

# Radio Digest

OCTOBER, 1931

25 Cents



DOROTHY KNAPP, NBC

## Broadcast BEAUTIES PARADE



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



# No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT



ALTHOUGH they are still able to chew their food, countless people today find themselves ashamed, even afraid to smile.

It is a grim yet needless price they pay to wear false teeth, because they can usually blame neglect and resulting pyorrhea for the loss of their own.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose, if you gamble with this infection.

At first, your gums grow tender and bleed easily when brushed. Later, they become soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either come out or must be extracted.

*Start, in time, the use of Forhan's*

If you would escape the toll pyorrhea takes in teeth and health, see your dentist twice a year; he can do a lot to prevent needless trouble in your mouth. But in your own home, your teeth are your own responsibility. Nothing but the finest dentifrice is good enough for them.

Forhan's is the discovery of a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used by dentists for treating this dread disease.

## Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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

*Don't gamble with pyorrhea*

Start today brushing your teeth with Forhan's, morning and night. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

So fine, so pure, so gentle and mild, Forhan's cannot harm the most delicate tooth enamel of the youngest child. Do not wait for trouble before you start using Forhan's.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.







# WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

## Ten Weeks of Shop Training

Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. The average time is only 10 weeks. But you can stay as long as you please, at no extra cost to you. No previous experience necessary.

### TELEVISION and Talking Pictures

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound-proof

Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Television receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both “sound on film” and “sound on disk.” We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible.

### Free Employment Service to Students

After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work

while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way.

### Coyne Is 32 Years Old

Coyne has been located right here in Chicago since 1899. Coyne Training is tested—proven by hundreds of successful graduates. You can get all the facts—FREE. JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR BIG RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK, telling all about jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. This does not obligate you. Just mail the coupon.

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899  
**Coyne Electrical School**  
 500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 71-9H, Chicago, Illinois

**H. C. LEWIS, President**  
**Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School**  
 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 71-9H, Chicago, Ill.  
 Send me your Big Free Radio, Television and Talking Picture Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

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



Harold P. Brown,  
Managing Editor

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Advisory Editor

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

# Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST  
Raymond Bill, Editor

October, 1931

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**RUTH ROLAND** made a fortune playing silent movie thrillers (and she still has it). She can't give up being active so she performs and entertains generally. This shows her at CBS studios, N. Y.



**LEE MORSE**—not Ree Morse—unless it's because she had to hurry back to New York from her Oklahoma home to broadcast on the WABC-Columbia network. She hated to leave home, she said.



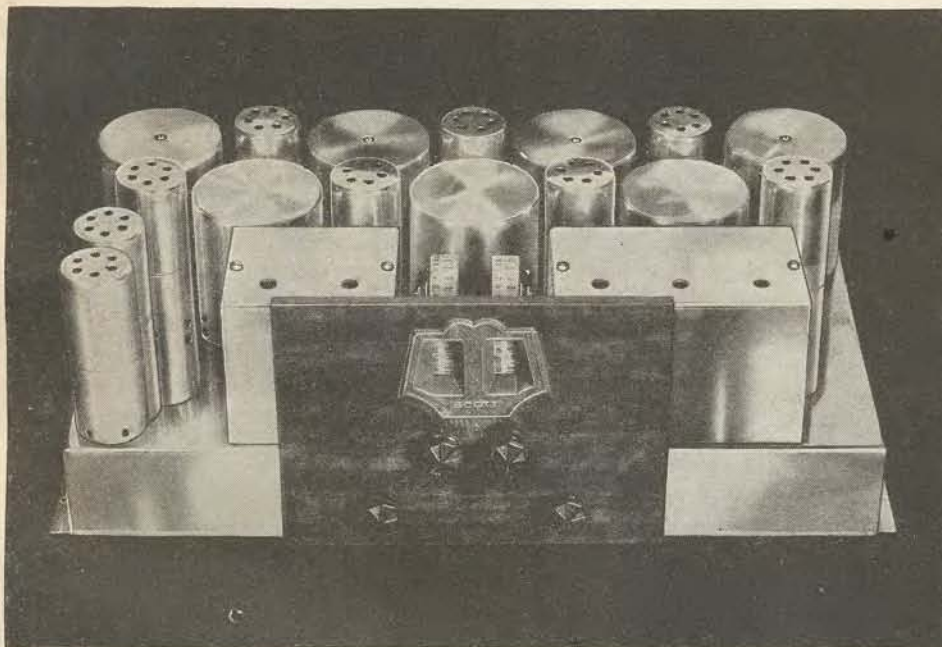
**DOROTHY DAUBEL** is the sensational new piano player who suddenly popped into fame at the NBC-WEAF network. Dorothy came down to the Big City from Buffalo and made good right away. She's on weekly.



**MARY HOPPLE** has a radio audience that extends from coast to coast for she has been singing over the NBC network almost from the time of the first net. She was on our June cover in pastel.



# Why be satisfied with less than Round the World Reception?



There is a new thrill in Radio—the thrill of actually tuning in the other side of the world—Japan, Indo-China, France, England, Australia, Germany and South America. Not code, but voice, music and song, loud and clear—often so perfect that its quality matches the finest nearby domestic stations. Such is the daily service being given by Scott All-Wave Receivers located in all parts of the country and operating under all sorts of conditions. And the tone of the Scott All-Wave is *naturalness* itself. Think of it! England and Japan, thousands of miles away from each other, yet only a quarter inch apart on the dial of the Scott All-Wave. A fractional turn of the tuning control and either is yours to listen to with an abundance of loud speaker volume. Unbelievable? Read the letters reproduced below. They are but a few of the hundreds received!

## Read What Scott All-Wave Owners Say About This Great Receiver

### England on an indoor aerial . . .

"London, England, comes in with great volume on an indoor aerial, which I have to use on account of static. Can get all the volume I want with the volume control turned up most of the time only one-quarter."

—W. J. McD., Intervale, N. H.

### 'Round the world . . .

"Have heard 'Big Ben' strike midnight in London; Grand Opera from Rome; the 'Marseillaise' played in France and at 8:30 a. m. have heard the laughing Jack-ass from VK2ME at Sydney, Australia."

—C. L. B., Chicago, Illinois

### China, too . . .

"Static conditions have been extremely bad this Summer.

However, we have been getting regular reception on G5SW at Chelmsford, England, 12RO at Rome, Italy, F3ICD, Indo-China, and VK3ME at Melbourne, Australia."—S. F. S., Lock, Utah.

### Paris for 3 hours . . .

"Yesterday I tuned in station FYA at Paris and received them for three hours with considerably more volume than Rome; El Prado, Ecuador, comes in very clear and loud every Thursday evening."

—S. O. K., Tuskegee, Alabama

### Records Australia . . .

"Last Saturday night I received VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, loud enough to make a recording on my home recorder. It certainly gave me a great thrill to hear the announcer say, 'The time is now

20 minutes to 4, Sunday afternoon' when it was 20 minutes to 12 Saturday night here."

—J. R. C., Highland, Mass.

### Germany to Australia . . .

"I hear England, France, Italy, daily while Ecuador, Colombia, Honduras and Germany and Manila come in quite often. VK2ME at Sydney, Australia, comes in very well."

—J. M. B., Wierton, West Virginia

### Austria . . .

"I have tuned in VK3ME at Melbourne with enough volume to be heard across the street. I listened last evening to France, Italy, Austria, as well as G5SW in England and several other European stations. The SCOTT is all you claim and then some."

—R. N. B., Fullerton, Penna.

The truly amazing performance of which the Scott All-Wave is capable is the natural result of combining advanced design and precision engineering. The system of amplification employed in this receiver is far in advance of any other—and the Scott All-Wave is built in the laboratory, by laboratory experts to laboratory standards so that its advanced design is taken fullest advantage of. Each receiver is tested, before shipment, on reception from either 12RO, Rome, 5SGW, Chelmsford, England, or VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia.

Why be satisfied with less than a Scott All-Wave can give you? The price of this receiver is remarkably low. Mail the coupon for full particulars.

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC., 4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-10 Chicago (Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)

# The SCOTT

## ALL-WAVE

15 - 550 METER SUPERHETERODYNE

### Clip

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.  
(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)  
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-10 Chicago, Ill.

Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....



# News, Views and Comment

By Robert L. Kent

**T**HE Fall broadcasting season is well under way and listeners as well as lookers have more good things in the way of programs than ever before. . . The opening gun of the March of Time series over the Columbia network was all that anyone could desire. . . This in reality marks a forward step in broadcasting. . . If there is anything better on the air than the March of Time we have not listened to it. Tune in that one on Friday night.

Radio Digest comes close to being the most frequent broadcaster on the air . . . more than seventy stations each week are spreading the Radio Digest message. There are all kinds of programs . . . classical music . . . gossip hours . . . breakfast hour skits and brief announcements. We are doing our part to keep in step with the progress of broadcasting . . . and now Radio Digest is regularly (Thursday nights, W2XAB) staging a television program. . . We intend to study television from the ground up and pledge our-

selves to aid in the development of this new art.

The Football season is here and both chains are regularly broadcasting the games. . . Favorite announcers are doing the job in each case . . . thrills galore!

We knew it had to come . . . a course in broadcasting technique. . . There are several available for those who have a desire to find out what it's all about. . . The latest is Floyd Gibbons school of broadcasting. . . Well, Floyd has learned a lot about the microphone during his years on the air. There's another school in New York with instructors and studios, recording facilities, etc. I will be glad to forward inquiries for those interested.

Met a beautiful blond young lady at the television studios operated by Columbia a short time ago. Her name is Harriet Lee . . . she was made up to be televised and she had on deep red rouge, used brown lipstick for lips and eyebrows and she wore a white wrap. She was placed against a dead black

background and she came over like a million dollars. Now, I just have been informed that Miss Lee has been named Radio Queen . . . and here's news for you . . . Miss Lee will adorn the November cover of Radio Digest.

Speaking of television, Radio Digest had as guest artist petite Marion Brinn, vaudeville headliner at the age of seven and known to radio fans from Coast to Coast as the soapbox crooner. She's so small that she stands on a box in order to reach the microphone. They put a box under her so she could be televised. We'll tell you more about Miss Brinn next month.

The studios of the National Broadcasting Co. in Chicago are the finest in America. . . They are in the Furniture Mart and they are worth traveling far to see. The lighting arrangements are unusual and the usual studio drapes are conspicuous by their absence. The studios are huge and were designed with an eye to television. If you are in Chicago don't fail to visit these studios.

**AFTER  
YOUR EVERY  
SMOKE . . .**



## Beech-Nut Gum

**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Company — Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints



*Peppermint,  
Wintergreen and  
Spearmint flavors.*



**KALAMAZOO**  
*Factory Prices*  
**biggest savings in years**

**Mail Coupon For NEW FREE CATALOG**

Your name on the coupon below brings you a FREE copy of this new catalog of KALAMAZOO-DIRECT-TO-YOU Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. It saves you 1/3 to 1/2 on your new cook stove or heating equipment, because it quotes you factory prices at *sensational reductions*.

**Prices Lower Than Ever**  
 Make your selections direct from factory stock at the *Biggest Savings in Years*. Kalamazoo prices are lower—far lower than ever—but Kalamazoo quality, famous for 31 years, is rigidly maintained. This is the year to buy wisely. That means buying direct from the factory—eliminating all unnecessary in-between costs.

**Only \$5 Down on Anything—Year to Pay**

Mail the Coupon Now! You'll see 200 styles and sizes—more bargains than in 20 big stores. *Only \$5 Down on any Stove, Range, or Furnace, regardless of price or size. A Year to Pay.* 800,000 Satisfied Customers have saved 1/2 to 1/3 by mailing this coupon. "We saved \$50," says C. T. Harmeyer, Ansonia, O. "I saved from \$50 to \$75 by sending to Kalamazoo," writes W. B. Taylor, Southbridge, Mass. "No one will ever be sorry they bought a Kalamazoo," says Cora M. Edwards, Berryville, Ark., who has had one 22 years.

**New Ranges in Lovely New Colors**

Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. Look for the ranges with the new *Utility Shelf*—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive! The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a



**Ranges \$37.50**  
 as low as

china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.



**Heaters \$24.15**  
 as low as

**Healthful Heaters Give Furnace Heat**  
 Pages of colored pictures and descriptions of Heat Circulators. Astoundingly Low Prices. Easy Terms. They give constant circulation of fresh, healthful, moist, warm air—eliminate colds and winter ills. Several models with convenient foot warmer. Heat from 3 to 6 rooms comfortably.

**FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service**  
 If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. Only \$5 down.

**30 Days' Free Trial**  
 Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

**24 Hour Shipments**  
 All stoves and ranges are shipped from Kalamazoo, Mich., or Utica, N. Y., warehouses, if you live east, within 24 hours. Furnaces, 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

**31 Years of Quality**  
 Even with new, low Factory Prices,

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**  
 Trade Mark Registered



**Furnaces \$57.85**  
 as low as

Kalamazoo's standard of quality is the same as for 31 years. Tremendous buying power enabled us to buy raw materials at the lowest possible prices. Selling direct from the factory—we are able to give you this year as never before, *absolute rock-bottom Factory Prices*. Kalamazoo is a factory. You can't beat factory prices at any time—more especially this year. Mail the coupon now for this sensational new book.

**KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.**  
 2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 Warehousing and shipping points, Utica, N. Y., and Kalamazoo, Mich.



**800,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon**

- Put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
- KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.**  
 2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
- Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.
- Name.....  
 (Please print name plainly)
- Address.....
- City..... State.....
- Coal and Wood Ranges
  - Gas and Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
  - Oil Stoves
  - Cabinet Heaters
  - Pipe Furnaces
  - Direct Heat Furnaces
  - Washing Machines



Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute



# Coming and Going

## Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

INSIDUOUS efforts to split up and manipulate the limited channels used for broadcasting apparently will be renewed with increased energy as the time draws near for Congress to convene. Besides the Fess bill which was sluffed off at the last session—and which it is promised will be reintroduced at the next session—there are any number of other kindred measures in prospect. On October 16th the Federal Radio Commission will entertain a proposal by C. R. Cummings of Williamsport, Pa., to set aside twenty-five channels "for the exclusive use of local or community broadcasting stations." Walter Birkenhead, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune* of September 13 says, "The application (by Cummings) lists 267 cities and towns in which stations would be erected, and considerable support may be given the plan by some members of Congress." While we have no comment to make as to the merit of Mr. Cummings' plan of operation, it does seem as though any project that contemplates the breaking up of the broadcast spectrum as it now stands for competitive programs will weaken the whole structure for dissolution by its enemies. The field is now open for everybody and it must be kept open.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER radio measure that may have more than casual significance which is expected to be introduced at the next session of Congress will provide for a consolidation of all governmental radio authority in the Federal Radio Commission. This will relieve the Department of Commerce of its radio division. Ultimately, if those who are opposed to the American plan of operation successfully carry through their maneuvers for government operation the commission would have all the lines in its own hands to function as a full fledged bureau. And when the politicians prepare your radio programs, ladies and gentlemen, you'll probably hear things that will irritate more than your Adam's Apple.

One of the interesting exhibits at the Radio World's Fair was the daylight television camera. Instead of putting the subject in a black box and scanning the features with a tiny spot of light the camera works in the open with the sun-lit scene focused on the whirling scanning disk inside the camera like the retina of the eye; it passes thence through the photo-electric cell and the copper "optic nerve" to the "brain" of coils and circuits, off the antenna, through the air, into the "eye" and "brain" of your television receiver and instantaneously to your own eye, which repeats the process thus figuratively described. "Marvelous is the age of radio!"

\* \* \*

WHAT else does the new Radio World's Fair bring to us? The one last year proved a trifle disappointing, not so much for the lack of interesting exhibits as for novelty in the way of entertainment. Perhaps there are no more radio novelties. The sensational surprises of a few seasons ago now have become common place in almost any home. One thing expected sure to attract the crowd is the television exhibit with the promise of images filling a screen ten feet square directly visible to 10,000 visitors.

AT LAST the telephone company has become a subscriber to its best customer—the broadcaster. Programs have been inaugurated over both of the big chain systems. The two networks alone spend \$5,000,000 a year with the telephone company and use 40,000 circuit miles of wires. It's fun to buy when you take the money out of your right hand pocket and it comes right back to your left hand pocket.

A gentleman called us up the other day to find out whether it was not a fact that the passion for mysticism as practiced over the radio had not generally subsided. He said there was not one astrologer on the air from any of the New York stations, and he believed the condition was general. So Venus, Neptune, Mars and the other celestial bodies are now feeling the weight of the depression. What do they forecast for themselves? One wonders.

Speaking of Fred Smith of *Time Magazine*, or were we, did you read his new mystery thriller called *The Broadcast Murders*? Mr. Smith and his talented wife live in a remodeled hayloft down in Greenwich Village. George Gershwin said of Mrs. Smith that no other woman had so perfectly translated his Rhapsody in Blue on the piano. Recently the pair returned from Europe where Fred has written a sequel to the enthralling tale of *The Broadcast Murders*. Do your reading of this book in the daytime or you may not sleep when you have finished it.

\* \* \*

AMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON has really married a radio man at last. On September 13th she stepped into an airplane with David L. Hutton, former manager of two of the smaller broadcasting stations in Los Angeles, and sailed away over the mountains to Yuma, Arizona. A surprised and somewhat disgruntled clerk was aroused from his bed to supply the necessary papers. A double ring ceremony was performed in the plane as the couple returned to Los Angeles. The groom is 30 and a singer in the Angelus choir. The bride is 38. They immediately started out to Oregon together on an evangelistic campaign.

\* \* \*

OBSERVATIONS at the NBC Press Relations Ball at Hotel New Yorker Sept. 22 . . . Nellie Revell, our Nellie, all primped and crimped chatting with Aileen Berry (Mrs. Peter Dixon) about the great scoop when the Voice of Radio Digest broadcast over a WEAJ net the news of arrival of Junior No. 2 at the Dixon home just eight minutes after it occurred . . . Philips Carlin busy as the proverbial one armed paper hanger as he tried to be equally attentive to two fair damosels who sat on either side of him . . . Vaughn de Leath swaying before a microphone and telling everybody how she had thrice that night been forced to deny she was Kate Smith . . . Ray Perkins, with a side-wise glance toward the Aylesworth table, as he explained that his last year's job was being supervisor of the NBC vice-presidents . . . lovely gorgeous Virginia Gardiner nonchalantly appropriating ye scribe's chair at Table No. 9 . . . Jean and Glenn from Cleveland making their debut—before a New York audience.

H. P. B.



# ... Hear these FAVORITE STARS



Ivan Simpson



Loretta Young



Dorothy Mackaill



Walter Huston



Marian Marsh



Frank Fay



Richard Barthelmess



Winnie Lightner



Edward G. Robinson



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Jack Whiting



Don Kelly

A New Celebrity *each week* on the  
**RADIO NEWSREEL of Hollywood.**  
 over the following stations

**MONDAY**

Station City Time  
 WKBF, Indianapolis, Ind., 6:30 P.M., C.S.T.  
 WGAL, Lancaster, Pa., 8:00 P.M., E.S.T.  
 KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WTAD, Quincy, Ill., 7:00 P.M., C.S.T.  
 WGBI, Scranton, Pa., 7:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WIBX, Utica, N. Y., 8:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 KFWE, Los Angeles, Calif., 7:45 P.M., P.S.T.

**TUESDAY**

Station City Time  
 WFBG, Altoona, Pa., 6:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WBEN, Buffalo, N. Y., 7:15 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa., 6:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 KWK, St. Louis, Mo., 9:45 P.M., C.S.T.  
 WBRE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 7:15 P.M., E.S.T.

**THURSDAY**

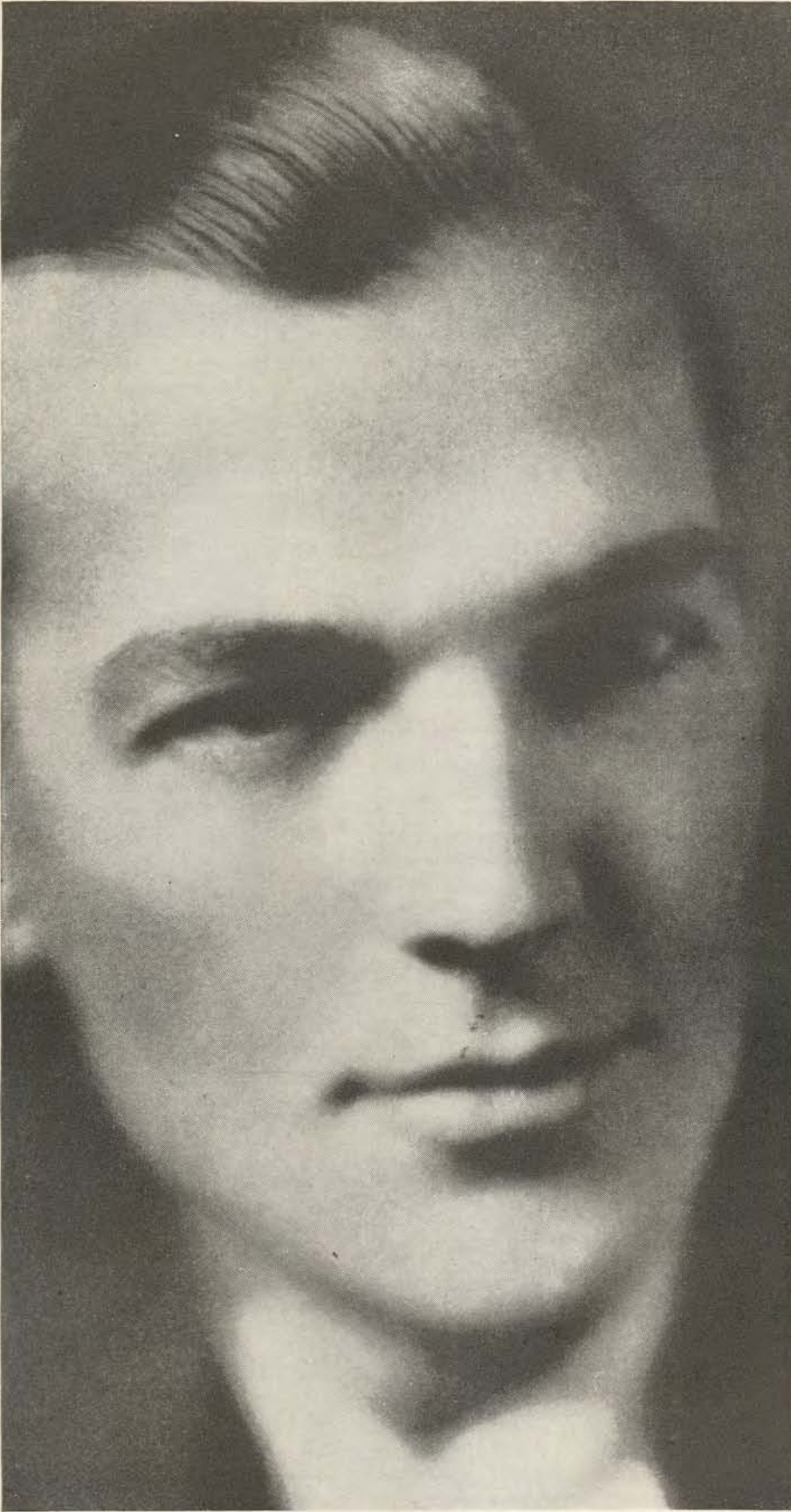
Station City Time  
 WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio, 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WJBI, Decatur, Ill., 7:00 P.M., C.S.T.  
 WHEC, Rochester, N. Y., 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WRAK, Williamsport, Pa., 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WGM, Jeanette, Pa., 5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

**FRIDAY**

Station City Time  
 WHK, Cleveland, Ohio, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WJAC, Johnstown, Pa., 9:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WOCL, Jamestown, N. Y., 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WCBA, Allentown, Pa., 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WLBW, Oil City, Pa., 7:45 P.M., E.S.T.  
 WRAW, Reading, Pa., 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

*Presented by the Mobilgas Stations and Dealers of your Neighborhood*





*TYPICAL Texan is this popular idol of the NBC fold. A lean six footer with a smile that wins confidence and friends. He got the idea of becoming a musician from hearing a negro street singer. Started out with a 75 cent banjo but found hard picking at the beginning. They put his voice on records and now he's independent.*

*SMITH BALLEW*



# *Strumming His Way from Texas Came*

# Smith Ballew

*Lone Star Orchestra Leader Plays Course Through University—Meets Adversity—Strikes Gold Note in His Voice—Wins Success from Manhattan to Hollywood—Now a Radio Favorite*

“W HEN you call me that, smile!”

These words from Owen Wister's, "The Virginian," symbolize the character of Smith Ballew, rangy Texas orchestral leader who has been transplanted from the great Southwest to blase restaurants and hilarious night clubs of Manhattan.

His more than six feet, to say nothing of the seriousness of his facial expression, demand respect. Ballew takes life seriously, earnestly, after the manner of old Texas rangers, and ranks loyalty and allegiance as two of the greatest virtues.

Here is an example:

When Ed. Scheuing, NBC orchestral supervisor, asked Ballew in March, 1929, to organize an orchestra and broadcast over NBC networks, at the same time offering him the pick of NBC musicians, Ballew chose to remember a former friend and musician.

"Can your friend play as well as any one of the talent we have at your command?" Scheuing asked.

"He's a musician," Ballew answered, "and a loyal friend. That's enough. I'd sooner have a bunch of good, loyal musicians, willing to cooperate, than a group of fiery geniuses."

But it happens that the man in question, as a musician, is not one to jeer at. He is Dee Orr, now drummer in Ballew's orchestra, who, aside from handling the drumsticks, sings many ballads and popular songs during the orchestra's broadcasts.

The story of Orr's early musical career is an entertaining anecdote but, for the present, this is a story of Ballew.

Ballew was born January 21, 1902, in

By Robert A. Wilkinson

Palestine, Texas, and when 15 years of age moved to Sherman, Texas, the home of Austin College. In the latter city he first had vague musical aspirations, all of which were to lead him through many troubled and hectic years.

Although Ballew is one of a musical family, his father a violinist and his mother a pianiste, it was an old negro banjo player—known as Ned—who first inspired him to learn to play a musical instrument.

THE colored banjost used to saunter down a Sherman, Texas, street every night in the year, strumming his banjo and singing quaint Southern songs. His regular route led him by the Ballew home, and there Smith and his playmates often stood in wait.

"Play for us, Ned," we used to plead," Ballew now relates.

"Ise can't; Ise gwine to see my gal," was Ned's inevitable excuse. Nevertheless, when the youngsters insisted, Ned often stopped and played and sang several numbers.

Then Ned was killed; shot down by a colored enemy. And Ballew remembers the occurrence as one of the tragedies of his youthful days. He stole away from home, against the request of his father, to view Ned's body.

Also there was a negro string band in Sherman which aroused Ballew's musical inclinations. And some of the neighborhood boys used to serenade Ballew's older sisters with their guitars, banjos and mandolins. So Smith finally

purchased his first banjo, paying seventy-five cents, and his older brother, Charles Robert Ballew, bought a guitar at the same time from a mail order house for \$4.

When seventeen years of age Ballew organized an orchestra in Sherman. His older brother was at the piano and Jimmy Malone, now known as Jimmy Joy, who conducts a nationally known orchestra bearing that name, was another of the original members. They played at Austin College social functions.

The entire personnel of this orchestra, except for one member—Dee Orr, of whom we must tell more later—finally packed their instruments and left Austin College, for Austin, Texas, and the University of Texas. There the band was enlarged from six to nine pieces. It was one of those "go-gettem," loud and noisy college bands so popular ten years ago. The boys played everything by ear—orchestrated jazz music had not yet reached the great Southwest—and the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums smothered soft tones of the strings.

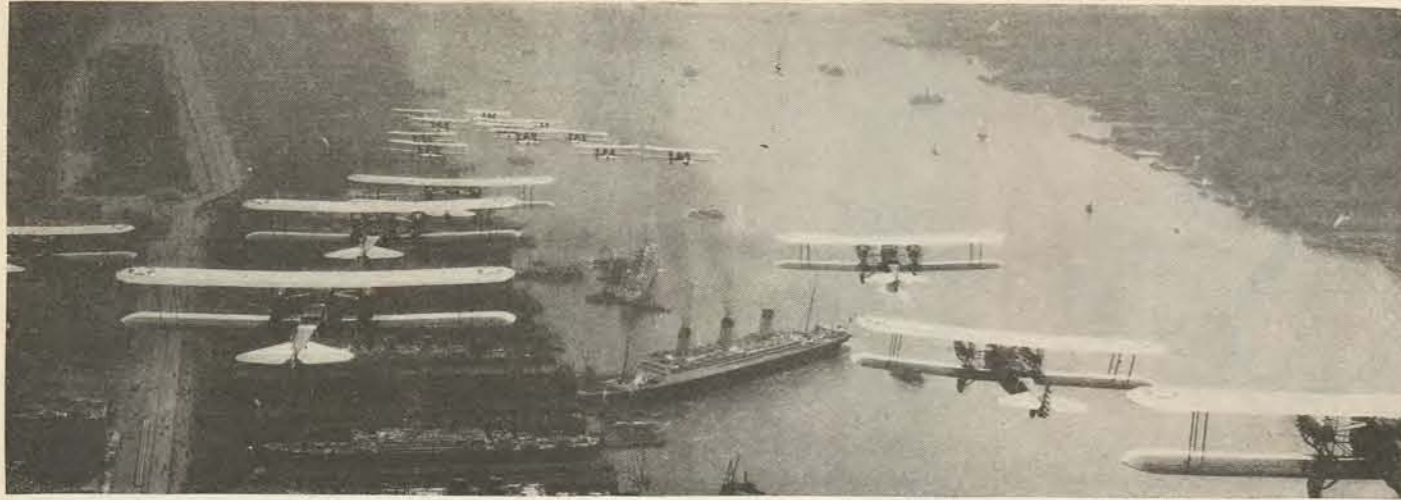
In April, 1923, three months before Ballew was due to receive his college degree, he married. Some of his friends tried to dissuade him from matrimony, at that time, arguing that he should wait until he finished school. One of them called him stupid. Ballew's reply embodied the same meaning as Wister's phrase,—more or less:

"When you call me that, smile."

The responsibilities of married life caused Ballew to finish school. And the unfavorable outlook for a musical career in Texas led him to withdraw

(Continued on page 90)





"IN THE radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crack-up," writes Mr. Lockett. This is a story right out of the cockpit of one of the ships in the twenty-mile long aerial parade.

# RADIO

IT is one thing to transport passengers from place to place in one, or several, airplanes. It is a splendid accomplishment to deliver those passengers, day in, day out, safely at their destinations, and in half the time a train would take to cover the same distance.

But compare this, if you will, with the task of moving 672 airplanes—flying nose to tail—in a single formation and loaded with equipment, gasoline and extra parts, hundreds of miles daily for three weeks!

That is the job the army air corps tackled in its spring maneuvers this year. That is the job that piled up three million miles of flying for the corps during the exercises. And that is the job the air corps accomplished without the loss of a single man in a flying accident.

It was a task begun under clouds of somber predictions and protests at its warlike character. The over-cautious complained dozens of America's youth would die in accidents during the maneuvers. The pacifists protested such an aerial show would stir anxiety in other nations of the world. But the air corps planned the maneuvers, carried them out with half a nation for a stage—and provided space in its big forma-

tion for a corps of flying newspaper, press association and photographic correspondents certain to provide full publicity to upwards of thirty million readers.



Edward B. Lockett

This latter action marked a new era in the life of the corps whose mission is to portray to the public a written picture of the news of the day. It effected the initiation of the press into the world of flying war correspondence. For nearly three weeks we rode, worked and slept with America's first peacetime army of the skies on the march. We performed to the best of our ability the tasks which would be demanded of us should

war come and we be sent to an army airdrome near enemy lines. We lived on an emergency schedule, ate and slept when and where we could, and wrote our stories in all sorts of places and under all conditions.

I wrote one story in pencil on scrap paper sitting in the open cockpit of a jouncing attack plane, enroute from Dayton, Ohio, to Chicago, in the worst weather we had during the trip. We were bucking a forty mile wind which drove a stinging rain in our faces, and

By EDWARD

International News Service Staff

bobbing up and down in the worst air I have ever experienced except during storms.

Most of the correspondents assigned to "cover" the maneuvers had done considerable flying, and were writing aviation news regularly for some paper or press association. I don't suppose there was a man in the group of more than a score who had not taken one or more trips in a plane. But none had ever before been given an assignment similar to this. The assignment was like Adam. There hadn't been any before it. There were, therefore, no set rules of coverage to go by. How to handle the story, how to put it before the public, how to move copy from points where the air corps set you down to earth—all were matters which had to be worked out on the march, so to speak.

WHEN I left my home bureau in Washington for Dayton, Ohio, where the big formation was mobilizing, I remember I worked out one of those careful, comprehensive schedules of copy which we like to believe save work in the future. It proved as useful as an Eskimo igloo on this assignment. I would have done much better to have taken a thermos bottle and a sandwich box.

Solution of the various problems came in the end through radio and a



View of the flying army rounding Manhattan with river traffic and the bay below as seen from Lockett's plane. Note at left the S. S. Majestic getting ready to dock—what a target!

# AWING

B. LOCKETT

Correspondent.

highly efficient staff of army press relations officers. Without either of these two aids the newspaper corps would have been lost. I was highly impressed by the value of the radio. Not only did it work for the press. It demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned.

The hardest job of the trip, as I saw it, however, was not getting the news. It was the task of finding time to write, and finally and most important, presenting a picture of the maneuvers to the public which would in some measure give realization of what we believed to be their tremendous importance. It was no task at all for me to be impressed, watching the wheels go round from the inside of the greatest single air formation ever assembled. I could not help but be impressed. The job was to give some idea of the size of the undertaking, and picture the interest it held for us to the readers who could see the exercises only through our eyes.

It was easy to say an aerial formation of 672 planes would start at Dayton and cover the eastern portion of the country in maneuvers. It was another job entirely to show how much the trip meant to the air corps and aviation in general.

Every movement and parade of the maneuvers was an accomplishment. The movement of that giant formation northward to Chicago, back to Dayton, eastward to New York, into New England and then southward to Washington, D. C. was an aerial odyssey comprising the air drama of the age. The work which the 1,400 officers and men who staffed this first air division of the American army performed was almost incredible.

AND the responsibility of those 1,400 lives and millions of dollars worth of equipment, resting on the shoulders of Major General James E. Fechet, chief of the air corps, and Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois, commandant of the division, was one which could not be borne lightly. They were confident of success, but there must have been many moments freighted with anxiety for these two officers.

To the news writers who were part of the maneuvers, they were the thrill of a life time. We were away up on the watching public. It was our privilege and job to ride most of the time

in that twenty mile long cordon of airplanes roaring away at a hundred mile an hour clip. From the ground the parade formation was an inspiring thing. Flying as part of it afforded a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Assigned to attack, observation or bombing planes, we climbed out of bed in the grey of early morning dozens of times to pull into a sky whipped by a cool wind and streaked with the red and amber of a brilliant sun. Hours on end we would fly in the midst of a sea of planes, rippling up and down the air trails like waves, guy wires singing and motors thundering evenly until sunset, when the formations would drone to earth like homing birds.

FLYING was not the only thrill. There was a dramatic something about the directing of this formation that ran it a close second. We used to watch Major Carl Spatz, one of Foulois' staff officers, fascinated as he sat, a hooded figure in a plane on the ground, and moved the sections of the big formation around in the air by radio like so many checkers. It was the job of the figure in the grounded plane to send the various wings of the division to points a hundred miles or more away, and then start them towards a central rendezvous so each section would drop in behind the others in orderly fashion. Here was where the 672 airplanes of the formation were welded into





a single cohesive, yet highly individualized unit. It was this work which brought the parade roaring by reviewing stands, a single twenty mile column. It was work here, through the medium of the radio, which brought these hundreds of planes to earth in unhurried, safe fashion. In the radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crackup.

**I**N the radio, too, lay the medium which supplied the press almost instantly with advice as to the minor crackups which occurred. It was this instrument which enabled the press to "cover" a formation of planes which at night might be staked out in half a dozen fields, miles apart.

We were nervous about the job of covering crackups when the maneuvers began. With the first forced landing this anxiety was dissipated. A Kelly Field flier was forced down 60 miles from Dayton. Five minutes after he landed in a corn field the press room at Dayton was advised by radio that lieutenant so and so had been forced down by motor trouble, landed safely, would repair his plane and come in. This performance was repeated throughout the maneuvers. Whenever anything out of the ordinary occurred, the press was notified by radio—and immediately.

Other than the paramount problem of handling the news correctly and interestingly after we got it, the hardest job I struck was the work of getting copy into the office on time. This was not because of lack of filing facilities. They were excellent. The trouble was that the formation was in the air so much it was all but impossible to get time on the ground for writing and filing. Much of the news story of the 1931 army air corps maneuvers was written in open army planes, on division paper and in pencil.

The press flew from Dayton to Chicago, Dayton to New York, and southward to Washington in commercial transports loaned to the army by the Fokker, United and Ford aircraft companies, and in these ships it was possible to get going on a portable typewriter. But the majority of the time the news writers were flying in army planes, doing parade and patrol. That was when the trouble came.

