures, and round tables, have discussed the war and peace problem up and down, back and forth, and the statesmen of the great nations have led the world forward along staple trails.

In 1925 another conference, among many, took place in Washington. It was different from all the others. Nine dignified women sat in a row upon the platform and each was the president of a national organization with an enormous membership. In that first convention of 1925 two hundred and fifty-seven causes of actual wars were listed.

The Woman's Conferences on the

Cause and Cure of War have learned three things and learned them well:

First, the 257 causes of war found in 1925 have been reduced to one. That one is the competition of the war system of nations;

Second, all possible cures of war have likewise been reduced to one; the demobilization of the war institution, not by ruthless destruction, but, bit by bit, as fast and as far as it may be replaced by a well constructed, successfully operating peace institution. War, then, is reduced to one cause, one cure; and

Third, the work yet to be accomplished before there will be a warless world is the demobilization of the war system and the mobilization of a substituted peace system.



Mrs. Catt, pioneer in the women's suffrage movement, who broadcast recently over the NBC.

CERTAINLY within the past ten years more constructive progress has been made toward permanent peace than in all the fifty millions of years preceding it. A League of Nations, with most of the world's states in its membership, has pledged itself to find a way to abolish war. A World Court, first suggested by our own nation at the Hague Conference in 1899, and again in 1907, has been established with fifty nation members. The Briand-Kellogg Pact has been ratified by most of the nations of the world, agreeing to renounce war and to settle disputes arising with another nation by peaceful methods. Treaties of arbitration have been signed by the dozens until a virtual compact binding all the nations of the world together has been effected. The demobilization of war machinery is under way. Yet, nowhere have men ceased marching, flying, building ships, making munitions, and everywhere taxpayers note that despite peace conferences, the cost of war rises each year.



Aileen Stanley, Musical Comedy Star. Her Perfect Poise Comes From the Assurance that She Knows She is Beautiful

Willing to be Beautiful

It's Not the Features that Make for Pulchritude. It's the Awareness of Being Attractive That Counts

By

FRANCES INGRAM

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

WILLING to be beautiful—but, of course, who isn't? Well, as a matter of fact, there are thousands of women who do not will to be beautiful. They are willing to be beautiful, yes, but they do not will to be beautiful, and this is something else again.

Alexander Woollcott, writing about a well-known actress in one of the national women's magazines lately, makes this rather illuminating statement in regard to the will to be beautiful. Speaking of this actress who has a reputation for great beauty as well as great talent, he says,

"... she made rapid, fortunate, and enlarging progress, and since it seemed an important thing in the theatre, she decided to be beautiful, too, achieving a transformation by sheer act of will, I think."

"By sheer act of will"—willing to be beautiful.

Stella Ryan teaches the same doctrine in one of her recent short stories when she writes the following dialogue for the heroine and her confidante:

"But you got to have something," said Enid, 'eyes or hair or something.'

"Not necessarily. Often a reputation for beauty counts more than its possession; it helps if you act as though you

had it," says the story. "Oh, I couldn't do that," said Enid. 'I'd never get away with it.'

"You must first convince yourself," said Miss Sokar-ki. 'You must say firmly to yourself, 'I have a great but hidden beauty waiting for the eye of the discoverer.'"

In other words, the heroine of the story was to have the will to be beautiful. She was to believe first of all in her own attractiveness and so persuade other people to take her at her own valuation.

Clever women have done this since time immemorial. It is a matter of record that one of the most famous beauties in history was lame, and that another had a bad squint. It goes to prove that often the girl who draws forth the remark, "she thinks she is pretty", has both common sense and psychology on her side. She believes she is pretty and invariably you are willing to believe it, too.

Even experts on beauty can be deceived. This story is told of Florenz Ziegfeld who once took a famous artist to admire a popular show girl.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he demanded. "No," said the artist. "She isn't even pretty, but she feels beautiful. Darn clever girl!"

And these clever girls keep right on drawing rings around their more beautiful sisters, too. At parties, at dances, in schools, on shipboard you see them all the time—willing to be beautiful and forcing you unconsciously to accept them at that valuation.

I had a splendid opportunity this win-

ter to observe this psychology at work when I made a short trip to Bermuda. The most beautiful girl aboard that ship was not beautiful at all by Ziegfeldian standards, but it would have been very difficult indeed for me to convince anybody on board of that fact. Her confidence in her attractiveness was such that I am sure no one thought of questioning her unspoken claims. There were many more beautiful girls on that ship, but lacking confidence in themselves, they inspired none in others.

Clothes do not make the woman. Neither do regular features, nor a perfect figure. They help—they contribute to feeling beautiful. But no woman can feel beautiful or look beautiful who has not the confidence inspired by a beautiful skin. A blemish of the complexion has made many women lose their belief in themselves—in their own attractiveness. Smart clothes, in instances of this sort, defeat their own purpose because they call attention to defects of the skin.

A beautiful complexion is really beauty insurance. It inspires women with confidence in themselves. Its possession leaves them free from self-consciousness and allows

them to be unaffected and charming.

Even the elegante, or perhaps I should say, especially the elegante, will admit the truth of this. There are some dresses which the sophisticate does not dare to wear when her skin is not at its best. An evening dress by Maggy Rouff, for instance, demands perfection in the matter of complexion. The smallest blemish would ruin the effectiveness of the gown and its wearer.

This is not discouraging however—Skin can be improved. It can be beautiful. Then will to be beautiful.

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.

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Past, Present and Future of Television

AS WE LET our thoughts glide backward over the years, we find men who are eternal dreamers, thinking and working on things unknown but hoped for. And from the time that the ancient Greeks told of the shafts of light shot by Apollo, men have concerned themselves with the nature of light and means of transmitting it to a distance.

Back in 1884 in the days of kerosene lamps and cigar store Indians, an obscure and still almost unknown Russian scientist, Paul Nipkow, filed a patent for an "electrical telescope". Nipkow was a dreamer, but no idle dreamer, for in his patent he not only anticipated television but described a system with considerable precision. Add to Nipkow's devices a few modern electrical tools and you have the essentials of a modern television system built almost bolt for bolt as Nipkow would have built it if modern equipment had been available for his use. Alas for some theories that germinate in the minds of men—they wilt in the light of advancing knowledge. But Nipkow's devices have stood the test of time; a resume of television history without credit to Nipkow's vision would be blasphemy. We can almost say that in his mind the concept of modern television first found light; Nipkow was not only a scientist but a poet, for he breathed life into the facts which he discovered.

A complete summary of all the early scientists who devoted their thoughts to television and the closely allied art of picture transmission would fill many pages. In France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, the problems were studied. But today most of the development work is concentrated in England, France, Germany and the United States.

The modern scientist, to produce our present day television transmitters and receivers, has in effect taken a number of individual units and assembled them into a television system. The néon lights used in television receivers are old; the foundation work on the photo-cell or "television eye" was done in the latter part of the nineteenth century by Hallwachs, Hertz, Elester, Geitel, Schmidt, names probably entirely unknown to the reader. The néon tube, the photo-cell, Nipkow's scanning disc and the vacuum tube; these

are the essential elements of all television systems. The first three units had to await the development of the vacuum tube before they could efficiently be utilized in a complete television system.

And so television is the product of many dreams, of many hopes, of many failures. But, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "What have we to do with our time but to fill it with labor, to work, to know, to discover, to create." To this sentiment the scientist heartily subscribes.

Modern television, as we know it today, began about 1923. Actually this first modern work was concerned more with the development of picture transmitting systems, but much of the experience and practical knowledge which engineers obtained from this work in still picture transmission later proved almost directly applicable to the problems of television.

picture. Were it not, therefore, a characteristic of the human eye to *retain an impression* the reproduction of moving objects would be utterly impossible.

Probably the first modern demonstration of television was given in England in January, 1926, before the Royal Institute. The apparatus used was designed and built by J. L. Baird, who has for years been identified with the development of television apparatus. Baird made use of a modified Nipkow scanning disc. The results were quite poor, due largely, however, to crudeness of the apparatus rather than to the use of improper methods, for Baird used the same principles that have been used in all later types of television apparatus.

In this country the first important demonstration occurred on April 7, 1927, when the Bell Telephone Laboratories

TELEVISION

and the motion picture too, for that matter, would not be possible were it not for a certain characteristic of the eye known as "persistence of vision." Examples of this characteristic of the eye are familiar to all of us. Thus the glowing end of a match swung rapidly round in a circle looks like a complete ring of light and not a single glow of light changing its position every moment. Motion pictures and animated cartoons consist of many still pictures flashed on a screen in such rapid succession that we get the impression of continuous motion. If only a few pictures per second are flashed on a movie screen, we get an impression of motion but the image has a bad flicker. But when we reach a rate of ten or fifteen pictures per second the eye responds as though it were seeing a continuous

Television as the New York *Herald Tribune* artist sees it. The actor and actress stand before brilliant lights, with prompter and technician "off-stage".



gave a public demonstration of television between New York City and Washington, D. C. Again we find in use the all important Nipkow disc for scanning the subject's face being televised. For the television receiver use was made both of a small néon glow tube in combination with another scanning disc to produce small pictures and of a very large tubular néon tube to produce images several feet square; the detail in the large image was, of course, much poorer than in the small image. That the engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories had to overcome no inconsiderable problems in developing the apparatus to the point where it could be publicly demonstrated may be realized by the fact that the output of the "television eye" scanning the subject had to be amplified as much as 1,000,000,000,000,000 times, but it is interesting to note that the quality of the television images transmitted a distance of 250 miles from Washington to New York was not inferior to the quality obtained during preliminary laboratory tests over distances of but a few feet. In this first demonstration by the Bell Telephone Laboratories the signals were transmitted both by Radio and by wire.

IN JULY of 1928 the Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrated an outdoor system in which outdoor subjects were televised. Television in color was exhibited in June, 1929.

More recently the Laboratories demon-

strated a complete two-way television system combined with a regular telephone channel making it possible for two persons to see and talk to each other over a distance. The television images were quite small but of remarkably fine detail, making it possible to note even the slightest change in expression of a person's face. The reproduction was in fact so good that deaf persons who had acquired the art of lip reading could carry on a conversation simply by reading the other person's lips.

We have always had a lot of respect and admiration for the lone experimenter outside the laboratories of a large company whose lack of equipment and facilities are a constant goad to his ingenuity. Such experimenters choose their line of endeavor because it interests them rather than because they have been assigned to the task, and in the past no inconsiderable part in the development of new fields has been due to their work—and we don't believe the research laboratory of the industrial corporation will ever entirely replace the lone experimenter. The person with an inventive and ingenious mind is almost invariably a free lance and only with difficulty can he be caged in the laboratory of a large company. Though the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the General Electric Company and others have been responsible for major contributions to television, due credit must be given to the lone efforts of J. L. Baird in England and C. Francis Jenkins in America.

As early as 1923, Jenkins was giving demonstrations of picture transmission by Radio and more recently he has been actively engaged in the design of simple home television receivers. It was, if we remember rightly, about two years ago that Jenkins became identified with the Jenkins Television Corporation, organized to carry on his work and to produce simple television apparatus. Since that time this company has been actively engaged in the design of home television apparatus and now manufactures several different types of television receivers and regularly transmits television programs from its television stations in Washington, D. C., and New Jersey.

WE ALWAYS recall with pleasure a visit we made some years ago to the small laboratory in Washington where Jenkins was then carrying on his experimental work. We found very contagious his eagerness, and intense absorption in his work. Jenkins essentially is a pioneer; he pioneered in picture transmitting and in television experiments. To him also is frequently credited the design of the first motion picture machine. During our visit he showed us a new slow motion picture machine that took 2500 pictures per second; the ordinary slow motion machine takes about 300. He had taken some pictures of pigeons in flight and, when seen in slow motion, their graceful movements, the very slow open-

(Continued on page 101)



Television Reaches Broadway

REGULAR television programs over WGBS and W2XAR were made available to listeners in the New York City area beginning April 1st. At least this was the plan according to an announcement received just as this issue of RADIO DIGEST went to press. The television signals are transmitted from W2XAR, television station of the Jenkins Television Corporation and the accompanying synchronized sound from station WGBS key station of the General Broadcasting System, Inc. A 60 line system with 20 pictures per second is used and is capable of giving comparatively excellent reproduction. We understand that in the future most of the regular and experimental television programs transmitted by various stations will use 60 lines and 20 pictures so that a number of television programs should henceforth be available to owners of television receivers in the New York City area. Many new stations will soon be added to the growing list of those already broadcasting television programs.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

Well May comes around with all her lovely green sprouts and May parties and maypole dances but somehow or other all Indi-Gest can think of is revenge.

Revenge on the terrible person who started that new game that everybody is playing. You know, they're even dragging it into the NBC press rooms. The other day, when we all should have been working, Mr. Aylesworth, Mussolini, Lindbergh and myself were trying to figure out a way to get all the words beginning with May in the dictionary into one sentence. We had all the press typewriters snowed under with our attempts so that the Continuity Department had to write typewriters into every act so the boys (Mr. Stone, Shea, Sorenson, Miss Sullivan †good thing I don't lisp † Wilkerson, Hevessey *et* Mr. *Cetera*) could go up to the broadcast studios to turn out press releases.