Many times these army planes did not land, or landed long after parade formation, and hours after the story was to appear in print. Often advance coverage was given through comprehensive schedules issued by the army press relations staff, but this was not

always possible, and is never as satisfactory, from a spectacular standpoint, as copy written concerning an actual occurrence. Several times, too, I was listening in on a plane radio and heard a crisp announcement come through that a ship was forced down, and there I was, a mile in the air and no chance to file copy. Luckily, none of these crackups proved serious.

We did some tall date line filing on the maneuvers trip. One morning I wrote an early story out of Chicago, a lead in Dayton, and my late afternoon stuff from Columbus, Ohio. The army kept our copy on the jump sometimes, too. In Dayton when the bad weather which followed us all the way through began, we spent two days of fifteen minute periods, any one of which might bring a weather bulletin which would make a preceding story so much wasted time. It was during the Dayton bad weather period that we got a taste of what waiting for the "zero hour" on the front lines might be like.

The first big parade was to be in Chicago, and when the day came for




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*FLOYD GIBBONS wrote comprehensively about "Radio in the Next War" in Radio Digest a year ago. His predictions are confirmed by Mr. Lockett who says here that the use of radio in the air maneuvers, "demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned."*

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departure of the formation from Dayton northward, rain was drumming the wings of acres of planes staked out in the Fairfield air depot. That was a hectic day. At first the staff officers got together and decided that maybe we wouldn't go to Chicago at all if bad weather blocked the trip planned for the day. They figured it would throw the whole maneuvers' schedule off. We got that story out. The wires were still hot when another staff conference evolved the somewhat different idea that maybe we would go to Chicago, even if held up for a day. All during this time the whole outfit, planes, fliers

and all, were "on the line," ready to leave at a minute's notice if the weather improved. Quarter hourly weather bulletins switched from good to bad and back and added less than no certainty to the situation.

Finally, at half an hour after midnight that night, a last staff conference gave the decision we would move to Chicago the next day, thus moving the schedule up. And then the next morning it rained again.

The weather bulletins were a little better then, however, and after considerable indecision we pulled out for Chicago in a driving rain and a stiff headwind, bouncing through a choppy couple of hundred miles of "soup" to settle thankfully in Chicago several hours later.

**I**T was not much better flying the next day when a parade was held down Chicago's 31 mile lakefront, but the air corps pulled it off and moored in Dayton that night, ready for the long jump to the eastern coast the following day.

Through all the work, the needs of the correspondents were ministered by a press relations staff which left nothing undone that would help in any way. Always, its personnel was ready and anxious to do everything in its power to smooth the way of the group of men whose job was to cover the movements of the first air division of the army.

Colonel Ira Longanecker, air corps press relations chief, headed the staff, and was assisted by Major Oscar W. Griswold, regularly in charge of war department press relations work, and Lieutenants Roland Birrn and Arthur Ennis, regulars in Longanecker's office.

They provided food at reasonable prices for the press wherever the corps went; they provided beds when they could, and always they provided excellent service.

Both of the major telegraph companies sent men along with the press on the maneuvers, and these men were equally anxious to afford service to the news writers. One of the telegraph companies sent a man who has worked the air races for a number of years, Ben Thelan, of Chicago, and there were many times when he provided transportation accommodations which could not otherwise have been secured. It was his work which in many cases got the copy into offices in time for dead-lines and which in many ways smoothed paths that otherwise might have been rough-going.

Probably the most anxious moments  
(Continued on page 89)



# Clara, Lu and Em

By JEAN PAUL KING

**H**ELLO, radio listeners—  
Once upon a time radio advertisers were looking for something different; radio stations were looking for something new; radio listeners were looking for something entertaining.

They all found what they wanted.

It happened this way.

Three college girls entered the Drake Hotel studios of WGN. They were broke. They had just finished an audition at a prominent Chicago station and had been turned down.

"What do you sing?" the audition manager at WGN asked them.

"We don't sing—we talk."

Doubt shadowed the face of the audition manager. Reluctantly—"Well, there's a mike. Go ahead and talk."

And talk they did; talked themselves right into one of the biggest evening acts offered in Chicago; talked themselves into being sponsored by the Palmolive Company, one of radio's largest and oldest advertisers; talked themselves into a five-night-a-week contract with the National Broadcasting Company.

And then it is said that women talk

too much—now listen!

All you women who wash dishes know these girls—Clara, Lu and Em, the Super Suds Girls, who go on the air at nine-thirty every night except Sunday and Monday. Their act is simple as is every good thing. Three "girls," getting close to middle age, meet some time each evening and discuss events that happen to themselves, to well known persons, and to the world in general. Those friends have flats in a double house, so you may be sure they miss little that happens in each other's families.

**T**HEIR "chatter" is homely and ungrammatical, but it is intensely human and kindly. That quality of humanness is, probably, the most outstanding characteristic of the act. They are interested in all that goes on, intensely alert, laughably querulous, and—I find I must say it again—human.

Their interest in everything, combined with their lack of knowledge of



Jean Paul King, announcer for Clara, Lu and Em

anything, betrays them into many humorous conclusions. Their humor is unconscious and always wholesome, relished by both banker and baker, peddler and bartender. (Yes, lady, we still have bartenders.)

So we characterize the act as extremely typical of a certain cross section of American life, and entirely natural in its pathos, humor and imagination.

In character, the three friends are Clara Roach, practical, capable and fat. She is married to Charley Roach, who is a plodder and who is steadily employed as a mechanic in a garage. Clara has two sons, Herman, twelve years old and August, six. She is always the sensible one of the trio, and offers a distinct contrast to Lu's giddiness and Em's impracticability.

Lu Casey is a widow with one child, Florabelle, 9. Her love affairs with Ollie Gifford, "C. W." and Gus, the burly truck driver furnish much gossip for the girls as well as Lu's attempts to learn stenography at business school.

Emma Krueger is the most pathetic and the most earnest of the three. She



From left: Louise "Clara" Starkey, Isobel "Lu" Carothers, and Helen "Em" King.



is married to Ernest Krueger, a World War veteran from Peoria's Caterpillar Corps, who chronically is out of a job. Em is the mother of five children—Junior, 11, Esmerelda, 10, Geraldine, 8, Little Em, 6, and Archie the bouncing baby boy. Poor Em—she has her difficulties in trying to manage her household of children, her improvident husband and her slippery finances. However, she always remains happy and cheerful.

**S**INCE the act and its characters are not based upon actual figures in real life, nor upon any personal experiences of the three themselves, the writing of these nightly sketches is difficult. The girls write all their copy and it is interesting to note that to date they have collaborated in turning out over 425,000 words of radio continuity. This is no mean feat, as this number of words, written 1500 at a time as they are for their nightly sketches equals four good length novels. To do their writing they meet each afternoon at two o'clock and work together until they have a sketch that is satisfactory. Sometimes it comes easily but often no ideas materialize (as any writer will agree) and then comes a diligent searching of the newspapers and current periodicals for a topic of conversation. And what with Gandhi in India legislating for free salt; President Hoover going south on a battleship; the Prince of Wales touring South America; and a big league baseball season under way—to mention but a few, there is certainly always a wealth of current news for gossip.

It was in June 1930 that the three girls went to WGN for their audition. For six months they were presented as a feature by that station, then in January, 1931, they joined the network of the National Broadcasting Company. Strange as it may seem the act of Clara, Lu and Em was not evolved as a radio skit; it was not born with any thought of profit or commercialism, but solely as an instrument of amusement.

Let Em tell the story of how the act originated:

"We three were in college several years ago—in fact we were sorority sisters in Zeta Phi Eta in the School of Speech at Northwestern University, and our major interests lay in dramatics and the stage. We had a great deal of fun dramatizing life and characters and from this the individualities of Clara, Lu and Em emerged. We became close friends and began to identify ourselves with these characters to amuse our sorority sisters, and soon we were putting on impromptu skits, much like the chatter of Clara, Lu and Em today. We almost lived the characters."

Lu smiled and continued the story.

"It certainly is interesting to look back and remember how popular Clara, Lu and Em became among our friends. We were being asked constantly to 'do the act' and so thru association the personalities of Clara, Lu and Em developed. They were not women that we had ever known—just characters we made up, and characters we tried to make typical and amusing as well as real."

So well acquainted did the girls become with Clara, Lu and Em that when they finally put the three on the air they felt, to quote Clara, "almost as though we were exposing the private lives of real friends to the public. I felt disloyal."

Even as Clara, Lu and Em had become real persons to their authors, so they have become real to thousands of listeners. The girls receive over four thousand letters a week from the radio audience, and these letters tell them how human and how humorous the lives of the three are, and how much their chatter is enjoyed. These letters come

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*NOT since Amos 'n' Andy commenced their curious daily dialogue has there been such an outstanding character production over national networks as that of these three college girls who play Clara, Lu and Em. Jean Paul King their announcer, has come to know them as Radio entertainers better than anyone else. His story about them therefore has an intimate interest that will appeal to every fan who has become one of the Clara-Lu-and-Em addicts.*

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from a high class audience, the girls find—a critical but appreciative audience, and are helpful as well as interesting, the girls say, since many of them contain suggestions which may be incorporated into the act. For helpful criticism and suggestions, any entertainer is grateful, especially any radio entertainer whose audience must remain unseen.

The act of Clara, Lu and Em has proved of great popularity particularly to women.

Of course every listener interested in Clara, Lu and Em is interested in the girls behind these characters. They are three well-educated, clever and highly capable young women—all attractive. They are graduates of Northwestern University, all three from the School of Speech.

Clara, who except from nine-thirty to nine-forty-five, Chicago Time, is Louise Starkey, lives at present in Evanston, Illinois, as do Lu and Em. She has had many colorful experiences crowded into her short life. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, where she went through high school, at an early age she was left an orphan and was reared by her guardian who has done everything in the world for her. She tells a story that you may believe or not. Clara says that when she was born she was so large that her father made her mother a present of a mammoth grand piano. But she also wanted me to tell you, her audience, that now she herself, really is much smaller than the "Clara" of the air.

Louise came to Northwestern on a scholarship won in high school and through her pronounced scholastic abilities won two more scholarships, one in her junior year and one which enabled her to take a post-graduate course, finishing in the spring of 1928. Her graduate work as well as regular college work was in the speech department and after finishing college she took a position teaching dramatics in Denton, Texas, at the Texas State College for Women. Finding teaching less enjoyable than she had pictured it she returned to Chicago after a year in Texas. When in college, Louise many times had put on a burlesque of old-time vaudeville as a feature of her work in dramatics. Thinking now that she might book this act as a regular vaudeville skit, she took a position in a Chicago book shop while attempting to make the necessary arrangements. Soon she went touring on the road with a show sponsored by the Allied Arts—a sort of Lyceum show resembling the well known Russian Chauve-Souris. When she returned from this engagement she worked for the Goodman Theatre, doing publicity. Louise still had this position when the girls, reunited, had their audition at WGN.

**L**UIS Isobel Carothers, who was graduated from Northwestern in 1926. She too was born in Des Moines and was the third of four children. When she was born there were already two boys in the family and her mother had been promised a watch if the baby was a girl. Upon Isobel's arrival (on her father's birthday) her mother received the watch and as you may imagine there are many arguments between Louise and Isobel as to the relative merits of a watch and a grand piano. The little girl's early adventures were all in Des Moines and in the fall of 1922 she went away to college in Chicago, where she became friends with

(Continued on page 94)



# “ Line up! Attention! ” SIGNALS!

*Husing, McNamee, Munday, Totten, Hoey, Thompson and All the Other Great Football Announcers are Getting into Action to Give You Those Collegiate Thrills by Air*

Mr. Nelson S. Hesse is the first of our Radio Digest reporting scouts to file the story of what is going on in football as it concerns the CBS sports camp. Here 'tis:

**W**ALK around the grounds of any university, college or school these days and you'll hear the thud of cleated shoes against pigskin, the sound of running feet and of harsh, raucous voices bellowing, "Hit 'em low! Hit 'em hard! What do you guys think this is?"

Another football season is under way.

To the football players and coaches the new season means two, three or four weeks of training, after which six or seven games are played. To Ted Husing, sports announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System, it meant nine months of training and preparation for thirteen games.

Most people believe that all Ted Husing has to do is go to a football game, set up his microphone and describe what goes on.

"Gee! What a break you get being a sports announcer," they say. "What a lucky guy being able to see all the big games. Pretty soft."

They do not know that Ted has been training for this football season ever since the last one ended. As soon as the 1930 season came to a close, Husing began eliminating the names of the players who were scheduled to graduate from the leading elevens in all parts of the country. After that he added to the lists of the players on the various teams the names of last year's freshmen stars who would be eligible for varsity football in 1931.

Then came a more difficult job. The names of players on the squads were written down and their records looked up, catalogued and carefully filed away. Later they were read over and over and memorized. Thus, if Halfback Smith, of Whoozis University, breaks away for a 90-yard run during a game this season, Husing will be able to tell you



Ted Husing using the latest type of hand microphone.

without a moment's hesitation that this is the same Smith who scored four touchdowns against Whatzis High School during his senior year in school and has scored 149 points as a freshman halfback.

**T**HIS compilation of facts and figures is but the beginning of Ted's task. He must go over carefully the records made by the leading teams in 1930 and endeavor to predict what their 1931 records will be so that he may select the most important games of the coming season. Finally, after nine months of consideration, Ted and executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System decided that the following thirteen games would be described this season:

- Sept. 26—Army vs. Ohio Northern—West Point.
- Oct. 10—Northwestern vs. Notre Dame—Chicago.
- " 17—Army vs. Harvard—West Point.
- " 24—Yale vs. Army—New Haven.
- " 31—Illinois vs. Northwestern—Evanston, Ill.

Nov. 7—Navy vs. Ohio State—Columbus, O.

" 14—University of Pittsburgh vs. Army—Pittsburgh.

" 21—Southern California vs. Notre Dame—Chicago.

" 26—University of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell—Philadelphia.

" 28—(Undecided.)

Dec. 8—Penn vs. Navy—Philadelphia.

" 12—Southern California vs. Georgia—Los Angeles.

" 26—Georgia Tech vs. California—Atlanta.

While thirteen dates have been selected for football broadcasts over the Columbia chain, it has not yet been decided definitely what game will be described on one of the dates, November 28, although it is certain that Husing will describe one of three important frays scheduled for that day.

Although the remainder of the schedule appears definitely set, executives of Columbia this season may make some changes if some of the teams fail to live up to expectations or if some other games loom as more important later in the season.

Ted will travel many thousands of miles during the 1931 football season in order to furnish radio listeners with vivid word-pictures of these thirteen gridiron classics. He will journey west to Los Angeles, Chicago, Evanston, Columbus and Pittsburgh; south to Atlanta and north to New Haven.

Another  
(Continued on page 92)





# T E L E V I S I O N

**A**S Radio Digest goes to press with this October issue all television eyes seem focused on the exhibits to be shown at the Radio World's Fair in New York. The exposition is scheduled to open September 21st. By that time all the apparatus will be installed to show the remarkable developments that have taken place since the last exposition.

Various makes of television receivers will be shown, whereas in the past only one has been sufficiently developed to be displayed to prospective buyers.

Almost every fan has heard of the great image produced by young Sanabria of Chicago. It will correspond favorably, according to reports, to a moving picture production. The image will fill a screen ten feet square. Thus it will be possible for visitors to view what is going on from almost any point in the auditorium where it is shown.

An almost continual television performance is planned by the World's Fair officials. More than 600 performers will appear before the television, singly and in groups. Carveth Wells, eminent African debunker, will act as master of ceremonies.

First night of the fair will feature Earl Carroll and some of the "Vani-ties" beauties; Harry Hershfield, cartoonist and monologist, and Patricia Bowman, well known dancer. Madame Mariska Aldrich, former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, will appear Wednesday night. Doug Brinkley, Thursday night master of ceremonies, will interview Nell Brinkley, prominent newspaper illustrator.

**W**HETHER or not the large radio manufacturing companies, Radio Corporation of America, Victor, Philco and so on who are known to be working on television problems—will exhibit commercial sight receivers is not certain. It's the general opinion among radio experts, however, that



Helen Choat who strolled around to W2XAB from her Broadway show for her first experience before the flying spot.

these companies will withhold such receivers until next year. Instead, they'll push the sale of their new type radio receivers—the midgets, phonograph-radio combinations, remote tuning outfits, and the like.

However, Jenkins and the Short Wave and Television Corp. already have announced that they will present models which will be offered to the public.

The show officially will open at 8 o'clock on September 21 and it will be listed as the Radio-Electrical World's Fair, since refrigerators, electric clocks and so on also will be on display. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corp. of America, will deliver the greeting to be broadcast by WJZ from the Crystal Studios.

"Miss Radio 1931," the successful entrant in the third annual search for the most beautiful radio artist in Amer-

ica, will receive her title and a loving cup at the opening broadcast ceremonies. Also on the program will be the Radio Prince and Princess. The latter search was open to child radio singers from 6 to 12.

**I**T is estimated that 300,000 visitors will witness the ceremonies, which will include extensive broadcasts and the annual award made by the Veteran Wireless Operators' Association.

Charles E. Butterfield, radio editor of the Associated Press tells us that when television receivers get down to mass production basis they will cost less than the audio receiver. He goes into a technical description of the sets to show why.

Many of the metropolitan newspapers have given special attention to the development of television. The New York Sun recently offered prizes in a television contest. It is going far to encourage the amateur who likes

to build his own sets. In an article published September 12 in the Sun Mr. A. G. Heller says in part:

"No one expects television for the general public entertainment now. But there is a vast army of ingenious citizens who must be busy during their spare time making something. For years now that corner of the home which the mistress of the house has referred to as the radio junk shop has been covered with dust and neglect.

"Manufactured sets are of such quality and inexpensiveness that the home set builder, having performed his function and brought radio from incoherent beginnings to perfection in eight short years, no longer has the urge to attempt to better present reception. But given any cooperation at all on the part of broadcasters and manufacturers, those corners would again become clean and tidy.

"Those home experimenters would again sit up nights to catch television signals. What if the pictures are at



# Giant Images Shown at Radio

# WORLD'S FAIR

times spotty and blurred? The very imperfections that are held out as bars to the acceptance of television in the home are the spurs which will goad the home mechanic into serious attempts at their elimination.

"Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, upon presenting an enlarged television image, remarked that he estimated there were 250,000 home experimenters who would welcome the opportunity to participate in the development of television. And that it was this 250,000 upon whom he placed his confidence for aid in its development.

"If our experience with radio is any criterion, it would be conservative to say that each of these 250,000 is prepared to spend at least fifty dollars a year on parts and equipment for experimentation. In other words, there is available a sum of over \$12,000,000 a year to be used for the development of television through the purchase of parts.

**"BUT** far more important than the money involved is the enormous impetus that these enthusiasts would give to interest in television all over the country. Just as the imperfections of radio would probably have not as yet been greatly reduced were it not for the enormous interest aroused by individual enthusiasts, just as no one organization or individual can claim to have brought radio to its present perfection even though patents running well into the thousands are controlled by different organizations, so there is little hope that there will be an early emergence of television if it is kept entirely in the research laboratory.

"For the research laboratory cannot hope to have the same enthusiasm and interest in speedy results that is present within the ranks of the small manufacturers and inventors. A research worker's salary goes on from year to year and his work is carried on from man to man regardless of how great a period of time is necessary to complete it.

"Pure science and research is interested only in perfection. Manufacturing and business is interested only in practical results. The research labora-

tory can never really call its work finished. It will not release any results which can by any possible touch of the imagination be improved.

"In the research laboratories it will probably take years to reach the same result that can be achieved by the intelligent cooperation of a number of independent manufacturers working in collaboration with each other and the home enthusiast in one year. For it is only by competition and rivalry that the best in the world is brought out in the quickest time possible.

"The divergent viewpoints of the research and production worker can best be summed up by saying that the research worker is interested in the perfection of a detail. The production man is interested in the production of a working whole.

"From time to time the above arguments will appear in various forms under various headings and promulgated by various individuals and groups. Nevertheless, in this newest battle of television the issues are clear and the paths are well defined.

"Either television must go even more deeply than ever into hiding until it can come from the confines of the research laboratory ready for parlor use,

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*UNDERNEATH the swift current of television development there are two rival forces each working to outpace the other. One is the skilled scientist who is delving into the precisions of the laboratory. The other is the amateur working in the home workshop. Nobody hesitates to give the latter the bulk of the credit for radio as we hear it today.*

*The boys have gone back to their tools. They have found a new hobby. Will the commercial developers outdistance them? A discussion of the subject by A. G. Heller appears on this page.*

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or it will follow the path of its parent radio, urged on and helped by the enthusiasm and ingenuity of that vast throng of mechanically inclined Americans who must have a hobby."

Invasion of America by British television apparatus was predicted within the last few weeks by the appearance of Sydney A. Moseley of London. Mr. Moseley is director of the Baird Television Corporation of Great Britain. Branch offices here were established at 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

**"WE** propose to begin television broadcasting in a few weeks," Mr. Moseley announced, "in cooperation with Station WMCA, as soon as the Federal Radio Commission grants its official sanction." He added that the commission had expressed itself as being in favor of the project and that actual operations would begin as soon as formal notification was received from Washington.

Arrangements also are being made, Mr. Moseley said, for the immediate manufacture in this country of television receiving sets, to market at about \$100, for installation in American homes. Many of the existing radio sets, he added, could be hooked up with a television device for receiving purposes.

The first television programs will consist of vaudeville and plays, and use will be made in their sight and sound transmission of the recent eighteen months of daily experimental broadcasts in London. In addition it is also intended to transmit a baseball game, allowing fans to watch their favorite players, at their homes or offices.

Mr. Moseley also announced the perfection in London within the last few days of a portable transmitting set, no larger than a moving picture projector, which marks, he said, a very important development in the art of television, making it possible to "tele-broadcast" events, such as the landing of big airships, prize fights and football games, in the same simple manner as it is now to broadcast them.

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# SCANNING

with

Bill Schudt, Jr.

TELEVISION is stepping out. Rapidly discarding its swaddling clothes the new experimental broadcasting service of the Columbia Broadcasting System has set a number of records since the last issue of Radio Digest went to the printer.

For example a studio technique unlike any other kind of broadcasting has been inaugurated. Radio performers who came to the sound studios without shaving, and then performed in their shirt sleeves, find it quite the opposite in the visual studio.

The little twelve by twelve room in which Columbia parades its seven and one-half hours worth of sight programs daily is the show window of CBS. The eight dull looking photo-electric cells are the electric eyes of the multitudes just like the black long microphones in the sound studios are the ears. An artist wouldn't think of sneezing or coughing into the microphone!

Artists used to standing or sitting while they broadcast find things different too. Whether you sit or stand before the television camera, it is necessary to animate your program. Motion is important for two reasons in present day visual broadcasting. First it makes the program more interesting. Second, according to Edgar Wallace, chief television engineer for CBS, motion makes far clearer images in your television receiver because, he says, an inanimate object causes black lines to accumulate over the surface, while on the other hand, an object in motion cannot linger long enough to gather these.

Experiments in stage scenery setting and multi-colored back drop screens have also been conducted and are being continued.

Thrills in television? Well, I'll say there are. Let me tell you about the time we broadcast a million dollars worth of rare gems — diamonds and pearls.

A solid million dollars worth of rare jewels and stones. A huge black box filled with gems!

New York just getting over the peak of the super crime wave . . . Police protection, naturally was deemed necessary . . . nine o'clock several squads of cops arrive with two squads of plain clothes men.

Fifty-second street, one of the busiest

of the mid-Manhattan thoroughfares, was completely closed for the first time since it was repaved last year. Cops line the sidewalks. Cops lurk in doorways. Cops are looking down at you from over-hanging parts of skyscrapers. Cops are everywhere, in elevators, in corridors, on fire escapes, in studios, behind microphones, under control apparatus. Cops . . . cops . . . cops . . . where there are not cops, there are plain clothes men. Hard looking

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*ENTERTAINERS* contemplating an appearance over W2XAB are asked to consider Mr. Schudt's 14 points in order to obtain the best results. Among the points that may prove useful in any television studio might be mentioned:

*"Action is very important . . . an active image comes through more clearly. Use head and shoulders, roll the eyes, shake your finger —keep in motion all the time.*

*"Keep in the focus range. Look into the light or on either side but never upward at the microphone.*

*"Don't look amazed and flabbergasted if the director taps or directs you into the picture.*

*"Avoid talking, whispering or otherwise distracting fellow entertainers while they are in the spot.*

*"Use costumes or a change of hats whenever possible. Small 'props' of any kind are desirable."*

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"dicks," these are, with a right hand lingering in the immediate vicinity of their guns and a pair of keen eyes on everybody at once.

Machine guns are trained on Madison Avenue, on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets and on adjoining building roofs. Protective measures for a million dollars worth of gems.

"They shall not pass" is on the lips of every copper while his weather eye looks for crooks, crooks, crooks, CROOKS!

It is five minutes to ten. (Ten o'clock

is the time for the jewel broadcast. It is the time when the black box will be unbolted and the individual gems will be brought forth and displayed.)

Cops and "dicks" become restless. Announcer David Ross and your columnist begins to feel uncomfortably warm despite the iced air in the studio. It is tense! Very, very tense!

Your columnist introduces the program and presents David Ross. Ross is now trembling. His voice trembles. Confusion reigns as diamonds big as both your thumbs are drawn from the innermost recesses of the big black box. The program is on and before you know it, you're so busy, the half hour is over and a cordon of detectives surround the bearers of the jewels in the big black box and the parade is on once more. As the jewels leave 485 Madison Avenue everybody, including the elevator man especially, breathe huge sighs of relief. There wasn't even the sputter of a machine gun.

Columbia's sound effects department could have made it even more thrilling had they suddenly set off their make believe machine gun contraption which was idly resting in a corner on the floor below, but wisely, they left it there.

We've been broadcasting boxing matches by television. A miniature ring was set up in the little studio and fights are presented weekly. Benny Leonard and Jimmy Martin went three rounds some time ago establishing records for presentation by Columbia of the first big fight by the visual route.

So crowded was the studio during a recent amateur fight that your guest columnist, giving a blow-by-blow account, took two very stiff rights under the left ear and lost a lot of enthusiasm right there and then.

Our puppet shows are creating widespread interest because they give us the opportunity to utilize a stage with screens and curtains and full size puppets.

Speaking of curtains and screens . . . we've been doing a lot of experimental work with black, gray, white and aluminum-tinted screens all of which make far clearer images when certain oppositely tinted objects or persons are set before them. Various kinds of lighting have been tested and an attempt to utilize miniature stage settings are also being made.

The engineers, Edgar Wallace, Spears, Briand and Sachs are doing an admirable job in perfecting new and different types of scanning and lens focusing.

A series of experimental television dramas are being telecast weekly under the direction of Charles Henderson. These are especially written for television and utilize full costume and props.

(Continued on page 60)





GRACE MOORE has loomed up bright and fair in the radio firmament during the past year—another beauty recruit to the television dawn. She has distinguished herself in the Metropolitan Opera as a singer and with Ziegfeld for her charm.



# The Challenge!

## Station KNX Seeks Literally to Serve "Public Interest and Convenience" and Meets Opposition from the Press

By Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.

WITH the sensational broadcast of the trial of David H. Clark for the murder of Herbert Spencer, KNX has written a dramatic chapter into the great epic of radio! (*Hollywood, Calif.*)

In one bold stroke, KNX has made a revolutionary addition to radio broadcasting!

Hurling its challenge at political graft and press monopoly, KNX has done what no other station apparently even dreamed of attempting.

With the refusal of Judge Stanley Murray, imported from Madera County to preside over the Clark trial, to permit KNX to place its microphone in the courtroom, the wheels of fortune began to grind. Radio history was in the making!

When the press discovered that it was about to be "scooped" by radio, it succeeded in having KNX excluded from the courtroom.

The radio station countered by setting up a remote control panel in the Hall of Justice, less than 100 feet from the courtroom itself. Radio reporters would rush from the court with transcripts of the testimony, and it would be immediately broadcast in dramatized form by a cast of trained actors almost before the voices of the witnesses themselves had died away.

The newspapers' were beaten by at least two hours in bringing the thrilling story of one of the most sensational murder trials in local crime annals to the public.

Sensing defeat, the press struck again!

Then the judge handed down another ruling . . . the court transcripts, public property available to any citizen, were denied KNX by the court! The press enjoyed a moment of triumph. But it was a brief moment!

KNX reporters were undaunted! They took down their own transcripts of the trial in shorthand, and the broad-

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*TWO mighty forces in this Modern World push to the front and knock elbows. Herewith is the unedited story from the KNX public relations department. Last month Radio Digest pointed to the war clouds. Perhaps this is the first gust of the storm. As its final answer to the challenge KNX announces its forthcoming Newspaper of the Air. . . "leading the way into a new untouched field in radio."*

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cast continued uninterrupted. Never before in the West had a court trial been broadcast and the attention of radio fans all over the country was riveted upon the heroic efforts of this lone 5,000 watt station to overcome every obstacle to bring them a story which it was their right to hear. Letters, telegrams and telephone calls began to pour into the offices of KNX by the thousands. Radio had clicked! And the public, loving a good fight, was watching with eager interest the struggle of radio to relate the true story of the great trial, unadorned by political or biased interests.

THE press in desperation, summoned together all its forces for one last onslaught against radio. It succeeded in having KNX thrown out of the Hall of Justice! The station was forbidden by "public servants" to use any public property for its broadcast.

It was then that KNX won the admiration and whole-hearted support of the public. The plucky station set up emergency quarters in a musty store-

room of the Paris Inn, a nearby restaurant. Here, among broken bottles, packing cases and cobwebs, the tense scenes of the court drama were re-enacted by KNX staff artists . . . and the broadcast continued despite every attack that its enemies launched to prevent it!

Radios in every public building, on every street corner, and in almost every home in the city were surrounded by tense-faced persons, listening intently to the dramatic presentation of the trial.

Thousands of letters, telegrams and phone calls continued to flood KNX. Without exception, the people of Los Angeles were rushing to support the victorious standard of Radio! Cheered on by public encouragement and support, KNX redoubled its efforts, and built what is admitted to be the largest radio audience in local radio history!

The accurate and complete story of this trial created a sensation. The people stormed the Hall of Justice with protests in the form of letters and telegrams against the discrimination of Judge Murray and public officials against radio. They demanded that the court transcripts be given to KNX. And they never faltered for a moment in their support and praise of the first broadcast in Radio of a trial, word for word, as it actually happened.

The terrific, and sometimes almost heart-breaking work of preparing these trial broadcasts was done by Stuart Buchanan with the assistance of every member of the KNX staff.

Among those who took the roles of the prominent figures in this court drama were Tom Brensman, Jack Carter, Tom Wallace, Drury Lane, Naylor Rogers, Mary Duckett, Maxine Elliott, Lois Hunt, Mary Yorke, Michael Kelly, and many others.

Excitement never ceased to reign in the offices of KNX during the hectic days and nights of the trial broadcast. Letters, telephone calls, telegrams kept

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# MOONLIGHT SONATA

By Edythe Jeanne Meserand  
of National Broadcasting Company

An Impressionistic Prose Poem  
Inspired by Beethoven's Classic

A ROOM dark save for the flood of pure still moonlight coming in from the window—a light that seemed to center on one object of wood and sparkling ivory that stood by an open window. Outside in the darkness one could distinguish the outlines of stately trees, the figure of the Goddess Diana in the midst of an old Garden. A still pool of water reflected the Lunar Diety and her numerous courtiers. All was quiet, still, even as in the room wherein he entered.

HE was alone, feeling bitterness but no remorse, knowing only an indifference for the horror that had been created around him. Tonight it was no longer an indifference, but a longing to be someone else, to share his beauty, his grace, his ideals and life with one who understood, appreciated and loved.

Nay, alone he would be. Alone, he would live—no life, no love and no understanding.

He gazed around the large dark room and finally let his gaze rest on the piano that was shrouded with the light of the moon.

Like a deadly thing it invited him to come to her—the Goddess of Music—promising him the comfort and love that mortals had denied him—how she called!

STARING hard and long till tears came to his eyes, he finally walked the length of the room and came nearer to the seductive keys that shone like moonstones in the reflected light of the Goddess Luna. Fascinated he touched them with infinite tenderness and found them warm and smooth like the petals of a full blown rose, yielding to his touch like one enamored—grasping his every note, resounding it with the same intensity of pain, of sorrow that he felt.

A CLOUD passing over the moon left him in utter darkness—clasping the keys tighter he let them ring out clear and melodious—a cry of someone crazed by pain, of one crushed by futile effort—and in answer to his prayer, the Goddess once more covered them with her beauty, took them into her embrace and crowned him Knight of Music.

Now fondling the piano, he commenced a moaning plea,



Decoration by Gaspano Ricca

an appeal for salvation of his loneliness. Begging, his soul crying, each note torn from his heart until he could stand no more, then as though raising his voice in rebellion his music cried, "Not forever more, not forever more!"

CRYING out demanding consolation, demanding a balm for his heart, his soul, his body that was being wasted on an incredulous world—alone!

A litany to A God, who knew and understood—long and passionate—his heart beats resounding in each note, entreating, demanding, begging in turn. What infinite sorrow he portrayed in his liturgical sonata, expressing in each chord a supplicatory prayer in which his soul responded.

THE moon shone brighter as though anxious to attract the attention of this Dreamer that sought to find solace and could not. And as though in answer to her thoughts, he turned and smiled up at her, changing his music to an offering of love to this bright, shining Goddess of Night.

A tribute to a Goddess, offering to her the very essence of his soul, the breath of his life and the beauty of his love. Compounding these into an immortal melody, he interpreted it for her on ivory keys sparkling with his tears.

THE moon, flattered by his music, and proud to have made him one of her Knights, appeared more luminous in the dark room, and her light shining through the window formed a Halo about her Knight of Music and His Human Instrument.

The playing continued until he had given it his soul completely without a regret, and as his head dropped lower and lower nearly touching the very keys, the tears hitting them sparkled like diamonds strewn on velvet. His fingers striking the keys caused his precious tear drops to spatter into a million more brilliants till the entire instrument resembled a dancing jewel.

HOW gay it looked as its God invited it to dance to the rhythm of the poems of his soul, to the beauty of these odes. It smiled to him, worshipped him, and in turn entreated him to understand and realize that he had at last found what he strived so hard to find.



# "STRIKE up the Band!"

By ARTHUR PRYOR



"Band music has been my life. For fifty-eight years . . . I have played in bands."

**T**O ME band music has always meant America. Marches—stirring, thrilling, spirited—always have symbolized the soul and spirit of the inhabitants of America, the surging strength and confidence of the increasing people and the growth of the Nation.

Band music has been my life. For fifty-eight years, since I was a mere three years old, I have played in bands. I have traveled across this continent more than a dozen times and have conducted or played in sixteen foreign lands. Throughout these years I have had one primary aim—to make others derive the same joy and meaning from stirring martial airs that I have since childhood.

Of recent years there has been less and less opportunity to hear band music. This is due by no means to a lack of interest in it on the part of the people. There is a logical explanation for this condition.

First, the development of the automobile and the resultant increase in traffic on the streets, coupled with the necessity of obtaining a parade permit, have virtually driven parades out of existence.

Secondly, amusement parks, which in former days flourished during the summer months from coast to coast, now are rarities. When they began to disappear, the traveling band began to disappear because of the lack of places to play.

Thus, the demand for band music existed, but the means of meeting the demand was lacking.

Mr. George W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, saw this condition. I was laying plans for my annual summer tour a few months ago when I received word that Mr. Hill, believing that band music is closest to the hearts of the American people, wished to know if Arthur Pryor's Band would like to play over the air.

Would they! Through Mr. Hill we were being afforded the opportunity to play every night but Sundays over a coast-to-coast network. We were being offered the chance of meeting the demand for martial music.

Within a few weeks the plans for our nightly concerts had been made and my thirty-two musicians had arrived in New York City. They came from all parts of the country. After several days of rehearsing, Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band made its debut over WABC and a nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System on the evening of March 16.

**T**HAT night was one I never shall forget. As I stood before my men and gave them the signal to start the first march I realized that in the next fifteen minutes I could accomplish more than I had in the past fifty-eight years. In fifteen minutes I would carry the message of band music to many more people than I had in all the rest of my life. I experience this same thrill as we begin each of our broadcasts.

It was natural that I should become a musician. My mother was a gifted pianist and my father the head of his own band—"Pryor's Silver Cornet Band." In those days they were all "Silver cornet bands," and it was an unbreakable tradition that every leader should play the cornet.

Back through the generations before my parents you could trace the musical strain, like a silken thread, plain and unmistakable. I could not have mistaken my heritage had I wanted to. The desire to be a musician was with me something of a birthmark.

I was born in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1870. At the age of three I was a full-fledged member of my father's band,

playing the bass drum. A year later I was playing the cornet and at seven the alto horn. By the time I was twelve I had mastered the valve trombone, the bass violin, the tuba and the baritone.

The village band still holds an important position in many sections of the country, but before the advent of the automobile and other modern attractions its place in the community life was far more distinctive. When I was a boy the band was a most important factor in the lives of all of us. Age limit was not considered then. Father and son played side-by-side. Of necessity nearly every member could play three instruments and some were proficient on four or five.

**F**ATHER'S band, at its best, had only twenty members and of these only a few were professional musicians. Engagements were few and the pay small. Consequently they followed other professions. The bass drummer worked in a cracker factory; the snare drummer was a carpenter, the alto player was a tailor and so on down the line.

One of the chief reasons why so many wanted to belong to the old village bands was the beautiful, gaudy, braided uniform each member wore. It was his proudest possession.

Considerable rivalry existed in St. Joseph between father's band and Winkler's Band, an organization of about the

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*HEREIN you will find the great American band master's own story told in his own words for the first time. Some folks say the brass band as it was known a generation ago is passing into the limbo of forgotten joys. Music and other phases of art have developed a new mode of expression. Whether this change is permanent or merely symbolic of a fast tempo period remains to be seen. At any rate we have a few of the great bands left. Arthur Pryor touches the highlights of an active and distinguished career.*

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same size. Many times the bands would be parading on the same day and would pass on the main highway. As the bands would approach each other, the musicians of each would blow and play their loudest in an effort to drown out their rivals. The band that was still playing in unison after passing the other was the winner.

Father had a system by which our band nearly always emerged victorious. He always cautioned us to watch the bass drummer and keep in time with him.

My fifteenth year was a momentous one. First of all, I learned to play the piano after taking six lessons. But there was a more important event. A tramp printer, as improvident and addicted to drink as most of them were in those days, came to my father and asked for an engagement, announcing that he was a trombonist and in dire want. Father gave him a try-out, advanced him some money and took him on.

The printer's temperate spell did not last long. When the wanderlust again began itching his feet he was in debt to my father and, being an honest soul, he offered to settle by turning in his slide trombone. I was away on a visit at the time. When I returned my father gave the trombone to me.

I discovered that I was a natural trombonist. The art came to me as naturally as baseball to a natural ball player. I improved rapidly on the instrument, even though I didn't know for three or four months that you were supposed to oil the slide.

Since fortune thrust that old trombone in my lap I have played more than 10,000 trombone solos. I consider the slide trombone the king of all brass instruments, and the most difficult of all instruments to master. When you consider that we have so few real artists on the trombone but have hundreds of violin, 'cello, piano, flute and organ soloists of note, you may agree with me.

The trombone is the one instrument that has received the most abuse. In the hands of an artist the trombone produces tones more nearly like the human voice than any other instrument.

My first solo of importance was played at the St. Louis Exposition with my father's band. This engagement called for a band soloist, and it was my good fortune to be the one selected. The solo I played was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Thomas Shannon, a member of the famous Gilmore's Band, heard the solo and was so enthusiastic about it he arranged an audience for me with Mr. Gilmore. I played my very best for Mr. Gilmore and so delighted him he offered me a contract to play with his band the following spring. Unfortunately I cancelled that glorious oppor-



tunity to fame and fortune and in so doing committed my greatest mistake.

In 1888 I left St. Joseph to join Alexander Liberati's Band at Kansas City. For two years I remained with this organization as trombonist and soloist, traveling through Texas and up through California to Los Angeles, where we were stranded. Los Angeles had a population of only 42,000 in those days.

After a short visit to St. Joseph I went to Denver, Colo., in 1891, at the age of twenty-one, to become conductor and pianist with the Stanley Opera Company, they touring the country presenting a different light opera at each performance. With the company was a young girl whose destiny it was later to enjoy a long reign of popularity in New York in many of Victor Herbert's shows principally "The Fortune Teller." Her name was Alice Nielsen.

During this engagement I soaked up all sorts of information which was to be of value to me in later years. Everything was new, and it was all interesting. I learned the intricacies of routing, how bookings were made, the temperamentalities of musicians and a hundred other useful things in addition to enlarging my musical horizon and performing my daily work.

WHILE we were playing in Denver, Lillian Russell's opera company stopped there. She and her entire company honored us with their presence at one of our matinee performances. We were giving "The Mikado," and just as our luck would have it, our "Nankipoo" failed to put in an appearance. We struggled through many a laugh without a "Nankipoo" until the final curtain.

After the performance Lillian Russell came back-stage to see us and remarked that it was too bad Gilbert and Sullivan hadn't realized how perfectly "The Mikado" could be given without "Nankipoo."

For three years I traveled with the opera company from coast to coast. Then, in 1894, I came East and joined John Philip Sousa's Band as first trombonist and assistant conductor. During the nine years I was with Mr. Sousa I learned a great deal about a bandmaster's duties, and the hope that some day I would conduct my own band was born and grew steadily.

When I began playing with Sousa's Band I found that Mr. Sousa and the members of his organization had heard something of my reputation as a trombonist. While I was with the band many memorable incidents occurred in connection with my trombone playing. The year I joined the band we went across the country to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. I was a feature

on this tour and was billed as "The Boy Wonder with the Trombone." En route to California we stopped off at the Broadway Theatre, in Denver, to play a one-night engagement. On his arrival Mr. Sousa received a telegram from Boulder, Colo., which ran something like this:

"Mr. Sousa:—

There are eighty of us who will come to your concert if Arthur Pryor plays a trombone solo."

I played the solo.

At the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco there was some rivalry between Sousa's Band and Schell's Orchestra. This rivalry finally grew so strong Mr. Sousa insisted that the band and orchestra play a joint concert in one of the large buildings on the exposition grounds to prove to the public that a wind band was as entertaining as an orchestra of string instruments, if not more so.

One soloist was to appear from each organization during the concert. Franz Hell, Flgelhorn player, appeared as soloist for the orchestra. He was a superb musician, and in later years I secured his services for Mr. Sousa's band. I was selected to represent the Sousa Band as its soloist. It was one of the greatest moments of my life.

In the audience that day was the late Dave Montgomery, of the famous team of Montgomery and Stone and an old and dear friend of my school days in St. Joseph. As I stepped up to play Dave greeted me in a loud voice with, "Show 'em, Arth! Remember old St. Joe." And believe me, I did my best to show 'em.

In the "nineties" our Sousa Band seasons ran eight or nine months. We opened at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., early in the summer and remained there until Labor Day. Then we went to the St. Louis Exposition for six weeks and later on the road, stopping at two towns a day from the South to San Francisco.

My first trip to Europe was with Sousa's Band in 1900. Much to my surprise I learned soon after my arrival

that I had quite a reputation in Europe as a trombone player. While we were playing at the Paris Exposition I met an American musician who told me an interesting story.

"Well, Pryor," he said, "you certainly have made a deep impression on the French trombone players. After you had played several solos at the Exposition, the French Trombone Club sent one of their best performers to watch you and pass judgement on you. They arranged another meeting to get the returns.

"Well, they met, and the judge kept stalling and stalling until the members insisted upon a verdict. Finally he said, 'The only way I can give you my impression is for all of you fellows to get your trombones and come here tomorrow night and all play the best you can all the time.'

"If we do that, what then?' one of them asked.

"Why,' replied the judge, 'Pryor, himself, can do what all of you put together can do.'"

AFTER leaving Paris we visited Germany. While we were there I received a letter from a professor at the Conservatory of Music addressed in this manner: "To the Poet of the Trombone." I considered this one of the greatest compliments ever paid me.

An amusing incident occurred at Kroll's Garden, in Berlin. Trombone players from six German regiments attended one of the concerts for the expressed purpose of hearing Arthur Pryor, whose reputation seemed to have preceded him.

In their honor I played a solo, "Air Varie," which I wrote myself. I have been told this solo is possibly the most difficult ever written for the trombone. It calls for the playing of both the air and the bass accompaniment, and necessitates rapid-fire variations. So far as I know it has never been played by another soloist.

The Germans watched with all their eyes and listened with all their ears. After the performance they hunted up a member of our band who spoke German and asked for permission to examine my trombone. They spent fifteen minutes in a meticulous study of the instrument, in the process taking it apart, discussing it the while in guttural accents. When they had finished I asked the interpreter what they had said.

"They say it is impossible," he replied. "They say it's a 'Yankee trick.'"

In Russia I played several solos for the late Czar Nicholas, in St. Petersburg, and afterwards was shown all

(Continued on page 88)

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*IN COMPLIANCE with the trend of the times Radio Digest has cut its subscription price to the very lowest in its history. And at the same time it is giving you the best quality magazine in its history. Newsstands are often sold out the same day the new issue is released. It is advisable to make sure of your copy every month by sending in your subscription, which is only \$2 for the whole year.*

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*They've Laughed at the Rain*

# TOGETHER

And Now Frank Luther and  
Zora Layman are Enjoying  
the Sunshine

By HAROLD E. TILLOTSON



Zora Layman

**F**RANK LUTHER was born with a proclivity for mischief and action. Did you ever see one of those big tumbleweed balls that go scurrying along beside a train as you ride across the Kansas prairies? One of them, if you had happened to be passing through Hutchinson of the

Sunflower state, a few years ago may have been young Frank Luther on the day he first met Zora Layman. It was a momentous day although there was nothing at all auspicious in the portents according to the usual rules of love. At any rate it was the beginning of one of the sweetest romances of Radioland.

Not a jack rabbit in sight. His dog off on a lone hunting expedition of his own; and eleven-year-old Frank, befreckled and barelegged had tumbled the last tumbleweed ball in sight to a mess of broken bits. Nothing had happened for at least five minutes when suddenly through the brush he heard the beat of hoofs. Indians, cowboys—what? Shucks just a couple of small girls! And ponies—silly, fat little ponies. He'd wake 'em up. You never hunt far for a stone of about the right size to suit any convenience in this part of the country. And Frank could plunk a tin can from a fence post at thirty yards nine times out of ten.

**S**EEMINGLY from nowhere a tiny pebble lifted itself out of the scrub and bit with a sting at the right foreleg of the leading pony. A snort of equine indignation and surprise. A startled cry from a frightened little girl and then a sudden plunge through the scrub weed at break-neck speed aiming, it seemed, for Chicago and further points East—and directly over the observation post of Master Frank Luther.

Action was what he wanted, eh? Well here was action plus. You never, never could accuse Frank Luther of lacking in courage. So instead of reaching for his hat as the frightened pony came leaping straight at him Frank reached for the bridle—and the girl was saved!

Hero? No sir-eee! He was just a wicked little meany—and nine-year-old



Frank Luther

Zora Layman said it with all the fire she could blaze at him. Furthermore she never wanted him to speak to her again. She hoped she'd never even see him—so there!

Well, ha ha, what did he care! Girls are funny.

So they are, no doubt. Because the time came when that same little girl stood with Frank before a preacher right there in Hutchinson and said the words that have made them the happiest married couple in the present world of radio.

But after this incident they continued living in the same town for a long time, and practically as strangers. Then it happened they began taking vocal lessons at the same time from Roy Campbell, a very famous instructor. As part of his training Campbell gave them practical experience in singing in public by putting them in a church choir. The old feud was buried as Frank, a shy but still mischievous young man now, was properly presented to Miss Layman on the steps of the church where they were to sing.

*(Continued on page 96)*



# New Plans Add

# GRANDEUR

# to RADIO CITY

**“W**HAT has happened to Radio City and the funny oval sardine can shaped building that was to have been its front-center?” asks a reader from Denver, Colorado.

You would be surprised, Mr. Jameson. Of course the funny looking building that you compared to a sardine can has vanished. It never was anything but paper anyway. We are too conventional a people to stand for such radical departures and it was voted out.

However, Radio City is rapidly taking root. It must go deep down into the ground to go up, you know. So the excavators are digging and blasting and taking every sizable hunk out of the very center of that twenty-four dollar island that grew to be worth a billion or so. When that hole is finished we will know more about a depression in a big way.

And when you consider that \$250,000,000 of the Rockefeller money is going into it you must appreciate the fact that a great army of men will be employed and help circulate the cash.

Three of the largest phases are now under way.

The largest of the three units is a sixty-six story office building with a sixteen story wing. This structure will have a gross area, or floor space, of 2,500,000 square feet, nearly half a million square feet in excess of the gross area of any other office building in the world today. It will occupy more than half of the middle block.

A second unit is the International Music Hall, world's largest theatre, to be located on the west

By E. A. Holland

half of the block between 50th and 51st Streets, and flanked on the Sixth Avenue side by a 31-story office building. Similarly situated in the block between 48th and 49th Streets will be a capacious sound motion picture theatre, completing the triumvirate with which the contractors are now concerned.

Excavation work has been in progress for several weeks on the sites of the three structures. Their actual construction will start some time in the

autumn. The theatres will be completed by October 1, 1932, and the office building by May 1, 1933.

Latest plans for the development show seven other building units. They include two office buildings of 45 stories each in the north and south blocks; two six-story office buildings fronting on Fifth Avenue; a 13-story department store facing Fifth Avenue in the northern block, and an office or club building just east of the International Music Hall, the size of which has not yet been determined. A large area in the south block is being left out of

the building picture at present, while negotiations are continuing with the Metropolitan Opera Company for a new opera house.

The plans show a radical innovation in architectural city planning. The lower roofs and setbacks of the buildings in the three blocks will be turned into a modern and much magnified Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Seven acres of intensive landscaping will be devoted to waterfalls, fountains, reflecting pools, trees, shrubbery, formal flower beds, multi-colored tile walks, grass plots, and statuary. Plans for covering the outer walls of the buildings with a heavy network of living ivy are also a tentative part of the scenic picture.

**A**N ACRE of ground space, visible from the street, will be devoted to a Sunken Plaza, studded with a central 30-foot fountain, smaller fountains, statuary, grass, flowers and mosaic pavements. In following out this plan, more than \$17,500,000 worth of open land area will be devoted to beautification for the public's benefit, without any revenue to the owners of the development. Between a quarter



This gives general view of Radio City as it might be seen from a still taller building looking north and west.



million and a half million dollars will be spent on the general landscaping.

These three blocks will have twice the garden area, and four or five times the "population" of the three blocks south of 42nd Street, which are maintained by the City as Bryant Park.

Forty feet above the roof of the 16-story wing in the center block, a curved waterfall, a miniature of the famous horseshoe falls of Niagara, will send a tumbling torrent through a series of cascades to end at the roof level in a reflecting pool, from 80 to 100 feet long and 25 or 30 feet wide. The waterfall will have 50 feet of spillway, with approximately a 30-foot radius between the ends of the arch. The water from the spillway will drop about 20 feet into a ribbon pool, thence about 10 feet into another ribbon pool, from which it will spill into the large reflecting pool at the roof level. Fountains will play at each end of the lower pool.

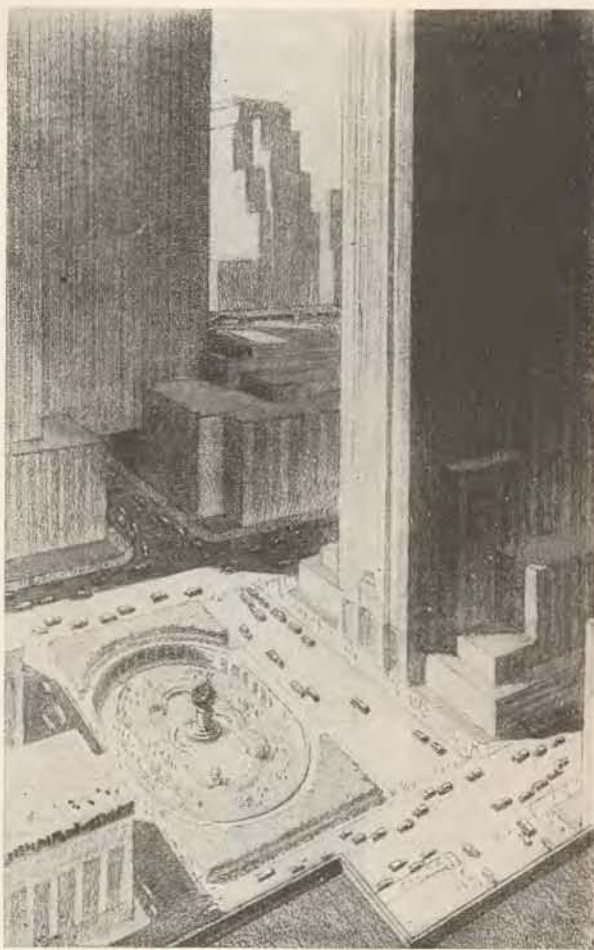
Thirty-foot trees, shrubbery, grass, flowers, and multichromatic walks will furnish a general background for the water effects.

**T**HERE will be two levels of landscaping above the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, in the lower roof area between the main building and the main east wall of the 16-story wing. These areas will be at the thirteenth and eleventh floor levels and connected by stairways. They will have terraces, formal flower gardens, benches and geometric grass plots, with at least two small fountains. The general appearance will be that of a formal garden.

Extensive landscaping will be worked out on the roofs of the International Music Hall and of the sound motion picture theatre. On the north side of the Music Hall and the south side of the sound theatre there will be 30-foot hedges of beech, hemlock or linden, so that as one gazes at gardens the hedges will form a frame for the picture. The rest of these two roofs will be devoted to formal gardens, with hedges, grass plots, flower beds, fountains and reflecting pools.

Trees rising to a height of 30 or 35 feet, planted in at least three feet of earth and ingeniously anchored to the roof will be prominent features of the general scheme.

All the roofs and setbacks beneath the 16-story level will be fully landscaped. A complete piping and sprinkling system, underneath the earth, will water the entire landscaped area.



See below the great sunken garden as explained in the article.

On the roof of the 66-story office building will be arranged the most capacious and varied observation space ever designed for a skyscraper. At the very top, 835 feet in the air, there will be an open esplanade about 30 by 50 feet, above the water reservoir for the building. This will offer an unobstructed view of lower Manhattan. The esplanade will have a 3-foot railing.

Twenty feet below there will be an open terrace about seventy feet wide and one hundred feet long. A terrace at the roof level will be open on three sides and the fourth side will lead into an observation gallery, which will be a shelter in windy weather. Plans are being considered for a dance floor on the roof, about seventy by a hundred feet.

**P**ART of the 66th floor will be used as a roof cafe or club. This will be glassed in with no pillars to obscure the view.

Practically all of the office tenants above the ten-story level will look from their windows into a vista of gardens. Since the floors below this level will be filled in the main with shops, display space for national merchandisers, and

the windowless, air-conditioned studios of the National Broadcasting Company, the big majority of the office workers will have roof gardens at the West or the Sunken Plaza at the East as a visual relief.

The areas of bare roofs, capped with smoke stacks and ventilators, which are seen from the windows of most skyscrapers, will be conspicuously missing. So far as this building creation is concerned, the opprobrious term "chimney-pots" will have lost its meaning.

"We are lifting New York up into the air," say the builders. "Instead of thinking primarily of the harassed pedestrian in the street, who is so busy elbowing his fellows and dodging taxicabs that he seldom sees above the ground floor of an office building, we are putting our most intensive efforts at beautification where they will do the most good to the greatest number of people."

The location of the buildings in the Development follow the "stagger plan," which leading city planners have been urging for years as the perfect architectural solution for the placing of skyscrapers in a modern city. The central "tower," with lower "towers" across open areas at diagonal angles, follows the mass composition of the Taj Mahal. This arrangement offers a maximum of light. There will be from 200 to

300 feet between any corner of the bigger buildings and the nearest diagonal corner of the building most closely adjacent.

**A**PPROXIMATELY one-quarter of the space in the entire development will be used as offices, studios, and theatres by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, and their affiliates. The latter company will occupy practically the entire 31-story office building on the Sixth Avenue side of the block between 50th and 51st Streets.

The very heart of Radio City,—as is implied by the name of the vast development for the promotion of the entertainment and cultural arts now rising in midtown Manhattan,—will be the studios of the NBC.

With the dedication of the radio citadel still two years off, it is too soon to give a detailed picture of what those studios will be like except to say that they will surpass in extent and perfection of detail any broadcasting center ever before envisioned.

O. B. Hanson, manager of Plant Op-

(Continued on page 60)



## SOCONYLAND SKETCH

## The TENT SHOW

From an NBC Broadcast

By CARLTON and MANLEY

EXCITEMENT comes rare enough in Snow Village an' there ain't been nothin' thet's stirred the town up like it was when Hoaker and Huntley's big tent show played Uncle Tom's Cabin up there last May.

'Twant the show that het things up so much as it was the way Uncle Dan'l Dickey hornswoggled Hiram Neville—but guess I'm getting ahead of my story. There ain't nothin' so pervokin' to a New Englander as to have a next door neighbor dicker ye out o' somethin' ye think ye got closed in yer hand. An' the wust of it was Neville kinda figgered he had Uncle Dan'l beat from the start.

Dan'l was so tarnation mad when he hitched his chair up to the supper table he spilled gravy all around his plate on the red and white checkered table cloth Hattie an' little Margie had spread before puttin' on the vittles.

Margie was teasin' him an' he got plumb exasperated.

"Now you quit pesterin' me, Margie—" he dropped his fork on the floor, an' stopped to pick it up. Then he banged his fist down on the table—"I said NO, ain't I; an' you heard me didn't ye? Now it ain't goin' to do no good to keep on teasin' cause I ain't goin' to—"

"Dan'l I kin't see why you wunt let the young 'un go. It only costs fifty cents," Hattie argued. An' she gave Margie a nudge with her knee under the table.

"No, no, no—" The fork fell off on the floor agin as Dan'l pounded the edge of the table with both fists.

"Bu-but I've never seen Uncle Tom's Cabin," pleaded the girl as two tears began to roll down either cheek.

"Stop sniffin'! It ain't nothin' I seen it once—thuty year ago. All I got for my money was settin' there watchin' a mangy dog thet they called a blood-hound scratch etself fer fleas. An' then some sharper in the crowd snook my watch an' four dollars. There ain't nothin' in et. Pass the pickles, an' don't say nothin' more about et."



"Everybody's goin' in Show Village but us—" urged Margie.

"Whut of it? It's jest a waste of money. Anyway, them actors should have come to me as select-man afore they went plast'rin' all the barns in the township!"

Margie began to cry an' got up from the table. There was a slight softening in the wrinkles at Dan'l's eyes.

"Where's their tent goin' up?" he asked.

"I think et's over in Neville's back pasture by the bridge," said Hattie as she began scrapin' Margie's plate on her own.

"WHY in tarnation they go'n pick out thet place—off'n the road 'n all swampy 'n alive with mosquitoes?" Dan'l bit the end off a toothpick and nibbled it between his teeth.

Hattie continued to clear up the dishes while Dan'l relieved his mind.

"'N I got the best—the best place in town. I s'pose they think Neville's runnin' this here town. They seem to forgit I'm alive. Jest wait. We'll see ef they're goin' to run me off'n the ditch—"

You see how Dan'l felt, cal'latin' he was sort of leadin' citizen of Snow Village. So Hattie lit into him 'bout bein' mean an' cussed.

When Hattie finally let it out as how she heard from Pearl at the store that Neville not only got four dollars rent for the pasture but had also got two

dollars for haulin' from the depot Dan'l was pacin' back 'n forth across the floor.

"Well I'm village clerk an' they ain't got permission from me to put on the show. If I re'lect there was some songs 'tween the acts 'twant decent for our wimmen folks to hear."

Now anybody knowin' Dan'l wouldn't say 'twas anythin' 'bout the morals thet was a-worryin' him. It was the money. Finally, like he biled over, he grabbed up his hat 'n went out.

Guess it must've been about five minutes an' a rap came to the door an' Hattie seen a stranger there. She asked him in an' lo 'n behold it was thet Mr. Hoaker the head of the show himself! He was a slick lookin' feller like most of these show people are. An' he says he come to talk to Dan'l. Margie run out to the barn. But Dan'l wunt in no hurry. He figgered the man was a peddler. When he come in he says abrupt like:

"No sir, my kidneys are all right. Don't want no pills, nor reversible celluloid collars. Don't want no books, needles nor pins. Glad ye called. Good day, sir."

It took quite a spell for Dan'l to really believe who Hoaker was. Then Hoaker told him he wanted to rent a lot for his show in Dan'l's place.

"Thought ye was goin' to be over at Neville's?"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Neville and I can't agree."

"I'm not surprised 'bout thet any."

"I won't pay any \$6.50."

"Why the old skinflint! What can you pay?"

"How about ten passes to the show?"

"Guess not. Money is the best passes at the store."

Well, Dan'l finally agreed to haul the show over from Hi Neville's place for four dollars. They shook hands and Mr. Hoaker went away. But he wunt hardly out o' sight when Neville come along an' wanted to talk business to Dan'l. He was whittlin' a piece of ol' clothes pin.



"Hev these show people been up here to see you 'bout gettin' permission?" he asked.

"Oh, I dunno—why do ye ask?" asks Dan'l holdin' down a chuckle.

"Well I think we ought to keep 'em out," says Neville. "They're just a thievin' lot. An' I ain't so sure 'bout their morals neither. Wunt do the town no good."

Dan'l said he wouldn't jedge the show till he seen it. An' while Neville was rantin' along 'bout shows who should come bouncin' in but this feller Hoaker agin'! Of course he let the cat out the bag right away an' Neville was madder'n hops.

You see the shoe was on the other foot now. So Dan'l was answerin' his own arguments on the other side from Hiram Neville an' Hiram stomped away swearin' he'd prevent the show from ever goin' on in Snow Village. But all the while he was threatenin' you could hear 'em drivin' stakes and hammerin' the stage together before they had the tent moved from Neville's on the other side.

It didn't take Dan'l long to get the heavy stuff moved. Just as he was rollin' 'out the last bundle of canvas from the tail of the wagon he heard a woman sobbin' an' moanin'. Then Hoaker came over all excitement.

"Oh Mr. Dickey!" he wailed. "Reginald's dead."

"Dead! Well, goodness me, wa— was et an accident or sudden?"

"Not exactly unexpected. But he was part of our big act. Reginald was the blood-hound that chased 'Liza over the ice."

"Well ain't thet too bad! Looks like you'll have to get another dog. Don't s'pose a cow'd do you any good?"

"This is serious, Mr. Dickey. We got to get a dog some way."

"Humm-um. Got an idee mebbe I kin help yu."

"You've got to help us. The tickets are going like hot cakes. We got to give the show but we can't get along at all without a blood-hound to chase 'Liza."

SO there was Dan'l with his four dollars dependin' on the show, an Ol' Neville up to mischief to stop it, an' he had to go an' get a dog yet. But leave it to Dan'l in a fix like that. Besides he was just gettin' out from takin' one lickin' an' he wunt goin' to take

another. The only dog he could think of thet would do at all was ol' Mose belongin' to Neville. So 'long 'bout four o'clock he goes strollin' casual like over to Neville's house an' calls out to him quite regretful for hard words spoken.

"Neville," he says, hangin' his head, "I think mebbe you're right about them people I've let onto my land. I should have took your advice. I've got a lot of stuff layin' around loose an' it would be easy for a prowler—what I'm gettin' at is I'd like to borry your dog, Mose, to watch the premises."

"Heh! Heh! So you've changed your tune, but ain't no need to worry. I'll hev 'em all out of town 'fore it gits very dark." Neville swelled his chest with pride and self confidence.

"All right, all right, we'll let that pass," said Dan'l. "But they're on there now an' I was thinkin' mebbe ef I had that mutt of yours to yip out when he seen anybody comin' round they wouldn't bother much."

"No, sir." Neville stuck up his nose

*(Continued on page 86)*

Dan'l, Hattie and Margie in their Snow Village home





# "If You're Fat and Healthy, Stay Healthy"

says

# KATE Smith

By HILDA COLE

MEET a very unusual young woman called Kate Smith. There are as many sides to her character as there are lights in prisms. There is the Kate Smith who beguiles her radio audience with Swanee music and wistful memory songs; there is the stout person with the merry laugh and hearty voice who casts a solemn spell over the cynical Broadway audience, dealing them laughter and tears; then there is an affectionate, half-motherly individual who finds time midst the delirium of theatrical appearances, her La Palina program, and varied rehearsals, to escort bus-loads of war veterans to ball games, and sing them the songs they love.

Although she has been on the stage since babyhood and pinafores, this girl has never deemed it necessary to practice "girth control," and has spent all of twenty-three years making that old adage about "nobody loves a fat girl" look like two cents. She has her own ideas on the subject. If you're healthy the way you are, you might just as well remain that way. She is bubbling over with good spirits and has a gay and grand sense of humor.

"Hello everybody, this is Kate Smith," is her La Palina greeting over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and immediately that diabolically cold microphone becomes alive, and over the ether travels something unusually warm and friendly.

Her career has been a triumphant succession of appearances. Since childhood she has been the possessor of a rich voice, which became truer and lovelier as she grew up from a small tomboy in Washington to one of the stars of *Honeymoon Lane* and *Flying High*. Back in the days when she was a child prodigy in socks at benefits in the District of Columbia, she coaxed compliments out of Nicholas Longworth. And of course you remember her last Broadway success, *Flying High*—the big girl with the grand

voice and exaggerated dimensions who sang *Without Love* and had them all applauding for encores?

Late this summer Kate made a personal appearance at the Ambassador, Atlantic City. *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, she sang, jiggling and jazzing about. But they did. After it was all over Kate sat down with some friends, and jubilantly ordered a chocolate parfait. The waiter, no doubt a bit flustered, spilled it all over her dress. She accepted his abject apologies quite cheerfully, "but" she added, shaking her finger at him, "I will have my sweet revenge." And forthwith ordered four more parfaits on the house.

KATE buys chiffon by the bolt, wears her hair in a simple, straight bob, and is just immense. She lives in a cozy, homelike apartment on Park Avenue with a stucco balcony where she harbors a few of her beloved plants. Inside there is a living room with a grand piano, of course, and a radio. Her favorite colors are lavender and green, and these are manifest in the Chinese rugs, and in the drapery. There is a comfortable, deep



"This song," smiles Kate, "will be dedicated to the boys at the Speedway Hospital in Chicago."

easy chair in which she occasionally relaxes, and a desk which is perpetually cluttered with fan mail. Her two parrots, Ben and Al, sit gravely in their gilded cages, bursting out frequently into Kate's familiar songs, and never failing to accompany her as she sings about the house. Whenever she comes into the room they greet her cheerfully in their parrot voices, "Hello baby." And when she is away, broadcasting from the CBS studios, they listen in and squawk parrot harmony when they hear *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*—which particular song those birds have down pat.

Kate is a whale of a cook and can concoct culinary delicacies that—well, just look at her. She inherited the real secret of Southern cooking, the formula of which seems never to have been efficiently put in words. Ask her how she makes one of her special palate teasers, and she'll vaguely answer—"Oh, I put a little of this into it—and stir in a little bit of that—Really, I can't tell you just *how* I do it!"

Kate has a snappy roadster and likes to go FAST. Out driving in one of her Barney Oldfield moods, she went zipping down a hill too fast to be law-abiding. A red-faced, irate, and puffing policeman eventually greeted her. He took all the joy out of the atmosphere with one baleful glower. Kate wilted, but not visibly.

"WELL, Well, Well," roared the policeman according to formula, "Where do you think you're goin'—HUH?"

What could our Katie say?

He exhausted all her alibis efficiently. Kate shook her head.

"WELL, this is JUST ONE TIME you're not going to get away with it, young lady!"

Kate desperately began to hum *Mother Machree*. She noticed a slight response around the corners of his mouth.





Singing for  
vets at  
Brooklyn  
Naval hospital,—N. Y.

## Born in Virginia She Grew up in Heart of Nation at Washington . . . Now a BIG Radio Success

"Say," said the officer of the law, "are you Irish?"

Kate pleaded not guilty on the charge of being Irish.

"Well, if you aren't you ought to be," he assured her, "singing *Mother Machree* that way."

Kate smiled up at him pepsodently. The ticket was only half-written. He never finished it.

And Kate's present life is like zip-ping down a hill. Precipitate.

"Don't you believe that all of it is fun," she admonishes. "Because it isn't. I won't forget this summer for a long time—coming onto an icy stage from a hot dressing room, and having a stiff neck by the time I got off again."

However, Kate is far from resigning. She loves her work, and, if one may count on fan mail, and wild applause she probably will, like Tennyson's brook, just go on forever.

And now let's go back to a small town in Virginia, "Greenville"—"Down in God's country" as the Johnnyrebs will tell you, where Kate first drew breath of life. As a matter of fact, the lady has no definite recollection of Greenville, for the family moved to Washington when she was very small, and it is around her home there that her earliest memories are centered. This chubby, vital piece of humanity known as "Katherine" (Kate to *you*, Mister) was the second daughter of the Smith family. Of the two Smith sisters, Helene was always the studious one. Books were her life, and her reason for existing. With Kate it was always the theatre. Consequently there evolved quite a span between them.

At the age of seven, our Katie was monarch of a small gang of boys near her Washington home. She reminisces, with a giggle in her throat, "We had a club called the Midnight Riders. Goodness only knows why, because we were put to bed at eight o'clock. I was the president, the secretary, the treasurer, and the initiator. Whenever a new member was brought into our club I'd

drag him out to the clubhouse in the back yard, sterilize a pin, jab it in his thumb and put his thumb-prints in blood at the top of our law book."

There was a large pear tree in Kate's back yard. The small villain, having always had a desire to slip away, would drag a rustic chair into the tree and sit by herself, quite unperturbed. (Oh—that tree-sitting impulse). Her family would search diligently for her, and the air would be rent with cries for "Katherine," but her refuge was quite intact. They never guessed where it was, and she was safe with her dreams.

THE family had definite ambitions for Kate. There were many doctors in the Smith family, and they wanted her to follow up the profession by becoming a nurse. Little Kate wanted to be an actress. However, since it was not a question to be decided immediately, they all supposed she would grow out of it. You know how families are.

The first day Kate was led to school and put at her desk, she ran away four times. Each time she vanished, she was led persuasively back by her mother, planted at the desk, and told to be a good girl. They finally decoyed her with some caramel candy and she be-

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*KATE SMITH thinks people who seem over-blessed with adipose tissue make a regrettable mistake in trying to get rid of it, provided they also have good health. She eats whatever and whenever she pleases and doesn't give a hoot. Furthermore she can cook the things she likes best herself. There is danger, however, that she may get thin from running back and forth between studios, theatres and her Good Samaritan visits to the hospitals. Next month we will tell you something more about her*

---

came resigned to her fate. But she always played hookey whenever there was a chance. Kate was a tease, and a born cut-up and she vows to this day that the only reason the teachers ever let her through was out of kind-heartedness.

"There was a girl at school," Kate told us, "who had two long braids of hair, and she used to tease me by throwing them over my desk so that they would get in my way. One day I got mad as a hatter, fastened her braids between the desks, and when she leaned forward again there was a terrific yank. The little girl let out a yell that sounded like the finish of a Sioux massacre! And who do you suppose graced the school-room after hours? Why, Miss Kate Smith. In person."

She laughed spontaneously.

"I used to shock everybody," she went on, "by riding around to fires on the fire-engines. The chief was an old pal of mine. Mother couldn't break me of the habit. I just grew out of it."

"And then," she continued breathlessly, "we all had skate trucks."

"What?"

"Skate trucks," replied Kate in amazement, "don't you know what they are? Where were you brought up—anyway? Why, you make them out of skates and soap-boxes and *are they speedy!*"

Yeah. They must have been.

"I had every kind of pet imaginable," Kate went on, "rabbits, guinea-pigs, chickens, pigeons, dogs—cats. The family finally renigued because I insisted on keeping all the babies. Father had to get rid of them. Our yard looked like a branch of the S. P. C. A."

Kate, for some obscure reason or another, was very fond of running away. On one occasion, while she was hiding from "the kids," she took refuge in a Standard Oil truck and, as she was about to creep out again, discovered that she had been locked in.

(Concluded in the November issue)



# Lucky Bing!

By Aline Nelson

## When the Good Breaks Came for Young Crosby he Was Set to Go

**W**HAT is luck? How does a man get ahead in life? What mysterious fate seems to rule that one fellow will get all the breaks while the other fellow gets all the bumps?

Of course you may see this happen: A chap thinks he has the stuff in him, works hard, tries to deliver and flops. Maybe he will get along a little way, and just as the world begins to look sort of rosy, wham! And the whole works go upside down again.

Take for instance a couple of young fellows who answered the beckon of the golden finger from New York. They burned up the road all the way from the Pacific Coast together—now they are getting their pockets full, and living the life of Riley.

You know who I mean—Bing Crosby is one of them. Now Bing isn't much different so far as talent and ability are concerned than he was a year ago. But how many of you readers had ever heard of him then? Not many. I never even heard the name. Today you hear people talking about him and his great baritone voice everywhere you go. Why he seems to have blossomed out just over night.

Where do you suppose he would be now if William S. Paley, that smart young president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, had not just happened to be near a certain stateroom two days out on the S. S. Bremen when the person in the stateroom just happened to put on a record Bing had made some time ago? And suppose it hadn't just happened to be that particular song, *I Surrender, Dear*? See what I mean?

Bing had made hundreds of other records—good ones too. But there was Paley in the middle of the Atlantic outside that stateroom door hearing that particular record and Bing was off in California probably lolling away a hot afternoon in some shady spot without the slightest glimmer of an idea he was

getting a swell audition from the president of the CBS.

Now it would have to be Paley the man who knows what he wants pronto and goes after it even prontoer. Some of these big fellows would say, "That's a darn fine voice and I'll have to hunt the chap up when I get back home." Then they would forget it and that would be the end of it. But Bing got another one of those fine breaks when Paley promptly goes to the wireless and tells his office in New York to hunt up this man Crosby who sang *I Surrender Dear*.

**S**O Bing gets a big surprise out in California. Would he go to New York to broadcast nightly on a nation-wide chain at a fat salary? Listen in at one of these CBS stations any night at 11 o'clock and let Bing tell you himself that he did.

But the point is, Bing was good all the time before this happened. Who knows but Paley might start out across the ocean tomorrow or next day and pick up another voice from a phonograph record—some crackerjack good singer who never got the right kind of a break?

Now don't get the idea Bing has always had things break for him that way. The truth is Bing feels inside himself he is just about the same as he always was.