The best we could do was "Mayhap if a Mayan committed mayhem upon the mayor with a stout Maypole—well, that was as far as we could go so we topped it off with—maybe mayonnaise isn't delicious on mayflowers, and I'm to be Queen of the May, tra, la.

Which brings up the old controversy. Am I (me, Indi-Gest) a man or a woman? Not that it makes any difference to me. But some of my fans want to know. Prizes given for the best answers, as follows:—

- First prize . . . 3 brazil nuts
- 2nd prize . . . 3 walnuts
- 3rd prize . . . 3 peanuts
- 4th prize . . . 3 pistache nuts
- 5th prize . . . 3 INDI-an nuts

PHEW!

Gilmore circus (some Pacific station):
Spark: I hear they're going to cut Sharkey's nose off.
Plug: What for?
Spark: So he can stop Schmeling.—
John Kita, 846 Ramona St., Palo Alto, Cal.

I'm burning up over this one. Ray Perkins, the Pineapple Prince, takes a package of cigarettes out of his pocket, removes one cigarette, and makes the package a Cigarette Lighter.—*Helen Healy, Douglas Ave., R.F.D. 3, Waterbury, Conn.*

The next one wins the prize for long distance contributions. All the way from China. We hereby announce a prize of two (2) cancelled stamps for the longest long distance contribution each month.

CURRENTS IN THE CAPITOL

Physics Teacher: Now you understand what A.C. and D.C. mean. Tell me which city has D.C.?

Little Jimmy: Washington.—*Liu E. Lo, Custom House, Newchang, China.*

THE RADIO MOTHER GOOSE

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get himself a rabbit skin
To trade in on a good, inexpensive,
European-radio-broadcast-receiving,
three-tube, super-sensitive
short wave converter unit.

* * *

There was a man in our town,
And wisdom filled his attic:
He twiddled at his Radio dials
And tuned out all* the static—
BUT when he heard what was to hear
He choked (with might and main)
That crooning tenor's lovesick moans—
Tuned static in again!

* Well, most of . . .

*John Douglas Leith,
Grand Forks, N. Dak.*

GET THE SMELLOVISOR

From the KOA Coons:
Mr. Talbot: I thought you were in the chicken raising business, Sambo?
Sambo: Ah am, suh, but you know, ah had hard luck yestiday. Ah found me a polecat in mah chicken coop.
Mr. Talbot: Were you angry?
Sambo: Yes suh; I wuz completely incensed.—*Don Peterson, 151 Pepin Street, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.*

Little Joe Warner reading the Jolly Journal: The sound film of the baby's first year will be broadcast.

"It ought to be a scream," comments Joe.—*C. A. Zerza, 1367 N. 42nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

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.

A MARKET QUOTATION

"There is one thing I think is unfair,"
Said the simple old goose with a frown,
"No matter what the stock market does,
My chief stock will always be down."
—*Stanley L. Ault, 5403 Ralston Ave., Norwood, Ohio.*

HANDLING A WOMAN ELECTRICALLY

Russ Gilbert's suggestion for a study in feminine psychology, on Cheerio's hour, NBC:—

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—*Exciter.*

If she gets too excited—*Controller.*

If she talks too long—*Interrupter.*

If her way of thinking is not yours—*Converter.*

If she is willing to come half way—*Meter.*

If she will come all the way—*Receiver.*

If she wants to be an angel—*Transformer.*

If you think she is picking your pockets—*Detector.*

If she proves your fears are wrong—*Compensator.*

If she goes up in the air—*Condenser.*

If she wants chocolates—*Feeder.*

If she sings inharmoniously—*Tuner.*

If she eats too much—*Reducer.*

If she is wrong—*Rectifier.*—*Mrs. J. A. Jones, Locke, N. Y.*

PIPE THIS DOG STORY

Lowell Thomas (NBC) drew a picture of comfort thus:—"Sitting before an open wood fire in my easy chair, with a good book to read, my dog in my mouth and my pipe at my feet!"—*Mrs. J. A. Reece, 331 Jackson Ave., Des Moines, Ia.*



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

From Orange Disc Smile Club, WSYR:

Little Girl: Mamma, when I grow up and get married will I have a husband like Daddy?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Little girl: And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Mary?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Little Girl: My, what a mess I'm in!
—Radio Bug, Fulton, N. Y.

OH FOR THE SUDS OF YESTER-YEAR

Recited by Charles Buster Rothman, WMCA:

The boy fell off Anhauser Busch
He tore his pants to Schlitz
He rose a sad Budweiser boy
Pabst yes, Pabst no.

Latest Spanking Song: "It's Never Too Late To Go Back To Mother's Knee".

GOSSIP SHOP

Radio artists at WABC are nothing if not modest. Witness the following conversation between announcer Harry Vonzell and Harry Swan, noted character actor in Columbia's radio playlets.

"The best talent on the air," argued Vonzell, who hails from Los Angeles, "came originally from California."

"The devil I did!" retorted Mr. Swan.

Horoscopes for horses are the latest. A stable-owner wrote to Evangeline Adams, Forhan's astrologer, and asked her to chart his horse's life, to determine whether or not his entry would be a winner in a not-far-future race.

Some of the prettiest girls in New York are NBC hostesses. But life isn't all easy for them. Here's a sample of the fool questions they get:

"Can I talk to Mr. Napoleon?"

"He is on the air but will be at liberty at three thirty," said the good-looking



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

ALL RIGHT, AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T RUN THROUGH A RED LIGHT—Lowell Thomas said, "I was driving from Poughkeepsie to New York City, and ran through the morning papers . . ." That's a new hair breadth escape for him.—*Reverend Thomas Walker, 174 Carteret Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

TREADING WATER—The WTIC announcer, reading names of orchestral numbers and the place from which the requests came, "We now hear 'Walking my Baby Back Home' from England!"—*Edward Kocsau, 1445 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.*

NOT WORTH YOUR SALT—Jimmie Paten, WEBC announcer, "A small boy has been lost. His name is Billy Blank, he has light hair, etc., etc. Anybody finding the little chap, please notify the distracted parents. We continue our program with 'He's Not Worth Your Tears'."—*Mrs. K. L. Wornstaff, 1514 19th St., Superior, Wis.*

THEY WERE NOT RUGGED RUGS—WMCA announcer, "We have a most unusual bargain today. Velvet rugs at only \$1.95 each. They can't last long at this price."—*Esther Lynn, Route 2, Richmond, Va.*

BATTER OUT—Charles B. Tramount struck out the other night in announcing the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour program. He dwelt enthusiastically on the ease of making pancakes according to directions, and wound up with "drop the batter on the griddle!" We like ours better hot off the griddle, inside the vest.—*Nell C. Westcott, Chestertown, Md.*

(Mrs. Westcott was first at the tape with that slip. It was also reported by Mrs. A. E. Waldrop, Thrift, Tex., Elsie McCloskey, 231 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa., Henry J. Polzin, Saginaw, Mich.)

BY WHOSE REQUEST?—Said John B. Gambling of WOR: "We now play, 'I'm Up On A Mountain' by special request."—*Grayce A. Brush, Dayton Ave., Box 33, Basking Ridge, N. J.*



Drawing by Stephen V. D'Amico, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I WILL NOW SING "JUST A GIGOLO"

WJZ Blackstone program:


Young girl gets \$50,000 award from jury for broken heart. Same girl escapes with serious injuries after auto accident. Gets only \$500.

Moral: Never break a girl's heart. Break her ribs instead.—*Dolly Diamond, 730 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

blonde on the 13th floor.

"Oh! thank you. Could you give me the telephone number so that I can call him at Liberty?"

Is it true that "Mary" of the True Story hour, has changed her "Bob"? Answer me yes or no! (???-Editor)—*E. C. Baird, Box 223, St. Joseph, Mo.*




THE "QUAKER MAN"

PHIL COOK


WHEN ON A VAUDEVILLE TOUR HAD A SPECIAL MOTORCYCLE POLICE SQUAD TO ESCORT HIM TO AND, FROM THE NBC STUDIOS.

THE POLICEMEN WERE HIS GUESTS AT EACH BROADCAST!



WABC


AUDREY MARSH—HER MUSIC STAND BROKE—THE NOISE COINCIDED WITH THE PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS IN THE ORCH—AND SHE READ HER LYRICS FROM THE "SUNNYSIDE" UP!



"AH WONDER HOW MADAME QUEEN IS"

AMOS 'N' ANDY

WHEN AT NEW YORK CITY THEY VISIT HARLEM HAUNTS, NIGHT CLUBS, ETC. TO GATHER AUTHENTIC INFORMATION FOR THEIR BROADCASTS THEY OFTEN HAVE INFORMAL DEBATES FROM WHICH THEY OBTAIN "COPY."



GENE OF "GENE & GLENN"

NOW I'M LENA!

MADE HIS FIRST STAGE APPEARANCE AT THE HULL HOUSE IN CHICAGO AT THE AGE OF 9!

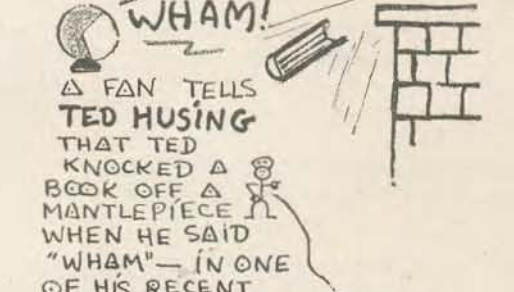


COLUMBIA

MARION BRINN NEEDED A SOAPBOX TO REACH THE CBS "MIKE" SHE IS NOW CALLED THE "SOAPBOX CROONER"

SOAP

de Ward Franklin Jones



WHAM!

Δ FAN TELLS TED HUSING THAT TED KNOCKED A BOOK OFF A MANTLEPIECE WHEN HE SAID "WHAM"—IN ONE OF HIS RECENT SPORTS BROADCASTS!

I AM I PRAISED OR AM I NOT!

RADIOTIC PRATTLES

Good evening listeners-in. We introduce to you Miss Lydia Valley of the Lehigh Valleys who sings for you over NWN, and is accompanied by the Four Cymbal Clashing Sisters. Here they are—

"How can I leave thee?"
Sang the lovesick swain.
"Shall I take the New York Central
Or a Pennsylvania train?"

One more song we bring, holding a hint of sadness and the touch of a frustrated life. Miss Lydia Valley—

"It's not so much the soup you make
That makes me love you true.
It's thinking of the pains you take
To give me crackers too."

We are trying to perfect the tonal qualities of our music and this has come to you from a special device by courtesy of Mr. Leopold Kebitzer, who likes to mix the music of his Tinpanny Orchestra with his own egg beater. This is NWN bidding you God Speed.—
Fitzhugh Watson, 346 So. Smedley St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TONGUE TWISTER

On NBC recently—Compositions of Tadeusz Jarecki were interpreted by Madame Marya Bogucka, concert soprano. Imagine the poor announcer stuttering over that!

Mr. & Mrs. GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

HAVE THE HONOR TO SPONSOR
THE DEBUT OF
THE NEW ARRIVAL
EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN
IN THE HOWLING SUCCESS
"IT'S A BOY"

Seven pounds of mellifluous and tuneful harmony

FIRST SHOWING
MARCH 20th, 1931
8:30 A. M.
At 901 Walton Ave., New York

Production under the Supervision of MORRIS BLUM, M. D.
Midnight performances nightly — with sound effects

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Happy Mother..... BETTY LOTTMAN
Proud Father..... GEORGE D. LOTTMAN
The New Arrival..... EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN
The Deposed Ruler..... HERBERT R. LOTTMAN
Mysterious Man With the Knife..... Mr. X

BOTTLE-HOLDERS, PIN-BEARERS, DIAPER-FOLDERS, FLOOR-WALKERS,
CARRIAGE-WHEELERS, BLANKET-CARRIERS, ETC.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Cheerful Little Earful..... Crying Myself to Sleep
After the Bowl..... Out Where the Wet Begins
You're Driving Me Crazy..... Manhattan Serenade
Walkin' My Baby

CREDITS

Costumes by American Diaper Co., Boy's and Mary's. Evan Alan Lottman's costumes in first act made by his grandmother. Whoopie-dance by father. Tow daboo into star's chamber by relatives and friends.

**WANTS JOB AT STATION
BARKING LIKE DOG**

Here is a copy of an honest-to-goodness letter received at Station WOBU, Charleston, W. Va. It is reproduced exactly as written. Indi-Gest vouches for its verity:—

feb the 6th dear sir
Mr. Manager of this Broadcasting sasion if you Please ans my LETTER in return to let me know if you May use me in your Bissness as BARCKING like a dog as I can inatat a Big NEW FOND LAND that it can not be told from one the Store manager has got at me to rite you Mr. Bell at Red Jacket W. Va

He said he know that i was the best he EVER heard as he has heard dogs on talking Mechines But not like me so if you ples ans and let me know as I would lik to have a job with you and let me know how and what way you could use me that is all i can do. Yours truly Ples ans soon W. M McDonald Red Jacket W Va. House no 153

READ THIS OUT LOUD

Cal Pearce of KFRC:—
"What's the difference between a bale of hay and a mouse?"
"No difference! The cattle eat it!"
If at first you don't succeed, try reading it out loud again.—Jasper B. Sinclair, 318-20th Ave., San Francisco.