He's always lived West—born in Tacoma May 2, 1904. He's quite well known up and down the Pacific coast where he has been in and out with different outfits where a voice and a good trap drummer were needed. He got the name Bing when he was a little shaver playing cowboy at battle with the In-

dians. "Bing! Bing!" Even then his voice leaped out over that of his companions and they commenced calling him Bing.

His parents moved to Spokane where he finished his grammar grades. He went to high school in Seattle and later went to Gonzaga College. He was active in all athletics although too light for the first football team. He discovered he had a good voice and he liked to sing.

He had made up his mind that law was the right profession for him to follow. But making a living while he attended college was rather precarious. Besides that he didn't get time enough to sing. And finally it occurred to him that some people actually make a good living from their vocal ability.

There was another chap in the school who thought along the same line. His name was Al Rinker. The two of them put their heads and talents together and organized a seven-piece dance orchestra. Bing played the traps and sang with Rinker. They became very popular and had plenty to do filling engagements at all the hops and fraternity dances.

Before they could get around to it to graduate they signed up to appear at the Clemmer theatre. And that put an end to the book grind. From then on they were to be professional musicians. From Seattle they went directly to Los Angeles. Al took Bing to the home of his sister, Mildred Bailey, who was then singing at a night club but who since has become famous by singing with Paul Whiteman's band. Mildred was enthusiastic and secured an engagement for them at the Tent Cafe, which was owned and operated by Mike Lyman, brother of Abe Lyman who has distinguished himself as an orchestra leader on the Columbia chain and in theatres everywhere.

You see how the breaks were coming for Bing. He had to do it. Sup-

(Continued on page 85)

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See Art Portrait of Bing Crosby  
in Roto Section

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## Ethelyn Holt



TA-TA-TA, TAA! Let the royal heralds toot, but whosoever that new radio queen may be the judges are not passing this picture of Miss Holt without a second look. However, to Ethelyn it is only just another one of those things. Men will rave about her. She came to Broadway, one of those delicious Hollywood confections, sealed in cello—no, celluloid. She flickers through the ether from W2XAB.





Sue Read

SHY, a little frightened about being stared at and still so alluring—well that's little Miss Sue whom you hear over the NBC on Colliers, Lux, Maltine and other programs. She seems quite aloof to romantic experiences although we did see her sitting on a lounge in the NBC reception room one evening with a big Connecticut author on one side and one of the male actors on the other. She's not in the race for radio regal glory but she might well be.



## Helen Withers

WHAT does a man think about when he looks at a picture such as you see here? You never can guess because every man is different. One may go out on the lawn and turn hand-springs, jump over the rose bushes and feel maddingly exhilarated to the extent that he would insist on giving the young woman all the radio crowns she could carry on her head and in both arms. Another might simply observe the keen eyes, smiling lips and generally wholesome appearance and then pass to the next picture. Helen Withers is another candidate from the New York Columbia fold. Great soprano voice and a televisitor.







## The Brox

### Sisters

(Left)

LOOKS a little like rain but there's always room for one more under the Brox family umbersall. Only don't ask the young ladies to share their raincoats—Oh no, no, no! In fact from the appearance—but let's talk about something else—you know they are announced on the stage as Three Little Girls in Blue. Maybe you know Lorna, on the left, and then Patsy and Gloria. They specialize in blue songs, but they never are. Yes, NBC. Good? They've got to be good!

## Irene

### Taylor

GO AHEAD, bring on your blondes. And then meet Miss Taylor of WENR, Chicago. Either somebody lied or you're no gentleman. Certainly such dark-eyed beauty must be a supreme preference. Irene has a soft beguiling voice and you hear her on many of the programs that emanate from this popular station through the NBC studios in the City-by-the-Lake.







### Julia Sanderson

(Right)

OH WHAT luxurious loveliness! Here you see the glorious Julia in the morning splendor of the garden of her home, Dunrovin, near Springfield, Mass. Miss Sanderson is not entered in the Queen tournament. She has a little kingdom all her own. Besides what station could claim her exclusively? Miss Sanderson, teamed with her husband, Frank Crummit, is heard on programs from both of the leading chain stations—and that's a rare distinction in itself! "Yoo-hooo!" That's Frank calling. She'll have to get up now and hurry away to New York to entertain you on her next program.

### Harriet Lee

LET'S turn the spot on Harriet Lee for a minute, even if she is not entered in the race for regal honors. Remember when we had her on a Radio Digest cover? She's been getting prettier every day since. That's the smile she sends out over the television waves at W2XAB, and of course you hear her sing over WABC and the CBS system.







**Katherine Krug**

BEING a charming and talented actress and the wife of one of America's most brilliant dramatic critics is the true life role of Miss Krug, who in private life is Mrs. Ashton Stevens. One may wonder if she paraphrases the familiar bromide about the severest critic. She is considered one of the leading lights of the Goodman theatre, and is now heard over an NBC network in the Miniature Theatre productions from the Chicago studios.





**Vicki Johnson**

BLONDE beauty is perhaps more in evidence in the vicinity of the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis than in any other part of the country. So here comes Vicki as a Princess from the North, representing KSTP. She still is very young and who can tell but eventually her soprano voice may bring her the crown of a Jenny Lind. Keep your eye on Vicki—likewise an attentive ear. She'll make the name of Johnson famous.





**Jane Green**

*Rayhuff-Richter Photo*

ALMOST like a fluffy little sprite is this fair maiden who is known for her beauty from London, England, to San Francisco, where she is now on the studio staff of KFRC. She was formerly with the Ziegfeld and the Greenwich Village Follies. Besides looking pretty Miss Green sings, and there's a come-hither in the blue coloring of her voice.

**Aileen Clark**

(Right)

FEW indeed are the ambitious radio artists who achieve instantaneous success. Miss Clark stands as one preeminent example of those very few. She applied and was granted an audition. Within 24 hours she was put on a program. When she had finished the office was flooded with calls—300 of them—everybody wanting to know who, how and where come the new wonder voice. A representative of the Club Valspar Variety program, listening in, at once negotiated and closed a deal to make Miss Clark a part of their program over the NBC network.







## Audrey Farncroft

(Right)

ONLY 22 and taking the part of Musetta in La Boheme just as you see her in the picture on the opposite page. Carl T. Nunan who speaks for KPO says in a note attached to the picture, "Miss Farncroft is one of the finest and most beautiful singers we have ever had on the Pacific Coast, and I can back this up with the words of the critics." The picture says more than any of the critics, Carl, and the mere fact that she has sung leading roles in many of the great operas in famous companies should convince anyone that her voice is exceptional. You may have heard her last season as Oscar in The Masked Ball, or Gilda in Rigoletto. Following her triumphs with the Pacific Opera Company she was engaged by the San Francisco Opera Company, and that was where she scored as Musetta. Her latest success was in the role of Lucia in Lucia de Lamermoor. KPO listeners know her best as the featured artist in The Bostonians of the Air. Thursday nights she is heard in a special concert of Grand Opera selections.

## Olive Palmer

(Left)

CHARACTER, integrity and a certain amount of dignity are written into the voice and radio personality of Olive Palmer. She lives simply and never fails to costume herself becomingly. Clothes influence her mood and in preparing for her regular Wednesday night program she plans her gown for the occasion. She shuns the fast night life, riotous dinner parties and unholy hours. She demands the sleep necessary to keep her alert and in good health—and she gets it. Mr. Mark A. Stevens tells you more about Miss Palmer in another part of this issue. But you must admit she well deserves a place in this Revue of radio beauties. Right? Right!







### Mr. and Mrs.

(Right)

NOBODY needs to tell you who those two happy souls are over on the next page. Could anyone appear more serenely happy than this very joyous looking bridegroom—the one and only Rudy Vallee? They did not look so happy the day this picture was given to Radio Digest, for it was a day of parting. The bride took a train for California. Many weeks of separation were in prospect before they were to meet and be happily united once again.



### Bing Crosby

RELAXING from business worries and leaning back in a deck chair for a care-free journey across the Atlantic William S. Paley, president of the CBS was about to take a nap when he heard someone singing "I Surrender Dear." A great voice, he thought. Who was broadcasting? He investigated and found that a fellow passenger was playing a record by Bing Crosby. Mr. Paley promptly communicated with his office to look up this man Crosby. Bing was discovered in California. But he is in New York now and singing nightly over the CBS.



# The Valentino Of Song

By EDWARD THORNTON INGLE

"ONE—two—three—four!  
One—two—three—four!  
Ach! You must learn to  
play it so! Or, you will  
never be the great violinist. Now—  
play! One—two—three—four—"

It is a long jump from the stuffy parlor of a little house in Calistoga, California, where a pale, dark-eyed boy underwent the ordeal of a weekly violin lesson under the guidance of a squat, floor-pacing, Teutonic teacher, to the glamorous role of newest singing sensation with the National Broadcasting Company in New York.

It was always so in those boyhood days! The slender youth frozen to his task—the teacher walking, walking! The boy dared not relax even for a moment lest he bring down the wrath of his master. When aroused by some heinous mistake, John Czech would raise his hands above his head and wring them in a tempest of rage. The boy would then bite his lips, lean limply on one foot and then on the other until the outburst subsided. And as the boy took up his bow the pacing began again . . . and the voice resumed. . . "One—two—three—four—" until one hour, sometimes two and sometimes three had gone by.

John Czech, no matter how much he thundered, never dismissed this pupil after the usual half-hour of drilling. This boy—Russell Columbo—was the apple of his eye. Secretly he was convinced the lad had talent, real talent—genius perhaps. He would see. It was enough now to make him work very hard.

At the Columbo home on the outskirts of the village, where there were twelve

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*WHEN Russell Columbo was trying to get his start as a boy he was fortunate enough to acquire the friendship of the late Rudolph Valentino. He idealized this great hero of the screen so much his friends declared he had come to look like Valentino. Judge for yourself from the picture on the opposite page. Columbo has now become a singing and playing hero of the air for the National Broadcasting Company.*

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children, Czech often stopped. He would lean over the picket fence and talk earnestly with Russell's mother.

The conversation inevitably ran something like this:

"Good-day Mrs. Columbo. You always are so busy, yes? Vell, I think it would be fine if you would let me have dot boy Russell. P-s-s-t! He vill be a great violinist already yet! I have no boy and I vill take him to Chermany and give him the wonderful opportunity to be the world's greatest violinist."

"No, no! Mr. Czech. That would be too wonderful—but Russell is my baby! Remember that! I could not give him up, even to let him go back to the old country. . . You must forget it, please!"

A few days later the little scene would be reenacted and the heavy-set Czech would shrug his shoulders and

amble off down the street muttering unspeakable imprecations.

RUSSELL did well. He was soon playing difficult pieces and he was only thirteen. His father had moved to the little town from San Francisco on account of his wife's health. Calistoga was drier than San Francisco, yet it was only a few miles to the north.

One day a wonderful thing happened. Russell read in a San Francisco newspaper that the Imperial Theater in San Francisco needed violinists. He got permission from his father to apply. Nicholas, the father, had been a musician in his native Naples. Not only that, he had had his own orchestra when he was twenty. How could he refuse the boy! He still played the guitar divinely. Therefore he'd go along to 'Frisco.

Russell got a job. It was vacation time and he appeared in a fantastic production called "The Land of Make Believe." He even played in the prologue as violin soloist. Later he was playing at the Granada Theater, where Paul Ash was first introduced, when a dreadful thing happened to him. He fell in love!

He was only fourteen, but the girl, a lithe-limbed blonde dancer at the Granada dazzled him. And whenever his dark eyes fell upon her as she whirled before the footlights in the climax of her act he experienced a strange commotion within his chest. Yet, during that whole summer he never dared tell anyone. So, it was no wonder that on the day his father took him back to school at Calistoga his head was so full

(Continued on page 91)

Russ  
Columbo

(See opposite  
page)



# Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

## Sweet and Lovely

**M**OST of the popular songs today seem to run in the same vein. There was a time when "nutty" songs and topical songs occupied at least 35 per cent of song production each month. Possibly the fault, if one could call it that, for the trend toward the romantic lyric and the sweet melody, can be laid at my own door. Most song-writers, when trying to impress me today with the fact that they have written a new song which I should broadcast, try to impress upon me that it is a "Vallee type" of song, a song they feel was written especially for me.

Frankly, I am looking for songs which are great songs, whether they fit me or not, songs such as *When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba*, and *Sing Something Simple*. A hundred percentage of sameness is bound to become monotonous, and we must have songs which are not romantic and sweet in thought and melody. Frankly, that is what I am looking for these days—songs with an original idea, with a thought that is radically new and different.

Monte Segal, who wrote *When the Pussy Willow Whispers to the Catnips*, is perhaps the only dyed-in-the-wool song-writer who is constantly pestering me with crazy ideas for songs. He has songs about firemen, about bull frogs, about prohibition, and everything that might be made into a humorous or "nut" song.

Byron Gay, with whom I am collaborating on several songs, is also an originator of funny ideas for songs, and I hope to have a couple of really clever ones to present the publishers in the near future.

In the meantime, this issue of "Tuneful Topics" will deal mainly with songs that are really "sweet and lovely."

Out on the Pacific Coast one of the Tobias brothers is doing well. Charlie, you remember, is most famous for *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*. All three brothers collaborated on *Miss You*, when I first began my Paramount engagement two years ago. Harry has been out on the coast ever since we were out there making our picture. Together with Jules LeMare,

and that great orchestra leader, Gus Arnheim, he has written one of the oddest songs of the day, a song which, though not lyrically outstanding is melodically so; one of the most difficult songs to sing, due to the quaintness of its tonality, the sudden changing of the key, and the general construction of the piece. It makes a lovely broadcasting tune, one whose melody steals hauntingly over the radio, especially at night.

It has been my pleasure to be driving from Newark to the Pennsylvania Roof in a car equipped with a radio, and no



melody has sounded any sweeter than *Sweet and Lovely*, even when played by some of the most mediocre of bands.

We take about a minute and ten seconds for the chorus, and it is published by Robbins Music, Inc.

## Blues In My Heart

**I**RVING MILLS who, with his brother Jack Mills, constitute the firm of Mills Music, Inc., has to his credit the booking of more successful orchestras than any other music publisher today. Irving was responsible for my first Victor recording test, of which nothing came. The fact that my first test did not convince the Victor people that I was good recording material was no fault of Irving's; politics was involved, and it remained for us at a later date to begin our Victor contract, but I have never forgotten the very fine and dignified way Irving Mills, together with Jimmy McHugh, arranged for Cliff

Burwell and me to take a Victor test on *Sweet Lorraine*, and *Georgie Porgie*.

Irving has been a collaborator on several popular hits, *Minnie the Moocher* one of the most recent, but none of them are more lovely than this one, *Blues in My Heart*. I imagine that Duke Ellington, who is Mills' greatest protegee, can more than do justice to this type of number, as it resembles, in a great many aspects, Duke's lovely composition *Mood Indigo*.

We play it at about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Mills Music.

## If I Didn't Have You

**D**IMINUTIVE, cultured, quiet, unobtrusive, but very clever, Milton Ager comes forth with a lovely melody to which E. Y. Harburg has coupled a lovely lyric. I have never met Harburg, though he and Ager are doing fine things together. From their pens have come *It Looks Like Rain* and some very clever songs, none more delightful to listen to than this one, which had a feature place on our Thursday program last week.

We take about one minute and five seconds for a chorus, and it is published by Ager, Yellen and Bornstein.

## I Apologize

**I**N KEEPING with the original type of title to catch the eye, is a new one, authored by Al Hoffman, Al Goodheart, and Ed Nelson. It was my good fortune the other night to meet young Goodheart, who seems to be one of our newest and most promising song writers.

We are doing the song this Thursday for the first time, and although the song is in the rhythm and vein of many others of its type, it is a mighty good song, and one of the best things of which the firm of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson can boast at the present moment.

We play it at about one minute and ten seconds to the chorus.

## Goodnight Sweetheart

**I** REALLY should have started "Tuneful Topics" with *Goodnight Sweetheart*, not because of my own contribution to it, but because I sin-



cerely feel it is going to be one of our outstanding popular songs of the fall season.

Fresh from London, where it was the most popular song at Buckingham Palace during the days of spring court spectacles, requested by both the King and Queen at command performances, and at great functions, the craze of the entire city of London, the song bids fair to duplicate that success here, though whether the White House will request it is another matter.

It has fallen to my happy lot to write the American version of the song and present it. Even though our English cousins write in the same spirit as does Tin Pan Alley, there are slight differences, especially in lyric writing, and melodic structure, too, which generally result in an American version. Ever since this task was allotted to me I have felt that this would be the ideal song for my final signature at the Pennsylvania Grill for the coming winter season. We are going into the Grill on October 1st, and although I had hoped to begin an initial broadcast with that song on that evening, there have been so many requests by American orchestra leaders who have heard the song in one way or another, or who have been requested to play it by Americans returning from abroad, that the firm of Robbins, Inc., who are the lucky disbursers of the song, have requested me to present it for the first time on any radio program, earlier than I had first intended. It will be a pleasure for me to do so, as few songs have intrigued me to the extent that *Goodnight Sweetheart* has done.

We will play it at about one minute to the chorus. By the time this article appears the song should be well on its way to hitdom.

### *Kiss Me Goodnight But Not Goodbye*

GOOD waltzes are scarcer than hens' teeth, and believe me I am serious when I say this. I feel that a radio program, especially of an hour's duration, should have as a lovely contrast from the strict tempo of 4/4 or 2/4, the lovely swing of 3/4; that is why our radio programs always have at least one waltz.

Sam Fox personally wrote me asking me to introduce this song for the first time on the evening the picture in which the song is featured was to see its premier in Chicago. A new Gaynor-Farrell picture, *Merely Mary Ann*, has as its theme song this lovely waltz written by Jules Furthman and James F. Hanley. Hanley will be remembered as the composer of *Little White House In the Lane*, *Just a Cottage Small*, *I'm In the Market for You*, and too many other hits to mention.

On the Thursday we broadcast the song, just as the celebrities were filing into the theatre in Chicago for the premier of the picture, we were playing *Kiss Me Goodnight But Not Goodbye*.

It is published by Sam Fox.

### *What Are You Thinking About, Baby?*

SHAPIRO-BERNSTEIN sent me a song a few weeks ago which appealed to me instantly. It is rather unusual for a song to be instantly obviously catchy, as most of them require constant repetition before their attractiveness becomes apparent. "Pardon Me Pretty Baby" was another type of song whose possibilities became quite apparent to me as I glanced at the opening two phrases of the chorus.

The trio who composed *I Apologize*

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*ARE you saving these reviews by Rudy Vallee? They may be found only in Radio Digest from month to month. Mr. Vallee is without doubt the best authority and most able writer on his chosen theme in the United States. Whether or not you are a fan it will be well worth your while to meet and know the real human beings and the stories back of the songs that become nationally known over night. The editors of Radio Digest are proud to present to you Mr. Vallee as your guide. An excellent picture of Rudy and Mrs. Vallee appears in the roto section this month.—Editor.*

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are also the writers of this song. Shortly after our introduction of it on the Fleischmann Hour, I was pleased to find our guest artist, Aileen Stanley, using it as one of her feature songs.

She has been a picker of hit songs for many years, and that is an encouraging sign.

The song is cute, and must absolutely be played slowly. We take about one minute and five seconds for the chorus.

### *"Third Little Show" Tunes*

FROM the "Third Little Show," the same show that sponsors *When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba*, come three or four songs, all of the same musical comedy type of vein, but extremely catchy and agreeable to listen to. While the composers of the songs are many and varied, the outstanding ones were written by Earle Crooker and Henry Sullivan, who wrote *Falling in Love*; Harold Adamson and Burton Lane, who wrote *Say the Word*; and Edward Eliscu and Ned Lehak, who wrote *You Forgot Your Gloves*. Noel Coward contributed Bea-

trice Lillie's comedy song, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*.

The crowd goes out of the theatre humming or whistling *Falling in Love*, *You Forgot Your Gloves*, or *Say the Word*. These are all to be played brightly, though not too fast. One of the finest recordings I have ever listened to in my life is the Brunswick record of *Gloves and Falling In Love* by Vic Young's orchestra; the arrangements are extremely beautiful, and Frank Munn does a beautiful vocal job with Helen Rowland. The songs are published by Robbins, Inc.

### *Love Letters In the Sand*

THE radio critic of the N. Y. Daily Mirror, Nick Kenny, has for some time aspired to a place with recognition in Tin Pan Alley. This should be comparatively easy for him as his poetry, at least in my humble opinion, is the best thing in his column!

Nick is a rough and ready sort of fellow, being an old sailor of the two-fisted, rough and tumble type. Still, from such a rough exterior comes some of the finest poetry of its kind that I have ever read; so it is quite natural that he should eventually turn to song writing, though it is quite humorous at times to see the way he plugs his own songs in his column.

His first successful song was *Laughing at Life*, but his latest, and perhaps his best, is one which he claims was inspired by my trip to Maine last summer, and my subsequent bathing in the ocean at Old Orchard Beach. Some wag reporter is credited with a story that some young lady and I sat on the beach writing love letters in the sand, where the waves washed them away. Whether or not this was true, Kenny seized upon the idea for his song, and did a very creditable job.

One hears the song a great deal on the air, due no doubt, to a desire on the part of aspiring radio artists to secure recognition from Mr. Kenny in his column of the next day, which recognition is usually forthcoming after the song has been rendered.

I can truthfully say my own rendition of the song on several occasions has been because of an appreciation of good song-writing, which opinion I would maintain even though Mr. Kenny should berate me in his column for any reason whatsoever.

The song is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

### *Dream Girl of Mine*

AN OLD friend of mine, Arthur Daly by name, writer of *When Its Cotton Picking Time In Georgia* and *Gunner Jim*, who was one of my early Heigh Ho supporters, made me  
(Continued on page 59)



# G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

*The Voice of RADIO DIGEST*



Sid Grauman (left) presents Nellie Revell with a life pass to the Grauman Theatres in California. Harold B. Franklin (right).

*EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAf mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest 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.*

“HOWDY, friends. Radio Digest tells us that television is no longer right around the corner . . . but is here. I hope it's brought its makeup box along because it's certainly going to be tough on some of us whose chins have found us out . . . and who have lived all our lives on the theory of eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet . . . and that these new dresses will never fit on a waist line that has past . . . (or one that has a past, either). I could think of a good theme song for television. I'd like to call it . . . 'When Television Starts to Tell.'”

These big fat heart-breakers who can croon like a twenty-year-old juvenile or these gymnastic directors who tell us over the air when and how to bend, while they themselves are stretched out reading the sports news, will have to go to work now that television is here. It's all right for Dorothy Knapp, Bernardine Flynn, Ellen Jane Frohman and those raving beauties whose pictures are to be found in the television number of Radio Digest published for September.

But there are those among us who still like the old-fashioned radio which helped us keep our secrets. Oh . . . and there's also a nice new picture of Amos 'n' Andy in September Radio Digest. Ain't dat somethin'?

My goodness . . . didn't it get hot last week? And I know why, too. It's because Sophie Tucker arrived back in this country after a year abroad where she's been playing in London and teaching the nobility to sing “Red Hot Mama.” And I know why the sun was shining so brightly, too. It's because Ada May Weeks, our own American Pavlova, came back home after playing in London for two years. “You remember Ada May . . . star of *Lollypop*, *Rio Rita*, and ever so many other musical shows. And I'm sure that with the return of so many prodigals, America should feel like killing the fatted calf. Sophie just reminded me to lay off of that word . . . fatted calf. All

right . . . but with Eddie Cantor, Sophie and Ada back in town, it looks like a great season. Well, I guess I had better get started telling about these announcers.

My listeners, no doubt, have observed how many of NBC's announcers are singers. Another soloist is Neel Enslin with a background of operatic and musical comedy experience. Mr. Enslin was born in Delphos, Ohio—sure, that's the name of a place and not a Greek God. And he was graduated from Ohio State University. From Ohio State he went to the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music. Degrees in both piano and voice were conferred on Mr. Enslin by the Bush Conservatory in Chicago.

Mr. Enslin was one of the first twelve singers selected by George Eastman for his American Opera Company. He was also schooled in dramatics by Ruben Mamouliau, now of the New York Theatre Guild. While at the University of Rochester, Mr. Enslin met Miss Beatrice Kneale. Later, Miss Kneale became famous in *My Maryland* and in December, 1929, became



Mrs. Enslin. They live at Hempstead, Long Island, in the cutest little cottage you ever saw.

**H**ARRY RESER, director of the Cliquot Club Eskimos' orchestra, heard weekly on NBC, is a great stringer. No . . . I don't mean what you think I mean. What I started to say was . . . Harry Reser is a master of string instruments. He plays the guitar . . . the banjo . . . the mandolin . . . the violin . . . the zither . . . and the harp and all with equal skill. Yes, and he can toot a Sax, too. Harry's home town is Piqua, Ohio, and he began his musical career at the age of 16 as violinist in a movie orchestra at Dayton, Ohio.

I guess I've told you before of the beauties we have in the NBC New York studios who serve as hostesses. If I haven't . . . any visitor to the Fifth avenue offices will. And we have some very charming women executives, too. Among the prettiest is Madge Tucker, who has charge of the Sunday Morning Children's Hour, which, by the way, she originated. Miss Tucker also originated the idea for Jolly Bill and Jane, and brought Jolly Bill Steinke into radio. Although Madge Tucker is best identified with kid programs, she also produced and directed the first radio mystery ever broadcast. That was "The Step on the Stairs," presented five years ago.

Madge Tucker was christened Margaret Tucker. But when she was 10 months old, her parents decided Madge fitted her better than Margaret, and Madge she has been ever since. She was born in Centralia, Illinois, where her father ran the biggest store in town. Miss Tucker was educated at schools in St. Louis, Chicago, Washington and New York. She was an actress on the legitimate stage before radio snared her. Her aerial debut was made in the Washington NBC studios when she told children's stories. The children simply adore Miss Tucker. One reason, perhaps, is because she takes the firm stand that children shouldn't eat spinach unless they like it. And what child does?

And now, gentle listeners. I have a real Horatio Alger story for you. One of those stories about a kid who dragged himself up . . . with the aid of half a dozen orphan asylums. I'm talking about Jesse Crawford, marvelous organist. He is, I believe, the best-known organist in the world. Every one who has ever been to New York has at some time or another been to the Paramount Theatre. And, if so, has heard Jesse Crawford at the organ. You know that great big organ that makes you feel so churchy as it peals

forth. You feel so subdued and dignified when you get in the Paramount if the organ is on and you sink down in a seat expecting every minute to hear a choir break out singing . . . "Oh Promise Me" or something like that . . . and see a bride come down the aisle. And all of a sudden, Crawford starts in to play "Button Up Your Overcoat," or "Boop-boop-a-doop" or "The Pagan Love Song," knocking all the religion out of you. And then throws colored slides on the curtain and asks you to join in singing. I did . . . and now you know why I can't sing. I'm trying to follow Jesse Crawford's organ.

**J**ESSE CRAWFORD is what is known as a coast defender . . . having been born on the Pacific coast . . . Spokane, to be exact, in 1894. His father died when Jesse was very young . . . leaving the mother impoverished. But she made a brave effort to keep the home together . . . but found Jesse quite a problem. He wouldn't stay home . . . and he wouldn't go to school. The despairing mother conspired with the nearest police captain to give young Jesse the scare of his life. She marched him over to the station. The police captain, a 270 pounder, looked as ferocious as he possibly could at this little mite of seven. He thundered at him like Ed Thorgensen announcing a fight. "Young feller," he roared, "do you want me to send you to a reform school?" Jesse looked at him more interested than frightened and said . . . "Have they got a piano there?"

The officer, an understanding man, and himself a father, realized that he had unconsciously put his finger on the cause of Jesse's insubordination. He dropped his hard-boiled veneer . . . quit woofing the child . . . and got his confidence. And learned that when Jesse was playing hokey he was always at the home of some youngster who had a piano and who would let him thump it. His mother was induced to put him in an orphanage for boys . . . where he would have the supervision of the Order of Catholic Brothers.

Jesse didn't win any scholarships there, either. One day, he went on an exploring expedition in the attic of a rumbling old edifice. It was one of those crumbling buildings with hidden stairs and an attic which no youngster had ever invaded. He found a room filled with dust-covered brass musical instruments of every sort and make . . . and Jesse was sure he was in heaven. He picked one up and tried to blow it. It worked! And he says that to this day no achievement has ever afforded the exquisite thrill that came at finding he could blow it. And at every opportunity, Jesse would steal away to the at-

tic to practice. One day while he was blowing his little head off playing the only tune he knew . . . and that was "The Holy City," . . . he saw standing before him, one of the strictest of the Brothers.

Poor Jesse was so frightened he dropped the cornet and fully expected a good strapping for invading forbidden territory. The Brother, it seems, was a musician, or had been one. "Do you like this instrument so much, my son," he asked the almost petrified boy. "Oh, I just love it," said Jesse, as soon as he could speak. "All right, then, I'll teach you how to play it," replied the Brother.

Well, that was the beginning of Jesse's musical career . . . and he was allowed to practice daily on the cornet. A priest who was visiting from Seattle heard him and had him transferred to his school, because he would just fit in with a band which he was organizing. While there, another Brother undertook to give him lessons on a very dilapidated piano.

**B**UT Jesse played it . . . and loves to tell of how he used to go and peek into the big parlor of the institution . . . the parlor where they were only allowed to enter when somebody came in to visit them. He saw a baby grand piano there and how he yearned to just touch it. One time he was called in to be shown off to a visiting committee or something . . . (He doesn't know the nature of the visit) . . . and he backed away from them up to the piano and reached his hand behind him just so he could pat the leg of the piano.

One of the priests saw him. "That's no place to pat a piano," he said, and lifted him up to the keyboard. "There's where you pat a piano," he said, pointing to the keys. And Jesse patted it and he must have patted it pretty well, because there was a whispered conference among the priests . . . as Jesse kept on playing the only piece which he knew very well.

The next day, Jesse was taken away again . . . but this time to another school which was not quite an orphanage . . . but which was under the supervision of the Church . . . a Brothers' Prep School . . . where his music was given very respectful consideration.

When he was 14, he left the orphanage and went out on his own . . . and got a job delivering tea and coffee. And roomed in a house where he could have the use of a piano. Some man who roomed there realized the boy could not get much work around unless he belonged to the musicians' union. And as a Christmas present . . . he put

(Continued on page 87)



## *Broadcasting from*

# The Editor's Chair

### *Spending Money Most Wisely*

RECENTLY a release of the National Broadcasting Company revealed the fact that the booking branch of this organization was responsible in the past year for spending some \$10,000,000 for talent. Think of it. No movie or play has ever been produced involving talent cost at anything like this figure, despite the fabulous salaries and famous names of the screen and stage. In the case of "talent of the air," moreover, the resultant programs are FREE, whereas the public is expected to pay veritable fortunes as the price of admission to these other arenas of talent. The fact remains, however, that much of the money spent for broadcasting programs is spent without reasonable advance assurance that the offerings will be well received by the public. Audience getting formulas have been reduced to a more or less exact science in these other fields, because the answer is written in the total of paid admissions.

In the case of programs of the air, however, it is difficult for the most conscientious and lavish creators of programs, be they sponsored or sustaining, to gauge with great rapidity or great accuracy the success of this or that specific program—particularly a new program. Of course, the use of premiums, souvenirs, answers to inquiries, etc., gives an index through the fan mail received, but this process is open to wide errors, as is also the various methods of checking up public interest in specific programs by personal and telephone canvassing. The elapse of time and the introduction of new programs can change so many things so rapidly that it is extremely difficult to keep up with the changing moods and reactions of the public and the immediate popularity of a given program.

With a view to expediting and improving the determining of program popularity, the editors of Radio Digest will welcome letters from our readers relating to (1) types of programs you would like more of (2) new types of programs you would like to see introduced, (3) your suggestions as to the most effective methods by which broadcasters can check program popularity and (4) your ideas on how specific programs now on the air can be improved by certain additions or eliminations.

We will publish as many such letters as space permits. In writing us on one or more of the subjects mentioned, please bear in mind that you will not be helping Radio Digest or the broadcasters (both of whom will be duly grateful) as much as you will be helping yourself. The unique thing about Radio is that *everyone* using time on the air wants to please the public as often and in as large numbers as possible. It is, therefore, imperative that listeners express their opinions

about and judgments of programs as freely and as extensively as possible. By so doing the public will assure itself of getting a maximum of what it wants and of cutting down to a minimum what it don't want—and, of course, this means that the fortunes spent on talent will be spent as nearly, 100% as possible on the kind of talent that *is* most popular with the people.

### *Broadcasting the News*

WITH the reappearance of the March of Time program Radio Digest again points out that this type of broadcasting with various modifications is going to take hold in tremendous fashion. It may sweep into a scope of far greater trend than its creator ever dreamed.

The idea may become the pivot around which will swing hostile elements of the press and the broadcasters. This is intimated in the report published on page 20 sent to us by Mr. Charles H. Gabriel, Jr., of Radio Station KNX, Hollywood, California.

We are informed that owing to an especially keen local interest in a murder trial there the station attempted to broadcast the hearing directly from the court room. Its efforts were thwarted by the judge who acted, it is claimed, under pressure and influence exerted by the press. Undismayed the broadcasters took their microphone to another room and brought in skilled actors to represent the characters in the court room. From here the action was swept instantly to the KNX 5,000 watt transmitter and out to the whole countryside where thousands were anxiously waiting to hear every detail of all that transpired. Nimble fingered court reporters quickly converted the spoken words to written transcriptions.

Runners carried in the transcripts as fast as they were recorded and the actors spoke the actual lines of witnesses and attorneys. People who never had seen the inside of a court room were getting the thrill of real human drama. But another drama was going on behind the scenes—the drama of getting the news and purveying it. The microphone was finally ordered out of the building. But it was set up again in a nearby restaurant . . . and the report of the trial continued.

The traditional spirit of the newspaper man was there. That may have been because ex-newspaper men were at the controls of this new medium. And now KNX has announced that it will produce regularly a Newspaper of the Air with world happenings when they happen; dramatized in brief, crisp action. . . "And Time marches on". . . Meanwhile also we have William Hard to cover the League of Nations meeting at Geneva for the "readers of the air."



# Station Parade

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

## *Irma Glen Plays in Deserted Studios*

**I**T IS the story of one little girl, who has an entire floor of lavish studio space to herself. She is the sole occupant of the elaborate studio suite built for WENR on the 42nd Floor atop the Civic Opera Building in Chicago.

Here from the south window may be seen the 20 mile stretch of Chicago's famous boulevard system along the Lake. Looking west you peer down upon the Daily News Plaza across the river, and from the northeast windows you feel the rythm of the many bridges crossing the Chicago River, which are elevated with stately majesty one after the other to admit steamers from the lake or to give them passage out.

When the NBC purchased WENR, everyone and everything with the exception of Irma Glen and the Mighty Wurlitzer Organ were moved across the river to their Merchandise Mart Studio. Irma was asked to remain and broadcast all programs wherein she used the organ, until a new organ was purchased for NBC or the faithful old Wurlitzer could be moved; so there she is, arfd we wonder what haunting emotions little Irma Glen feels as she works alone surrounded by the lofty walls and arches, which still vibrate with the sounds of all the music they once knew.

**I**S SHE ever haunted with ghosts of the past, as she brushes the sleeve of memories and feels again the peeking touch of things that are gone? In her reminiscing does she experience again the thrills of debuts, children's voices, and all those living things that vitalize those lengthy halls? When interrogated about these things, she surprises us with the reply that "she adores to be alone." She has the canaries which you hear every day, to keep her com-

pany, besides the comforting music she herself produces. She quotes that well-known phrase "it is an acknowledgment of self-deficiency to be afraid of ones own company." So much more can be accomplished when there are no interruptions.

To manipulate the king of instruments requires not only keen judgment,



Very small appears little Miss Irma as she sits at her organ console and muses on a glory that has taken wings.

but nimble fingers, feet and brains, for the organ uses all these faculties simultaneously. In order to keep fit, Irma Glen attributes her good health to the fact that she arises each morning at 6:30 and walks to the studio. Most of her walking is done on the grass through Lincoln Park and along the Lake front, measuring four and one-half miles by her pedometer.

Irma is at the Studio each morning at 9:30 o'clock, to rehearse and arrange her daily programs. We were surprised to learn of the great amount of re-

search work necessary to produce features, such as Miss Glen's "Among the Poets," "Beautiful Thoughts," "Irma Glen's Flower Garden," "Musical Moments," and last, but not least, "Air Juniors." The Air Juniors Club, which is sponsored by the Commonwealth Edison Company, consists of a membership of over one hundred ten thousand happy girls and boys. Quite a happy family we would say.

**O**F COURSE, Irma misses all her comrades,—the members of the original Smith Family, the vast number of musicians and entertainers whom she contacted, but there may be a far-off heaven where radio artists will all meet some day.

So, when you listen to the organ recital sent to all corners of the globe, each morning as Irma Glen plays on the NBC network, you may picture a "lone little girl thoroughly enjoying her so-called solitude."

*Oh Min, Oh Andy--  
They're on WGN!*

**S**IDNEY SMITH'S famous Gump entourage is now on the air over WGN. In spite of many obstacles that seemed to obstruct their arrival they have at last come to life and may be heard from this powerful station of the Chicago Tribune.

First it was to have been Correll and Gosden who were to do the Gump family. But at that time neither was married and, in single blessedness, they pleaded they would not know what to do if they were faced with Andy's daily domestic problems. So they turned to the blackface Sam and Henry, which preceded their present Amos 'n' Andy.