Our own Pipes of Pan columnist has an offspring and here is the way he announced it. As one columnist to another, Indi-Gest would like to know if the producer expects to make any money on this show for the next twenty years or so.

The Pipes of Pan

The Guest-Star Racket Gets a Dig—Should Little Listeners Hear Amos and Andy Court Business?—Where Does O. O. McIntyre Get That Stuff?

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

IT'S readily understandable that the lesser local stations, unaffiliated with the large chains, have difficulty in getting choice talent. "Remote controls", in the shape of night clubs and the less important hostelrys, and "new" talent obtained at auditions, are the best they can hope for.

They are to be commended for carrying on under those difficult conditions. Many of them compete quite successfully with the huge broadcasting corporations, despite their handicaps. Others, however, we are forced to report, flounder about helplessly in the face of their difficulties, readily accepting the services of any mediocre entertainer or orchestra that will broadcast "for the glory of it". The obvious result is that many of their programs are ludicrously amateurish.

The consequence also is that the station suffers irreparable harm, and those that have tuned-in "just to see what was doing" resolve to abstain from such temptations in the future. Difficult as it may be to present programs of merit on a continuous basis, the success of any station in the long run will be determined by consistency in the quality of programs presented.

* * *

HAVING done little welkin-ringing this season, we now lift our stentorian and sonorous voice to protest vehemently against a current practice that legislators ought to classify as a misdemeanor.

We refer to the "guest-star" racket, which is the present "ace-in-the-hole" of newspaper and magazine columnists from the rock-ribbed Coast of something to the sun-kissed shores of something else.

A columnist, with a weekly air period to fill, solicits a star playing in his town to "just come over and say 'hello' to the folks." The artist, mindful of the lineage that come with favors of that sort, consents.

Comes the night, and an impressive introduction by the gentleman of the Fourth Estate. Whereupon the son or daughter of Thespis dashes to the "mike", says "How've you been?" and then explains that, by the terms of his or her contract, it will be impossible to do anything else.

Naturally, the fans are disappointed, for there were other periods they might have tuned in, which would have brought

greater entertainment. But the columnist is satisfied, the artist has lost nothing, and the management of the attraction which features the artist has gained some valuable publicity.

Don't, puh-leeze, give us guest stars unless they're ready to do something in return for our courtesy in tuning in. There's no room on the air for them.

* * *

LATEST bulletin on the cut-in situation: Very soon John Royal, director of programs on WEA and WJZ networks, will call a general meeting of all orchestra directors on those chains, at which he will ask them to cooperate for the purpose of avoiding repetitions on their dance programs.

"Arbitrary orders will not be given," he explains, "but they will be asked to arrange some sort of alternation."

Good news, indeed. Organized control of programs and elimination of repetition are the strongest weapons with which to combat the cut-in menace.

* * *

IF IT be true that the kiddies must be considered, then why does an early evening program like the Amos 'n' Andy period, play up a subject like "breach of promise," as they did for so considerable a spell?

The genial duo told interviewers recently that they're now selecting subjects of more general interest. Hence the breach-of-promise twist.

Wrong, all wrong. Kiddies should hear nothing on the air but fairy tales, unless they've been unusually good that day, in which case, as a reward, they may listen in to the stock-market quotations.

* * *

OUR distinguished contemporary, O. O. McIntyre, is evidently beginning to suffer from that journalistic disease known as over-syndication.

In a recent column, the omnipotent "oom" delivers himself of the following amazing observations:

"The most fleeting of all popularity in the amusement world is that of the Radio artist . . . The Radio's audience, more than any other, demands change . . . So

far, few Radio stars have maintained top furore for more than a year."

Let's interrupt the lad who sees-all-knows-all at this point to mention a few names which occur at random of Radio lights who have occupied top position for at least a quintette of years. Roxy, for example. The effervescent Jones and Hare. Lovely Vaughn de Leath. Major Bowes and the talented Phil Cook. Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice. Good ol' Rudy of the Vallee. Some more? Well there's Harry Reser, of the Clicquot Club Eskimos, Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver, Harry Horlick, Vincent Lopez, Welcome Lewis and Sam Lanin. There are scores of others, but space won't permit us to list local favorites, so we confine our rebuttal to those on chain programs.

Of course, if we wanted to engage in a long-winded controversy, we could also adequately refute your observation that "a stage star has often twenty fruitful years, the cinema star will hold audiences for five years and longer, but the Radio star cannot hope for more than two years as things are today."

Without resorting to musty archives, we could readily name half a hundred legitimate and screen stars whose careers have been ephemeral—merely "pan-flashes."

And as for your allegation that stage efforts on the part of Radio folk have been disappointing, we respectfully refer you to the box-office records of the Paramount-Publix organization, for example, which has of late been employing Radio "names" in their stage shows, resulting in "stand-up" business.

Tch, tch, tch, Mr. McIntyre.

* * *

IN LINE with the above, one of the half-dozen most prominent Radio officials in the East told us the other day that a peculiar thing about Radio fans is that they forget quickly. "If some of our greatest features went off the air for a month," he observed, "they'd be completely forgotten."

Which, if true, doesn't astonish us one iota. No more rabid, and apparently loyal set of fans exists, in our opinion, than movie devotees. Yet it took them no time at all to consign to oblivion the flicker idols who couldn't make the grade when the talkies debuted.

Audiences—"mobs" of any sort—are fickle the world over, we suppose.

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for HENRY GEORGE, HAPPY WONDER BAKERS, THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT, DEATH VALLEY DAYS, GRAYBAR'S, RICHIE CRAIG, JR., VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA, and MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

Wednesday

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Wednesday, including sections for BEN AND HELEN, EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, "BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS", and MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)
8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Beloved Gloom Killer, incog. (Daily ex. Sun.)
10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Old Topper with piano patter and a squirt of broadcaster oil. (Thurs. and Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. "Everybody knows—" (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, Super Suds Girls, speak of kings and goldfish. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two retired merchants from Skowhegan, Maine, with a bagful of quaint New Englandisms. (Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.)
6:45 & 8:00 p.m.—NBC and CBS—Lowell Thomas, gentleman reporter of Literary Digest. (Daily ex. Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Lovable pair of Negro Dialecticians—"Ain't dat sompin!" (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. One of the world's greatest orchestras.
1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little, Master of Melody. Favorite songs. "Here 'tis."
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier, Play Boy of France. Songs with Zis an' Zat. (Chase and Sanborn.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey with Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)
7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams, astrologer, interprets your destiny. A Forhan's period. (Mon. and Wed.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A cocktail of short-short drama, serious comment, nut comedy, wit, and a lively dash of music.
9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Hour. Orchestra, direction Josef Pasternack. De luxe talent. Graham McNamee, M. C.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. J. P. McEvoy humor when little Rollo puts daddy on the spot for a question mark. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Crema Military Band. B-r-r-m. Only twenty words of advertising. Count 'em! (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. Detroit Symphony Orchestra under direction Victor Kolar. For Graham-Paige.
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. "Hullo, Everybody." World adventures.
10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History re-enacted under modern conditions of court procedure. For National Dairy Products.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crummit. Julia and Frank at the Blackstone Plantation. "Foolish facts and crazy cracks." (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, master with or without ceremonies. (Wed. and Sat.)

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour presents operatic stars to Diamond Horseshoe of Radio.
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies. Orchestra under direction Harry Horlick.

Monday

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Excitement never ends for simple folk at Thompkins' Corner.

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS, BOSCOL MOMENTS WITH MME., SMITH BROTHERS' ORCHESTRA, "BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON", and LISTERINE PROGRAM.

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for MOBILLOIL CONCERT, HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM, PALMOLIVE HOUR, and GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT.

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for SAVINO TONE PICTURES, VITALITY PERSONALITIES, and "THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST".

Features

Selected by the Editors

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. "Sweetest music this side of heaven."
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors. Orchestra direction Frank Black.

Tuesday

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet. Five hundred pound team. Knows nothing, tells everything. All kitchen questions cheerfully answered.
8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. King of Jazz clings to regal title and is putting it on in purple.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Sigmund Spaeth of Happy Wonder Bakers introduces a popular composer each week.
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Philco Symphony Concert, with Howard Barlow conducting.
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Trials and tribulations of marital existence.

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. Reporters, editors and publishers have their say, and say it.
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Sunkist Musical Cocktail from Los Angeles.
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour, with Revelers Quartet, Olive Palmer, Elizabeth Lennox and Paul Oliver as regular features.

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. "Heigh Ho!"

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Hamilton Watchman. Tense drama when split-seconds count.
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble under direction of Don Voorhees.
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, is making music history. "Hope you'll like it."

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post. Mind your peas (don't use a knife) and cues (be-care of faux pas).
4:00 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild adapts the better plays to Radio.
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert, with Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice.
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Cliquot Club broadcasts from an Esquimo night club. Those Igloo Blues.

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Weber and Fields in the Webster Program. "Ach! By golly, vot a conficals dey iss!"
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Ben Alley—and Ann Leaf at the organ.
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Alexander Woollcott—Early Bookworm reviews, turns a page and tells a story.
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour, featuring Floyd Gibbons and Walter Damrosch.

Thursday

Table of radio station call letters and frequencies for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for MASTER GARDNER, FIVE ARTS, PETER PAN FORECASTS, MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN, FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES, RUDY VALLEE, SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA, THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN, ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY, JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS, MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE, VINCENT LOPEZ, GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS, THE LUTHERAN HOUR, and JOHNNY JOHNSON'S PENNSYLVANIANS.

State and City Index

Compiled from latest issue of Federal Radio Commission Bulletin (February 28, 1931). Changes take place almost daily. Our readers are asked to report any inaccuracies that they may be checked against our regular sources of information.—EDITOR

Alabama

Birmingham WAPI
100 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
Birmingham WBRC
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Birmingham WKBC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Gadsden WJBY
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Mobile WODX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Montgomery WSFA
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Talladega WFDW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Alaska

Anchorage KFQD
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Juneau KFIU
10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Ketchikan KGBU
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

Arizona

Flagstaff KPXY
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Jerome KCRJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Phoenix KTAR
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Phoenix KOY
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Prescott KPJM
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Tucson KVOA
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Tucson KGAR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Arkansas

Blytheville KLCN
100 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Fayetteville KUOA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Fort Smith KFPW
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Hot Springs KTHS
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Little Rock KLRA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Little Rock KGHJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Little Rock KGJF
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Paragould KBTM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

California

Berkeley KRE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Beverly Hills KMPC
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Burbank KELW
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Culver City KFPD
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
El Centro KXO
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Fresno KMJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hayward KZM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Hollywood KFVB
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Hollywood KNX
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Holy City KFQU
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Inglewood KMCS
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Long Beach KGER
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Long Beach KFOX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Los Angeles KFI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)

Los Angeles KPFG
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Los Angeles KGEF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles KGFJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Los Angeles KHJ
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Los Angeles KTBI
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles KECA
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Los Angeles KTM
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Los Angeles KMTR
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Oakland KLX
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Oakland KLS
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Oakland KROW
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset

Pasadena KPCC
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Pasadena KPSN
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Sacramento KFBK
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
San Bernardino KFXM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
San Diego KPFD
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset

San Diego KGB
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 500 w.)
San Francisco KGO
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
San Francisco KFRC
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
San Francisco KGGC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Francisco KFWI
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
San Francisco KJBS
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
San Francisco KPO
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
San Francisco KTAB
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
San Francisco KYA
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
San Jose KQW
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Santa Ana KREG
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Barbara KDB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Maria KSMR
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Stockton KGDM
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Stockton KWG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Colorado

Colorado Springs KPUM
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Denver KPOF
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Denver KPUP
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Denver KFEL
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver KPXF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver KOA
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Denver KLZ
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Edgewater KFXJ
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Fort Morgan KGEW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Greeley KFKA
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pueblo KGHF
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Trinidad KGIW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Yuma KGEK
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Connecticut

Bridgeport WICC
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Hartford WTYC
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Hartford WDRG
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Storrs WCAC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Delaware

Wilmington WDEL
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Wilmington WILM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

District of Columbia

Washington WOL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Washington WMAL
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Washington WRC
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Florida

Clearwater WFLA-WSUN
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Gainesville WRUF
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Jacksonville WJAX
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Miami WQAM
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Miami WIOD-WMBF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Orlando WDBO
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pensacola WCOA
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Tampa WDAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Tampa WMBR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Georgia

Atlanta WGST
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Atlanta WSB
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Augusta WRDW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Columbus WRBL
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Macon WMAZ
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Rome WFDV
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Savannah WTOG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Thomasville WQDX
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tifton WRBI
20 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Toccoa WTPI
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.

Hawaii

Honolulu KGU
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Honolulu KGMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

Idaho

Boise KIDO
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Idaho Falls KID
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Nampa KFSD
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Pocatello KSEI
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Sandpoint KGKX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Twin Falls KTFI
250 w.—130 kc.—227.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 350 w.)