Over a hundred actors and impersonators were tried out during the summer, while a committee composed of WGN representatives, the advertising men who will sponsor the feature and



Sidney Smith, creator of the Gumps patiently listened to the voices, waiting for the right characters to appear before the microphone. It was most difficult to cast the role of Andy Gump, because most opinions were at variance as to what the talkative gentlemen's voice should be like. One afternoon, however, Andy Gump himself appeared in the radio horn, and there was a unanimity of choice immediately expressed. Like most radio auditions, the selections of the actors and actresses for the parts were made in blindfold tests, and even to this date the committee has never seen the acts. Auditions are conducted through the microphone, with the listeners gathered before a radio horn in another studio, to make the sound illusion complete.

The Gumps, Sidney Smith's comic, is the best selling newspaper strip in the world. It appears in approximately 400 newspapers, one-fourth of them in foreign languages. Among other countries, they appear in France, Spain, Denmark, China, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii and Bermuda, in some places in the native tongue. The daily reader circulation is estimated between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000.

Like WGN's three other newspaper strips now on the air, "The Gumps" will not follow the exact trend of the story in the Tribune. The radio adaptations of the family's doings are being done by Thomas J. Foy, former newspaper reporter and cartoonist, with suggestions from Mr. Smith.

It is predicted that the Gumps on the air will become the radio audience's nightly habit, crowded as it will be with humor, sentiment and adventure. It will be the dinner hour laugh.

\* \* \*

### Eight Continuity Writers

THERE is no better example of the growth of the new profession, continuity writing for radio, than at WGN, The Tribune station on the Drake Hotel, which employs more of these experts than any other single broadcaster in America.

Most listeners are unaware of the painstaking effort and research behind the thousands of words spoken every day in announcements, narrative or dialogue.

These are contributed by the WGN continuity department, with its eight regular writers, and two who turn from their other work to produce special manuscripts, who are directly responsible for practically every word spoken from WGN. All in the day's work are complete dramatic works, comic strips, commercial and appropriate remarks for the introduction of musical piece or singer. The volume of words turned out daily is close to 15,000, with this

figure increasing with special broadcasts or dramatic shows.

From this continuity department come daily all of the announcements made on WGN, as well as the manuscripts for the station's four comic strips, *Harold Teen*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *Gasoline Alley*, and *The Gumps*.

Continuity, incidentally, is a slightly misleading word borrowed by some broadcaster years ago from the movies. It means the script, or schedule which the program follows, and includes the utterances for the announcer. The continuity department also prepares the bulk of the commercial program announcements.

Two or three dramatic shows are presented by the station each week, and these are the work of the continuity department.

Since writing for the radio is recog-

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*THERE is no one who knows better what is going on around the studios than the people who are right there. The editors of Radio Digest welcome news from the station writers or authorized representatives. We like snappy personality paragraphs and the prize jelly roll for such contributions goes this month to Mr. Monroe Upton of KFRC, San Francisco. We would especially like to hear from more stations in the Central and Southern sections.*

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nized as a highly individualized field of work, every member of the continuity staff has received his training at WGN, though they have come from widely separated fields. Three of them turned to radio after newspaper and publicity work, another came to WGN after writing for both stage and screen, and three are only two years removed from the campus. And because radio appeals to both men and women, the department is finely balanced with four men and four women writers.

Oldest of the continuity department in years of service is Frank Dahm, who joined the staff in August, 1925. In that time he estimates that he has written a million words of continuity, narrative, dramatic skits, and special productions.

Dahm first attracted attention with his fifteen thousand word script with working directions for WGN's broadcast of *The Miracle*. In December, 1930, he began the writing and production of the radio version of Harold Gary's comic strip, *Little Orphan An-*

*nie*, which is enjoying phenomenal success.

After a long period of service as a writer for stage and screen, Jean Conover came to WGN from New York two and a half years ago. A talented dramatist, she has been responsible since that time for nearly all of the plays and dramatic episodes presented from the station. Miss Conover also dramatized the popular series of stories from grand opera which the station presented last winter and spring. WGN's continuity department boasts two members who wear the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity. They are Kay Chase and Blair Walliser, both of whom came to WGN late in 1929, shortly after graduation from Northwestern university. Miss Chase, while in school, was the editor of the campus literary magazine, *The Scrawl*. A few months ago she began writing the script for one of WGN's comic strips, *Uncle Walt and Skeezix*.

Blair Walliser's career parallels that of Miss Chase. He joined the staff in the summer of 1929, shortly after his graduation from Northwestern, where he was identified with the campus humorous magazine, the *Purple Parrot*, and *The Scrawl*. He demonstrated so much success with a series of Sunday afternoon concerts for children, for which he prepared special continuity, that he was selected to dramatize the first of the station's attempts at adapting a newspaper comic strip to the radio, *Harold Teen*, a year ago. Thousands of listeners follow Blair's radio adventure of Carl Ed's character nightly.

Mary Afflick, who turns out most of the advertising and commercial announcements, came to the station in 1930 with a wide background of advertising experience. She attended Washington University, St. Louis, specializing in journalism and advertising. The series of programs entitled *This Thing Called Music*, was her work, and she is at present occupied with a new set of programs, *Chicago's Yesterday*. Others who write daily for WGN are Hazel Hopkins, best known as the author of the new children's program, *The Pinch and Judy Symphony* probably the only juvenile program on the air employing twenty musicians.

Erna Phillips, creator of the daily serial program, *Painted Dreams*, and the philosophical feature, *Ma Brown*, in both of which she enacts roles herself, and Thomas J. Foy, former newspaper reporter and cartoonist, who is now adapting Sidney Smith's famous *Gumps* for radio presentation.

Two other members of the WGN staff, Quin Ryan and Edward Barry, write their own productions. Barry joined the staff in 1926, as a pianist and



is now in the program department. It was he who dramatized the series of Chicago's history, with the stories set to original music by Alfred G. Wathall.

### "Seckatary Hawkins" Gives Children Drama

**T**HIS idea of coddling the kiddies over the air is "all wet" says they. Dramatize your stuff and they'll come back with new ones day after day.

And that is the theory upon which Robert Franc Schulkers, known as "Seckatary Hawkins" to the youngsters, has built up his juvenile audience at WLW for the past eight years.

A deep long-drawn blast of a steamboat whistle and the soft strains of *Away Down Upon the Swanee River*—each Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock—call literally thousands of children throughout the United States and Canada to the radio and to WLW for another thrilling adventure of "Seckatary Hawkins" and his chums down on the old river bank.

For more than eight years this chubby youngster—who is as lovable as he is chubby—has been a favorite among American children and grown-ups who have followed the adventures of "Seckatary Hawkins" over WLW since 1923 and through the comics and magazine sections of the newspapers since 1918.

Robert Franc Schulkers, creator of this ever-popular juvenile character, is one of the pioneers in radio broadcasting for children and with "Seck" holds the distinction of keeping the interest of his audience over a longer period of years than any other similar radio feature.

Schulkers began writing stories for youngsters while still a youngster himself. He sold his first manuscript when but 14 years of age and has been writing for Young America ever since. His "Seckatary Hawkins" series was originated in 1918, and is based on some of his own experiences along the banks of the old Ohio, near which he spent his boyhood.

In addition to writing his "story-logues" Schulkers dramatizes them himself over WLW, impersonating each of the many characters interwoven in these inimitable tales. "In this way," says the author, "the never entirely forgotten boyhood ambition of mine to become an actor finds an outlet."

Dick Pavey, WLW announcer, has wrecked three automobiles in learning to drive—and hasn't learned yet.

### WKBW Wells was There

**W**HEN kings are dethroned John D. Wells tells the radio audience about it over WKBW, and he tells them about the time he chatted with the king. Thirty years as a newspaperman, most of them as managing editor at one time or another of the three Buffalo papers, have given him an insight into the news of the day which takes his listeners behind the scenes.



The rich romantic quality of this singer's voice has insinuated itself into the hearts of Detroit radio audiences, men and women alike. Regina Ruth breathes melodies into the mike in such a manner that you just feel that she is curled up beside you and is crooning into your own exclusive ear. Try at the very first Tuesday that comes around on the Red Apple Club program . . . WJR . . . or over WMBC every morning.

It was Wells who met William Jennings Bryan at the station and apologized for the car he was driving. Bryan smiled and informed him that a man who had ridden the Democratic donkey had no fear of automobiles.

The great and the near great—John D. Wells knows them all. There is hardly a news story of national or international importance which he is unable to humanize with some intimate recollection.

Wells was one of the reporters who informed the world that McKinley had died. He was one of the first to greet Roosevelt, and he was a personal friend of The Colonel.

One evening he tells his listeners over WKBW of the time he helped a German prince search for a collar button under the dresser. The next night a news story of the day reminds him of his association with Mark Twain when they worked together on the city desk of the Express.

"The meanest man in the world gave his deaf mute wife a pair of mittens for Christmas." Wells breaks into his comment on the news to illustrate the point with a witticism.

Occasionally he brings news to the radio audience before the newspapers have it. The love of a "scoop" which comes with thirty years of newspaper training makes him dig out many of his own local stories and "break" them before the news agencies do.

A famous old Buffalo hotel was closed after half a century, and Well's recollection of its palmy days brought him hundreds of letters from every part of the country. They were letters written by men who had remembered the hotel in the "old days."

Not long ago a local politician attempted to give the WKBW news commentator a "job" which would mean very little work and much remuneration. The following evening no mention was made of the interview of the previous night, but the campaign for the correction of political abuses continued.

One of the most popular suggestions was for the establishment of the Oh Hell Club which Wells formed one evening after a particularly glaring bit of political publicity had found its way into the press. The Oh Hell club now numbers among its members most of Buffalo's prominent citizens, and John D. Wells is the official and capable "debunker."

When Chic Sale wrote "The Specialist" he called on John D. Wells to write the foreword because it was in Well's home that he had first recited the piece. Celebrities in every part of the world are catalogued in his remarkably retentive memory, because Wells is something of a celebrity himself in the world of news gathering.

### WFAA Musicians Tune Up Golf Clubs

**D**O YOU know remarkable things happen when musicians get together?

At Dallas, Texas, there is under way a golf tournament on El Tivoli Links for musicians only, and only for musicians in good stance.

The orchestra from WFAA and



others from the station staff who have to contact these persons, entered in a body. Others, from various, separated and diverse sources, entered in solo.

George Chase, General Manager of WFAA, deeply versed in music of Cornell, is one of the stars. Alexander Keese, Musical Director and Production Manager of the station, promised to shine but quickly went into total eclipse in the hazards. Like fate befell Edward Dunn of the Announcing Staff, and James Jefferies, a fellow-spieler, who are musicians by absorption and harmonics. They are "divot-ees" of the clubs.

Mr. Chase caused a brand-new ruling, when a master stroke carried the ball some 250 yards where it struck a stump in such manner as to go deeply into a hole made by rat or rabbit. There it stuck. The stump had to be dynamited to remove the ball.

Lynn B. Henson, Mechanical Supervisor of Station WFAA, has just taken up the game, but with the thoroughness with which he does everything and plenty of experiment. At one point in the game, teeing off, he smote mightily after the manner of seekers for a hole-in-one. But the ball went at almost exactly right angle from the intended line and passing between the feet of a golfer in the midst of a swing from tee, it knocked the ball from that player's tee just in time to escape his club. Both balls bounded merrily away. As it was impossible to tell which was Mr. Henson's sphere, he had it all to do over. Mr. Henson qualifies as a musician, for golf purposes, because he whistles instead of swearing, at times.

The matches are at intervals of several days and will last well into the fall.

## Studio Gossip at KFRC

By Monroe Upton

MURRAY and Harris, KFRC's new harmony team, are both from Minneapolis, Minnesota and neither one is of Swedish descent. That's their first claim to fame. They attended military school together and years later met at a radio station in Los Angeles when they formed the Murray-Harris team. Since they have played in musical shows and in RKO vaudeville. They have written a great many songs.

EUGENE HAWES, who lives the character of "Pedro" for the benefit of KFRC audiences, says that he has no desire to play Hamlet, like most comedians. He believes in sticking strictly to his "knitting"—if it isn't

funny he can't use it. He's always looking for a laugh.

He writes all of his own acts and someday he expects to devote all of his time and energy to writing. As regards his prejudice against work he says that he didn't invent laziness but he improved upon it.

NORMA SCHILLER, heard on the KFRC Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree lately is a Los Angeles girl. This is her first radio engagement. She has been doing a singing and dancing act in vaudeville for some time, and has also made a number of shorts in Hollywood. Paul Ash featured her in his revues in Chicago.

Walter Bunker, Jr., KFRC's chief announcer, is spending his vacation with the Bohemian Club's annual encampment at Bohemian Grove. Edna Fischer, also away, is at Packer Lake in the High Sierras. Monroe Upton is at Lake Tahoe. (This for the last part of July.)

Add to the list of things girls leave home for the KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour. Margaret Cantrell and Minnie Robertson, with only a working capital of \$2.60 between them, walked all the way from Tulsa, Oklahoma to San Francisco, according to a San Francisco paper. (The Examiner.) They stated they wanted to see the Happy Go Lucky gang at KFRC.

William H. Wright, KFRC's Question and Answer man, recently checked up his weight on one of those scales that tell your fortune on the same card that registers your weight.

Imagine the feelings of the Question and Answer man when his card read: "You have the faculty of making people come to you for advice. You have a great store of knowledge."

Nora Schiller, KFRC staff singer, played the Pantages circuit when she was eight years old. She entered a high school in San Diego when she was eleven—the youngest student ever to enter the institution.

Consternation reigned on KFRC's Feminine Fancies one day recently when a mystery play was scheduled to go on the air and Dick Rickard, who was cast for one of the parts, suddenly disappeared. The show went on as scheduled, however. Dick was discovered in an orchestra chair holding a trumpet—and grinning broadly. He said the idea of disguising himself as a trumpet player was just to get into the spirit of the play.

"You're getting a bit gray about the temples," said Edna O'Keefe, KFRC

star, to her fellow artist, Pedro Gonzales recently.

"Leesten," (it was reported to the publicity department Pedro replied), "I don't care eef I am getting purple, what I don' wanna get ees barefooted on the skull."

WHILE on his vacation this year Cal Pearce of KFRC, San Francisco, promoted a golf tournament at Feather River Park. For size and interest it set a record in that part of the country. People came from Reno to participate. Jack Harris was low gross, Jack Sullivan low net. Cal was runner up. Al is an old time fisherman but Cal did his first fishing this year on Grass Lake. He'd heard so much about it he decided to give it a try. And in spite of the fact that he fell in the lake he caught his first fish and got a big thrill out of it.

KFRC's new Estey Minuet is being played by the organist who opened Roxy's famous theatre in New York City, Chauncey Haines. He is a University of Southern California boy, having played football there in 1920 and 1921. He studied music under Rudolph Friml, when that famous man was a teacher in the Los Angeles Public Schools.

Many people wonder how Meredith Willson's continual round of duties at the KFRC studios allow him any time for rest and relaxation. The versatile young musical director even returns to the studios on his day off in order to hear the weekly auditions. On a recent Friday, however, with his wife Peggy, he flew to Los Angeles to visit old friends in Hollywood he knew when he was making pictures. They flew back in time for the Sunday night Cadillac-LaSalle Concert.

Marjorie Lane Truesdale, KFRC Happy Go Lucky favorite, is 12 years old, 4 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. She is in the 8th grade at Presidio Junior High School. English is her favorite subject, with typing second. Marjorie first performed at her dancing school at the age of 2½. When she was four she was doing a dancing act on West Coast Time. Her dancing is always a feature of the Happy Go Lucky appearances. She fully intends to be a movie star when she grows up.

If his father hadn't fired him, Tommy Harris, KFRC vocalist, would probably still be working in the family wholesale fruit and vegetable business. Papa Harris, however, concluded that Tommy would learn more of life by working for somebody else and so he gave him the blue envelope. Tommy



came up to KFRC for a tryout and was accepted. His first success was on the Happy Go Lucky Hour.

**HARDY GIBSON**, of the KFRC team of Doakes and Doakes, once had a vaudeville partner named Jimmy Wells who was very proud of his high tenor. One night Gibson slipped a new orchestration into the musicians books with a high note two tones higher than high C. Wells had to screech to make it. But he walked off the stage remarking: "Everybody in that orchestra is playing bass."

### News Notes From KFOX

**C**ONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused lately by the dance music played by Charles Gaylord and his orchestra over KFOX and the memory of many recalls Gaylord during the time he was featured with Paul Whiteman and his band and before he came to Long Beach, Calif.

A mandolin teacher came to a little town in West Virginia, offering a mandolin as a prize to the one pupil of his class who could play the best after thirty-six lessons. Charles Gaylord, then a lad of seven entered the contest and won the mandolin, which was possibly the greatest stimulation for his colorful musical career to follow.

The mandolin soon gave place to a new interest in the form of a violin. After six years study, Charles became leader of a Sunday School orchestra, an ambition realized.

At the age of seventeen Charles' parents sent him to West Virginia University to become a doctor of medicine. All thoughts of a musical career had been put aside.

During his third year in college an incident occurred that again started Charles on an unchosen musical career. A train wreck caused the delay of an orchestra engaged to play for the College Junior Prom. The guests were assembled for the much heralded evening, but no music! Charles was asked to hastily form an orchestra from some of his fraternity brothers. In less than an hour this inexperienced group of musical students were furnishing amusement not only for the dancers, but for themselves as well.

Having had so much fun on their impromptu engagement, the boys decided to stay together and play fraternity dances for the balance of the school term. The Mason-Dixon Seven, as the aggregation was named gained in popularity so quickly under the leadership of Charles Gaylord that within a year they were playing the college dances in all large colleges in the East and South, including Cornell, Yale, Harvard,



In television the radio love-scene must necessarily look like the real thing. Kisses have to be planted where they belong, instead of on the back of the hand held before the microphone—so Ann Chase and Carleton Young of the NBC National Players in San Francisco, are doing a bit of rehearsing. Ann was among the leaders in the third annual search for the most beautiful radio artist in America, being conducted by the Radio-Electrical World's Fair in New York. She and Betty Kelly, also an aspirant for the microphone's crown of beauty represent Station KGO San Francisco and Oakland, key-station of the National Broadcasting Company's Pacific network.

Princeton, Syracuse, Carnegie Tech and others.

Gaylord's orchestra soon became a sensation and its members attained individual fame. Skin Young, now a feature with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Dillon Ober, featured with Ben Bernie, Fuzzy Knight, who later became a sensation in vaudeville, Jack Fulton, now a soloist with Paul Whiteman, all were members of the Gaylord organization. A trio, composed of Charles Gaylord, Skin Young and Jack Fulton, gained fame and were featured on Paul Whiteman's records and concert tour.

During an engagement, playing the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City,

Gaylord's Orchestra had as a member, Ted Weems and his brother Art, the former who is now a leader in his own right. Later Gaylord and Skin Young formed a night club, Laiglon Cafe in Philadelphia and working for them at the time was Red Nichols.

While appearing with his own orchestra at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, Paul Whiteman heard Gaylord play and sing and immediately gave him a contract for six years. Gaylord remained with Whiteman until his organization had finished the picture, *King of Jazz*, at which time he joined several who left the Whiteman Band. Charles organized his own orchestra.

W. B. Anderson; Bob Balch, Guy Dick, Mel Mack, Gus Willy, Wes Hatter, Marvin Butler, Harold Lucas, Mil Ringdahl, Sid Greegield, Art Tynan, and Charles Gaylord all double into several unique combinations.

## Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 51)

his guest on several occasions during my stay in Atlantic City.

Arthur had been carrying for some time, in his head, an idea for a song about a dream girl. There not having been any songs of the dream girl type on the market for some time, I thought it would be a good idea if we worked on it during the hours we were able to spend together. We completed it before I returned to New York, and the following Thursday I was happy to be able to broadcast the song.

Few songs have brought as unusual a response as the first appearance "on any radio program" of *Dream Girl of Mine*. Although the melody is perilously close to many old stand-bys, though none in particular, it is a ballad which I believe fascinates the listener, especially after several renditions.

While it is not especially adapted to "dancesation" still I am hoping that the dance bands will play it. Davis, Coots & Engle appeared very enthusiastic and called up asking me if they might have the song. It reposes in their files, and I have their promise that they are going to do big things with it. For Arthur Daly's sake much more than my own, I am sincerely hoping the song does achieve some prominence, because there is nothing more delightful, after having written a hit, than to come back with another, even after several years intervene between the two writings.

Daly is one of the finest fellows that I have met in the Alley.

Just what tempo it should be played at we ourselves have not discovered, as we have not yet played it for dancing, but as a ballad, especially for three violins, "*devisi*," you will like it.



## Radio City

(Continued from page 27)

eration and Engineering of the National Broadcasting Company, interviewed by a representative of Radio Digest, said that every predictable provision is being made in Radio City for probable developments in the radio field. Facilities for both sight and sound broadcasting are being so planned as to allow for forward technical steps which are almost certain to be made before the acres bounded on the North and South by 48th and 51st Streets and on the East and West by 5th Avenue and 6th Avenue have been covered by finished buildings.

"All NBC's plans for its home in Radio City are still tentative in nature," Mr. Hanson said, "but a few matters have been definitely decided upon about which I can tell you.

"To begin with, we will have the world's largest studio there. Its seating capacity will be at least 500 and perhaps considerably more than that. In general aspect this studio will resemble the present NBC Times Square studio; but will be much more elaborately equipped and lavishly decorated. The comfort of visitors to the studio will be considered as carefully as the technical problems affecting broadcasts from it.

"Another unique feature of the NBC accommodations in Radio City will be a studio, or perhaps more than one studio, to be devoted entirely to children's broadcasts. By that I mean programs in which youthful radio stars will be the participants.

"In this studio the playroom atmosphere will be created by decorations, equipment and even by the approaches to it, the idea being to make the child performers feel as much at ease as possible so they will be perfectly natural and unaffected when broadcasting. One of the special features of this studio will be an unusually varied collection of sound devices used in making sounds for which the script of a children's broadcast may call.

"Adjoining the children's studio will be a lounge in which the mothers of the juvenile stars can wait in comfort while their youngsters are on the air. There will also be playrooms for the children themselves where they can find diversion while waiting for rehearsals or for their turns before the microphone.

"Nearly every studio," he said, "will have as an adjunct a glass-enclosed sound-proof observation booth through the walls of which it will be possible for visitors to watch broadcasts in the making and at the same time hear them.

"These booths will be separated both from the studio itself and from the con-

trol room so that persons seated in them will be able to talk all they want without fear of disturbing either the performers or the engineer regulating the quality of the broadcast. None of the present NBC studios are thus equipped and it has been found, as a consequence, that monitor engineers are greatly disturbed when visitors are admitted to the control booths."

## Television

(Continued from page 17)

Whether this development will do away eventually with the radio broadcaster, or at least limit his usefulness, is a matter that will be watched with great interest by all those interested in the future of the radio industry.

"The situation in London has undergone a big change within the last few days," Mr. Moseley said. "We have begun to transmit from the British Broadcasting Corporation's studios with a portable transmitter, not much bigger than a moving picture projection machine. Yesterday I received a cable from London stating that the first transmission was very successful.

"We propose to bring this new transmitter over here for demonstrations within the next few weeks. We hope to 'televise' a baseball game with this machine. The television spectators will see the players full length, and as much detail of the game as the British saw during the historic transmission this year of the English Derby at Epsom."

The Baird company, Mr. Moseley added, is prepared to share these discoveries with American interests. During the past few days he has been in touch with big banking and broadcasting interests to make the necessary arrangements. Several offers have been made for the American licensing rights, and decision will be made within the next few days as to which of these will be accepted.

## Scanning

(Continued from page 18)

The Columbia Broadcasting System receives a comparatively large amount of television fan mail.

Letters come from distant cities and contain more than the average interesting material.

Most unique of all letters, was a proposal to Natalie Towers, Columbia's Miss Television. As far as known, this is the first television romance reported.

Written by an electrical engineer in Baltimore, Md., the letter pleads that the writer's name be held secret and that it be withheld from the press.

"It has been such a pleasure to not only listen to your charming voice each night, but the added delight of actually watching you put over your part of the program, has won my heart," writes the romantic youth. "I do want to know you better. If you will sing 'Lover Come Back to Me' next Sunday at 8:30 P. M., I'll wire you when I can get up to New York.

My television set has been well worth its investment just to know you. Here's hoping I shall see you in real life soon.

I don't care to be laughed at or have this publicized so will withhold all information about myself until we meet personally.

Anxiously awaiting Sunday's program, I am

Signed \_\_\_\_\_"

Miss Towers received seven other fan letters. Most of them, however, commented on how well she came over the televisor while another said that her dancing experiment on Tuesday night was received as far away as Boston, Mass.

Radiograms from passengers aboard the S. S. Leviathan reported television reception as good when far out to sea.

O. J. Mills of Hudson Falls, New York writes that despite bad weather conditions television reception of W2XAB and W2XE was good there throughout the week.

"Your clock with the full sweep second hand has aided me greatly in keeping the time up here. We have only a small watch that often stops," he wrote.

Hollis S. Baird, of the Shortwave and television station in Boston wires "Columbia being received regularly at Cohasset with excellent detail stop some fading is usually present especially at sundown."

Other letters comment on the fact that many of the artists acquire a mustache and a beard when they faced the televisor. This, it should be explained, is caused by reflections and shadows and may be entirely eliminated by use of make-up.

Sixty per cent of the fan mail comments on the clarity of images and refers to the reception conditions, also each writer, either describes the equipment or asks questions about other television receptors.

There are others which write that they hear the sound channel but own no television set and others again with televisors and no sound receivers.

The Columbia Broadcasting System is anxious to receive reports on its experimental television programs. Its visual broadcasting is over W2XAB on 2700-2800 kilocycles (107 meters) and its sound is over W2XE on 6120 kilocycles (49.02 meters).



# RADIOGRAPHS

## Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations



Polly Waters and Clyde Dengler

**T**WO voices that blend remarkably well . . . two pairs of eyes that meet unusually often . . . two sets of hands that touch so frequently. Tell-tale signs that Cupid is on the job, even in the bewildering maze of "microphonia."

Songbirds Polly Waters and Clyde Dengler are real life sweet-hearts as well as radio romancers. When you hear these talented youngsters sing on the Bristoleer program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, you are held spellbound by the sincerity and enthusiasm that permeates every word.

But then, their love is infinitely more romantic than any story book tale you know, and that does help to imbue their play-acting with genuine glamour.

It all started a few years ago in Fleetwood, a tiny suburb of Reading, Pennsylvania. Pretty Polly was a high school student. As she hurried to classes one day, her head was full of the new teacher who was coming that very morning. Reaching her room, she carefully smoothed her hair and brushed an imaginary speck of dust from her dress. No one noticed particularly, for each one of the girls was likewise occupied, anxiously awaiting the new hero.

And here he was. Barrie said this about charm, "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you haven't it, it doesn't much matter what else you have." And Clyde Dengler has magnetic charm!

Slowly Polly Waters raised her big brown eyes to his, and from that time on, this little lady has been a believer in love at first sight. Best of all Clyde wasn't much older than she, and what was more important, he singled her out of all the class for attentions.

The excited Polly didn't sleep very much that night, but her eyes were just as bright as ever to greet him in the morning and school took on a new importance.

Then young Clyde discovered that

Polly had a voice. He himself, had always been somewhat of a prodigy, and to find the perfect foil for his tenor was an achievement.

Imagine how proud Polly was to receive special lessons in music, and to be selected for the leading roles in scholastic musicals. Mr. Dengler was a much interested teacher and they even had a few "dates." Naturally, in small towns, school-girls are not supposed to "go with" their teachers, and these two had many adventures keeping out of the way of friends and neighbors. That was half the fun, of course!

**T**HEN Clyde Dengler came to Philadelphia to attend the University of Pennsylvania, — and Polly Waters soon followed. Again we find them singing in the Glee Club and the college quartets—always together. In fact, this enterprising young pair worked their way through college by singing on the radio.

Fate seemed determined to play them continually as singing lovers, and their first radio part was *Hon and Dearie*. That was followed in rapid succession by many other roles, in each of which Clyde and Polly were cast as sweet-hearts or as husband and wife. They were two of the pioneer artists that started at WCAU in the "boiler room" of the Hotel Pennsylvania.

A church choir found the two together every Sunday. More and more they were drawn together and inspired in their singing.

It was inevitable that they were given

the leading parts in the college musical operas each year, and again Clyde made ardent love to Polly in *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the *The Mikado*. The next year an operetta called "Hades Inc." was written especially for them and their fame as lovers grew.

Finally, Clyde received his M. A. degree in 1926, but he stayed on at the university as a student director of singing until Polly got her B.S. degree the next year.

By this time,—but you have guessed it—they decided to marry in reality. They made all the arrangements weeks in advance and even had "their song," the one that recurred most often in their lives, *If I Had Known You Dear* by Cadman, sung after the wedding ceremony.

**A** HONEYMOON was planned, but Clyde and Polly had a singing engagement to fill. Flying to the studio from their home town was thrilling to the adventuresome pair, and after the radio announcer had told the public the news, the two were literally snowed under with congratulations from admirers, which almost made up for missing the wedding trip.

Now, they are a star singing team attracting nation-wide attention. Clyde Dengler is not the usual conception of a radio headliner. He's as boyish as a kid playing marbles, and not much older. He is interested in the scientific side of radio as well as the artistic. Thoroughly acquainted with tonal production, overtones, television, spot recordings, he has a well-grounded backing for his radio singing.

Polly, in her turn, is very lovely and exceptionally sweet. She admits proudly that they sing much better together than apart, and that, of course, isn't hard to believe. Their voices are unusually full of music and have that quality that makes you want to hear them on the air. It probably could be summed





Wallace Butterworth

up as radio personality—for it isn't hard to love a pair of lovers like these.

Nowadays, the happy pair are on several big broadcasts. Their newest one is the Bristoleer program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, sponsored by Brandle and Smith Company.

This charming and real couple, so very much in love, promise much in the way of radio entertainment. To them the world is a garden of songs and life a never ending holiday whose problems can be sung and kissed away. Love's Young Dream Come True!

## WALLACE BUTTERWORTH

By Betty McGee

**E**VERY Radio announcer has a multiple personality.

He's more than his very self—with the phases of an individual personality. He is a hundred different persons—yes, and a thousand—and more. He exists as a different man in the mind of each one, in that vast radio audience, to whom he has become a daily companion. To one he's heavy-set and dark; to another, tall, slim and blond; to another, fat and jolly; and so on ad infinitum, through all the possible combinations—retaining, of course, in every case, the characteristics which are unmistakably his, and his only.

Then, too, the very nature of the work of a versatile announcer requires that he actually *be* a number of persons—that he can adjust himself to different kinds of programs under varying circumstances; that he can switch from broadcasting an exciting sports event to announcing the numbers of a symphony.

So light and shadow in the personality of a radio announcer are more than interesting. They are essential. And here we are reminded that the real purpose of this little story was to disclose something of the man behind the voice of Wallace Butterworth—which voice has made a legion of friends, and belongs to one of the most versatile and popular of the Chicago NBC corps of announcers.

Putting aside the countless Wallace Butterworths that exist in the minds of devoted listeners there are still a number of Wallace Butterworths.

There's the jaunty, good-natured, good looking youth who circulates around the NBC studios like a fresh breeze. There's the artist—who as a little boy saved his money for concerts and opera, and ran for blocks to catch a glimpse of his idol, Caruso. And then there's the business man who never steps before the microphone but with the idea of presenting most effectively the credits of the sponsor of the program.

**T**HE son of a widely known concert pianist, young Butterworth had music appreciation instilled in him from infancy. He was only a little fellow in knee breeches attending grammar school in his home town, Wallingford, Pa., when he obtained a job in a department store selling shoes. In this way the youngster secured funds to train the fine voice that was later to bring him distinction as a singer. With his weekly salary he bought two phonograph records and a seat for the Metropolitan opera, which came to Philadelphia each week. The salary also provided fare to the Quaker City, only twelve miles away from young Butterworth's home town.

After graduating from grammar school Butterworth attended Swarthmore High School. Here he was president of the graduating class in 1920. Following his graduation he studied recording at the Victor Laboratories in Camden, N. J., fitting himself for the managership of the phonograph department of a Chester, Pa., store. During his last two years there he journeyed the twelve miles to Philadelphia each day to study voice.

Then came one of his greatest thrills . . . his appearance on the concert stage. Two successful concert tours through Canada and the eastern section of the United States were followed by a short concert-managerial career in Chester. The youthful manager persuaded Martinelli to sing in Chester for \$1,600. When the concert was finished and all accounts rendered Butterworth found himself richer by \$20.

There was a more propitious result

of this episode, however. Martinelli did a little persuading on his own part and succeeded in getting the young manager again to study voice, and a year in New York under Pasquale Amata resulted.

Butterworth became a radio announcer quite by chance. A business trip to New York led to a visit to the NBC studios where he jocularly asked for an audition. Whereupon he was employed, and has been with that organization since that time. He transferred to Chicago after becoming identified with the Roxy's Gang program, Phil Cook and the Radio Household Institute broadcast. Incidentally, he is now heard regularly on the Pickard Family, the Rin Tin Tin Thrillers, the National Farm and Home Hour and the Chicago Serenade programs.

Mr. Butterworth says that his work as an announcer has not completely taken the place of his musical career, and that he plans at some future date to do musical work on the air. However he insists that nothing in his previous experience has been as interesting as radio. And why shouldn't it be a life full of interest, one asks, when the range of his announcing is recalled. It has fallen to his lot to announce the National Air Races, the British-American International Track and Field Meet, the National corn husking contest, football games and boxing matches, in addition to his regular work on network programs. He also handles Brownbilt Footlites and Yeast Foamers, as well as the Chicago Civic Opera in season.

No matter if the microphone remains a real hazard to many—to Wallace Butterworth it is a source of inspiration. Each approach to it brings a new thrill.

"Before the microphone one never loses the inspiration to be pleasant and happy," said Mr. Butterworth. "One feels a fresh concentration of thought—and in moments of great excitement this concentration is more completely coordinated with the voice."

**T**HE ability to sell a man's merchandise by the manner in which his commercial credits are read is, according to Butterworth, the outstanding qualification of the "ideal" radio announcer. A good, clear voice is, of course, essential, but Mr. Butterworth's advice to the aspiring announcer is to be natural and happy—and above all, *smile*. "It's the smile in the voice that people like to hear," he said.

Asked as to the kind of program he likes best to announce, Butterworth expressed a preference for out of door features or symphonic concerts—with a great artist.

The youth of the breezy ways names



his hobbies—song, women, golf, baseball, poker . . . And although he insists that he likes nothing better than to spend all his spare time in getting sleep, and more sleep, we discovered that he devours books of history and manages to take in the best in drama, his choice in the way of theatre. . . .

Artist—playboy—business man . . . the truly versatile radio announcer.

## OLIVE PALMER

By Mark A. Stevens

TELEVISION has no fears for Olive Palmer. She is a treat for the eye as well as the ear as you can see by her photo in the rotogravure section. Petite, dainty and altogether alluring, she has that fresh "school girl complexion" we hear so much about. If her countless admirers could only see her as she stands before the mike, they would be even more charmed.

She even dresses the part. Miss Palmer has always given meticulous care to every detail of her work and she considers dress an important part. Many radio artists wear any old thing and make themselves comfortable before the mike since it has no ears as yet. But not Olive Palmer.

"I select my dresses with as much care as my songs," she said. "It makes no difference that only those in the studio see me. The effect is psychological. If I did not dress my best I feel sure I would not be able to sing my best. There are even certain gowns that match the mood of certain songs."

Miss Palmer dresses with simplicity and taste. She prefers whites and delicate pastel shades, sometimes crisp and again soft flowing and silken, depending upon her mood and the mood of her songs. Certainly dress is a part of personality and the most successful radio stars are those who can get their personalities across.

"IT IS so important," continued Miss Palmer, "to express what you feel in the voice alone. If a song is sad the listener must feel the pathos of it. Longing, a smile, a tear, rollicking good humor, tenderness, a caress; all shades of feeling must carry over to the audience. If the singer is visible, these are easier to convey through facial expression and gestures. But on the radio, the tone takes the whole burden.

"When I sing, I do not think of the vast audience listening in. It would scare me if I did. I forget everything but the song I am singing. And sometimes I try and visualize a friend or two who told me they would listen in, and occasionally someone who has written to me requesting a certain song—

and sing to them. Speaking of requests, an old couple from the far West wrote me recently saying their fiftieth anniversary fell upon Wednesday and they were celebrating it during the time of our broadcast, wouldn't I please sing their favorite song—*Silver Threads Among the Gold*, to cap the climax? Such letters as this give me a great thrill and I try to comply with the request whenever possible. That evening I imagined a kindly old couple, sitting hand in hand and surrounded by their friends listening to my song which stirs fond memories in their hearts. It's really wonderful when you realize what radio will do.

"You can't see your audience, but you can use your imagination. Likewise, your audience can't see you, but if they don't send for your picture, they visualize you nevertheless. It is sometimes quite amazing how some of your unseen admirers are able to size you up. I do not know whether it is due to just chance, intuition, or that some quality of your singing actually does indicate the heart and mind of the singer. At any rate, not long ago I got a letter from a woman in Ohio which said; 'I listen to you every week and just know by the way you sing that you must be good. I can't imagine you smoking or drinking or doing any of the things the young people of today think so necessary. My daughter just laughs at this and says; "Moms, you are so old fashioned. She probably goes to night clubs regularly.'" But I really can't feel you are that sort. Are you?"