Illinois

Carthage WCAZ
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Chicago KYW-KFKX
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Chicago WAAF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Chicago WBBM-WJBT
25,000 w.—770 kc.—428.3 m.
Chicago WCFL
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Chicago WCRW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago WEDC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago WENR-WBCN
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago WGES
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset—On Sunday

Chicago WGN-WLIP
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
Chicago WBO
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
Chicago WKBI
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chicago WLS
5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Chicago WMAQ
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
Chicago WMBI
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Chicago WCHI
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Chicago WPCC
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Chicago WSBC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Cicero WHFC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Decatur WJBL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Evanston WEHS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Galesburg WKBS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg WEBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Joliet WCLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Joliet WKBB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
La Salle WJBC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mooseheart WJJD
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
Mount Prospect WJAZ
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Peoria Heights WMBD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Quincy WTAD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rockford KFLV
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Rock Island WHBF
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield WCBS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield WTAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tuscola WDW
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Urbana WILL
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Zion WCBF
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.

Indiana

Anderson WHBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Connersville WKBV
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
Culver WCMA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Evansville WGBF
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Fort Wayne WGL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Wayne WOWO
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
Gary WJKS
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
Hammond WWAE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Indianapolis WFBM
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Indianapolis WKBF
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
La Porte WRAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Marion WJAK
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Muncie WLBC
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Bend WSBT
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Terre Haute WBOW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
West Lafayette WBAA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

Iowa

Ames WOI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Boone KFGQ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Cedar Rapids KWCR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Clarinda KSO
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Council Bluffs KOIL
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Davenport WOC
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Decorah KGCA
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Decorah KWLC
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Des Moines WHO
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Port Dodge KFJY
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Iowa City WSUI
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Marshalltown KFJB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Muscatine KTNT
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Ottumwa WIAS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Red Oak KICK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Shenandoah KFNF
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Shenandoah KMA
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sioux City KSCJ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Waterloo WMT
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Kansas

Dodge City KGNO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Kansas City WLBK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Lawrence KFPU
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Lawrence WREN
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Manhattan KSAC
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Milford KFVB
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
Topeka WIBW
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wichita KFVH
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Kentucky

Covington WCKY
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Hopkinsville WPIW
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Louisville WHAS
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
Louisville WLAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Paducah WPAD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Louisiana

Monroe KMLB
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans WABZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans WDSU
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
New Orleans WJBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
New Orleans WJBW
30 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
New Orleans WSMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
New Orleans WWL
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
Shreveport KRMD
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport KTBS
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Shreveport KTSL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport KWEA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Shreveport KWKH
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

Maine

Augusta WRDO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Bangor WABI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Bangor WLBZ
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland WCSH
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

Maryland

Baltimore WBAL
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
(1060 kc. during daytime Sun., Mon.,
Wed. and Friday and during evening on
Tues., Thurs. and Sat. At all other
times dial 760 kc. The change from
one wave to the other is made at 7:30
p.m. on Sun. and at 4 p.m. week days.)
Baltimore WCAO
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
Baltimore WCBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Baltimore WFBR
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Cumberland WTBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Massachusetts

Boston WBZA
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 1000 w.)
Boston WEEI
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Boston WHDH
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Boston WLOE
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Boston WNCB-WBIS
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Boston WSSH
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Fall River WSAR
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington WLEX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington WLEY
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Needham WBSO
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
New Bedford WNBH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Dartmouth WMAF
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Springfield WBZ
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Worcester WORC-WEPS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Worcester WTAG
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

Michigan

Battle Creek WELL
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bay City WBCM
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Berrien Springs WKZO
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Calumet WHDF
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Detroit WXYZ
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Detroit WJR
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
Detroit WMBC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Detroit WWJ
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
East Lansing WKAR
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Flint WFDK
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Grand Rapids WASH
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Grand Rapids WOOD
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Highland Park WJBK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson WIBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lapeer WMPC
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Ludington WKBZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Marquette WBEO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Royal Oak WEXL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Minnesota

Fergus Falls KGDE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Minneapolis WCCO
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
Minneapolis WDGJ
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis WHDI
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis WLB-WGMS
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Minneapolis WRHM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Moorhead KGFK
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Northfield KFMX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Northfield WCAL
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
St. Paul KSTP
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

Mississippi

Greenville WRBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Gulfport WGCM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hattiesburg WRBJ
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson WJDX
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Meridian WCOG
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Tupelo WDIX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Vicksburg WQBC
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

Missouri

Cape Girardeau KFPV
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Clayton KFUD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Columbia KFRU
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Grant City KGIZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Jefferson City WOS
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Joplin WMBH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Kansas City KMBC
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Kansas City KWKC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kansas City WDAF
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Kansas City WHB
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Kansas City WOQ
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
St. Joseph KFEO
2500 w.—580 kc.—440.9 m.
St. Joseph KGBX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
St. Louis KFVP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Louis KMOX
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
St. Louis KSD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis KWK
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
St. Louis WEW
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
St. Louis WIL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Montana

Billings KGHL
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Butte KGIR
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Great Falls KFBB
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Kalispell KGEZ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Missoula KGVO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Wolf Point KGXC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Nebraska

Clay Center KMMJ
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Lincoln KFOR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln KFAB
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln WCAJ
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Norfolk WJAG
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
North Platte KGNC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Omaha WAAW
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
Omaha WOW
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Ravenna KGFV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Scottsbluff KGKY
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
York KGBZ
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Nevada

Las Vegas KGIX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Reno KOH
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

New Hampshire

Laconia WKAV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

New Jersey

Asbury Park WCAP
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Atlantic City WPG
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Camden WCAM
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Hackensack WBMS
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City WAAT
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Jersey City WHOM
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City WKBO
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark WAAM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 until
local sunset)
Newark WGCP
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Newark WNJ
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark WOR
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Paterson WODA
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Red Bank WJBI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Trenton WOAX
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Zarephath WAWZ
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

New Mexico

Albuquerque KGGM
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Raton KGFL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
State College KOB
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

New York

Auburn WMBO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Binghamton WNBK
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn WBBC
500 w.—1400 kc.—215.2 m.
Brooklyn WBBR
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Brooklyn WCGU
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn WCLB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn WFOX
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn WMBQ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Buffalo WBEN
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Buffalo WEBR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset

Buffalo WGR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Buffalo WKBW
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Buffalo WMAK
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Buffalo WSVS
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton WCAD
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Freeport WGBB
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Glens Falls WBGF
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Ithaca WEAI
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Ithaca WLCI
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamaica WMRJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamestown WOCL
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Long Island City WLBX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
New York WABC-WBOQ
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
New York WBNX
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York WCDA
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York WEFB
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
New York WEVD
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York WGBS
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
New York WHAP
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York WHN
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York WJZ
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
New York WLWL
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
New York WMCA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York WMSG
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York WNYC
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York WOV
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
New York WPCH
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
New York WQAO-WPAP
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York WRNY
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Patchogue WPOE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Poughkeepsie WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rochester WHAM
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
Rochester WHEC-WABO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Saratoga Lake WNBZ
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Schenectady WGY
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
Syracuse WPBL
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 w.)
Syracuse WSYR-WMAC
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Troy WHAZ
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Tupper Lake WHDL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Utica WIBX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
Woodside WWRL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yonkers WCOH
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

North Carolina

Asheville WWNC
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Charlotte WBT
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Gastonia WSOC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Greensboro WBIG
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Raleigh WPTF
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
Wilmington WRBT
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Winston-Salem WSJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

North Dakota

Bismarck KFYP
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Devils Lake KDLR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Fargo WDAY
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Grand Forks KFJM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Mandan KGCU
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Minot KLFM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Ohio

Canton WHBC
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Cincinnati WPBE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Cincinnati WKRC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Cincinnati WLW
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
Cincinnati WSAI
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Cleveland WGAR
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Cleveland WJAY
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland WHK
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Cleveland WTAM
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Columbus WAU
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Columbus WCAH
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Columbus WEOA
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Columbus WSEN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Dayton WSMK
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Mansfield WJW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Mount Orab WHBD
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Steubenville WIBR
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Tallmadge WADC
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
Toledo WSPD
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Youngstown WKBN
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Zanesville WALR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Oklahoma

Alva KGFF
500 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chickasha KOCW
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Elk City KGMP
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Enid KCRK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Norman WNAD
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Oklahoma City KFJF
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Oklahoma City KFXR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Oklahoma City KGFG
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Oklahoma City WKY
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Ponca City WBBZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
South Coffeyville KGGF
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Tulsa KVOO
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

Oregon

Astoria KFJI
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Corvallis KOAC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Eugene KORE
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Marshfield KOOS
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Medford KMED
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Portland KBPS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Portland KEX
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Portland KFSR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland KGW
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland KOIN
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Portland KTBR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland KWJJ
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Portland KXL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Pennsylvania

Allentown WCBA
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Allentown WSAJ
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Altoona WFBG
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w.)
Carbondale WNBW
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Elkins Park WIBG
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
Erie WEDH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Grove City WSAJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg WBAK
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Harrisburg WCOD
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Harrisburg WHP
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Johnstown WJAC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster WJAL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster WJJC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Lewisburg WJBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Oil City WLBW
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
100 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia WCAU
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Philadelphia WELK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia WFAN
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia WFI
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia WHAT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Philadelphia WIP
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia WLIT
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia WPEN
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 until local sunset
Philadelphia WRAX
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Philadelphia WTEL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Pittsburgh KDKA
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
Pittsburgh KQV
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Pittsburgh WCAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Pittsburgh WJAS
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Pittsburgh WWSW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Reading WRAW
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Scranton WGBI
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Scranton WOAN
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Silver Haven WNBO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
State College WPSC
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Wilkes Barre WBAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Wilkes Barre WBRB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Williamsport WRAK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)

Vermillion KUSD
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
Watertown KGCR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Yankton WNAX
1000 w.—570 kc.—526.0 m.

Tennessee

Bristol WOPI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Chattanooga WODD
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Knoxville WFBC
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Knoxville WNOX
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Knoxville WROL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Memphis WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis WHBQ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Memphis WMC
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Memphis WNBR
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis WREC—WOAN
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Nashville WLAC
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204.0 m.
Nashville WSM
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Springfield WSIX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Union City WOBT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Texas

Abilene KFYO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Amarillo KGRS
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Amarillo W DAG
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Austin KUT
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Beaumont KPDM
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Brownsville KWWG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238.0 m.
Brownwood KGKB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
College Station WTAW
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Corpus Christi KGFI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Dallas KRLD
10000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Dallas WFAA
10000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
Dallas WRR
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Dallas KFPL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso KTSM
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso WDAH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Port Worth KPJZ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Port Worth KTAT
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Port Worth WBAP
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
(licensed at present for 10000 w.)
Galveston KPLX
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Galveston KFUL
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Greenville KPFP
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harlingen KRGV
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Houston KPRC
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Houston KTLC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Houston KTRH
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Houston KXYZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Angelo KGKL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KMAC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KONO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KTOP
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Antonio K TSA
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
San Antonio WOAI
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Waco WACO
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Wichita Falls KGKO
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Porto Rico

San Juan WKAQ
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

Rhode Island

Newport WMBA
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Pawtucket WPAW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence WDWL—WLSI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence WEAN
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Providence WJAR
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset

South Carolina

Charleston WCSC
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Columbia WIS
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Spartanburg WSPA
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

South Dakota

Brookings KFDY
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Huron KG DY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mitchell KDGA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Pierre KGFX
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Rapid City WCAT
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Sioux Falls KSOO
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.

Utah

Ogden KLO
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Salt Lake City KDYL
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Salt Lake City KSL
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

Vermont

Burlington WCAX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Rutland WSYB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Springfield WNBX
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Albans WQDM
5 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)

Virginia

Alexandria WJSV
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
Danville WBTM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Emory WEHC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lynchburg WLVA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Newport News WGH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Norfolk WTAR—WPOR
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Petersburg WLBG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Richmond WBBL
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond WMBG
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond WRVA
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Roanoke WDBJ
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Roanoke WRBX
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Washington

Aberdeen KXRO
75 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bellingham KVOS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Everett KPBL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lacey KGY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Pullman KWSC
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Seattle KFOW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Seattle KJR
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Seattle KOL
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle KOMO
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Seattle KPGB
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Seattle KRSC
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Seattle KTW
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle KVL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Seattle KXA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Spokane WFIO
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Spokane KFPY
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Spokane KGA
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
Spokane KHQ
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Tacoma KMO
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Tacoma KVI
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
Walla Walla KUJ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Wenatchee KPQ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yakima KIT
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

West Virginia

Bluefield WHIS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w. and change frequency to 1410 kc.)
Charleston WOBW
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Fairmont WMMN
100 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Huntington WSAZ
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wheeling WWVA
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.

Wisconsin

Eau Claire WTAQ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.

Fond du Lac KFIZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Green Bay WHBY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Janesville WCLO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
La Crosse WKBH
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Madison WHA
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Madison WIBA
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Manitowoc WOMET
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Milwaukee WHAD
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee WISN
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee WTMJ
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Poynette WIBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Racine WRJN
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Sheboygan WHBL
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
South Madison WJSJ
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Stevens Point WLBL
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Superior WEBC
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset

Wyoming

Casper KFDN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

The following list of Mexican, Cuban and Canadian stations has been corrected from the latest report of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1935.

Canada

CFAC—CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO St. John, N. B.
50 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA—CKOW, Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CPCL—CKCL—CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CFCN Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1240 kc.—248 m.
CKCR Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFJC Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC—CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB—CNRX, King, York Co.
Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CRFC Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—680 kc.—517 m.
CHML Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHRC Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC Pilot, Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK Chilliwack, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CHYC Montreal, P. Q.
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA—CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJ CJ—CHCA Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—600 kc.—435 m.
CJGC—CNRL London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJRM Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.

CJRW Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX Middlechurch, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC—CHYC—CNRM
St. Hyacinthe, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCE—CHLS, Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI Quebec, P. Q.
22 1/2 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK—CJBR—CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—357 m.
CKCL Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKCO Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV—CNRQ Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC Wolfeville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW—CJBC—CJSC—CPRY
Bowmanville, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CKLC—CHCT—CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC Hamilton, Ont.
30 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKUA Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKX Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—556 m.
CKY—CNRW, Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRH Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CNRO Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
10AE Bowmanville, Ont.
1190 kc.—250 m.
10BQ Brantford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AK Stratford
1190 kc.—250 m.
10BP Wingham
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BU Canora, Sask.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10CB Liverpool
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AB Moose Jaw
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BI Prince Albert
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AY Kelowna
1109 kc.—250 m.

Cuba

CMAA Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF Havana
7 1/2 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBH Havana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBI Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK Marianno
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN Los Pinos
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBR Arroyo Apolo
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMB S Havana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW Mariano
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.

CMBY.....Havana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Havana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Havana
500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.
CMCA.....Havana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCB.....Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMCD.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCH.....Havana
15 w.—1275 kc.—233 m.
CMCJ.....Havana
250 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
CMCM.....Marianao
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCN.....Marianao
250 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—454 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—260 m.
CMCR.....Havana
20 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCT.....Guanabacoa
5 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCX.....Marianao
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMCV.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGB.....Matanzas
7 1/2 w.—1185 kc.—253 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGD.....Matanzas
5 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF.....Matanzas
50 w.—977 kc.—307 m.

CMGH.....Matanzas
60 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMGI.....Matanzas
30 w.—1094 kc.—274 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—926 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHH.....Cifuentes
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMHJ.....Cifuentes
40 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CMJA.....Camaguey
10 w.—1332 kc.—225 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMJE.....Camaguey
5 w.—856 kc.—350 m.
CMK.....Havana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMKE.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMKF.....Holguin
30 w.—1363 kc.—220 m.
CMKG.....Santiago de Cuba
30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMKH.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1327 kc.—226 m.
CMQ.....Havana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.

CMW.....Havana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Havana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XFA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1333 kc.—225 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE.....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
XEG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH.....Mexico City
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEL.....Morelia
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—857 kc.—350 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM.....Tampico Tamps.
500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—719 kc.—417 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP.....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.

XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterrey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—800 kc.—375 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—(n-21,429 kc.—0-14 m.)
(7,143-6,977 kc.—42-43 m.)
(600-500 kc.—500-600 m.)
XFC.....Aguascalientes
350 w.—804 kc.—323 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—(9,091 kc.—33 m.)
(11,111 kc.—27 m.)
(6,667 kc.—45 m.)
XFE.....Villahermosa Tab.
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
XFG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFH.....Mexico City
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XX.....Wheaton, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR.....Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK.....Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW.....Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC.....L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC.....W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR.....Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.

The Rise of Carol Deis

(Continued from page 20)

found, produced the best results.

Her teacher was confident she would win. Her voice was sure and dependable now. To hear her was to sense, as she had seen that gracefully circling plane years ago, a lifting exaltation into the ethereal blue.

Soon came the first of the elimination contests. Singing from behind a screen directly to the judges Carol Deis won the Dayton contest with ease. At WAIU in Columbus, the state capital, it was the same story with the Radio audience participating in judging the merits. She felt slightly nervous as she progressed to the broader district elimination at WGN, Chicago. But she was soon advised that she had qualified to represent the Midwest in the New York finals.

With other district winners she enjoyed a visit to the White House in Washington. Even there it seemed she was picked as a winner, for one of the columnists remarked: "Were this a beauty contest there would be no doubt about the Dayton girl."

What a broad world—and after all how much alike were humans wherever you find them. The young woman from Dayton was beginning to shed her self-consciousness. She welcomed the day for the greatest test of her life—her last chance to win an Atwater Kent prize.

The Bell Song!

Clearly, distinctly she remembered Galli-Curci on that eventful day. She prayed to be a Galli-Curci just for an hour. And, perhaps, her prayer was answered.

Madame Schumann-Heink was stirred to the depths of her soul. She had done it, she had done it—this unknown youngster from a Dayton law office, a stenographer, not only had presumed to choose the *Bell Song* for such an occasion, but she had gone ahead and sung it—marvelously, thrillingly. Brave, enduring Schumann-Heink paced the floor striving to contain herself while the other judges were making up their minds. At that it was the quickest decision in the four year history of these annual contests. All were unanimous for the Carol Deis. It was all settled in fifteen minutes.

These were incidents I recalled as I sat and chatted with the girl who had dreamed and wondered if two years of high school would be the end of her higher education. I had read of the great reception tendered to her on her return to Dayton; how the newspapers had commented: "her intonation of the aria, which makes most exacting demands upon the voice, was limpid and flawless . . . Miss Deis sang 'E' above high 'C' with the same sureness and clarity characteristic of her notes in the lower register."

Accepting her check for \$5,000 and choosing Curtis Institute at Philadelphia, she began her studies last January. Voice, piano, languages, dramatic art and opera are a few of the subjects included. She has a three year contract with the NBC Artist Bureau and will receive \$500 every time she sings. This summer she goes to Europe to study under the French and Italian maestros.

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

of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1931. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

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

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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

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

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

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 473, Reg. No. 11,337. Commission expires March 30, 1931. [Seal]

The Countess and Her Stars

(Continued from page 54)

has Neptune trine Mercury, trine Mars and that means a very active mind, ready to delve into any subject, no matter how mysterious or difficult. Saturn in Aquarius gives her balance and profundity. There's a square between Saturn and Mars which is responsible for her ability to read people, analyze them.

Leo people (that's what the astrologers call persons born in that sign) are often extravagant and impatient, but the Countess doesn't possess the latter fault. She has infinite patience to accomplish anything she sets out to do, but she is very fond of luxury and beautiful things and it will be difficult for her at times to say "no" when she's tempted to spend more than she should. From the outlook, however, she'll probably be able to have anything her little heart desires, for Leo people just naturally attract wealth, position and fame, and she is now coming into some of the best aspects she has ever experienced. The good influences will surround her all through 1931 and 1932 and if she should make up her mind to "go west" there is no better time than now.

Betty McGee Broadcasts

(Continued from page 69)

organist of WHK, and a few of the interesting things her recent programs have brought her. The Saturday midnight program is an all request hour. From six P.M. till the end of her program, letters, telegrams, and phone calls pour in keeping the office staff busy. Miss Wyant's programs are all memory work and she rarely carries any music with her. Listeners delight in trying to stump the versatile Helen and, when they fail, as they most usually do, their answers are unique. An odd note from Novia Scotia, a five dollar gold piece from a fan she never knew—Helen calls it her "believe it or not" piece.

* * *

NOW enters the Radio woman's hour director who never is heard on the air. She is Mary Kyle of station WLW who has just taken over the duties of Sally Fisher who left the Crosley station to be married. Miss Kyle is a director of the Crosley Homemakers in every sense of the word. She plans all the programs WLW broadcasts for women, engaging experts to talk on specialized subjects and arranging entertainment features for women. Instead of spending much of her time before the microphone, she delegates the broadcasting to people selected because of their voice appeal.

WALLY COLBATH, graduate of Northwestern in the class of 1930, the "Lilacs" of Harold Teen, WGN feature, is one of the nation's outstanding divers. He was on the Olympic team in 1928 and was former national intercollegiate diving champion . . . He often hurries into the studios in the Drake Hotel with his hair still wet from diving at the Lake Shore Athletic or Medina Athletic Club.

Chinning with the Chain Gang

(Continued from page 63)

When Lula Vollmer brought her into the play she was supposed to be the villainess, but fans refused to hiss her and sent applause cards instead.

* * *

ALWAYS be on your best behavior and enunciate clearly in restaurants, even when your mouth is full of soda crackers, for the man at the next table may be a Radio manager in search of new talent.

Six men were singing in harmony in a Rochester restaurant one night . . . a Ford salesman, a school-teacher, a banker, two insurance agents and a realtor. William Fay, manager of WHAM and Jack Lee, the station's ace announcer, heard 'em and signed 'em on the dotted line for the Barbasol Barber Shop Ballads, now on the Columbia system. Their names are George Doescher, Robert Woerner, Ted Voellnagel, Jim Carson, Earl Remington and George Culp, and they take their broadcasting as a side line to their regular occupations.

Radio Theater Columnist



Douglas Brinkley is the magnet who attracts theater celebrities . . . actors, authors and producers . . . to WGBS Wednesday nights for his "Theater Going" column of the air.



Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

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!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of \$60 a Week and Up

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 — HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

Without Books or Lessons in 10 Weeks By Actual Work in Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here at Coyne—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 10 weeks.

TELEVISION Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 51-3H, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

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



Sometimes WE are surprised

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation (*without surprise*), no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only* United... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. The Ten Byck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO. The Portage
FLINT, MICH. The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. The Constant Spring



Gabalogue

(Continued from page 45)

matter whom you hear before or after you are certain to remember her... especially if she sings "Kiss Me Again". * * * Fritzi Scheff will ever remain in the heart and memory of her public as a great artist, a great woman, and a credit to the theatre. * * *

And now here's a lady I neither have to *introduce* nor *welcome* to Radio. * * * She saw it first. * * * Miss Vaughn de Leath. * * * Vaughn de Leath was the first American woman to broadcast. * * * An Italian opera singer radioed a song for Marconi in 1920 and shortly after that, Vaughn took the air and has been on it ever since. * * *

Miss de Leath has a further distinction. * * * She is the originator of the crooning type of singing now so popular. * * * She tells me that crooning was born of necessity. * * * In those days the microphone wasn't so perfectly adjusted to the human voice as it is now. * * * Delicate and costly tubes in the transmitting panel were often shattered by a soprano's high note. * * *

So Miss de Leath sang with a *new* note to save tubes. * * * It was a throaty modulation, well within the mike's range. * * * The result was most happy. * * * The tubes liked the new style of singing... and so did the public. * * * And that's where we women beat the men to at least one field. * * *

This mike-made queen even looks the part. * * * Vaughn de Leath is tall, handsome and majestic. * * * (Has dark hair and eyes and, I might add, above the average size.) * * * She was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill., and her father was a manufacturer of windmills. * * * So she naturally accepts the benefits of the air as her rightful heritage, whether they come through a wind-mill or a mike. * * *

Diamond Horseshoe

(Continued from page 10)

ironed out, hark to this bit of prestidigitiation.

On at least one occasion when the Metropolitan is on tour it has been found necessary to make arrangements for bundling Mr. Pelletier and the artist of the evening into a fast "ship" at an airport for the long jump to New York. A quick airplane hop was the one and only way out of the difficulty—but it went further than that.

It was equally necessary to rush them back to the air field once the Simmons Program was concluded at the Columbia studios and to shoot them away through the night to rejoin fellow artists and there go on with their parts with the sang-froid that might be expected had they merely taken time out for a nap.

In other instances, when the distance of the company from New York was not so great, fast trains have been found to meet requirements of the time element.

In the case of Sigrid Onegin, for instance, the only one of the artists so far "booked" who is not at this time connected with opera, she found that her coast-to-coast tour concluded on the very day of the broadcast. It was a case of rush on to New York. Then, the program over, she blithely sailed away to Europe the very next day to fill another series of concert engagements.

But hark—all is not gold that glitters, and the confines of full dress do not always lend themselves to that freedom of the thoracic pipes which an opera star desires when he is about to give way to those rich and sonorous tones which have made name and voice famous.

Radio is Radio, be the man of the moment a world-renowned opera singer or a song pluggler from Tin Pan Alley. And so it was at the premiere of the Simmons program, when the artist to whom was given the honor of inaugurating the series, Beniamino Gigli, got down to business.

There was a flutter of lorgnettes and laces, a coughing into coats—in fact a general and audible gasp and a moment's awful silence.

Gigli with no ado was shedding coat and waistcoat, dress collar and tie, and loosening the neckband of his shirt!

And so, though the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan may move to the broadcasting studios—and there is every indication that the process is under way—Radio stays Radio and sticks by its own conventions and quixoticities—informal though they be. The tiaras and trappings of the one will have to assimilate the shirtsleeves of the other.

And that's that!