"WHILE I certainly do have my faults, I was happy to assure this woman that her appraisal of me was not so far wrong. It is true that I do not smoke, drink or attend night clubs. In fact, I lead quite a simple life. The movies are my major obsession. I like them good or bad. But the daughter of the mother who wrote would probably find me quite dull."

Another letter which Miss Palmer received recently stated. "I wish I had your job, singing once a week and getting the money you get." There is a somewhat general belief that a radio singer leads an easy life. This is far from true. Miss Palmer sang ever since she was five years old and has been studying and preparing herself ever since. She still studies, taking two lessons a week of Douglas Stanley who has given her a range of over three octaves. She must please an audience of millions every week and that's some responsibility, for the public really decided thumbs up or down for the radio singer.

Miss Palmer has sung on the Palm Olive Hour now for over four years and has never missed a performance,

nor taken a vacation during that time. She must guard her health constantly for just a common cold might ruin a broadcast. Dissipation, late hours, social life are absolutely taboo. It's the simple life for the singer.

THE story of how Olive Palmer got her first engagement has been much garbled in the press. This is the true account. She was living in Des Moines, Iowa, with her parents, having completed the conservatory course at Drake University and acting as soloist at the University Church of Christ in that city. One day she read in the newspaper that William Wade Henshaw was planning to revive twenty operas in New York. Acting on impulse she put through a telephone call for far off New York and finally got Henshaw on the wire. When Henshaw was able to make out from her excited talk what it was all about, he said.

"Sorry, but the cast is all made up. There is no use of your coming to New York."

Miss Palmer did some quick thinking and then replied, "well just listen to me over the phone."

Soon to the astonished ears of Henshaw came the silvery notes of the famous Shadow Song. He pressed the receiver closer to his ear, for here was unmistakable quality.

She waited breathlessly after she had finished singing but not for long. Soon came back Henshaw's decisive voice.

"Get the first train you can for New York."

Thus began the career of Olive Palmer. She sang in opera and concert and acquired quite a following through phonograph records.

When the Brunswick Phonograph Company was conducting its star guessing contest, she first became interested in radio. Someone in the recording studio asked her, "Why don't you take up radio, you have all the necessary qualifications?"

Why not indeed?

She did take up radio, was one of its pioneers, and is now one of the highest paid singers and most outstanding personalities of the air.

Miss Palmer is what psychologists might call "air-minded." On a recent week end visit to Lake George, she and a party of friends had wandered to a high promontory overlooking a vast stretch of country three miles from the hotel. Someone suggested seeing how far voices would carry and several of the party, including Miss Palmer, sang. Upon returning to the hotel they found that Miss Palmer's song had been quite audible for a distance of three miles. No doubt one reason why Olive Palmer's voice is so perfect "on the air."



# MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask  
Her about the Stars You Admire*

**E**DWARD PEYTON HARRIS, or Ted Harris to you, my dears, is the most vivacious, energetic, sparkling and keen-witted young men around the studios. At an early age he must have been inoculated against nervous prostration—for the episodes of which he is a part every day would cause most people to spend their vacations in sanitariums. As Director of the Continuity Department of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, Mr. Harris spends most of his time writing



Ed. P. Harris

and acting in sketches and conducting a column of his own on the air. He is a very promising young playwright, and his trunk is bulging out with plays which, according to those who know, will be the *best of the season* on Broadway. Mr. Harris' opinion is that every radio person should have an emergency talk on hand—just in case. . . "I wrote such a talk on the art of criticism, as general a topic as I could think of," said Mr. Harris. "For months I had no occasion to use it, but one morning in a frenzy, Mrs. Allen explained that a speaker was late—and something had to be done. I snatched my talk and placed myself before the mike. Mrs. Allen introduced me, but whispered that if the speaker entered, I was to fade away gracefully. I read with one eye on the manuscript, one eye on the operator, one eye on Mrs. Allen, one eye on the door, and one eye on the stopwatch." It looked as if the eyes had it, but after Mr. Harris delivered his oration for a minute, the speaker entered, and Mrs. Allen signalled "no," and Ted did a fadeout. Ted has very big, round, black flashing eyes which laugh most of the time. His main interest is plays, his work is writing plays, and his hobby is—plays. His most devoted fan is Townsend, the famous photographer.

\* \* \*

**A**ND now for George Hicks' admirers who are legion. This young announcer's career is a



George Hicks

model of what a radio announcer usually goes through before he is acclaimed by the "vast, unseen audience." After he finished high school in Tacoma, Wash., where he was born some 25 years ago—or perhaps after high school finished him he began work in sawmills and in logging and construction camps. Then followed two years at the College of Puget Sound. He tried job after job until a sailor became he, skimming the waters as far north as Kotzebuc in the Arctic Circle. In the Washington headquarters of NBC, George Hicks was selected from among 200 aspirants for the position of announcer—just three years ago. If during one of his programs you heard the unfamiliar title of the number—*Jump the Waltz*, and by the way, some people don't have to be instructed to jump or hop during any dance—the following will throw a little light on the subject for you. The end of the program was at hand. There were still two more numbers to be played—a waltz and a march—and the orchestra leader whispered excitedly to George, "Jump the Waltz, we'll take the march," and George obediently announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, we'll next hear *Jump the Waltz*, a march.

\* \* \*

**T**ODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, and your own Marcella donned our Empress Eugenie chapeaux, alighted into our Victorias drawn by sixty miles per hour horse power, and attended the gala performance of the Majestic Hour over CBS, Sunday night. It was simply magnificent! After we listened to Redferne Hollinshead sing *Danny Boy*, Toddles pushed aside the trailing feather which swept from her hat down one ear and up the other and confided, "Holly is the only tenor I can listen to without having to clutch my chair, as if I were coasting down a scenic railway. I generally have to hold my breath when the rest of the family of tenors try to climb those top notes." I could not help but marvel at Toddles' observations—because that's exactly the way I feel about Holly. Of course, confidentially, Toddles might have heard me say the same thing at some previous concert of Hollinshead—there have

been other occasions when I felt that there must be some parrot strains in her ancestry—but with all her faults—I love Toddles just the same. On the same program were Irvin Cobb, more philosophical than humorous, DeWolfe, Hopper in the drawn-out but clever *Casey at the Bat*, Gus Van, Ruth Etting, Ben Selvin and his band in their clever orchestrations of popular tunes—and of course, Toddles and myself—at the other end. You know there are two ends to everything, but it certainly makes all the difference in the world at which end you're (at)—that last word is what grammaticians, rhetoricians, electricians and others call a redundancy, but we'll just leave it there—it looks so cute! By the way, Toddles is particularly anxious to have *them there* Majestic programs continued—for tucked away in her stockings are fifty shares—bordered handsomely with guilt—of Majestic stock.

\* \* \*

**W**HILE those rare public servants, columnists and reporters, are vainly trying to escape from the shrapnel aimed at them by CBS and NBC in the mighty cause of the Bigger and Better Baritone, with Bing Crosby (Columbia) and Russ Columbo (National) in almost a tie, WOR is modestly standing aside and giving to its listeners the voice of a tenor who would be the proud possession of either network if each paused to listen. Hunter Sawyer broadcasts regularly at 5:15 on Sundays and his program, *Favorites—New and Old*, is the delight of the jazzy-weary radio fans. His voice has a deep, rich, and almost spiritual quality, and his unusual gift was discovered by the manager of the first Americana Revue in which he made this theatrical debut.



Hunter Sawyer



Mary Olds

**M**R.S. Herbert C. Dreher of Flint, Mich., one of Mary Olds' en-





Milt Cross

thusiasts, writes a glowing two page letter about the creator of the original Jean Lambert Dale Hour, *Over the Coffee Cups*, but deplores her absence on the ether. Mrs. Olds does broadcast, but via electrical transcriptions. Some of her programs are *Pequot Personalities*, *Lehn and Fink* and there is some good news in the wind that's blowing in the direction of Mrs. Olds' office where she operates Dramatized Radio Merchandising. Not only that but Leonard Cox who did the Main Street Sketches when they were on WOR, is now under her management. And leave it to Mary to place him on a striking feature program. She is 43, has had a few short stories published and many more not published—yet—has four children, and one grandchild. Was Business Manager and Program Director of KFRC, San Francisco, where she displayed her true gift of showmanship, and now in her Dramatized Radio Merchandising, this same skill is leading her on to great success.

\* \* \*

**AT LAST!** There is actually another in radio to claim New York as the city of his birth. Toddles and I hugged this distinction so close to our bosoms that we felt ourselves the uncrowned rulers of this high-hatted metropolis. So, hail to our ranks, Milton J. Cross—and what a trio we make! Milt is 33, looks down from a height of six feet, has a charming disposition—but alas, my dears—sorry to disappoint you—there's a Mrs. Cross in the Cross homestead and a Miss Cross—just five—who gets her blue eyes from Daddy. A treasured possession in Milt's home is a clock carved into the shape of a microphone from a block of anthracite coal. There is nothing like having a reminder of one's job at home. Mr. Cross is an alumnus of DeWitt Clinton High School, and studied music at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Dixon Family has expanded its cast of characters with the addition of Peter Dixon, Jr., who is at present exercising its vocal cords and giving the neighbors plenty of auditions.

Edwin Drillings is a devout exponent of radio romances as an economy during these dull times. He is at present courting a young lady in a small town in Ohio via radio—and—well, he saves the cost of meal and theatre tickets. But Edwin is a very jovial person and not at all prosaic even though he is a radio engineer—up at the Ida Bailey Allen studios. Is a member of the Tribe of Israel.

**SOPHIE STERN**, WMCA's fairest and most attractive soprano, was giving an audition at the station. She walked up to a handsome Indian floor lamp and addressed it in sweet and melodious tones. A. L. Alexander, Chieftain of WMCA's program heralds, rolled up in laughter and for fully five minutes was unable to tell Miss Stern intelligibly through his chuckles that she was not singing through a microphone. She has been guest soloist on Radio Digest's program over WMCA and one would never believe that there was such a skeleton in her closet.

**DEAR** Betty Allen of Rosebud, S. D.: Won't you forgive your poor Marcella for having delayed so long with your request? Well, I knew you would, and I thank you. Let's begin with John Sloan. The reason you have not heard him over WNAX is that he is now continuing his musical studies in the Yankton Conservatory of Music. You see



Eddie Dean

he wants to get his Bachelor of Music Degree.

But here, I must not forget to introduce you to the Dean Brothers. Here's Eddie and down below is Jimmie. John dePagter, Advertising Manager of WNAX tells me that the boys were born at Sulphur Springs, Texas on a cotton farm which their father is still operating. Eddie is the same Uncle Eddie of the Children's Hour. He has a contagious smile in his voice that attracts his listeners. Life on the cotton farm became dull so Eddie thithered to Dallas where he got himself a job in a machine shop. From that he drifted into a professional quartet and barnstormed around the state, and then into Chicago where he sang in night clubs and vaudeville. He has been with WNAX for three years and his popularity is ever increasing.



Jimmie Dean

Jimmie is the younger of the two boys. He is a fine athlete and has walked away from many contests bearing blue ribbons. When he went through high school he started to work on some Texas oil fields, managed a grocery store in between and helped on his dad's cotton farm in-between. More than a year ago Jimmie visited his brother at the station and then and there it was decided that the boys team up—And a mighty fine pair they make.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN you heard Albert Coates conduct the Lewisohn Stadium Concerts which were broadcast over CBS

the last three weeks of August, did you even suspect that he was a descendant of an honest-to-goodness pirate chief? Oh, yes, there is a Stevenson-flavored tale of stolen chests of silver of a pirate ancestor who, banished from his country, returned many years later with some thirty ships bearing all kinds of treasures and who gave his king hush money for a safe return to his native land. Little did this hoary-chested pirate ancestor realize that five or six hundred years later a direct descendant would control in part the musical destinies of a nation and that this grand-grand-grand—and more-grand nephew would play so great a role at the Royal Court of Russia. Little did he realize the heartaches he would cause his relatives who were to spend their lives trying to reclaim their rightful inheritance.

When Mr. Coates was a young boy living in Russia, nothing was said to him about the vast sum of money held in chancery in England. He does remember mysterious trips which his father used to take to England, but it was not until he himself visited an uncle who lived in that country that he heard of this fantastic tale of a pirate ancestor. The youth's imagination was stirred by this vivid account, but fortunately, he had no desire to put in his claim to the fabulous wealth.

Mr. Coates spends about five months of every year conducting the orchestra and opera at Moscow. It was admirable of the present Russian government to have invited Mr. Coates to take up the directorship of the Bolshoi Opera, or Grand Opera, in view of having held the same position under the Czar. Toddles here, of course, has no use for Russia—but then again she was not fortunate enough to have come along with me when I had luncheon with this remarkable man, for to know Mr. Coates is to know the better side of Russia.

\* \* \*

**EDYTHE JEANNE MESERAND** of NBC had an appointment with Toddles and myself to visit the 15-year old girl prodigy, Sylvia Altman, several weeks ago. As we emerged from NBC's cottage door and got into a cab, Edythe asked us if we had noticed the red rug stretched from the door-step to the curb. "Sure," quoth Toddles and I in unison. "We appreciate NBC's courtesy in welcoming us so royally." Edythe immediately apologized—"We'll have it out for you the next time—but this day it's for the King and Queen of Siam." But after all, who wants the darn thing after royal footsteps have been tattooed on it.



Albert Coates



HERE's an unusual story of how a hobby developed into a thriving flourishing business and became the main source of revenue for the man who played with it as a pastime. If you can imagine the oil fields suddenly running dry—in conformity with our country's strong tendencies, hm-hm—or a new invention putting a stop to the automobile turn-



Frank Gill, Jr.

over and making it necessary for Henry Ford to stand behind a counter and hand out bits of Americana to fanatic collectors—then you can understand the position of Whitman Bennett. When Mr. Bennett had achieved outstanding success during the motion picture industry's childhood, instead of squandering his shekels on race horses, stocks, collections of various-hued cravats or Rolls-Royces, he invested his pin money in a hand bindery for books which he kept in back of his office. Today that bindery and some few sister presses occupy an entire floor on West 23rd Street, N. Y. Here the wealthy and élite of the country bring precious little first editions hundreds of years old to be dressed up in beautiful leather bindings and casings. One little book that has been washed, combed and dressed up in a beautiful leather jacket is Hoyle's whist and it has a price on its head of \$6,000. Mr. Bennett is on CBS every Thursday at 11:00 a. m.

BILL of Kenmore, N. Y. sings paeans of praise to The Phantom Announcer alias The Man About Town alias the Fireman's Child alias Frank Gill, Jr. alias—oh, thank heavens, there *ain't* no more aliases. Mrs. Peterman of Barberton, Ohio, also adds her plaudits to Frank's performances. Well, here he is. And you can tell by that big broad smile of his that he couldn't resist putting humor in the most serious of programs. He is just fresh from college and has a deep interest in stagecraft, coming as he does, from a theatrical family. His station? WJR known as the Goodwill Station.

I WANT to take this occasion to thank Mrs. Winifred Coplin of Brodhead, Wis., Julia Prince of Lombard, Ill. and others for sending in newspaper clippings bearing pictures of Al Carney. Unfortunately, it is impossible to reproduce photographs from newspapers, otherwise we should be happy to include the picture of the late Mr. Carney in these columns. Mrs. Coplin's clipping is taken from the March, 1928 issue of Radio Digest.

For the benefit of Nina de Martin

of Chicago and Norella White of Shelbyville, Lawrence Salerno of WGN was born October 15th (year lost in the mails), is married, had one child who passed on a year ago, enjoys tennis, golf, bowling and baseball. He did not attend the University of Wisconsin, Nina and Lawrence Salerno is his real name, believe it or not.

And this is a good opportunity to announce to readers of Radio Digest that the religious faith of radio announcers, artists and station managers is a delicate subject. The religion of most people on the air is their radio work.

Wallace Butterworth moved over to Radiographs this month, I think, because there was more room for him.—F. McC., Betty G. Langdon, and A. B. N.

SUPPOSE, for instance, that you were in the midst of winning a very important case involving thousands of dollars—and that as your attorney was



Upper: Chas. Dameron, Ed McConnell  
Lower: Frank Vallon, Sydney Ten Eyck

delivering his appealing peroration, he looked at his watch, and said, "Sorry, but I must sing on a radio program." Wouldn't that be just too ducky for words? Well that's exactly what would have eventually happened with Charlie Dameron if he had remained in the practice of law. Every Saturday night before he said good-bye to the noble calling of law, he would motor from Huntington, W. Va. to WLW to sing over that station. It's a far cry from counsel to crooner, but Charlie made it in one leap. And *jedgin'* from his *photograph* he ain't had no regrets.

Smilin' Ed McConnell—another of WLW'S favorite sons earns something like \$100,000 yearly as an entertainer. Whether this income keeps him smiling or his smile earns his income is something for you to decide. But I am convinced it's the latter. Ed was born in Atlanta some 31 years ago. He is the son of a minister, is married and has a frightfully young daughter—somewhere

between—well I don't think quite a year old. He is six feet one and weighs a tenth of a ton plus 75 pounds. His one weakness is his inability to resist buying cars. He has almost half a dozen. Natalie Giddings Haburton, formerly of WLW says that he hates to have his hair cut, wears a hat and tie until they are worn out or his wife sneaks them away, and that he does not know that *worry* is in the dictionary.

FRANK VALLON is Production Manager of KGFJ, Los Angeles. His education at the University of Michigan was interrupted when he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. The close of the war found him Captain in the French Air Corps with 3,200 flying hours over the front to his credit. After completing his course in journalism when he returned from the other side he became a reporter in Detroit. He traveled to Cuba, acting as free lance correspondent for the Detroit Free Press, N. Y. World (now World-Telegram), Brooklyn Daily Times and the Chicago Tribune. Then to WSUN, St. Petersburg where he made his radio debut as announcer. NBC soon discovered him and from announcer took over the supervision of daytime programs and brother announcers. CBS then won him over as their production executive. But now he's with KGFJ and I'm glad I have my finger on him, for his moving around has kept Marcellians quite curious as to his whereabouts.

SYDNEY TEN EYCK, Mr. Myers, is 26 years old, married and is terribly embarrassed when young ladies send him love letters. He shows them all to his wife like the faithful husband he is. Doesn't that make a difference?

Brooks and Ross have been out of Ohio State University for about six years. Ross is not married, but Brooks has taken the step. Yes, Mrs. Caldwell they did an impersonation of Senator McCabe, one of them in the distinguishing role of Senator Fillup McKegg. The latter name of course is a take-off on a request for more milk.

Ronet, the singing slave in the Nisley Dream Shop (no longer on WLW) was Melville Ray who sings on the several commercial programs.

And now, dear friends, it will take me an hour to extricate myself from the hundreds of requests that still remain unanswered. May I ask you not to expect personal replies. It would require the complete time of Toddles and the rest of Pigeondom to send answers.

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



# Are You Princess Charming--- Incognito?

*Then bring out your baggage of latent charms and travel in full state, or else the Prince may miss you on the trip of romance*

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on  
NBC every Tuesday morning.

SEVERAL years ago, I spent my summer vacation in Nova Scotia. Among the passengers on the boat going up was a mouse-like young woman who was distinctive only because she was the wallflower of the trip. The second day out, I managed to be introduced to her, and during our conversation, she gave me her reasons for taking this vacation.

"I don't know why I ever came," she said. "I've planned and saved and counted on this vacation for three years. It was silly of me to think things would be different, but somehow I hoped that

when I got away from my home town, I'd stop being a wallflower. But I guess it's chronic. It isn't any use. I know now that there never will be any romance in my life. But I had such high hopes when I started out. I guess I saw myself as a Princess Charming, incognito. I know I'm not attractive, but I've daydreamed about this vacation for so long that I made myself believe that some sea-going Prince Charming might see me as I see myself—not as a chronic wallflower. Well, I'm cured. You see what it's like. The men don't even know I'm on this boat!"

She stopped and then added in a quieter tone.

"I suppose it's terrible for me to admit that I'd like some man to see me as I wish I were and not as I am. Anyway, I'm all over that foolishness now. You know, I was raised on that quotation of Charles Kingsley's—'Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever.' I've been good and I've 'let who will be clever,' but it's the clever girls who get what they want out of this life."

The quotation was apt. It's an alibi frequently used by wallflowers who remember only the first line of Mr. Kingsley's advice and who forget the second—"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." The wallflowers, like this particular specimen on the Nova Scotia trip, dream of Prince Charming and do nothing to prepare

for his coming. They expect the mythical prince to see the "heart of gold" which they keep hidden beneath an unattractive exterior. Unfortunately, the Princes Charming almost invariably see the girl whose virtues are more apparent. And it is the clever girl who has learned to make the most of her appearance who plays the leading role in the fairy tale romance.

There are few natural beauties, you know, few girls who are born with real beauty. The girl whom we acclaim as beautiful is the girl who has imagination enough and initiative enough to make the most of herself.

TODAY there is little excuse for an unattractive girl. By using suggestions found in the national magazines and on radio programs, even the most chronic wallflower can come to achieve an attraction of her own.

In this respect, the golden nugget and the uncut diamond come to mind. Both must be refined, polished and finished off before their beauty is apparent.

All this and more I said to the wallflower who was traveling to Nova Scotia several years ago. She had planned a two months' vacation and so had I, and we arranged to come back on the same boat. For two months I did not see her, and when I got to the boat to come back to New York, I did not see her either. I finally decided that she had changed her plans until suddenly I caught sight of her coming toward me. But this girl was not a wallflower—she was not Princess Charming traveling incognito—she was Princess Charming herself!

The story of her transformation was interesting. More than that, it was proof that unattractive girls do have beauty dormant within them. So it's rather foolish, isn't it, to go through life incognito? After all, there are relatively few people who have a bona fide reason for hiding their identities. People prominent in public life some-

*(Continued on page 95)*



This is a real Princess—Princess Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst—and there is nothing incognito about her!





Here the author is seen at play with one of her three children.

# The *ONLY* Child Is a *LONELY* Child

*And Creates Greater Problems to Doting  
Parents Than a Large Brood*

*By Miriam Finn Scott*

**I**F I were asked to make a decision, I would definitely say that rather than to have only one child, to have none. This may be a very bold statement but I have seen so many tragedies suffered by the only child both in childhood and at maturity—I have so frequently found the only child the victim of the most unjust, almost cruel conditions, that I do not hesitate to urge parents who have but one child to adopt another for the sake of giving the child a fair childhood and a well-balanced maturity.

However wise and well-informed parents are on the subject of child training they cannot avoid certain conditions which the only child creates which are detrimental to the child's finer development. In the first place the only child in a home necessarily becomes and holds the center of the stage; he is invariably the recipient of all adoration and attention. He is usually surrounded with an unwholesome anxiety; he is not allowed to experiment, to adventure, to test his own physical strength and endurance for fear that he might overexert himself—that something might happen to him. Because so much attention is given him he grows to depend upon others and is thus deprived of developing his own

mental resources. Because the only child is never compelled to subordinate needs and desires, he becomes self-centered, thoughtless and inconsiderate and endlessly demanding. Because of his constant contact with adults he is apt to become unpleasantly precocious. But the most pathetic side of the only child is that he is in his heart very lonely. With all the attention and affection he receives from his elders, with all the toys and sweets that are showered upon him, he misses the one thing which means most to a child's heart and that is, companionship of his own age, a child who talks his language.

**N**OT long ago a mother brought to The Children's Garden her only child, Betty, a little girl of ten. "We are all worn out by Betty," her mother frankly admitted. "It is almost impossible to live with her; she has no regard or respect for anyone else's time or needs or comforts. If she wants something, she expects that thing to appear the moment she expresses the wish. If not, there is an outburst of the most nerve-racking temper until her wish is satisfied. How can I help her to be like other children?" the

mother asked, and added, "She will not play with children—she wants only grown-up things and to act grown-up."

I found Betty above the average intelligence for her age. She had read a great deal, and she had seen more motion pictures than I ever hope to see; she was thoroughly familiar with all the feature programs on the radio. Her conversation was most fluent and painfully sophisticated. "My Mother," she said, "thinks me abnormal because I prefer the association of adults.

From her mother I learned that at home Betty took the lead in all conversation, especially at meal time; she could not be induced to go to sleep before ten or eleven o'clock at night; that Betty had very definite opinions on clothes for herself. Ordinary simple clothes that suited a ten-year old child for school and play purposes did not interest her in the least. She preferred dainty hand made dresses of very delicate colors, with silk socks to match and patent leather slippers, and insisted on silk underwear! Then, the child's eating drove the family frantic. It was practically impossible to get her to eat suitable food and enough of it. She ate candy by the box and washed it down with ice cream sodas.

In studying the history of this small



child I discovered that from the time of her birth she was the idol not only of her father and mother but of all the relatives; that the family in their anxiety to do the best for the child, to express their love for her, to make her *completely* happy, were simply over-feeding her with things and thoughts and affection. She was kept in a state of constant excitement and confusion which twisted for her all values especially that of the child's world. In a word—she was suffering from the most vicious attack of indigestion, physically, mentally, and emotionally.

My treatment of this little girl may be suggestive to parents who have similar problems to meet. I realized that in this particular case the most important first step was to separate Betty, at least for a while, from her own home environment since every association with it was connected with her present disorganized condition, and place her in surroundings where there were other children and where she would automatically have to conform to the routine of a child's life. I found an ideal place out of town, a delightful home where there were three healthy, interesting children brought up to do things for themselves; to cooperate with the household and at the same time were given the freedom and the opportunity to lead their own lives fully and joyously. After getting thoroughly acquainted with Betty and gaining her confidence, with the fullest cooperation from the family, I succeeded in getting the child to visit this delightful home. The first few days Betty resented being separated from her environment. She was constantly on the defensive; she expected to be treated harshly, to be deprived of all freedom, to be criticized, punished. But to Betty's surprise she found Mrs. X, the mother in the home, very kind, sympathetic, tolerant, full of fun and play. Gradually, almost unconsciously, Betty began to take part in the life of the household. During the several weeks that she was there, she learned to eat more normally, she went to bed at a reasonable hour, and learned to play with other children. While this visit in no sense completely changed Betty, it gave her a concrete taste of child life—and a very definite idea of how natural children behave. When she returned home she was ready for the next step.

**M**Y FIRST business was to enter Betty in a school where children are required to carry a certain amount of the responsibility in the organization and care of the classroom. The teacher was acquainted with Betty's difficulties at home and was particularly asked to cooperate in socializing Betty. She was asked to pay no atten-

tion to her except when it was absolutely necessary—to entirely ignore her precociousness. That school also made it a special point to insist that the children must be dressed sensibly—the simplest clothes, in which they could play comfortably and freely—that helped solve Betty's clothes problem.

At home a regime was established with the help of one of my assistants, Miss Smith, a young woman with sympathy and understanding followed my directions in detail. Betty rose at 7:30; her breakfast was ready for her on the table at 8—cereal, milk, toast, and cooked fruit. After attending to her physical needs, she was taken to school where she remained until three o'clock. After school Betty was expected to play out of doors until 5; at 5:30 she bathed; at 6 o'clock she and Miss

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*THE author of this article, is a widely known child diagnostician and her training in this field has enabled her to discipline the most incorrigible youngsters. Mrs. Scott will be happy to give you of her advice if you will address a letter to her in care of Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Mrs. Scott is the author of How to Know Your Child and other books dealing with the problem of the child and her broadcasts over NBC were of inestimable service to perplexed mothers.*

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Smith had supper served on trays in Betty's own room. After supper, Betty had from thirty to forty minutes in which she could read or play quiet games; at 7:30 she was in bed with the doors closed and the lights out.

For the first few weeks Betty resisted this new regime with all the strength of her being. All these resistances were met with quiet, kind, but firm handling. If she refused to eat there was no discussion—she went without her meal. When she realized that it affected no one except herself she stopped fussing and ate her food with enjoyment. If she was unwilling to participate in out of door play, Miss Smith would start a game with the children about her in the park. Betty watching the others play would forget her resentment and find herself playing an exciting game of hide-and-seek. Soon she began to look forward to these afternoons of play. Her bath which was always an experience of long drawn out torture to the household she learned to take within a reasonable length of time, or

she lost her play period after supper which she treasured.

During spare hours and on rainy days, Betty was provided with interesting materials—raffia, reed, colored wools, clay. Out of these she made napkin rings, picture frames, purses, mats, trays, etc. These things she saved to be given away as gifts at Christmas or on birthday occasions instead of buying useless trinkets or decorations. Betty was so happy at seeing the results of her efforts that she looked forward to a rainy day when she could make more presents!

**O**N HALLOWEEN while Betty was taking her bath, Miss Smith decorated their supper table with orange crepe paper; out of a small pumpkin she made a Jack o'Lantern which she placed in the middle of the table, and at Betty's place, put a little paper basket filled with small candies. The shades were drawn and the only lighting was provided by the candles in the Jack o'Lantern. Miss Smith was quietly awaiting Betty's appearance. When Betty entered and found herself in this bit of enchantment into which the room had been transformed for her, her face was a study in surprise and joy. For an instant she was perfectly quiet, then she threw her arms about Miss Smith, kissed her and exclaimed, "How nice of you to give me such a surprise!" her joy seemed endless and to show how deeply that thought had touched her she afterwards said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have such a surprise for father and mother when they come home to dinner?" After her supper she made two little orange baskets into which she put candies from her own basket, for covers she drew pictures of pumpkins. On tiptoes she entered the dining room to put a basket beside the place of each parent. She went to bed thrilling with happiness with that joy which comes when you give from your very heart.

All that Betty needed was to get back to a world where she belonged, a child's world where her desires were not stimulated beyond her needs, where she was joyously at peace—where she could function like a child and not like a distracted abnormal adult.

It is natural for parents to give their all to an only child and expect nothing in return. The motive which prompts the generous giving is beautiful—it is that boundless love which every normal parent feels for his child, but to have that love serve the child it must fit the child's needs. What every child needs is a chance to be himself, to experience the riches and joys the child's world holds for him. Parents must not by overdoing and over-giving deprive their only child of his richest heritage.



# HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

## WAS IT THE GIRL?

**S**COOP! Scoop! Indi personally witnessed and heard the most astounding Slip of the year. And 'twas only last night (as we write) at the splendiferous opening of the Collier's Hour. We had zig-zagged helter skelter through the crowded lanes of homing motorists all the way from North Tarrytown to get there at 8 o'clock. Breathless and tingling, not to say perspiring, we trickled through the doors of the Amerstdam Roof Garden and were quietly ushered by two formally attired gentlemen to our reserved seats.

The radio-perfect voice of John E. Kennedy was then introducing Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York as spokesman for the wet side of a prohibition debate. The mike was a trifle high for the keg-sized Mr. LaGuardia and the strain of stretching

his neck up to it may have drawn the vocal chords a little thin so that the rhetorical thundering challenge to Senator Brookhart for the Drys in the District of Columbia was a trifle weak. However, in spite of a growing desire to release a rhetorically induced hic we waited in eager suspense for Brookhart's answer to the challenge. Could he possibly deny that prohibition was the cause of all our woe? Or what was the trouble?

### Light Wines or Beer?

There was a general wriggling in seats as the orchestra twittered through a steaming hot number. Then the suave and polished Mr. Kennedy gravely announced that in a moment we would hear the voice of Senator Brookhart descending from the national capital.

Give, Oh give us the answer . . . why all the crime wave . . . why racketeers

### Catch That Slip!

**T**HERE'S many a slip twist the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from \$1 to \$5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

. . . why depression . . . with bated breath we waited. Then came the answer clear and bell-like, yea lyrical . . .

"It's the girl, it's the girl!"

Ford Bond, the head-set over his ears dropped his chin into the wings of his collar, his eyebrows turned upside down; white and then red swept over his face. Still the melody and lyric lingered on:

"It's the girl." In fact there were even further details, totally unlike anything we ever had expected to hear from the lips of Senator Brookhart as a stalwart defender of the drys. We wondered if there was anything to the stories they tell about the wicked goings-on down in Washington, and could it be possible that the good Senator . . . Ah, banish the thought!

Then we remembered that this was the Collier's Hour with the droll and inevitable Professor Lucifer G. Butts. Perhaps he was back of all this. In fact there were other voices now.



### The Dodge Sisters—Boom! Boom!

Beth: "Tell me, who is that tall good looking man beside the girl in the green make-up?"

Betty: "That's Bill Schudt, big gun on CBS television programs."

Beth: "You mean, dear, that's Bill Schudt the big shot?"





Brad Browne: "Just another little Nit Wit friends. She's all bubbling over with . . . no, I can't tell her. Her best friends won't tell. But we'll let you know by our special kind of experimental broadcast . . . Give us the O-do-ray, Watkins . . . Now tell me . . . What? You get it? . . . Right, onions . . . She's been eating an onion sandwich! This program has come to you by the Smellivision Broadcasting company . . ."

### Solving the Mystery

"Ah-haa, Meester Editor, you are surprised, Ah-ha-a-a-a?" We get a great kick out of anticipating the lines on a given stage situation and noting how far off we are when the real lines are spoken. So of course Lucifer Butts would soon be explaining how by a great radio invention he was able to convert the stentorian boom of a roaring Senator to the soft lullaby of a croon mamma.

The morning after the New York Times has a lengthy report of the discussion—for Senator Brookhart eventually came through. But we note only those top headlines: "Brookhart Sees a Wet Conspiracy." That explains everything. Lucifer Butts had nothing to do with it. The Wets did it. So! We had been almost too far back to see whether there might have been a sly twinkle in the dark eyes of Mr. Kennedy when he came out on the stage afterward and said: "It must have been at least three of the Four Marx Brothers; you know we are always trying to give you little surprises, and sometimes we have our surprises too."

Later we heard what purported to be the real low-down on this grand and glorious Slip. It wasn't the Wets, it wasn't the Drys, it wasn't even The

Girl . . . it was Eddie Cantor JZing from a soap box over in the NBC studios, stealing a plug in the big Collier Hour as one of the opening guns of his radio campaign for President.

Robert G. Wyatt, Bakerfield, Tenn., heard this one from some unidentified station:

Hank: "Gee I ain't got money enough for the big show. Is this the side show?"

Circus Sam: "Side show nothin', young feller, this is a leg show."

Dear Indi: Here's how a program was announced over WOR recently: "Our next group of songs will be; Roamin' thro' the Gloamin' I Lost My Heart in the Third Little Show by special permission of the copyright owners, As Long as

You're There."—Annette B. Bitterman, 321 Varick St., Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sir'm: Here's a slip from WJSV. Announcer: "And now we hear Let Me Call You Sweetheart on the Steel Guitar, and then we'll hear from Tom and Bob, When the Work's All Done Next Fall." Say it out loud and say it

### Lady Slipper

Announcer . . . "What, a crimson stained dagger! The print of a bloody thumb . . . and now, where is the body? Another great detective thriller, ladies and gentlemen . . . enthralling mystery . . . you will next hear the voice of Sherlock Holmes . . ."

Soprano (cut-in) "Ah sweet mystery of life at last . . ."

fast, as he did.—Jack Murchison, Rocky Mount, N. Carolina.

### Sit-by-the-Set

Margaret Thelma Carl

I'm going home. The day's been fair  
But I'm tired of faces everywhere.  
I'm tired of noise and endless chatter  
Hark! The rain has begun to patter.

I'm going home. It's heaven there  
With my radio and an easy chair.  
To hear the voice of the falling rain  
As it softly beats on the window pane.

I turn the dials and it isn't long  
Until I've traveled far on wings of song.  
There's static enough, but I could not say  
It's as bad as I've listened to all day.

Dear Indi: The most startling thing I ever heard over the Radio was made at the conclusion of the dedication of the Harding Memorial at Marion, Ohio, when I heard the announcer over KFI say: "President and Mrs. Hoover are now leaving the stand and receiving a great ovation. . . . And now Mr. and Mrs. Harding—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge are leaving—" Well! Villa Knox, 250 N. Union Ave., Los Angeles.

Jim Elderkin announcing over WEBC near the end of a dance program: "Next we'll hear, Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone, Star Dust, and I Surrender Dear, if we have time." And he said the last line without a pause.—Mrs. L. M. Pankhurst, 4612 McCulloch st., Duintz, Minn.





## 58,642! WHO ARE THEY, ESTHER?

CONSIDER the microphone's Adam's apple. Muriel Wilson's voice is endorsed by 58,642 listeners. Let's have pictures and write-ups!—Esther Bergman.

### MORE POST SCRIPT

YOUR magazine is wonderful. I wouldn't be without it. Every month it prints pictures and interesting bits about just the ones I like best. Who is my favorite author? None other than the author of "Tuneful Topics"—Rudy Vallee. I wish he'd write other articles every month. His article on "Night Clubs" certainly gives one a bird's eye view of those interesting places.

Emily Post's articles are always good. Just one fault—they're too short. Isn't there room for any longer ones?

"Marcella" always has many interesting bits to add, too.

I think it is a mark of ill-breeding for people to write in such cutting remarks about a magazine on the different stars. Three cheers for "Radio Digest!" Long may it live.—(Miss) Barbara Litchfield, Lyndonville, Vermont.