Classical Music

(Continued from page 71)

manly boys playing violin, viola, cello, flute, oboe, bassoon and all the rest of them. What is more, these young people played well. They were having a marvelous and happy time; and their playing showed it.

Well, what is true of other instruments is true also of the piano. As the eminent amateurs who are helping in the NBC piano broadcasts on Tuesdays and Saturdays are showing, any intelligent person who cares to take a little trouble can learn to produce a tune with its accompaniment from the piano keyboard; and to read simple music. After that much has been accomplished... why, there are plenty of piano teachers! The piano is, after all, the finest of all musical instruments, because it alone can reproduce both harmony and melody. May a million of grown-ups take this new fad to their hearts and become piano strummers. There is no better fun to be had, and no finer occupation for spare hours. Get this started and there will be less complaint about home and its dullness. There will be less craving for morbid excitement, less jazz madness, less discontent, less unhappiness.

Popular Announcer



A. L. Alexander of WMCA.

SINCE Radio is a comparatively new field, most of the popular announcers started out in life to be something quite different, but not many have studied for the ministry! That is just one of the claims to distinction of WMCA's popular chief announcer and studio director.

The stage, newspaper work and social service are some of the other things "Alec" has tried his hand at since he left his home town, Boston. He's been with the New York station, however, since 1927, where his abilities at spot news-casting, sports reporting and the entertaining use of words have been recognized. He gets prodigious quantities of fan mail.

Yes, American Women Are Happy

(Continued from page 22)

upon anyone for a livelihood, she can afford to postpone marriage until a man comes along who measures up to her standards. And if when she marries him, she finds she has made a mistake, she does not have to endure punishment for the rest of her life. She can divorce him and try again.

"I recently met an American friend who had just procured a divorce from her husband. 'Just think,' she said, her eyes sparkling, 'I can have another chance! Isn't that just too marvelous? It makes me feel that life is worth living again.'

"There is little sentiment about European marriages. They are arranged primarily for economic reasons. The relationship may last longer than the American one does, but it has no flavor or beauty to it. Naturally men look outside of marriage for love and the wife has to condone extramarital relationships.

I cannot see how such a state of affairs makes a woman happy.

"Because a *dot* is necessary in a European marriage, it means that parents have to work themselves gray and gaunt in order to save the money for it. For that reason they cannot afford to travel or to have any luxuries. Every spare dollar must be put away for the *dot*. When you further realize that the European woman has none of the labor-saving devices to help her in her work, you can see what a grind life is for her. By the time her children are married, she is too worn and spent to start to lead a life of her own.

"But in this country one finds the older woman as active as ever. Because she has kept abreast with the trend of the times and has not let her mind stagnate, and because she continues to exercise and diet so that she retains her health, the joys of life are still hers."

Mr. Hamilton next took up Miss Loos' statement that European husbands and wives have a closer companionship than do the American husbands and wives.

"It is true that the American man devotes more time to business," he said, "and the wife has many interests which are not shared by her husband. But I believe that when husbands and wives are together too much, they are apt to become bored and fed up with each other. Before long they are seeking love affairs to relieve the monotony of their marriage. Perhaps that is one reason," twinkled Mr. Hamilton, "why the European husband has so many adventures.

"I find that when the American husband and wife are together, there is a splendid comradeship between them. The wife can readily discuss any topic with her husband, whether it is politics, finance or prize fighting. She has an intelligent understanding of his problems and knows what he has to cope with in the business world. On Sundays and holidays they take the car and go to the country or seashore or to the golf links.

"However, if, as Miss Loos claims, American women are not satisfied with their men, and there is disharmony between the sexes, you must realize that the women have advanced so far that today they would not be satisfied with any man. The hand kissing and the flowery effusions of the European man which the American woman likes, would soon pall on her, and the circumscribed life which he would demand of her, would make her miserable. As it is, when an American girl marries a foreigner, she generally gets a divorce in a few years.

"But I do agree with Miss Loos in this," smiled the famous author. "If women are not satisfied with their relationship with men, they have it in their power to change the men. Let the women start right now with their sons to make them the kind of men they would like them to be!"

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TRIAL OFFER

Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

Stand By for Morocco

(Continued from page 17)

from an overall input of 2 kilowatts. The large valves are specially mounted to avoid vibration. There is a studio with two microphones, one for announcements and discourses, the other for items of music. Items are also relayed from other stations. The huge multicone loud speakers have a wide range—in certain circumstances up to six miles.

Listeners to Algiers broadcasting are already familiar with the concerts of Arab music given every week—music so simple and at the same time so complex, with its piercing and alluring melancholy. But perhaps they have never seen skilled Arab musicians. In the wireless studio at Algiers native broadcasters rarely wear their long and flowing robes; they prefer a dinner jacket, and usually keep their heads covered with their red chechia or fez. It seems to give them real pleasure to sing and play before the microphone, broadcasting their love songs or the cradle songs sung by their mothers. Many natives in Algiers have wireless sets and gramophones in their homes (usually obtained on the hire purchase system), for music and visits to the cinema are welcome reliefs from their monotonous toil in the vineyards and factories of North Africa.

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Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 48)

with it is, that aside from being a popular dancing craze in England, the song is in a very odd rhythm, namely that of 3/2 time. And yet it may be danced by the average couple without their realizing that the tempo is intrinsically odd.

The exhibition dance which various feature dancers do with the composition itself, is quite an unusual one, being quite barbaric and sensuous in nature, though like all savage dances the savage does not intend the dance to be immoral.

We were privileged at the Villa Vallée, on a Saturday evening after the broadcast of the song, to witness an exhibition by two of America's foremost dancers, Miss Dorothy Cropper and Mr. Fred Le Quorne, who gave us a beautiful ballroom exhibition, all by themselves, of this London craze. They executed it beautifully and were rewarded by a round of applause.

Although I have not heard the song broadcast much on the air, I understand that there has been considerable demand by dance orchestras for the orchestrations of the composition, and there should be—it is a fine, rhythmical bit of work.

The verse tells how the dance came to pass—that old King Chaka, realizing that his subjects needed music to keep them dancing and happy, evolved the Moochi dance, which makes them slaves to rhythm, but happy in their slavery. I always enjoy doing the composition, as it is away from the monotonous trend of some of the rhythmical compositions of our own American writers.

We play it quite briskly. Try to hear it when we do it on the Fleischmann Hour.

King Paul

(Continued from page 32)

song, *Rhapsody in Blue*, and others in the new and delightful vein.

A moving picture does not convey the real Whiteman. In a picture, he is on show. In his various press photos he is made to look comical. He makes you laugh. But seen in person he makes you gasp a little at his realness, you notice him because he has the force of long used power in his two plump hands. He has the modesty of true nobility. He has the mental strength of a giant. Generations from now a music teacher will be saying, "That, my dear, is the *Rhapsody in Blue*. It belongs to the age of Whiteman, sometimes known as the jazz age."

And, in closing, let me say but one more thing. It is more than noticeable that the crown of fame has not turned the dignified head of Paul Whiteman, nor has it blinded his sight from the road to the goal he has in reality long since attained. He is undoubtedly the world's orchestra leader, but when you talk to him, he seems to be plain John Jones, our neighbor.

Sigmund Spaeth

(Continued from page 7)

favor. He made it a feature of the "studio parties" at Chickering Hall, New York, also broadcast by WOR, introducing many a celebrated musician of the day in an informal, chatty fashion which seemed to make a great hit with the listeners as well as the artists.

The first long distance broadcast of an athletic event also went to the credit of Sigmund Spaeth. He had written much on sports for the *New York Times* and the old *Evening Mail*, and when station WGBS (which he had helped to open with an all-star program) arranged with the *Daily News* to broadcast the Stanford-Notre Dame football game with the help of a direct wire from Pasadena, the Spaeth type of announcing seemed a logical choice.

It was quite a feat, as it turned out. Dr. Spaeth sat in a little room in Gimbel's New York store and was handed from time to time a few telegraphic lines such as "Miller gains three yards around right end." This material he had to dramatize and turn into a vivid story for all the eastern football fans. Of course, he was familiar with the work of both teams (he had seen the famous Four Horsemen play against the Army) and he knew football well enough to talk it in his sleep. Fortunately, also, it was a very exciting game, with Leyden twice intercepting forward passes for touchdowns, and Notre Dame once taking the ball on downs six inches from the goal line, against the line plunging of the great Ernie Nevers, and finally winning by a small margin. Spaeth was on the air for nearly three hours continuously, for he had to talk even through the long intermission between halves, summing up, recapitulating, and making wise comments on plays which he later proved to have guessed quite correctly. People still talk about that broadcast.

Among the thousands of letters and telegrams that came to our office at the time was one from Roxy, who had been sick in bed that afternoon and listened to the entire game. He said later that it was his one and only fan letter, and emphasized his admiration by writing the introduction to one of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Words and Music*.

John McCormack still later sent us a letter from Japan, written by an American who had heard the Irish tenor and the Irish football victory on the same New Year's Day. It happened to be McCormack's first appearance on the air.

Another sport broadcast in the Spaeth record was that of the fifteen round fight between the present middleweight champion, Mickey Walker, and the late Harry Greb. At one stage in the proceedings there was a delay of over twenty minutes, which had to be "stalled" somehow. Dr. Spaeth had used up all the ringside celebrities, the description of the crowd and

other bits of color. Finally, he turned in desperation to the current rumor that Greb did his training to a musical accompaniment, and enlarged on this topic till the fighters appeared.

"I told you so", said one of his friends, listening in. "I would have been willing to bet that old Sig wouldn't let the evening go by without some reference to *The Common Sense of Music*." (That was the name of his first popular book.)

There are many other details of pioneer Radio days that linger in the memory, but they cannot all be included here. One of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Read 'Em and Weep, The Songs You Forgot to Remember*, started the craze for old ballads on the air and has been used by every studio in the country. His own programs of old songs are still popular and have been widely imitated.

He was one of the earliest broadcasters at KDKA, Pittsburgh, to be heard in England on the short wave-length. In Chicago he was selected by the *News* to entertain the Radio audience while waiting for Lloyd George to start his speech at the stockyards.

Meanwhile Sigmund Spaeth was doing a tremendous amount of general lecturing and writing, appearing in successful Movietones, composing and arranging music and an occasional lyric, such as the theme song of the Colman-Banky "Magic Flame" and "Down South" in "Show Boat", which also appeared as the musical signature of the Maxwell Coffee Hour. For the past two years he has been almost completely absorbed by the exacting and difficult work of creating musical audiences throughout the east under the Community Concert Plan. But he finds time to direct and act as Master of Ceremonies for the Happy Wonder Bakers' Hour on NBC each Tuesday night, so when old Sig Spaeth decides to tune up his vocal chords and takes a fling at the ether-waves, his struggling secretary simply makes the best of it and starts right in to sort the fan mail.

Television

(Continued from page 81)

ing and closing of their wings proved delightful to watch.

One of the first demonstrations of television in a theatre was given by Doctor Alexanderson of the General Electric Company in the Proctor Theatre in Schenectady. Through the use of a high intensity arc light it was possible for Dr. Alexanderson to throw the television images on a large screen some six by seven feet in dimension.

This demonstration is of special interest because the television receiver utilized a new method of varying the intensity of the light. In the ordinary receiver the light itself is varied in brilliancy in accordance with the picture. In Alexanderson's receiver the light intensity was constant but the amount of light striking the

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screen of the receiver was varied by means of a special light cell developed by Karolus. The use of the Karolus cell made it possible to use a high intensity arc light and in this manner obtain very brilliant images. At various times during the past few years the General Electric Company has given television demonstrations, most of them using the ordinary type of transmitter and receivers.

Demonstrations of television have also been given by other companies and by various broadcasting stations and at present there are a number of television stations transmitting regular programs. Many companies have also assigned some of their best engineers to research in television. Practically all of the large electrical and Radio manufacturing companies have staffs of research engineers devoting most of their time and thought to this intriguing subject. In addition, in Boston we have the Short Wave and Television Corporation, in New Jersey, the Jenkins Television Corporation, in Chicago, the Western Television Corporation and Farnsworth in California.

Everyday television broadcasts in America received their greatest impetus from Chicago. Incentive was furnished when Eastern experimenters withheld demonstrations shown in Madison Square Garden from the Chicago Radio Show in 1929. Whereupon WMAQ of the Chicago *Daily News* installed its own television demonstration. The first television "commercial" program was broadcast by this newspaper station in 1930. Stations WIBO and WCFL in Chicago also broadcast regular television programs during the past year.

To see some of the better demonstrations of television is to realize that the work of the modern engineers and the tools of modern science have changed television from a dream, a vision, to a

reality. With proper apparatus it is now possible to transmit and receive what can justly be called high quality pictures. The apparatus required is expensive, but commercial television as an adjunct of the telephone is probably not far in the future. But as we study all of these demonstrations we find that the advance of television has largely been due to an improvement in detail, an improvement in technique, rather than to changes in methods. The best and most recent demonstrations use fundamentally the same system used in the earliest demonstrations. Now, if the methods we are using are sound, we are on the right track in improving detail and simplifying operation; but out of all this work we cannot help but hope that some new and better method will evolve.