### SCANDAL-LESS

AFTER reading your recent issue, the Summer Number, especially the Coming and Going column, I should say that most emphatically not should you go in for the general run of scandals and divorces as have most of the movie magazines. I admire the reading in the Radio Digest and consider it as one of the highest type of magazines published, but should you go in for the articles mentioned above, it would cheapen it considerably in the public's eyes. There is enough scandal represented in the general run of newspapers and why play follow the leader or copy cat? I know personally I would lose all of my interest in your magazine if you would take a step like that as would most of my friends, and while you might gain hundreds of other patrons, frankly what type of class would you expect to gain? So please don't make any changes in the publishing of your magazine. It is so very interesting as it is.—Therese Meyer.

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ON PAGE 4 of the Summer Edition I note this query "Should we go into scandals, divorces, etc." Here is an emphatic NO and a wish and hope that every reader of your enjoyable magazine will say the same.

So glad that so far no one's personal escapades have been thrust upon us. Yours for the good of all.—H. A. P., Brattleboro, Vermont.

### VOTE WANTED

#### Tastyeast vs. Phil Cook

PLEASE print this letter in your column of Voice of the Listener.

In all the radio magazines and papers on radio news, all talk how wonderful Phil Cook is because he can imitate so many people, but they don't give the Tastyeast Jesters any credit, and they can play and imitate any instrument better than anybody else on the radio, but Phil is not the only one that can imitate anyone. I think Phil Cook is rotten and bet if we take a vote, I bet more people listen to the Tastyeast Jesters than Phil Cook. Come on everyone vote for either and see which is liked the best.

I would like to hear the following Dramatic Sketches come back on the radio: Miss Langworthy with stories about Tid-

# Voice of the

diewinks; Johnson & Johnson Melodrama, East of Cairo, and Old Curiosity Shop with David Ross, and all the sketches that were on last year.—A Radio Fan.

### PRESTO! ONE FOR PHIL

MR. EDITOR permit me please to have a few lines in V. O. L. I would appreciate the answer from all readers to the following question: "Can you name four individuals living today that can present a more varied program, if working together, than Amos 'N' Andy, Phil Cook, and Tony Cabooch?" I hardly think that anyone can imagine another quartette that could do better. Imagine, if you can, what 4 men with about 40 different voices could do if they so desired. They would present all kinds of foolishness.—Harold Mikesell, Box 122, Hollansburg, Ohio.

### SEE SEPT. ROTO

I AGREE with J. B. of Belmont, Massachusetts. Let us by all means have pictures of Georgia Backus and Frank Knight. The Radiographs in the May issue were appreciated, but we crave a large photo of Miss Backus in the rotogravure section. Or better still, a picture of the entire "Arabesque" cast, together with one of their scripts re-printed. Since Georgia Backus writes, directs, and acts in this program, is it a wonder it is good?

And let's see a picture of, or read something about Minnie Blauman, who does most of the arranging and a great deal of the accompanying and directing for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Here's to Backus, Blauman and Knight! How about a write-up on "Gorgeous Georgia" or one of the others?—Julie Gerard.

### ABOUT 99% ARE CHAIN

I HAVE been buying Radio Digest now for several months and I think it is a very good magazine. There is only one thing that I find wrong with it. You write too much on artists at stations not everyone can hear. In your June issue you carried a big write-up about Tom Noonan at WMCA. This does the people in the middlewest no good because WMCA cannot be heard out here. I would enjoy reading your magazine much more if you would give more information and pictures of chain artists. You could also improve your program finding service. I would like to make one more request and then I'm through. Will you please put in a photo of some popular chain dance orchestra each month accompanied by a short descriptive article. I will appreciate it very much.—H. H. V.

### WHO WANTS WHO'S WHO

I WISH you would start the "Who's Who In Broadcasting" again and print it little at a time in each month's Digest and thus having a list of all popular radio works and entertainers. Hoping to see this and I will continue reading the Radio Digest.—James H. Harrison, P. O. Box No. 112, Otto, Texas.

### DOCTOR'S REMEDY FOR WAVE GRAB EPIDEMIC

I AGREE with Mr. Bill in his editorial in July-August issue but what is most needed is some cooperation from the broadcasters.

Just "give a look" at the hash they made of the fine music of the Goldman Band and the Philharmonic, cutting in the middle of fine tonal phrases for some trashy advertising. Why not inquire into what set owners are saying and then estimate what they will do when government control is under consideration?

Think too of the choppy 15 minutes here and 15 there—no continuity—no harmony—and the enormous overplus of blah.

If the broadcasters will not help themselves, why should you ask your very much interested readers to do it?

You will get your support all right if you can persuade the broadcasters to help you.—P. M. Foshay, M. D., 168 Park St., Montclair, N. J.

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REGARDING the "Wave Grab"—Give me the present order of things. I know what I want to hear and can get along without assistance in selecting my entertainment. I like to indulge my moods. Enjoy the magazine immensely.—Mrs. Pearl S. Pettit, Box 364, Neodesha, Kan.

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HAVE been a constant reader of your column in Radio Digest magazine since January and think it a success. I am a "listener of the air" who appreciates all the programs I hear over radio including advertising, cooking recipes, etc. To the "fans" who disapprove of advertising by radio: Heard an announcement from KTAT, Fort Worth, Texas, that the companies whom the radio stations advertise on their programs make it possible for the entertainment we get over the radio every day and night. In England the radio stations do not advertise on the programs, but the people pay for the entertainment they hear over their sets. How many of us Radio Listeners would be willing to pay for entertainment we hear if they would stop advertising?—Mrs. Katie Johnson, Itasca, Texas.

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### THREE TIMES AND IN

I READ your invitation to write to V. O. L. and although I've written three letters and they've never been published, I'm writing again in hopes that this one will be. Why is there never more than one article about Rudy Vallee in your magazine each month? I think Rudy has the most pleasing and most soothing voice on the air, also the best orchestra, plays the saxophone much better than anyone else, and I musn't forget to add, is better looking than any other radio personality I've ever heard! I'm sure there are plenty more who agree with me too. Let's have more pictures, and more stories about Rudy! I know many of us would rather have a story about him than the story about Morton Downey that began in the June issue! It riles me to think of all

# Listeners

the perfectly good space wasted in Radio Digest on a story about a rather plump young man with a little kid's voice! I'm referring to Morton Downey!—Emma Lloyd Galley, 501 E. Moulton St., Hickman, Ky.

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### RUDY'S CORNER

SINCE you asked for our ideas about keeping Radio Digest interesting, we would suggest that you have a picture of Rudy Vallee on the cover of your magazine. We will always welcome more articles and pictures of him in the magazine. This will repay you a hundred fold by an increase in circulation, I am sure.—Mary Krane and Lucile Graham, Glen Head, N. Y.

I AM a monthly reader of the Radio Digest. My favorite author in this magazine is "Rudy Vallee." To be honest with you, it's the only reason I have for purchasing the Digest. I do wish you would print some nice photos of the following: R. Vallee, J. Crawford, Landt Trio & White and Julia Sanderson & Frank Crumit. In the big photo section (brown sheet) put R. Vallee and Julia Sanderson, not together though.—Miss E. E. Kreckell, Plainville, N. J.

I AM writing this note to your column because I am sure it is the only way to reach the greatest number of Vallee fans. I wonder how many Vallee fans would be interested in joining the "Vallee Enthusiasts"—a club formed in honor of Rudy a year ago. The club is still open to real enthusiastic admirers of Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Anyone interested in joining or interested in fuller particulars will receive prompt attention by writing to me.—Evelyn Miller, c/o Caplan, 36 Ludlow Street, N. Y. C.

### ONE FOR LOMBARDO

I AM a steady reader of the Radio Digest and I like to be a member of the V. O. L. I am only in this country 4 years, and have heard and seen many orchestras in this country and all over Europe, but I never found a better orchestra than "Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians," with the sweetest music this side of heaven!

Can you find a better orchestra that plays all types of music from the Blues to the Fox-Trots and Waltzes? Everyone of their phonograph records is a masterpiece, and can't be beaten.

Give us more about Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians "Radio Digest"?—Eugene Steimle, 3858 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### RADIO DIGEST ROOTERS

OH! What a thrill when one finds a new number of the Radio Digest in the mail box. It is like receiving a letter from the home folks; so dear are the radio people to us. Their voices coming daily into our homes, makes us feel they are really members of our household. The Digest is the most enjoyable magazine that comes into the home, especially do we

enjoy the personal Chit Chat and pictures. Our favorite station is WENR. Who can resist the good will and cheer of Everett Mitchell's "Hello Everybody" and his sign off song, "At the End of the Day," a composition by the popular orchestra leader, Frank Westphal. It is a benediction for all of us.—Mrs. S. Laura Matthews, 312 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill. . . . Enclosed please find check for the amount of Three Dollars (\$3.00) for one year's subscription to the Radio Digest, also the information asked for to cast my horoscope. I take quite a few magazines but can truthfully say this, Radio Digest is the most enjoyable and entertaining of them all, because it is such good reading about really live people. Please may my year's subscription begin with the May issue? I would like so much to read Mrs. Graham McNamee's article.—Mabelle Lewis, Foster, Ohio. . . . I have just finished reading the June issue of your magazine and think it is wonderful. I wish you would publish pictures of Milton Cross, Ted Jewett, Wallace Butterworth, announcers, and Lew White, organist, and some more information about them. I also would like to see a picture of the N. B. C.'s New York studios. The full page photographs are especially pleasing and add more interest to your magazine. One of the best articles was "How They Started," by Evans Plummer.—Mary Staley, Frederick, Md.

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### JESSICA DRAGONETTE PULLS A POEM

At eventide there comes to me  
Thru twilights' magic air,  
A voice that might an angel's be,  
So sweet with loving care.

Her golden voice comes drifting by  
Far-flung thru distant space;  
And in the star-lit evening sky,  
I have visions of her face.

Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit.

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### WILL'S BARNSTORMING, WILL RETURN TO CBS

FOR some time I've been wanting to write my opinion of your magazine. It is the best magazine I take. My only regret is that it isn't big enough. For that reason I reread it often from cover to cover just waiting for the next issue. Mrs. Turner in May Radio Digest strikes a clear gong in "Get Wise, Radio Hogs." I'm sure she found many sympathetic souls in other readers. Please answer these questions: Where is Will Osborné? When will he be on the air again?—Betty Jamieson.

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### OUR DX DEPARTMENT

PLEASE enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year, starting with the May number. Enclosed find four dollars to cover cost and postage, together with the coupon taken from one of your issues. It may interest you to know that I hear the N. B. C. program almost every night through the Short Wave station at

Schenectady, New York (31.48 metres). Will you kindly tell me, through the "V.O.L." if there are any short wave stations which radiate Columbia System programs? Where can I obtain schedules for stations W2XAF and W2XAD? May I say that the Radio Digest is just the book I have been trying to find. The Chain Calendar has already given me some very useful information.—Arthur Peace, 5 Queen Street, Frodingham, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, England.

AS YOU say, in a recent issue of "Radio Digest" the V.O.L. is the readers' page and I hope you may be able to extend this department considerably. It is, in my opinion, the only part of your magazine of much interest to the DX fan. Perhaps you will remember that some time ago you published a letter for me requesting help on certain states which I was desirous of hearing. The generous response from your readers, mainly those in New Jersey, the radio state, has enabled me to increase my log from 180 stations at the time I wrote you to its present mark of 415. Therefore, I feel it is only fitting that I write to thank you for the tremendous help originating through the publication of my letter in V.O.L. Without V.O.L., your magazine would no longer be a "Radio Digest." I am a member of the Newark News Radio Club and would suggest that all DX fans join some radio club if they wish to get a greatly increased pleasure from DX-ing. With the great number of excellent reports on DX-ing, I am greatly surprised that so many writers neglect to give the type of set they operate or the height and length of aerial. Do you consider it anything particularly outstanding for an eastern fan to pick up the coast on a large set with 300 feet of aerial? Here is a summary of my log of 415 stations. About 325 of these are verified, with 35 verifications from stations over 2000 miles away, at least one verification in every one of the 48 states and D. C. except Nevada, all nine Canadian Provinces, Cuba (8) Mexico (10) Costa Rica, Porto Rico, Alaska, Dominica, Argentina, and Japan (2). My best stations are: KGFI, KXL, KPQ, CKMO, CKWX, TIC, KGBU, LR4, HIX, KDFN, CMBR, JOAK and JOBK. My aerial is 100' long, north and south, about 30-35' high, the set is home-made four tube although all stations are received on loud speaker with four tubes or phones with three tubes. Before I forget, might I suggest that the date of all letters be published?—William Dyson, 72 Cambridge Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

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I HAVE been swamped with letters from my DX friends concerning radio and distance. Try this: Buy 1 square yard of copper window screen. Solder two edges together. Then solder a copper bottom on this. Then fill with charcoal. Solder ground wire to center of copper bottom. Sink four feet into ground. Keep very wet. Pour a pail of water on ground post every day. I hope this answers your desire for distance. I would like to add that I am in favor of having a DX column in Radio Digest. Would like to hear from some DX fans who have reached out more than 2600 miles. I have a 7-tube Majestic radio. I received 125 letters from Radio Digest and am going to write to all of you. Just give me lots of time. Would like to hear from 125 more if they have any dope.—O. L. Case, 403 Clairmont, Port Huron, Mich.

Come on Vol-ians—don't let your ideas get stale. Air them in these columns.—Editor.



# Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

## Throughout Week

**JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)**  
 7:45 a. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
 KDKA WJR WLW

**GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)**  
 8:00 a. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WEAF WJAR WEEI WTG  
 WCHS WFI WRC WGY  
 WCAE WTAM WJW WSAI  
 WKVA WPTF CKGW WJAX  
 WIOD WFLA WSUN CFCF  
 WBN

**CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)**  
 8:30 a. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
 WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC  
 WCHS WJW WKO WOC  
 WDAF WAPI KPRC WFI  
 WBS WSM WJAX WPTF  
 WTAG WGLA WBN WFLA  
 CKGW WIOD WHAS WFLA  
 WSUN WTAM WJDX WJAR  
 WGY WOW WCAE WGN  
 WKY

**THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)**  
 9:00 a. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WDR  
 WPG WIP WFN WHP  
 WMAL W2NC WXYZ WSPD  
 WDDO WBBM WMT KMOX  
 KOIL KFJH CFRB WOKO

**TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)**  
 9:30 a. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WDR  
 WKWB WRC WPTF WJAX  
 WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL  
 WCAO WKBN WSPD WREC  
 WTAQ WBBM KMOX KOIL  
 KFJH CFRB KTRH KTS

**THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)**  
 9:45 a. m. 8:45 7:45 6:45  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW  
 WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU  
 WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR  
 WADG WHK WKRC WBT  
 WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC  
 WLAC WBBM WDSU WISN  
 WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMOX  
 KMBC KOIL KFJH CFRB  
 KRLD KTS KTRH KTS

**IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)**  
 10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW  
 WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO  
 WADC W2NC WSPD WDDO  
 WLAC WISN WBBM WXYZ  
 WTAQ KMOX KFJH

**RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)**  
 10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
 WBO WLW KDKA WSB  
 WREN KWK WHAS WSM  
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSBM  
 WJR WGAR

**RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Daily except Friday and Sunday)**  
 11:15 a. m. 10:15 9:15 8:15  
 WEAF WJAR WTG WCHS  
 WLIT WRC WCAE WJW  
 WTAM KSD WTMJ KSTP  
 WBC WEEI WGY WMC  
 WBN WSAI KYW WOC  
 WIO CFCF CKGW

**DON BIGELOW'S ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)**  
 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC  
 WKWB WEAN WDRG WNAC  
 WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU  
 WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL  
 WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADG  
 WKBN WRC WISN WFLA  
 KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA  
 WDAY KOIL KFJH KLS  
 KOL WTAQ

**COLUMBIA REVIEW—(daily except Sat. and Sun.)**  
 12:30 p. m. 11:30 10:30 9:30  
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WDRG  
 WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU  
 WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL  
 WCAO WTAR WADG WBT  
 WBCM WSPD WDDO WREC  
 WLAC WBBM WISN WOWO  
 WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC  
 KLRA WDAY KOIL WJW  
 KFJH WGR

**ENRIG MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA. CUBAN**  
 1:00 p. m. 12:00 11:00 10:00  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC  
 WAAB WORC WPG WIP-WFAN  
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ  
 WKBN WRC WJAM WDBO  
 WREC WLAC WBBM WDSU  
 WOWO WBBM WCCO KSCJ  
 KMBC KOIL KFJH WACO  
 KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ  
 WGR WDRG WHP WJAS  
 WADC WHK WXYZ WDDO  
 WISN WTAQ WMT KMOX  
 KOH KFOR KVI WLAP

**HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)**  
 1:30 p. m. 12:30 11:30 a. m. 10:30  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC  
 WGR WEAN WDRG WTAG  
 WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WJAS  
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR  
 WREC WBBM WDSU WISN  
 WTAQ WCCO WMT KMOX  
 KMBC KFJH

**PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)**  
 2:00 p. m. 1:00 12:00 11:00  
 WABC W2XE WKBW WNAC  
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL  
 WCAO WHK WKRC WXYZ  
 WISN WBBM WCCO KMOX  
 KMBC KOIL WRR KDYL  
 KVI KOL KFJH KOIN  
 KLZ

**THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)**  
 3:30 p. m. 2:30 1:30 12:30  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN  
 WDRG WNAC WORC WPG  
 WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL  
 WCAO WTAR WADC WHK  
 W2NC WXYZ WSPD WDDO  
 WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO  
 WMT KMOX KFJH KVI  
 KOL KFRC CFRB WOKO

**COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)**  
 3:00 p. m. 2:00 1:00 12:00  
 WABC W2XE WGR WEAN  
 WDRG WNAC WORC WPG  
 WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR  
 WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC  
 WKBN W2NC WBT WBCM  
 WSPD WDDO WREC WLAC  
 WISN WFBM WGL WBBM  
 KSCJ WMT KLRA WDAY  
 KOIL KFJH KRLD KTRH  
 KLZ KVI KOL KFPY

**THE THREE DOCTORS—Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph—Daily except Sunday)**  
 3:30 p. m. 2:30 1:30 12:30  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL  
 WDRG WAAB WPG WCAU  
 WMAL WCAO WDBJ WADC  
 W2NC WBT WQAM WDBO  
 WSPD WLAB WDDO WREC  
 WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO  
 KMBC KMBC WJAX KOIL  
 KTRH KTS KOH KFOR  
 KDYL KLZ CFRB WGR  
 WEAN W3XAU WHP WHK  
 WKBN WXYZ WBCM WLAC  
 WBRG KSCJ WMT KFPY  
 KFRC KRLD KVI

**EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed. and Fri.)**  
 5:45 p. m. 4:45 3:45 2:45  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL  
 WDRG WAAB WCAU W3XAU  
 WTR WDBJ WADC WPK  
 WST WYZ WSPD  
 WNOX WBBM WDSU WISN  
 KMBC KOIL WJW KFJH  
 KTS KOIL KVI KFPY  
 KDYL KLZ CFRB CKAC  
 WKWB WLBZ WMAL WCAO  
 WRC WJAX WRC WLAC  
 WOWO KSCJ KFJH KRLD  
 KTRH KOIN KFRC KJH

**BIRD AND VASH—Comedy Sketch. (Daily except Sunday)**  
 6:45 p. m. 5:45 4:45 3:45  
 WOKO WFBL WKBW WDRG  
 WLBZ WJAX WBT WOC  
 WDEM WLAB WDDO WREC  
 WDSU WTAQ WJW WBBM  
 KOIL KFJH KFJH KRLD  
 KFOR KDYL KLZ CFRB  
 WAAB WJAS WQAM WDBO  
 WLAC WRC WJAX WRC  
 KTRH KTS KOH

**LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)**  
 6:45 p. m. 5:45 4:45 3:45  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
 WBAL KDKA WJVA WPTF  
 WJAX WIOD WLW WFLA  
 WSUN

**AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)**  
 7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
 WJZ WHAM KDKA WBZ  
 WBZA WRC CKGW WJVA  
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY  
 WFLA WSUN WLW WJR  
 WGAR CFCF  
 11:00 p. m. on following stations  
 WMAQ KWK WREN WDAF  
 WTMJ KECA KSL WHAS  
 WBS WSM WKY WENR  
 WSTP WMB WDX KTHS  
 KPRC WBC KGO KHQ  
 KOMO KGW WSD WOI  
 WMC KAO KFAB WBAF

**TASTYEST JESTERS—(Monday, Thurs., Sat.)**  
 7:15 p. m. 6:15 5:15 4:15  
 WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ  
 WBZA WREN KDKA WRC  
 WGAR WRVA WPTF WJAX  
 WIOD

**PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)**  
 7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WOI  
 KPRC WDX KTHS WPTF  
 WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN  
 WHAS WSM WMC WSE  
 WMB WHAM KDKA WREN  
 KWK WTMJ WBC KOA  
 KSL WRC WGAR CFCF

**MILLER AND LYLES—Comic Negro Dialogues. (Mon. and Wed.)**  
 7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WREC  
 WIP-WFAN WLBW WMAL WCAO  
 WADG WHK WKBN W2NC  
 WQAM WXYZ WBCM WSPD  
 WLAC WNOX WBBM WDSU  
 WFBM WCCO KSCJ KMOX  
 KOIL KFJH KRLD WRC  
 KLZ CFRB WGR WORC  
 WCAO WDBJ WBT WTCO  
 WDDO WREC WISN WTAQ  
 KMBC WNAX KTRH KOH

**KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)**  
 7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WGR  
 WEAN WNAC WORC WCAU  
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
 WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ  
 WSPD WOWO WFBM WCCO  
 KMOX KMBC KOIL

**THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sunday)**  
 7:45 p. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
 WEAF WTI WGY WREN  
 WCAE WJW WSAI WENR

**THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)**  
 7:45 p. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC  
 WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG  
 WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP  
 WJAS WMAL WCAO WTR  
 WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC  
 WCAH W2NC WBT WTCO  
 WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ  
 WOKO WJAS WSPD WMAQ  
 11:30 p. m. on following stations  
 KRLD WJAX WRC WBBM  
 KTRH WFBM KLRA WLLC  
 WISN WREC WNOX WLAC  
 WDSU KFJH KRCJ KTS  
 WJW KH KOIN KFRC  
 KOIL KFPY KVI KLZ

**JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT—Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)**  
 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTG  
 WCHS WFI WRC WBO  
 KSD WGY WJW WBN  
 WCAE WTAM WJW WSAI  
 WHO WDAF WOV WBC  
 KSTP Thurs. network: WJZ  
 WBZA WCKY WBAL WHAM  
 KDKA WCKY

**ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)**  
 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU  
 W3XAU WEAN WDRG WPG  
 W2NC WLBZ WBT WTAR  
 WDBJ WORC WQAM WDBO  
 WDAE  
 11:00 p. m. on following stations:  
 WFBL WKBW WJAS WLBW  
 WADC WHK WKRC WCAH  
 WKBN WGST WXYZ WBCM  
 WSPD WLAB WDDO WREC  
 WLAC WRC WDSU WISN  
 WTAQ WOWO WFBM WMAQ  
 WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX  
 KMBC KLRA WNAX KOIL  
 KFH WJW KFJH WRR  
 KTRH KTS WACO KJZ  
 KDYL OH KOI KFPY  
 KOIN KFRC WOKO

**RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)**  
 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WEAF WEEI WTG WJAX  
 WJDX WJAR WCHS WFI  
 WRC WGY WHO WOW  
 WDAF WJW WHAS WTAR  
 WMC WSAI WSB WSBM  
 WBC KOA WJVA KSL  
 KOMO WOI WSM WOC  
 WAPI KGO KHQ KECA  
 KSD CKGW WTAM KGW  
 KSTP KPRC CFCF WFLA  
 WSUN WCAE (WTMJ KTHS)  
 WIOD WBAF WKY. (OT 8:30)  
 Sunday 7:00 p. m. on following stations:  
 WJZ WREN WSB WSM  
 KFAB WJR KWK

**SINGIN' SAM—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)**  
 8:15 p. m. 7:15 6:15 5:15  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW  
 WEAN WDRG WNAC WCAU  
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
 WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ  
 WSPD WISN WFBM WMAQ  
 WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL

**STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM—(Thurs. and Sat.)**  
 8:15 p. m. 7:15 6:15 5:15  
 WABC WFBL WGR WEAN  
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL  
 WKRC WSPD WOWO WMAQ  
 KOIL WDRG WNAC WCAO  
 WADC KMOX KMBC

**KATE SMITH LA PALINA PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)**  
 8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
 WABC WFBL WKBW WCAU  
 WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ  
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
 WSPD WOWO WBBM KMOX  
 KMBC KOIL

**TASTYEST GLOOM CHASERS—(Mon., Wed. and Sat.)**  
 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
 WABC W2XE WFBL WGR  
 WEAN WDRG WNAC WORO  
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WCAZ  
 WADC WAIU WGT WXYM  
 WSPD WDSU WOWO WFBM  
 WBBM WCCO KMOX KMBC

**SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—Eddie and Ralph. (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)**  
 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA  
 WDAY WGAR WJR WLS  
 KFAB KSTP KPRC WBC  
 KVOO WJAX WSAI WBA  
 WTMJ KWK WREN KFJH  
 WOI

**ANGELO PATRI—Your Child. (Sun. and Thurs.)**  
 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
 WABC WFBL WKBW WCAU  
 WADG WJAX WJAS WCAO  
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
 WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD  
 WOWO

**ENO CRIME CLUB—(Mon. and Wed.)**  
 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
 WABC WFBL WKBW WCAU  
 WJAX W3XAU WJAS WMAL  
 WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD  
 KMOX KMBC KOIL CFRB  
 WDRG WNAC WCAO WADC  
 WOWO WMAQ

**B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs.)**  
 10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTG  
 WCHS WFI WRC WCAE  
 WJW WSAI KSD WOC  
 WHO WJAX WJAS WSAI  
 WIOD WFLA WSUN  
 WHAS WSM WMC WSB  
 WSBM WJDX WOI KOA  
 KGO WKY KECA KGW  
 KHQ KOMO KTR KSPD  
 WBO WDAF WTAM WAPI  
 WBN WOV

**Thurs. same as Tues. except following as off:**  
 WAPI KECA WBO  
**Thurs. add WGY**  
**Saturday stations as follows:**  
 WEAF WJAR WTG WCHS  
 WCAE WFI WRC WGY  
 WJW WSAI KSD WOC  
 WHO WJAX WJAS WSAI  
 WIOD WFLA WSUN  
 WHAS WSM WMC WSB  
 WSBM WJDX WOI KOA  
 KGO WKY KECA KGW  
 KHQ KOMO KTR KSPD  
 WBO WDAF WTAM WAPI  
 WBN WOV

**CLARA, LU AND EM (daily except Sun. and Mon.)**  
 10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA  
 WJR WLW KWK WREN  
 WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN



Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like BING CROSBY, RUSS COLUMBO, NOCTURNE, MORNING MUSICALS, COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR, NEAPOLITAN DAYS, EDNA THOMAS, NOON SPARKLETS, TROIKA BELLS, INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST, POP CONCERT, and COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like YEAST FOAMERS, FRIENDLY HOUR, NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM, GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS, PASTORALE, FRAY AND BRACCIOTTI, KELOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR, THE BOSWELL SISTERS, ENNA JETTICK MELODIES, CHASE AND SANBORN.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR, THE DUTCH MASTERS, OUR GOVERNMENT, HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES, BAYUK STAG PARTY, THROUGH THE OPERA GLASS, AROUND THE SAMOVAR, KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S, THE COMMUTERS, TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like OLD DUTCH GIRL, THE MADISON SINGERS, NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR, ANNE LAZAR, DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA, COLUMBIA REVUE, HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BAR-CLAY ORCHESTRA, BEN AND HELEN, VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS, MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.

Sunday

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like MORNING MUSICALS, COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR, NEAPOLITAN DAYS, EDNA THOMAS, NOON SPARKLETS, TROIKA BELLS, INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST, POP CONCERT, COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like YEAST FOAMERS, FRIENDLY HOUR, NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM, GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS, PASTORALE, FRAY AND BRACCIOTTI, KELOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR, THE BOSWELL SISTERS, ENNA JETTICK MELODIES, CHASE AND SANBORN.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR, THE DUTCH MASTERS, OUR GOVERNMENT, HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES, BAYUK STAG PARTY, THROUGH THE OPERA GLASS, AROUND THE SAMOVAR, KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S, THE COMMUTERS, TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like OLD DUTCH GIRL, THE MADISON SINGERS, NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR, ANNE LAZAR, DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA, COLUMBIA REVUE, HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BAR-CLAY ORCHESTRA, BEN AND HELEN, VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS, MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.

Monday

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like MORNING MUSICALS, COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR, NEAPOLITAN DAYS, EDNA THOMAS, NOON SPARKLETS, TROIKA BELLS, INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST, POP CONCERT, COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like YEAST FOAMERS, FRIENDLY HOUR, NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM, GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS, PASTORALE, FRAY AND BRACCIOTTI, KELOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR, THE BOSWELL SISTERS, ENNA JETTICK MELODIES, CHASE AND SANBORN.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR, THE DUTCH MASTERS, OUR GOVERNMENT, HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES, BAYUK STAG PARTY, THROUGH THE OPERA GLASS, AROUND THE SAMOVAR, KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC, BEST SELLERS, SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S, THE COMMUTERS, TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Includes programs like OLD DUTCH GIRL, THE MADISON SINGERS, NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR, ANNE LAZAR, DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA, COLUMBIA REVUE, HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BAR-CLAY ORCHESTRA, BEN AND HELEN, VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS, MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.















Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location			
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.	214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)	220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.			
		100	KFC	Corpus Christi, Texas			250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)			1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.			
		100	KGIZ	Grant City, Mo.			1,000	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (day)			1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.			
		100	KGKB	Tyler, Texas			500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (night)			500	WCSC	Charlotte, S. C.			
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.			500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.			2,500	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y. (day)			
		100	KPKM	Prescott, Ariz.			500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.			1,000	WFBI	Syracuse, N. Y. (night)			
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.	214.2	1,400	500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.			1,000	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (day)			
		100	KREC	Santa Ana, Calif.			500	WFOX	Brooklyn, N. Y.			1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)			
		100	KUT	Austin, Texas			500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.			1,000	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)			
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.			500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.			500	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.			
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.	215.7	1,350	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.			1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.			
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind.			500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.			250	WAWZ	Zarephath, N. J.			
		50	WKZB	Ludington, Mich.			1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.			250	WBNX	New York, N. Y.			
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.			1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio			250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.			
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)	217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.			250	WEHC	Emory, Va.			
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)			500	KOH	Reno, Nevada			250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.			
		100	WMB	Newport, R. I.			500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa			1,000	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.			
		100	WMB	Brooklyn, N. Y.			1,000	WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.			1,000	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.			
		100	WMFG	Lapeer, Mich.			200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio			1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)			
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.	218.7	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)			1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)			
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.			100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)			2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)			
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)			100	KFBL	Everett, Wash.			500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)			
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)			100	KFJL	Astoria, Ore.			500	KGB	San Diego, Calif.			
		100	WRDW	Augusta, Ga.			100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.			500	WDR	Hartford, Conn.			
		100	WSYR	Richmond, Va.			100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas			1,000	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio			
		100	WSRL	Woodside, N. Y.			100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)			500	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.			
		100	WWSW	Philadelphia, Pa.			100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)			500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)			
200	1,500	15	CMBL	Havana			100	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.			250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)			
		30	CMBH	Havana			100	KGFL	Oklahoma City, Okla.			250	KGBM	Honolulu, Hawaii			
		15	CMBR	Havana			100	KGGL	San Angelo, Texas			500	KGC	Wolf Falls, Idaho (day)			
		15	CMBM	Havana			100	KGFL	Raton, N. M.			250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)			
201.2	1,490	5,000	WCHI	Batavia, Ill.			100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas			250	KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho			
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.			100	KMAC	San Antonio, Texas			1,000	WADC	Tallmadge, Ohio			
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.			100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.			500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.			
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.			100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.			250	CMKH	Santiago de Cuba.			
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.			100	KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.			228	1,315	30	CMGC	Matanzas, Cuba.	
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.			10,000	WJSV	Alexandria, Va.			228.9	1,310	100	KCRJ	Jerome, Ariz.	
		10,000	WJAB	Boston, Mass.			500	WAAB	Boston, Mass.					100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.	
206.8	1,450	1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.			250	WBMS	Haskell, N. J.					100	KFGO	Boone, Iowa	
		250	WBMS	Haskell, N. J.			500	WCAH	Cleveland, Ohio					10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska	
		500	WCAH	Cleveland, Ohio			250	WHOM	Jersey City, N. J.					100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa	
		250	WHOM	Jersey City, N. J.			250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.					100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas	
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.			250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.					15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas	
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.			250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.					100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.	
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.			250	WTFI	Athens, Ga.					100	KFXJ	Grand Junction, Colo.	
		500	WTFI	Athens, Ga.			208.2	1,440	250	WHEC	WABO	Rochester, N. Y.		250	KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (day)	
		500	WHEC	WABO	Rochester, N. Y.			500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)			100	KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (night)		
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)			500	WOKO	Albany, N. Y.			100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.			
		500	WOKO	Albany, N. Y.			500	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.			250	KGCC	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)			
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.			500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.			100	WEXL	Royal Oak, Mich.			
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.			209.7	1,430	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.			100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.	
		500	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.			500	KGNF	No. Platte, Nebr.					100	KCFW	Ravenna, Neb.	
		1,000	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)			1,000	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)					50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.	
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio			500	WFEA	Manchester, N. H.					100	KMED	Medford, Ore.	
		500	WFEA	Manchester, N. H.			500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.					50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.	
		1,000	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)			500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)					100	KTL	C Houston, Texas	
		500	WNR	W-GBC	Memphis, Tenn.			211.1	1,420	100	KABC	San Antonio, Tex.			100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KABC	San Antonio, Tex.			100	KABC	San Antonio, Tex.					100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.	
		100	KBPB	Portland, Ore.			100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.					100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.			100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.					100	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.	
		100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.			100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.					100	WBEO	Marquette, Mich.	
		50	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho			50	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho					100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)			100	KGVO	Misoula, Mont.					100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.	
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas	
		100	KFYF	Flagstaff, Ariz.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)	
		100	KFFF	Shawnee, Okla.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)	
		100	KGVO	Misoula, Mont.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					50	WEXL	Royal Oak, Mich.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WFDV	Rome, Ga.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WGH	Newport News, Va.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WKBS	Galveston, Ind.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WMOB	Auburn, N. Y.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.					100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			228.9	1,310	50	WNBH	Knoxville, Tenn.			100	WOL	Washington, D. C.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WOL	Washington, D. C.					100	WRA	Reading, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WRA	Reading, Pa.					100	WRI	Tifton, Ga. 3 time	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WRI	Tifton, Ga. 3 time					100	WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.					100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.					100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.					100	WTEL	Phila, Pa.	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WTEL	Phila, Pa.					250	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (day)	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			100	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (night)					100	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (night)	
		100	KGCC	San Francisco, Calif.			237.6	1,300	1,000	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.			1,000	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.	
		1,000	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.			500	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.					500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.	
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.			1,000	KFJR	Portland, Ore.								