Television for the home? That is another problem. Scientists who have devoted thought to the subject would agree, we believe, that we must go somewhat further in experimental laboratory work before television can be brought to the public in a large way. To the world at large, perhaps, pep and a hearty laugh are the attributes of the stock promoter, a fish-tail handshake, absent-mindedness, and a narrow viewpoint the attributes of the scientific outlook. Such views must, however, be held only by those who have never been on the inside, for the scientist gets as much joy out of looking through a spectrometer as does a baseball fan when he catches the ball that Babe Ruth knocks into the stands. They merely get their joy in different ways. The scientist knows the importance of television and is only too anxious to bring it to practical realization. That's the biggest thrill a scientist can get, for science does not ask man to live in an empty world. Science

is not a hod carrier but a torch bearer.

Do you want to get into television? Then for the time being you will have to be satisfied with small pictures of comparatively poor detail. Thousands of experimenters get pleasure from present day television reception. Can you? Or do you have to see the previously mentioned Babe Ruth knock a homer to get a thrill?

Radiographs

(Continued from page 59)

And all the time in the fields of literature and philosophy, he was snatching at beauty; he was writing poetry himself. Magazines that have accepted his poems are *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The American Caravan*, *This Quarter*, and *The Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine*.

About four years ago he happened to drop in at a Radio studio. In those pioneer days programs had a habit of going wrong at the last minute. On the particular day that David Ross happened to be there, there came a sudden gap that had to be filled. To fill it, David Ross offered to give a dramatic reading. So well did he do it that he was put on Columbia's staff as a regular announcer.

Among the programs that he now conducts are *Coral Islanders*; *Arabesque*; *True Story*; *Russian Village*, and *Around the Samovar*.

Georgia Backus

"GORGEOUS GEORGIA," they call Georgia Backus up at Columbia. The day I saw her she was sitting in her very plain, businesslike little office up on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia building. She had on a simple black and

white jersey suit. But even so, there was about her that same exotic quality that one sees in pictures à la harem. She would come under that special list of people whom I classify as having "purple in their souls", and I can't define it any more than that.

Tall, slender, slightly curling light brown hair brushed off her face, nice smile, nice teeth, nice eyes—she gives the impression of having been places and done things.

She has had an interesting background. She comes of a theatrical family. Her early life was the roaming life of stage folk on the road. Schooling had to be sandwiched in between tours. She got in a year at Smith College. She also went to Ohio State University.

It was only natural that she should go on the stage. Through the training school of stock she graduated to Broadway. *East Side, West Side*; *In the Next Room*; *The Shanghai Gesture*, are some of the plays she has worked in.

Incidentally it was while playing stock in Schenectady that she had her first chance at Radio. But she scorned it. What, go into Radio, she, Georgia Backus, who was going to be the great American actress!

But somehow, as happens in stage life, the great American actress found herself without a job. Temporarily she turned to writing. She wrote special aviation stories, fiction, publicity, anything.

"I always turned to writing for immediate funds. But I never intended to make it a permanent thing. I didn't want to write. I made up my mind I wouldn't write. And that's a good joke on me, isn't it?"

It is; for if there's one thing Georgia Backus does up at Columbia it is write. One of the company's continuity people, she writes original programs, edits others that are not original, does any little odd job that happens to come along. For eight weeks she was in charge of Columbia's experimental hour, in which new forms of Radio writing were tried out. One of the forms tried was the "aside", the showing of a character's thoughts—the thing Eugene O'Neill did on the stage in *Strange Interlude*. Another experiment was called *Split Seconds*, and gave a dying man's impressions of his whole life. Again an attempt was made to carry drama to a certain point with words, and then let music tell the rest.

One conclusion she has reached from her experimental work is that Radio is not yet ready for exceptional writing. It sounds like heresy, but what she means is that Radio with its appeal only to the ear, and often an inattentive ear, cannot as yet put over the subtleties of fine writing.

Miss Backus directs and acts as well as writes. As has been said before, she is in *Arabesque*. She is Aphrodite Godiva in the *Nit Wit* program. But writing is her forte. And not alone for the Radio. She has a play that she has been working on for four years and which will probably see Broadway very soon.

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Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

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But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven, through actual results for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service transmission that is thorough, perfect and clear a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.



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BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER

Commander of the Smiling Army

(Continued from page 53)

ous to know how he got the idea. In the front line trenches, one day during a lull in the fighting, Doc and his comrades heard music coming from the German lines, and not to be outdone Doc decided to give the "Jerries" some music too. Thus the Canadian "Tin Can Band" came into being, comprised of biscuit tins and dish pans for rhythm, and harmonicas and tin-whistles for melody. That band grew in popularity until it became a permanent part of the army's musical division.

Hesitantly I asked Doc how he lost his arm. He smiled, and said, "It was during the second battle of Ypres, I took charge of a company whose Commander had been killed—six out of 168 survived—and while directing rifle fire into the oncharging enemy, a machine-gun got me—five bullets in the left wing—a dizziness—sweet distant music—a pleasing sensation of floating in the air—then the next thing I remember was hearing guttural voices that grew louder and louder. I couldn't talk and I had a horrible fear that they might bury me alive. Finally my voice came back enough to let them know they weren't to bury me—that I was alive. I was taken later to a Convent in Rouliers, Belgium, where my arm was amputated by a German doctor, and where, for a few weeks, I was nursed by Belgian Sisters of Mercy. Then I was sent into Germany to the prison camps."

Doc's sojourn of five months in the prison camp was climaxed by an exciting experience which took him and a Scotch

comrade into Holland. They feigned insanity so that they might be included in a group of prisoners booked for exchange, and from which, so they had been told, all non-commissioned and commissioned officers would be barred. Their scheme discovered by the German doctors, they were told by an attendant that they would be returned to the prison camps. That night five prisoners made a break for it, Doc and his Scotch friend taking one road, the other three taking the road furthest from the guard house—Doc and his friend made it—the other three were not so fortunate.

Being greatly handicapped by wounds, Doc was forced to lay under a bridge all night and the next day while the whole country-side, soldiers and civilians, combed the fields and hedges for him. A little dog came sniffing under the bridge and gave a growl—a bark would have cost Doc's life—but Doc put out a friendly hand and the dog went to him. As Doc said, "The hardest thing I had to do during the war was to hold that little innocent puppy under the water while I drowned him—but you see, it was either he or I."

In recognition of Sergeant Wells' valiant service, and because he could no longer serve at the front, having been severely wounded, gassed and shell-shocked, the Canadian Government appointed him Official Lecturer. He toured the United States and Canada with the official war film, "Canada's Fighting Forces". Later when America entered the World War, he was engaged by Red Cross and Liberty Loan committees to give a series of lectures throughout this country, during which tour he was accredited with the sale of more than \$8,000,000 in Liberty Bonds.

Recently one of the members of his "Smiling Army of the Air", a French war hero, presented his treasured and hard won Croix de Guerre, which contains sixteen citations, to Sergeant Wells, saying "I wish to decorate the 'Smiling Army' for bravery in this great battle of life, even as regiments were decorated for bravery on the battlefield." He added, "My friend, you who have the courage to keep smiling in this hard old life, are far braver than I, even in deeds of valor on the field of battle."

"Why do I broadcast smiles?" said Doc. "Because I've seen so much suffering, both on the battlefield and in everyday life. Many times I've been in great need of a cheery word or a friendly smile. As a stranger, hungry and friendless in a big city, those smiles were not forthcoming, and many times I've wandered off by myself, and tried to tell myself that 'The easiest way out' was the best. Yes, I know the feeling of happiness that a bright cheery smile or a cheery word of encouragement brings, and I want to give freely of mine as I walk my path along the highway of life.

"Then again, it would seem that during that brief lapse of unconsciousness, caused by the pains from my many wounds, that I had stood on the threshold of eternity, and in that brief space of time, I had seen many smiling faces—it may have been, of course, the mere fancy of a fevered brain—nevertheless, I—well, I somehow want to 'hold that picture'—hence my concluding words in my broadcast—KEEP SMILING!

"The thing that makes me happiest of all, is to broadcast smiles to my buddies in the veterans' hospitals—to any, in fact, who are ill and to receive their grateful letters of thanks.

"Sometimes I stay up all night answering each and every letter personally, on my own typewriter. All the letters I receive are wonderful, each one a document of great human interest."

Doc has a great number of anonymous contributors to his popular broadcast, including "The Hill Philosopher", "The Old Eagle"—"The Vagabond Trooper", "The Little House on the Hill", "Bosco" and "Sergeant Bea".

As a Past Department Commander of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, and a Life Honorary Member of The Veterans of Foreign Wars of The United States, "Doc" rates high in Veteran circles on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

PARKER WHEATLEY, program director of KYW, is the youngest to hold that title at a major station in Chicago. Parker started announcing at WFBM, Indianapolis, while still attending Butler University. In odd moments between preparing term papers and exams he dashed off Radio announcements. When school days were over he came to Chicago and got a job at KYW.

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No Higher Rates

Write for Descriptive Literature,
Hotel Manger, North Station, Boston, Mass.



Friend Husband

(Continued from page 11)

Oysters were sent to Graham when he was away one time, and the last thing he said before he left was, "Now, dear, when the oysters come treat 'em right." So for three days and three nights (and two or three times a night) I gave them fresh water, put ice in the tub, and fed them their corn meal. And I didn't lose an oyster.

One of Graham's hobbies is sprinkling the pent house porch and flowers. He used to borrow the neighbor's hose—where have I heard of that being done before—and have a grand time. So one day I bought him a hose for a present. I think it was the next evening that the superintendent of our building telephoned to say: "Mrs. McNamee, please ask your maid to be more careful. The people on the street are getting all wet." Well, it happened the maid was standing near me as I was talking. So I had my suspicions. And I was right. There on the roof, twenty floors above Broadway, was Mr. Graham McNamee very calmly and very deliberately aiming the hose not at the porch, not at the flowers, but at the sidewalk below. He explained that it was very difficult to estimate the rapidity at which people were walking, to take accurate aim, and then considering the velocity of the wind, hit the target.

Before I stop I want to tell you just one thing more. From the minute Graham comes in the house until he leaves, the Radio is turned on. I might say, one of the five sets we have is turned on. I guess he's just like the mail man who always takes a long walk on his day off.

Broadcaster Oil

(Continued from page 27)

where in the vicinity of the point, the thing that is really holding Radio back is the taxicab business. What with traffic and careless driving, a Radio artist (or a performer, as in my case) can't get to the studio in time to stage an argument with the production director before going on the air. You see the crux of the situation lies with the taxicab drivers. Ah, my friends, they are the crux! The solution is to have the production director meet the artist (or performer, as in my case) at his or her home so that they can come to the studio in the same taxicab and have the argument finished by the time they enter the studio.

In summing up I might say that it's all very poignant (pronounced pwan-yant). Now there's a word. I got it from Ted Jewett, my personal announcer. We use each other's words because we both take about the same size. His are a little broader in the vowels, but I make them do. You have to watch announcers though. They take words from you when you're not looking. I used the word

zestful two years ago while speaking of eating noodle soup, and would you believe it they've been using that word ever since to describe Brahms' Hungarian Dances. And the joke is really on them because I really said zestful by mistake. What I meant to say was vest full. When eating noodle soup you have to lean over the plate or you'll get a vest full.

My next program incidentally will be put up in a cellophane wrapper and the opening signature will be more legible to encourage forgery. I shall insist that my sponsors shall have plenty of maps on the walls of the sales department because I have a deep seated passion for sticking bright-colored pins in wall-maps that has never been fully indulged.

My present sponsors have their offices in Chicago and keep all their maps there, and if you've ever tried standing in New York and sticking pins in maps that are located in Chicago you know what a pet one can get into. If my present sponsor and I ever get a divorce, I shall not sign up with any advertiser until after many meetings of the board of directors in conference with representatives of the advertising agency. It's well to have these things understood. And do you know what will happen after all these conferences? The prospective advertiser will conceive the brilliant idea of putting on a new and startling original idea, to wit, a dance orchestra with a singer.

So then I'll look for still another new sponsor.

Jest for Fun

(Continued from page 51)

the girls. But I have a system that works pretty well. If you happen to meet someone that you are in doubt about, you tell it a story about a traveling salesman and if you get a slap in the face—you know it's a boy.

"The women of today are just like the men; they drink, smoke, gamble—why I was out with a girl the other night to dinner and when I asked her if she would like some corn—she passed her glass.

"But I know a girl that I'm going to fall in love with—some time after Christmas. She is a wonderful girl—and beautiful too. Miss America. In fact, she looks like several of our moving picture stars. She was taken twice for Greta Garbo and once for grand larceny. And she has those Gloria Swanson eyes and those Clara Bow-legs; she's really lovely. And speaking of eyes, she has one of the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. I was up to her house the other night and her father threw my hat out the window. I wouldn't have minded so much, only I had it on."

That hat must have been a straw that didn't show which way the wind blows, because Richy Craig, Jr., as Radio's newest wit, is finding his way back to the audience he won in his trouping days. As he would put it himself, he is making his mark, even if it is an easy mark.



Encouraged by \$100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for \$100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

DARRELL JORDAN,

Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who should be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
 1776 Broadway, New York
 Send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information on writing for profit as promised in Radio Digest May.
 Mr. _____
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 Address _____
 (All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 96E381

Why don't you write?

SOLD OUT!

"The only way I can make sure of my RADIO DIGEST is to camp at the stand until it is delivered there," writes an enthusiastic Ohio fan.

But she is mistaken. There is another way. She can subscribe for a year in advance and every copy will be mailed to her home as soon as it comes from the press. That's the surest way.

Special Summer
Suggestion
\$1.00

If you are moving about you may not be able to get your current copies of RADIO DIGEST. However, you can remedy this by sending \$1 for the Vacation Numbers of RADIO DIGEST. Four issues—June, July, August and September, sent postpaid anywhere in the United States for \$1. Put One Dollar with your name and address in an envelope and mail it to RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Your subscription will begin at once. For 12 issues, one year's subscription, send \$3.

Use This Coupon

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Four months (special summer offer)
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 { Aug., Sept.

One year subscription starting with
 \$3.00—issue of.....

Enclosed find check or money order*

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Street.....

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The Play's the Thing

(Continued from page 23)

that are not built around an idea.

"When I add the next necessity, that a play must have 'Radio adaptability,'" Mr. Radcliffe says, "I eliminate most plays at once. The only way to tell whether a drama will or will not be suited to Radio, is experience. It has taken me a year to find out what a Radio play is. The best way I can describe it, is to say, that one thing it must have is concentration in its scenes. It must have a gripping struggle between two people to make good ether material. 'Michael and His Lost Angel', which we did in the Guild, is ideal in this respect. The scene between Michael and the woman he loves never went over so well on the stage, but in Radio it was perfect. 'L'Aiglon' we found not so good; there were too many characters and they were too dispersed."

Mr. Radcliffe adds, that when he says a play must have Radio adaptability, he means that its structure must be so compact that you can shorten it, you can write in scenes, and the play will still be there. The ether director says you must be able to reduce the idea of the play to three or four sentences or it isn't a good Radio play anyway.

Mr. Radcliffe feels that Shakespeare's plays are ideal for Radio. They have all the qualifications,—highly dramatic content, great ideas and issues, proven worth, a well known author and a perfect structure.

A third point of view is expressed by another man, a most attractive young man with an instinct for the theatre, who chooses most of the Radio dramas you hear over the Columbia chain and writes many of them himself. I refer

to the gentlemen who has sometimes been called the Ronald Colman of the air—Don Clark, Continuity Chief.

Don tells me that he thinks suspense and situation are more important in our theatre of the air than with its legitimate sister, because on the ether, we have no lights, no costumes, no gestures nor sets to help create the glamour—little else, in fact, but just suspense. And moreover, Mr. Clark believes that the success or failure of a Radio drama depends largely on the reality of its characters. We cannot have artificial characters on the air,—they show up like a bad complexion in the sun. Mr. Clark likes the surprise-ending in a Radio script. He says in this sense O. Henry would have been the ideal Radio dramatist.

Stories about romantic royalty and deposed noblemen are good material for microphonic dramas, according to Don, as are fairy tales and the fields of psychology and mythology. He prefers the half hour period to the hour.

Joe Bell (Joseph, to you!), who is responsible for your favorite Radio play "Sherlock Holmes", tells me that the prime necessity in this field is an author who understands dialogue, who makes it human, intelligent, and of such nature as to make the story progress."

For dramatic contrast, let us present NBC's Continuity Editor, Burke Boyce, who tells me, that "Radio dramas must have a good story. Just smartly written dialogue won't do. We must have conflict". Mr. Boyce says.

The only thing about which all of these men are in perfect agreement is that the scripts that pour in from east and west, not to mention north and south, are on the whole utterly useless.

Now you've heard the views from Olympus, write me what you consider a good Radio drama, won't you?


BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE Five Sections, Brass bound Powerful Lenses, 10 mile range. Special Eye Piece for looking at the Sun, included FREE. Can be used as a Microscope. Guaranteed. Big value. Postpaid \$1.75, C. O. D. 15c extra. **BENNER & COMPANY, 172, Trenton, N. J.**

ASTOUNDING FREE OFFERS ASSURE YOUR SUCCESS

BIG PAY New merchandise plan sweeping the country. Big Cash Pay starts at once. Complete line of sample fabrics given free. Write today. This plan's a proven money-maker.

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Get Acquainted!

Quick, Confidential Introduction Service for Ladies and Gentlemen. Big list (FREE). Send for one!

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Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

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Screw-holding screw drivers! Non-magnetic. Remove, insert screws inaccessible places! Factories, garages, electricians, carpenters, mechanics, auto, radio owners buy on sight! Free trial! Jiffy, 1809 Winthrop Bldg., Boston.

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SONGWRITERS: Read "Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records," an explanatory, instructive book SENT FREE to aspiring writers of words for songs. We compose, arrange music and secure copyrights. Write today. Newcomer Associates, 1674-4P Broadway, New York.

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FREE Radio Log and Map, with 3 Radio Station Stamps, 10c. Chas. Philidius, 510 East 120 St., New York, N. Y.



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AT THE
FIFTH ANNUAL**



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CHICAGO

JUNE 8 to 12th



EVERYBODY WILL BE THERE

Every branch of the radio industry will be at Chicago during the week of June 8th. This will be the largest gathering and biggest annual event of the industry.

Thirty thousand (30,000) square feet of radio exhibits in Grand Ball Room and Exhibition Hall of Stevens Hotel.

ADMISSION TO THE TRADE ONLY. NO VACANT BOOTHS—ALL EXHIBITORS REQUIRED TO SHOW CURRENT MERCHANDISE. The newest and latest receiving set models and accessories will be displayed and demonstrated at the show and in hotel demonstration rooms, for the trade to see what the manufacturers offer for the coming season.

25,000 radio manufacturers, jobbers and dealers expected to attend.

Reduced railroad rates—special trains.

Official hotels—Stevens Hotel (headquarters), Blackstone, Congress and Auditorium Hotels, all within short walking distance on Michigan Avenue.

INDUSTRIES AND EXHIBITIONS

Radio industries, June 8-12—RMA, National Federation of Radio Associations and Radio Wholesalers Association.

Music Industry Convention and Show—June 15-17.

Institute of Radio Engineers Annual Convention—June 3-6.

Annual national "Furniture Mart" with 25,000 furniture buyers, jobbers, dealers and manufacturers—June 1-15.

Entertainment galore for visitors—Make a trip to Chicago for business and vacation combined.

Apply now direct to hotels for room reservations.

Invitation credentials for the trade show will be mailed to the trade about May 1st.



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RADIO is a fascinating profession. Now you can become an expert in any one of its twenty different branches. Simply by studying in your spare time at home or at any of the four resident schools operated by RCA Institutes, Inc.

It is not hard to study radio the way it's taught by RCA Institutes. You learn radio by actual experience on the latest type of radio equipment. And you need not give up the position you now hold. You can study an hour a day or any number of hours a day, at home in your spare time.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Caught in the Act

(Continued from page 30)

by Commissioner Roche himself, who always plays his own rôle. He's quite an actor, for in his youth the commissioner played juvenile parts in Broadway shows, and many years in police fields have not dimmed his histrionic talents.

Commissioner Roche explained the purpose of these broadcasts and the nightly police reports to our correspondents.

"Many mothers have called to thank us for broadcasting information that has opened their eyes to a dangerous thing their children have been doing. We have located stolen cars, missing persons, reunited relatives who have been separated for years."

Automobile accident prevention is another side of the Buffalo broadcasts. Police announcers will occasionally intersperse their remarks with rhymes:

"Grandpa in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far
Twinkle, twinkle little star
Music by the G.A.R."

"He thought his car would never skid
He left behind a wife and kid."

Many "missing" persons have been found through broadcasting. Even mules have been recovered through Radio broadcasting! In the little township of State Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa., George Miller sought his two mules, Jimmie and Jennie, gone astray.

He broadcast his forgiveness to the erring ones and begged them to return home through "The Voice of Pennsylvania," WBAK, the state police station at Harrisburg. Sure enough, Jennie and Jimmie heard the summons and returned (or perhaps some farmer found two strange mules hanging around his feed bins and sent them home).

Of course, such cases are docketed as minor ones on the records of the Pennsylvania State Police, with their five stations on the air. Michigan, too is another progressive state which utilizes Radio to keep its state police cruisers in touch with every criminal incident in the remotest rural districts.

At the East Lansing, Mich., barracks, broadcasts are made to eighty receivers in sheriffs' offices, municipal police departments, state police detachments and the cruising Radio cars as well. Where it formerly took a telephone operator two hours to call all the offices and make reports, instantaneous information is now broadcast.

What a deterrent it would prove to desperate criminals if the other forty-six states would follow Pennsylvania and Michigan's splendid example! In the meantime, not waiting for state action, city officials and bands of business men are meeting every day to curb crime, and deciding to employ Radio to keep their urban precincts free.

In New York at the moment, a general shake-up and clean-up process is being

gone through in police and other departments. But perhaps when reforms are made, consideration will be given to the efficient method of tracking criminals by Radio cruisers. Meanwhile, Inspector Donovan, the department's spokesman to the press, states, "The good old-fashioned patrol box system is still in force here and we feel it is better than the Radio system, which we have tried out. We do have a police broadcasting station, but it is used only for broadcasting orders to harbor patrol and fire boats."

Pioneer in the field west of Chicago has been the small city of Tulare, California, with but 7,000 population. Since December 1929 its police department has been on the air, under the supervision of Chief of Police John R. MacDonald. This small city has two Radio cruisers on duty each night, and since their inception, only one burglary of major importance has been committed in Tulare. This despite the almost daily reports of bank holdups, burglaries, and safe-blowings coming from surrounding valley towns.

SO REPORTS from all over the country show what the Radio police systems are doing to prevent crime and capture criminals. And a glimpse into the crystal ball of the future envisions the further extension of Radio patrols to air police cruisers. The Western Electric Company has perfected a receiver for airplanes, and in a test demonstration in New York City air patrol planes showed the feasibility of this method of patrol.

Looking ahead, we can imagine a cold-blooded murder in a remote section of the country, miles from any cruising car. A receiver off the hook will warn the telephone operator of some mishap... a quick call to police Radio headquarters is made and the operator tells her suspicion. "Airplane-Cruiser No. 8, watch for suspicious fleeing cars on lonely country roads!" is the broadcast.

The aviator-policeman arrives in the vicinity in a few moments, sees a car burning up the road, and by telephone-Radio tells headquarters. Headquarters answers, "Follow car and report progress. We are dispatching Radio cruisers to intercepting road." In the meantime, all unsuspecting of its aerial watcher, the crime car speeds on... to be caught by a combination of auto and airplane tracking. A vision of the future, perhaps, but it is feasible, and who knows, we may see it not too many years hence.

The author wishes to express her appreciation for co-operation in gathering material to RADIO DIGEST correspondents Betty McGee in Chicago, Robert K. Doran in Buffalo, B. G. Clare in Detroit and Dr. Ralph L. Power in the West.

The Most Glorious *Lip-Color* You Ever Used!



To every type of beauty, Phantom Red Lipstick brings that crowning, artful touch that captures and captivates. For Phantom Red matches the warm, healthy glow of nature—imparting to lips a soft, smooth brilliance as invitingly luscious as sun-ripened cherries. A sweet reason why men gather around, as bees to honey—a good reason why girl rivals frown and pout.

Discovered and perfected by beauty-chemists, Phantom Red is healing, lasting, waterproof. No less famous is

the Phantom Red Rouge Compact, twin in color to the lipstick and another popular Carlyle product.

End your hopeful search for ideal lip-color. It is yours if you'll clip and mail the coupon below without delay. The coupon with 10c brings you a vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and make-up guide by return mail. An additional 10c brings the dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Phantom Red LIPSTICK



Phantom Red Rouge Compact (universal shade) price 75c

Phantom Red Lipstick is presented in a smart, modern, red and black enamel case, \$1.00; Junior size, 50c.



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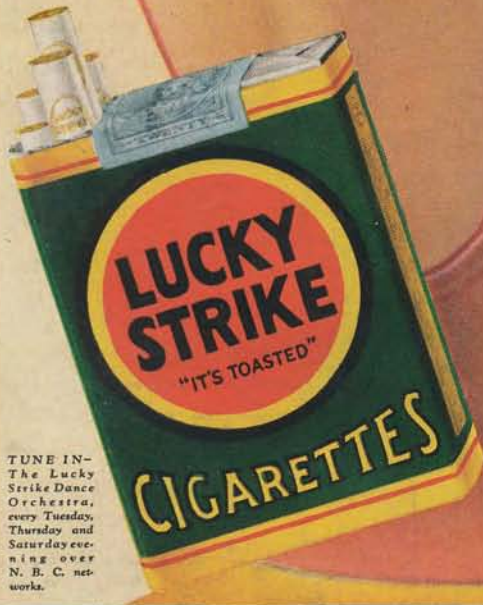
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Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

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Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.



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Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
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Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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