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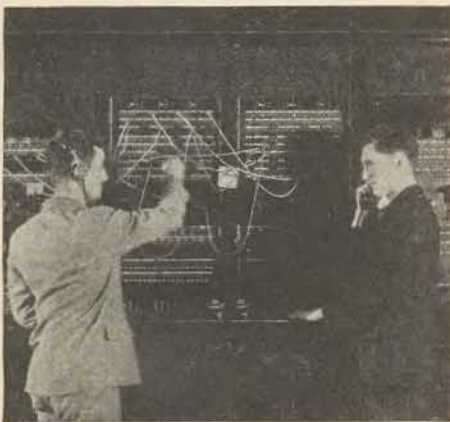
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Broadcast Station or Studio       | <input type="checkbox"/> Talking Pictures                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Direction Finder or Radio Compass | <input type="checkbox"/> Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Television                             |

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990 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford  
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### 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



Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	455	660	225	CMCO	Marianao					
		50,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.	461	650	100	XER	Mexico City, Mexico					
348.6	860	500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.	461.3	650	100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.					
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.			5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	WBB	Kansas City, Mo.								500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
349	860	500	XFZ	Mexico City	466	643.7	250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba					
350	857.1	100	XEJC	Juarez, Chili	468.5	640	50,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.					
350	856	5	CMJE	Camaguey, Cuba			500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio					
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.			5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa	470	638.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico, D. F.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.	475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Mo.					
357	840	500	CFCA	CKOW-CNRT Toronto, Ont.			500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.					
		1,000	CKLC-CHCT	Red Deer, Alt.			500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)					
357	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba			250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)					
		2,000	XETY	Mexico City			500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.	545	550	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
355	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba	476	630	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico					
360	832.8	100	CMGA	Colon, Cuba			500	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.	545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.			500	CJGX	Yorktown, Sask.					
		1,000	WEEU	Reading, Pa.			500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.					
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.			500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.					
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.	482	622.4	50	CMBD	Havana, Cuba					
362	828.7	2,000	XEG	Mexico, D. F.	483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.					
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.			1,000	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)					
370.2	810	5,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.			500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)					
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.			2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)					
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas			1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)					
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas	490	611.9	100	CMBY	Havana, Cuba					
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.	491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.					
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.			1,000	WDFW	Kansas City, Mo.					
380	790	500	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba			500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.					
507	791.7	1,000	XFI	Mexico, D. F.			500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.					
385	780	5,000	CKY	CNRW Winnipeg, Man.			500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio	499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		5,000	XEW	Mexico, D. F.			500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)					
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Cal.			250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.					
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (day)			500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)					
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (night)			250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)					
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)			500	WICC	Bridgeport, Conn. (day)					
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)			250	WICC	Bridgeport, Conn. (night)					
		500	WISJ	S. Madison, Wis. (day)			500	WMB	Waterloo, Iowa					
		250	WISJ	S. Madison, Wis. (night)			1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)					
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)			500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)					
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)			250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.					
		500	WFOR	Norfolk, Va.										
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.										
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	500	599.6	250	CFCH	Iroquois Falls, Ont.					
		25,000	WBBM	Chicago, Ill.			500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.					
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.			500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.					
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.			500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.					
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.			1,000	CMW	Havana, Cuba					
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan	508.2	590	2,000	KHO	Spokane, Wash. (day)					
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.			1,000	KHO	Spokane, Wash. (night)					
		5,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.			250	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.					
410	731.3	3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba			1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.					
		1,000	XEN	Mexico, D. F.			1,000	WKZO	Kalamazoo, Mich.					
411	730	5,000	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.			1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebraska					
		50	CKMC	Vancouver, B. C.	548	588.2	500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.					
		5,000	CKAC	Montreal, P. Q.	510	588	700	CMW	Havana, Cuba					
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.	516.9	580	500	CFCY	Charlottetown, P. E. I.					
		50	CFKC	Vancouver, B. C.			200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.					
		3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba			1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (day)					
		500	XEM	Tampico, Tamps, Mexico			500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (night)					
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.			1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans.					
422.3	710	500	KMPC	Beverly Hills, Calif.	516.9	580	500	WOBW	Charleston, W. Va. (day)					
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.			250	WOBW	Charleston, W. Va. (night)					
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio			250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.					
435	690	500	CFAC	CNRC Calgary, Alt., Can.			250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.					
		500	KCCN	CNRC Calgary, Alt., Can.	517.2	580.4	500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.					
		500	CJCF	CHCA Calgary, Alt., Can.			500	CKNC	CJBC Toronto, Ontario					
		5,000	CKGW	Bowmansville, Ont.			250	CHMA	Edmonton, Alta.					
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (day)			500	CJCA	CNRE Edmonton, Alta.					
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (night)			500	CKCL	Toronto, Ont.					
441	680.2	150	CMBS	Havana, Cuba	526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)					
440.9	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.			250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)					
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.			500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.					
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.			500	KXA	Seattle Wash.					
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.			750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio					
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.			500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio					
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.			1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.					
							250	WMAC	Syracuse, N. Y.					
							500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.					

Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WVNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545	550	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
		8	RA St. John's	Newfoundland
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (night)
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
546.8	548.6	100	XEY	Surerida, Yuc.
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

### Television Stations Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Lines per Picture	Power (Watts)	Call Signal	Location
2000-2100 kc band			
48	5,000	*W2XCR	New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp.
48	5,000	*W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
48	5,000	*W2XCD	Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp.
48	100	W2XBU	Beacon, N. Y. Harold E. Smith
45	500	*W9XAO	Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp.
48	250	W2XAP	Portable Jenkins Television Corp.
2100-2200 kc band			
60	500	W2XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
60	5,000	W2XBS	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
—	20,000	W2XCV	Schenectady, N. Y. General Electric Co.
60	20,000	W8XAV	Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
45	1,000	*W9XAP	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News
60	5,000	W3XAK	Bound Brook, N. J. National Broadcasting Co.
2750-2850 kc band			
48	1,000	W9XAA	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labor
60	500	W2XAB	New York, N. Y. Columbia Broadcasting System
—	1,500	W9XC	West Lafayette, Ind. Purdue University
—	500	W2XBO	Long Island City, N. Y. United Research Corp.
2850-2950 kc band			
48	500	*WIXAV	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab., Inc.
24	5,000	W9XR	Downer's Grove, Ill. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
—	500	W6XK	Los Angeles, Cal. Don Lee, Inc.
—	500	43,000-44,000 keys	W9XD (CP-5). Milwaukee, Wis. The Milwaukee Journal



# Lucky Bing!

(Continued from page 32)

pose he had kept on studying law—probably would have starved to death before he finished college.

Now they were definitely in the show business. But it was by no means all sunshine and roses. They made good at the Boulevard theatre in Los Angeles in a skit called *Syncopation*. Had twenty weeks of it touring Fox houses. Then they joined Will Morrissey's co-operative show, *Music Hall Revue* which did well in Los Angeles then flopped in San Francisco. But they met Paul Whiteman here and signed a contract with him by which they joined him later at the Tivoli in Chicago.

They became known as the "Rhythm Boys" and just when they thought they had fully arrived they met disaster at the Paramount theatre in New York. It was a sickening flop for both of them. But later they were joined by Harry Barris and things looked brighter, although they had their ups and downs until finally they left Whiteman in California after they had made the picture, *The King of Jazz*.

Immediately after leaving Whiteman, Bing and his two companions were engaged to make talking and singing motion picture shorts. In all they made ten, working for Pathe, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and RKO. Then another of Bing's big breaks.

For several years the Cocoanut Grove, in Hollywood, had been the most popular of coast night clubs. Everyone had gathered there. But last fall found it in a terrific slump. The management, anxious to make the place popular once again, started a search for a means to attain this end. Their search led them first to Bing, Barris and Rinker, who had just finished the last of their pictures. Then they found Gus Arnheim, an orchestra leader who was not working at the time. It was decided that "The Rhythm Boys" and Gus Arnheim and his band would work side-by-side in an effort to draw a crowd.

And they did draw a crowd, such a crowd that dozens were turned away nightly. Many elements contributed to the tremendous popularity of the Cocoanut Grove—the singing of "The Rhythm Boys," the playing of Arnheim and his music—but it was due chiefly to the baritone solos of Bing Crosby. Bing's singing soon became the talk of the West Coast. It was not long before he was on the tip of every tongue in the East. The Victor Talking Machine Company, hearing of Bing's popularity, signed him to sing "Just a Gigolo" and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams." Then the Brunswick people came along

with a fat long-term contract and Bing signed with them. He has made nine discs for them so far, all of which have been best-sellers. Up to September 1 his record of "Just One More Chance" had passed well over the 30,000-mark, which is something of a record.

While working at the Cocoanut Grove Bing found time to collaborate with Harry Barris on another song which later swept the country and which Bing helped to popularize. The song was "I Surrender Dear."

After nine months at the night club, Bing separated from Barris and Rinker for the first time in three years and left the Cocoanut Grove in May to make four motion picture featurettes. The first two, "I Surrender Dear" and "Just One More Chance," are to be released within a few weeks.

Now that you have been shown how Bing Crosby finally stepped into the spot he now occupies you may be interested in a close-up word sketch.

In his wearing apparel Bing favors browns and blues. Several years of residence in sunny California have resulted in his unconsciously dressing as though he were in a warmer climate. He usually appears in the studios with white, gray or light brown flannel trousers and sports coat. He wishes he could wear light-colored summer ties throughout the year.

During all of his rehearsals and all of his broadcasts Bing wears a hat, usually a lightweight felt one. He is never hatless in the studios. This is not a superstition. He always has sung and rehearsed that way when not appearing on the stage or in a night club.

If the weather is fair Bing can be found on the golf links, riding horseback through Central Park or swimming at a nearby beach. He likes all forms of exercise but prefers out-door sports. He retires every evening before midnight and arises at 9 A. M. He never leaves a call or needs an alarm clock to awaken him. He finds time for some form of exercise every day.

## The Challenge

(Continued from page 20)

the station at fever heat. Wild dashes in automobiles were made at a moment's notice from the station to the remote control room in Paris Inn.

Perhaps there is no better means of illustrating public interest in the broadcast of this murder trial than the poll taken by KNX of its radio audience as

(Continued on page 87)

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The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75 foot aerial 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distance stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates lightning dangers, unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Enables set to be moved into different rooms with practically no inconvenience. We predict this type of aerial will be used practically entirely in the future. Installed in a minute's time by anyone. And is fully concealed within set. Return in three days if not satisfied.

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**F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES**  
FARGO, N. DAK., Dept. 18



# The Tent Show

(Continued from page 29)

an' snapped his gallus. "I need Mose right here to hum."

"I'll hire him an' pay fur et," says Dan'l an' run his hand down his pants pocket and jingled some coins.

"H-mmm! That's different—how much?"

"What's it worth to ye?"

"Well, I ain't in the habit of rentin' him out, but considerin' he's got a right good bark I figger two dollars is cheap."

"Why, you ol' skinflint! I ain't buyin' him outright an' payin' a bonus besides. You oughta be glad to let me take him off yer hands an' feed him once. A quarter'd be too much."

"Mose'd consider that a rank insult, Dan'l Dickey."

"Fifty cents then, an' I'm gettin' robbed."

"Nope, but I'll compromise on a dollar an' you give 'im his evenin' meal."

"Ye don't callate he'll be insulted do ye, at that price?"

"I'll bring him back in the mornin'."

"An' ef there ain't nothin' stole I'll pay ye then."

"No sir-eee! Ye pay now, or he don't go et all."

"Can't ye trust me, Hiram?"

"Jest the same as you do me, an' that's as far as ye can throw an' ol' she bear by the tail."

"Well, to save argyment I'll pay you now. But I want a receipt fur et. Ye can't be comin' back to ask for et agin in the mornin'."

Hiram chuckled as he received the four quarters Dan'l doled out to him. He pondered over the line Dan'l included in the receipt,—“for such uses as payee may put him to”—but figgered it was jest one of Dan'l's peculiar'ties. Mose looked back in surprise when Dan'l started leadin' him away.

What Hiram woulda thought an hour later to see Mose tryin' to be eddicated to act like a pack o' blood-hounds might be another kind of peculiarity. Hoaker an' Dan'l were tryin' every which way to make him do somethin' besides sit on his haunches in the middle of the stage an' look either tho' he was mighty abused or the world had all suddenly gone loony.

Rigs of all sort was comin' into town bringin' whole families. They had some gasoline torches flarin' out in front of the tent. But Mose jest set thar. Finally Dan'l had an' idee he'd wake up at the smell of a juicy piece of beef an' sent out for some.

In front folks was clappin' their hands an' raggin' the manager to start the show. Right in the middle of all this in walks the sheriff demandin' to see Dan'l. Finally they gits together off

in a corner and the sheriff says, "Neville was up to see me an' swore out a warrant against this troupe of actors. Wants me to run 'em outa town. Now what in thunder am I goin' to do?"

"They ain't done nothin' yet to be 'rested for, hev they?"

"But Neville found some old law datin' back to 1784 which makes theatre shows illegal."

After they had gabbed along this way Dan'l got another sudden idee.

"You be somewheres else till about time for the hound to be chasin' 'Liza across the ice. Then ye kin bust in an' stop the show an' we'll see what happens. Think ye kin do that, Sheriff?"

"Don't see no reason why I can't."

The tent was plumb packed full an' everybody was raisin' cane for the curtain to go up. Dan'l got Mose back to one side of the scenery. Somebody rang a little bell, an' up went the curtain. They had some real darky banjo players an' some white folks made up to look like darkies. Everybody was havin' a good time laughin' an' cryin' accordin' to what was goin' on durin' the show. Mose began to growl an' act mean so Hoaker was afraid he really would bite somebody. When it came time for Liza to start playin' leap frog on the ice Hoaker insisted Dan'l would have to hang onto the dog as he ran across the stage. This was more than Dan'l bargained fer an' he said he wouldn't do it without extra pay. But right then up pops the sheriff an' stops the show with Dan'l in the middle of the stage a Kentucky colonel's hat pulled down over his face. The sheriff stood like one of the actors his hand stretching out toward the performers.

"I declare that you are all under arrest for violatin' the statute of the General Court of 1784," he said.

For a minute the audience gasped and didn't make a sound. Then they hissed an' howled. Dan'l looked pained but resigned.

"Guess you're jest doin' your duty, sheriff," he said. The law is the law—but you don't have to arrest 'em all do ye? Wouldn't just one of 'em be able to answer for the rest?"

"Mebbe one would be enough to fine."

"Then arrest Hiram Neville."

Well, that sure was a surprise. Neville had been hidin' himself around by the door. Now he comes snortin' down the aisle shakin' his fist and demandin' the sheriff to do his duty.

"You arrest Dan'l Dickey. Ain't he actin' right there in front of you? Arrest Dan'l with all the rest of 'em."

"Why Neville, that's no way to act when I jest come up here to save you

from gettin' into trouble by breakin' the law."

"Me—ME breakin' the law!"

"I told ye a dozen times not to hire out yer dog for this performance. But here he is an' I caught him jest in time from chasin' that poor gal across the ice. But not too late to save him from actin' in the show."

"That's right Dan'l, you've done your best to protect him," said the sheriff. Mose began to bark an' pull at the chain.

"Why you wicked ol' reprobate—you—~~you~~—"

"See here now, 'tain't goin' to do no good for ye to be callin' names like a naughty boy. I hope you ain't denyin' ye hired out this dog fer tonight for such purposes—"

Hiram's jaw fell, and he looked sheepish toward the door.

Then Dan'l read the receipt which Neville had signed. By this time the scene was gettin' more excitin' than Uncle Tom. The sheriff called for a justice of the peace and a minute later court was convened right there on the stage with Dan'l presidin'.

"Et's all a lie"! shouted Neville above the hubub.

"Thet'll just cost you four dollars for contempt," said the Justice Dan'l. "How much did the accused get for haulin' the show?"

"Four dollars," said Mr. Hoaker.

"An' how much for pitchin' the tent on the lot?"

"Another four dollars," responded the show manager.

"Thet's eight dollars. The defendant will pay eight dollars to the sheriff now."

"How about the four dollars for contempt?" asked the sheriff.

"Thet'll go to me fer takin' care of the dog," said Dan'l, "an' now we'll proceed with the show."

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# The Challenge

(Continued from page 85)

to the innocence or guilt of David H. Clark.

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KNX is making radio history!

# Gabalogue

(Continued from page 53)

Jesse into the union. And Jesse bought his first pair of long trousers for the occasion. He wasn't 16 years old yet . . . but he hung around the musicians' headquarters and picked up odd jobs playing for local dances. Then he went to Spokane and played the piano in a motion picture house. Then the pipe organ came in and while Jesse had never had a single organ lesson in his life up to that day . . . in fact he's never had one yet . . . he played that organ. And Sid Grauman, great impresario of the coast, engaged him to play the organ in his Million Dollar theatre in Los Angeles. Mr. Grauman, good showman that he is, saw the possibilities of a solo organist and began advertising Crawford, getting out special posters about him . . . and making

Crawford's organ playing a feature of the show. Then Sam Katz of the Balaban and Katz interests . . . took him to Chicago where he was also a spectacular feature of their cinema palaces.

**A**CROSS the street from where Jesse Crawford was playing was a young lady playing the organ in a rival theatre. And playing it very well, too. And like all good business men, when the opposition looms up too strong, Jesse proposed a merger. She accepted and the twin organs were installed in the Chicago theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford presiding. And Mrs. Crawford plays so well, that when Mr. Crawford wants to go away, she can keep the home organ burning just as well as he can.

Then came the invitation to make records. He's made over 150 records, and believe-it-or-not, there are more of them sold throughout China and the Orient than in the United States. I don't know what the psychology of that is. After five years in Chicago . . . when Mr. Katz had helped Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky build the Paramount theatre in New York, Crawford was brought here to open it.

Crawford's rise to popularity since his Paramount debut is theatrical history. And now the most brilliant chapter of all has just been started . . . his connection with the National Broadcasting Company . . . making it possible for the world to hear Crawford play the organ as he has never played before."

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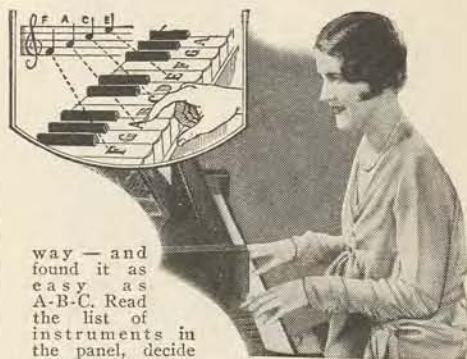
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# Strike up the Band

(Continued from page 24)

through the palace. The night of the concert we were told to play the Russian National Air until the lights were turned up brightly, and then to follow it with our own "Star Spangled Banner." We must have played their national anthem for fifteen minutes before the lights were turned up. And then, as we started playing The Star Spangled Banner, a man in the first gallery started waving an American Flag. He had no more than started when a hand came through the curtain behind him and tried to take the flag away.

Returning from St. Petersburg we stopped at Warsaw. While we were there Leoncavallo sent for me and complimented me highly for my playing of the serenade from "Pagliacci." I was told later that he was greatly surprised to find that it was a trombone that had played his serenade. He said the tone was so beautiful he could hardly believe it had issued from a trombone.

My first appearance in England was at Prince Albert Hall, London. We gave a wonderful concert that night and the London press literally heaped praise upon the band. But when they got to the trombone solo by Pryor they asked their readers to wait for the next issue, as they wished "to consult some of the English trombone players to ascertain whether the instrument Mr. Pryor played was a trombone."

In the next issue they said my instrument was the same sort of trombone that all English trombone players used, and, after much praise for my performance, asked the English players why they didn't play solos like Pryor's instead of "The Death of Nelson" all the time.

I had the distinct honor of playing solos before King Edward VII both at Sandringham and Windsor Castles. Mr. Sousa was decorated at the Sandringham concert. An interesting point in connection with this concert was that of all the music selected for it, the King was most pleased with an arrangement of religious songs of America. Also, the first request of the King was for a number of my own called "The Coon Band Contest." I learned later that the then Duchess of Marlborough the former Consuelo Vanderbilt, had heard me play this in New York and told the King about it.

My publishers in the United States had failed to copyright this number in England and all the English publishers pirated it. Some months later one of the publishing houses in London mailed me a ten-pound note, saying they be-

lieved I was entitled to something and would I please accept the note. I returned it to them with a letter stating that I could hardly blame them for publishing my stupidity.

There was one thrilling moment during one of our London concerts I never shall forget. The theatre was packed. As the piccolo, trumpets, trombones and drums marched forward to the footlights in the finale to "Stars and Stripes Forever," the entire first row in the gallery arose and waved silk American flags back and forth in tempo with us.

On our return to this country we resumed our touring. My reputation as a trombonist almost brought on disaster during one of these trips. It was twenty-five years ago when Sousa's Band opened the great Kansas City Convention Hall. The auditorium was crowded, and in the great audience were eight or nine thousand Missourians. Missourians are a loyal and clannish lot, and while many of them wanted to hear the band, quite a few of them wanted to hear their fellow Missourian, Arthur Pryor.

The concert proceeded to its closing number. As usual I played my solo. But it appeared that the delegation from my home state still wanted more of me. During a pause some leather-lunged fellow-native yelled:

"Pryor!"

To hundreds of pairs of ears the word came through as "Fire" and was promptly repeated as such. Pandemonium broke loose in different parts of the hall, and people began rushing for the doors. For a few moments it looked like we were going to have a catastrophe of first-class proportions.

Then Sousa raised his baton and signalled the band to play. Only those nearest to him were able to catch the order above the din, but the brasses blared, the drums rolled and we were able, presently, from the rhythm of the baton, to get the idea that "Dixie" was the tune. As the full volume of the stirring strains swelled through the auditorium the audience regained its senses and returned to its seats.

On the rest of the tour the Sousa programs carried a footnote requesting that listeners refrain from calling for Pryor during a concert because of the danger that the word should be mistaken for "Fire."

I remained with Sousa's Band until 1903. I was thirty-three years old when, on the death of my father, I returned to St. Joseph to take over the leadership of the original Pryor Band, or-

ganized many years before by my father.

It seemed to me there was room in this great country for two national organizations of the type of Sousa's Band. With this thought in mind I began a busy period of expansion. New players were engaged and, of necessity, some were retired. Rehearsals were inaugurated. We worked many hours and many days before I was satisfied. And then we went East.

On the evening of November 15, 1903, Arthur Pryor's Band made its first New York appearance and played its first big national concert at the Majestic Theatre. Many of the men who played with me that night are still with me in my Cremona Military Band. We were acclaimed by both the public and press.

One important consequence of that concert was an engagement to play a series of concerts at Asbury Park, N. J., the following summer. My band has played there twenty-three summers since then. Winters found us at Miami, Willow Grove Park, near Philadelphia; Luna Park, at Coney Island; the New York State Fair, at Syracuse, and the Rochester Exposition heard us regularly. In addition there were swings from coast to coast and tours in foreign lands. In the five years between 1904 and 1909 we made six coast-to-coast tours of the United States. Foreign countries visited included Mexico, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Holland and Norway.

In between concerts I have found time to turn out more than 300 compositions, including the light operas "Jingaboo," "On the Eve of Her Wedding Day" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This total includes nearly a hundred marches in addition to overtures, character numbers, songs and other pieces.

Perhaps my most popular composition is "The Whistler and His Dog." This piece has an interesting and authentic history. When I was a boy I had a little dog to whom I was greatly attached. He was not very responsive to a spoken command, but he never failed to answer to a whistle, even forsaking the joys of a dog fight at my summons. It was in memory of this little animal that played such a part in my youth that I created this number some years later.

I mentioned earlier that the musical strain ran through our family. It has gone on one generation more. Arthur, Jr., my eldest boy, could, I believe, be the finest band conductor in this country today. Until four years ago he was my assistant conductor and an excellent cornetist. Since leaving my band he has been engaged in advertising and Radio production work. They tell me his staging of "The March of Time"



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has created something of a sensation.

Roger, my other boy, has been seen on the stage in many Broadway successes in the last few years. He, too, is an excellent musician, playing the piano, the saxophone and the trombone. He plays jazz when his father isn't home.

Two more Pryors are musicians. They are my brothers, Samuel, Jr., and Walter. Sam came on from Kansas City to drum in the Cremo Military Band, while Walter came from St. Joseph to play the cornet with us.

Right now I'm having the greatest time of my life and so is every member of the band. Many of us have played together for twenty-seven years; some less. But always we have tried to build up the love for band music and the reputation of our band. And now, in fifteen minutes, we can carry a greater message than we did in nearly three decades.

It's a great thing, this Radio!

### Radio Awing

(Continued from page 12)

the air corps spent during the entire movement were in Washington on Memorial Day. Cloudless skies provided ideal flying weather, but there was a record to maintain. The big formation had piled up nearly 40,000 hours of flying time without a single serious accident. A bad crackup on the last day would wreck irretrievable damage. In Washington the formation was staging the final review, before not only the high command of military America, but of the world at large. There were representatives of every government maintaining a legation or embassy in the nation's capital in the throng that assembled to watch the first air division's last patrol.

Officers stood "on the line" at Bolling field that morning and clenched their fingers, praying silently that no mishaps would mar the exercises. Tense, they glued their eyes to the sky and watched anxiously for any slipup.

And they saw the air corps stage a perfect requiem for its 1931 maneuvers, and bring to a close, without a hitch, the greatest aerial demonstration the world has even seen.

### Damrosch Resumes Classes

Walter Damrosch has returned from Hollywood in time to get the term of the NBC Music Appreciation Hour under way by October 9. More than 56,000 instructor manuals have been prepared for distribution to scholastic institutions all over the country. Many new features have been added to the fall manual. Preparations have been made to take care of an increased enrollment.

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SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . . The Washington-Youree  
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward  
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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring





# Smith Ballew

(Continued from page 9)

from orchestral circles. The success of Paul Whiteman, as a dance band conductor, was of little moment to talent in the Lone Star State. So he chose the life of a real estate salesman.

In June, 1925, after spending more than two years boosting Texas real estate, Ballew was lured back to the dance orchestra world. Into the Fort Worth Club, an exclusive millionaire's retreat, he moved with a band of five pieces, later enlarged to ten. Before those days Texas orchestras had no conductors, but touring bands from the East set the new fashion and Ballew took up the baton as a conductor.

His musical ambition soon led him away from Texas and the millionaire's club. For three years he played his banjo and guitar in many states, with many orchestras, at times being doubtful how he would obtain meals for his wife and himself. But always his courage held forth.

In New York he opened with George Olsen in *Good News*, the first pay checks proving to be good news, but once on the road with the company he refused to take a wage cut and subsequently left the company. Prior to that time he had played with Ben Pollock, at the Black Hawk Cafe, Chicago; with Ted Fiorito, at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, and for several months he directed his own orchestra on a tour of Eastern and Middle-West states.

After his break with the *Good News* company, Ballew played with Freddie Rich and Meyer Davis, at the Astor Hotel, and with the Mayhew Brothers-Ballew orchestra at the California Ramblers Inn, in the Pelham Bay section. But sometime during early 1928, before these latter engagements, fate was unexpectedly kind. Ballew, the banjo player, the orchestral leader, found that he could make more money singing for records. He had a "sort of a tenor voice," untrained. Never before had he sung.

Within a year, by reason of his recordings, Ballew had gained a degree of financial independence, aside from proving his musicianship. It was then that Scheuing asked him to organize an orchestra for broadcasting. Ballew, however, was skeptical of his potentialities as a broadcaster, and he paused for many weeks before taking the final step. Then he was heard from Whyte's restaurant.

By this time, many years after Whiteman led the jazz world to orchestrated numbers, jazz music as played by orchestras had altered materially. Now

Ballew's orchestra plays soft, sweet music in close harmony. Trumpets and drum no longer blare and roll above the strings, and, in New York restaurants and night clubs, where the orchestra appears, couples dance in a smooth, pleasant manner.

Ballew's orchestra has also played at Harry Richman's Club, Saltzmann's restaurant, and the Villa Vallee night club since he started broadcasting. In the summer of 1930 his orchestra played a six weeks' engagement at the Baker Hotel, Dallas, which marked the first time he visited Texas since his departure early in 1926. Also, on his return from Texas, the band played for a short while at the Willows, near Pittsburgh.

Early in March, 1931, Ballew left the Villa Vallee to fill a vaudeville engagement in Brooklyn and New York theaters, leading to the Palace Theater, the goal of all troupers. The night before his initial appearance, while playing in Saltzmann's restaurant, Ballew was a little worried. Never since his college days had he gone in for theatricals; he secretly wished that he knew a little more about vaudeville showmanship. But all the critics gave him a clear bill of health.

Back in 1919 when Ballew first organized an orchestra, Dee Orr, mentioned earlier, came to him for work. He wanted to play the drums.

"Come out to my home next Sunday," Ballew told him, "and we'll try you out."

Orr kept his promise, but, as Ballew tells the story today, he gave one of the most amateurish performances imaginable. Orr didn't even know how to hold the drumsticks, but he went through the ordeal without flinching. And Ballew and his fellow musicians decided he had potentialities; that he had an instinct for rhythm. So they decided to give him time to learn the drums.

That is how Orr joined the original Ballew band, three members of which, today are playing with Jimmy Joy's orchestra in Denver, Colo. But when all the other members went to the "U" of Texas, Orr declined. He didn't want a college education. Rather, he left his home state and went North in search of work.

When Ballew was starting the tour with his own band, after leaving the millionaire's club, he found Orr playing and singing "like a negro" with Gene Rodemick's orchestra, in St. Louis. He was a featured man, getting \$200 a week, a salary which his former boss envied him.

"Give me a job," Orr asked of Ballew at their meeting.

"Don't be foolish," Ballew advised him. "I couldn't afford to pay you nearly as much as you're getting."

"I don't care what you'll pay," Orr said. "I want to go with you." And Orr joined Ballew's orchestra. Since then, he confessed, he wanted to demonstrate his loyalty and appreciation for Ballew's consideration years before in Sherman, Texas.

After they had completed the tour Ballew and Orr parted again. Orr played the drums at several places and Ballew came to New York. Then, when Ballew was organizing his orchestra for NBC, he received a terse wire from Orr, then in Chicago.

"Would like to play in your new orchestra," the wire said.

How he had heard of Ballew's plans is still a mystery to the latter, but Ballew spoke to Scheuing and subsequently sent for Orr. He is a typical southerner, both his speaking and singing voice betraying his homeland, and he blushes deeply when singing.

Today Ballew has a twelve-piece orchestra, two members of which are sons of Fred Van Eps, the famous banjoist. George Van Eps, only seventeen, is banjoist, and Bob Van Eps, a few years older, the pianist. Both of the youths have had exceptional musical training.

And there is another of the orchestra, who was an original member of Jimmie Joy's band, namely, D. Wade, a cornetist. Wade played with Ballew at Fort Worth and later with Paul Tremaine's orchestra.

Ballew has written lyrics to "We Can Live On Love," "If You Didn't Care for Me," "Dreams," and "Alone In the World." The last two songs are yet unpublished, but are expected on the music counters within a short time. The music of the last number was written by Ray Smyth, a blind freshman student at the University of Pennsylvania. Ballew met a friend of the student-musician in Camden, N. J., and agreed to listen to "Dreams" whenever Smyth came to New York.

One time during Ballew's tour of the Eastern and Middle Western states, after he had left Texas, the company, under whose management he was booked, placed another musician, widely known in dance circles, as head of the orchestra. Ballew didn't mind that; he realized the box office value of the other name. But when the latter attempted to discredit Ballew, with his own orchestral members, including faithful Dee Orr, Ballew became irked.

Ballew's protest embodied the same meaning as Wister's phrase: "When you call me that, smile!"

More or less.



# The Valentino of Song

(Continued from page 49)

of thoughts of the girl he even left his beloved violin behind him on the train,

THE months went quickly . . . the years also. Nicholas took his family to live in Los Angeles. Russell went to Belmont High School. There he joined the orchestra as first violinist. . . He also "made" the glee club, and it was the glee club director, a man by the name of Sargent, who discovered that Russell had a voice. He encouraged the boy to lessons. He was only sixteen but possessed a surprisingly mellow baritone.

Then came reverses. Russ was eighteen. His father lost everything and he had to quit school and go to work.

He organized his own little orchestra. One day a man by the name of Eckhardt heard him sing. He told Russ he would give him \$75 a week to sing at the Mayfair Hotel in Los Angeles. It sounded too good to be true.

The boy had always played classical music until he was offered a job at the

Roosevelt Hotel with "Prof." Moore. There he learned to play the "hot fiddle."

One day he received a call from Gus Arnheim of the famous Cocomat Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. Arnheim wanted to hear him sing. Russ sang a song called "Broken Hearted" and Arnheim didn't like his "style."

"I was certainly broken hearted," Columbo confesses. "I did so want to make good at the Grove. It meant everything to me then."

In despair he went to the Lasky Studios. A friend, Gino Corrado, told him he ought to find a job there playing "side line" music. Those were pre-talkie days. He landed at \$90 a week and felt himself rich.

He was overjoyed. Then Pola Negri needed a new violinist. Russ got the job. For two years he walked on air.

The boy got to know Rudolph Valentino, and to this day Valentino is his ideal. Then came a chance to work for Warner Brothers. He met Monte Blue . . . and Blue thought the earnest black-haired boy had the makings of an actor. . . In the meantime he had another call from Arnheim. . . Again they wanted him to sing at the Grove. But, Russ never got along with Arnheim. . . He accepted and sang nightly until Arnheim told him he would have to give up his studio connections. . . Instead, Russ quit the Grove and threw body and soul into screen opening with Paramount. . . He did so well that Paramount called his acting "too Latin." Instead of getting leading roles he doubled and sang his way through "Wolf Song," and other successes. Finally he became disheartened and left the studios.

He tried vaudeville and found that people liked his voice. In fact . . . he began stopping shows on the Pantages circuit.

In the midst of this new success, Arnheim came back from Paris and wanted Russ to return to the Grove. . . After much persuading Columbo left Pantages and went to the Ambassador, expecting to be starred. Arnheim did not feature him, and Russ, disheartened, left the Grove, this time for good, to start his own club—the Club Pyramid. The new venture was successful from the start . . . and made money.

One night a stranger introduced himself. . . "Kid, you've got a great future with that voice . . . radio's your game. There was something in the stranger's manner that appealed tremendously. Before he had hardly realized the full import of it all . . . he was speeding East with Con Conrad, the song writer who took him to New York.

And now . . . this Valentino of Song from the West has sung his way into the hearts of millions of National Broadcasting Company listeners.

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# Signals

(Continued from page 15)

phase of football in which Husing must be thoroughly versed is the new system of rules and regulations. Since last January Ted has been studying diligently the new rules under the guidance of Coach Dick Hanley, of Northwestern University, with whom he corresponded regularly. During the week he was in Chicago describing the National Amateur Golf Championship, from Monday, August 31, to Sunday, September 6, Ted spent several hours each day with football coaches who came from all parts of the country to attend classes held by Hanley at Northwestern University for the discussion, explanation and interpretation of the new football rules.

After returning to New York to cover the National Singles Tennis Championship, at Forest Hills, L. I., Ted went to West Point and spent a week training with the Army squad under their coach, Major Ralph Sasse. He took part in scrimmages, sat at the training table with the players and kept the same hours as they did. It is almost as essential for a good sports announcer to keep in good physical trim for a football season as it is for a player.

Husing's knowledge of sports is not based on study alone. He has had plenty of actual experience. While a student at Stuyvesant High School, in New York, Ted performed brilliantly in four sports—football, baseball, basketball, and soccer, but it was on the gridiron that he performed most brilliantly. He played a bang-up game at roving center and was all over the field making things as miserable for his opponents as possible. As a result, he was chosen all-scholastic center for two years.

The World War interfered with his pursuance of a college career, but when the conflict was over Ted joined the professional ranks playing with "The Prescotts" against such teams as Jim Thorpe's "Canton Bulldogs," "The Frankfort Yellow Jackets" and other leading pro elevens.

In broadcasting a football game Husing uses a microphone of his own invention. While other sport announcers use a stationary, standing "mike," Ted employs a hand microphone so that he may turn his head from side to side to follow the progress of the play. This microphone is shaped like a small hand-mirror, with a long, narrow handle extending from the small, round microphone into which he speaks.

When once he begins describing a football game Ted feels that he has been more than compensated for the

many hours of preparations he has made. The actual broadcasting of a football game is to Ted the supreme thrill of all. Each game packs a myriad of punches and new kicks for him.

So far Ted has described more than seventy major football classics over the coast-to-coast Columbia network, and each has given him dozens of spine-tingling thrills. This, no doubt, accounts for Husing's knack of being able to inject every thrill of every play into his descriptions and sending them through the ether to every radio-listener.

"The greatest kick I've ever gotten in a football broadcast was during the Army-Navy game in 1927. Army had a substantial lead, and, although only a few minutes remained in the closing period, Navy was battling furiously to score," Husing said, in reminiscing recently about the seventy-odd games he has broadcast.

"It was late afternoon, and evening was slowly casting a mantle of darkness over the field. Navy's chances of scoring looked hopeless as they lined up at midfield. Suddenly Lloyd, Navy back, took a pass from center and ran back ten or fifteen yards. It seemed as though he stood there holding the ball for hours. In reality, it was only a few seconds he paused, gripping the ball.

**N**AVY men were running in all directions. Suddenly, just as the Army ends were closing in on him, Lloyd drew back his arm and hurled a pass that traveled as straight and fast as a bullet more than fifty yards, diagonally across the field.

"Castree, the Navy end, had gotten through the Army secondary defense and had streaked across the field, unobserved, for the goal line. It was to him that Lloyd had thrown the pass. As the ball shot towards the goal line Castree increased his speed. Then, just as he neared the goal line, with the ball nearing him, he lost his balance and fell flat on his back.

"Those in the Navy stands who had risen, cheering, to their feet, sank down, groaning. But only for the fraction of a second, for Castree, lying on his back a short distance from the last white line, stretched out his arms, caught the ball with his finger-tips and rolled over the goal line for a touch-down. It was one of the greatest plays I ever have seen and certainly one of the biggest thrills of my experience."

The essential qualification of a good sports announcer is his ability to keep from letting his excitement show in his voice. Once he lets his excitement run

away with him he starts to yell into the microphone, and his words become unintelligible. Ted Husing long ago mastered the art of controlling his feelings.

Although more than qualified to do any sports broadcast alone, Husing virtually always employs the assistance of an expert to compile statistics and cover the technical angles of the various events.

For instance, Bryan Field, well-known turf writer, assists him in his descriptions of horse races; Herbert Reed, sports writer, advises and assists with polo and rowing events; Herbert Stone, editor of "Yachting," aids in the description of boat races; Walter L. Pate and Louis B. Daley, executives of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, give assistance in tennis broadcasts, and Herbert H. Ramsay, of the United States Golf Association, helps with golf broadcasts.

So it is with football. While Ted is giving graphic descriptions of the action, a football expert sits beside him compiling figures on yardage gained and lost, on the total number of first downs and the like. Thus, at the end of each period, Ted is able to give a complete summary of what has taken place.

Some idea of the number of words spoken by Husing during the description of a football game may be gotten from the fact that he speaks at the rate of about 400 words per minute, which means that he totals about 24,000 during a full game. Added to this are the words spoken before and after the games and between the periods, which swell the total to more than 40,000 words.

Husing writes out only one sentence of any of his descriptions of football games and other sports events. That is the opening sentence. This is done so that he may get the proper tempo, and then he is off.

It is a surety that Husing will break all existing records for sports announcing this season. During all of 1930 he traveled 31,650 miles and covered 65 sports events. Up to September 1 of this year, with four months remaining, he had described 54 events and had traveled 24,400 miles. The football season, the World Series and a dozen or more other events will swell this total considerably.

In his spare time, if any, Husing is making a series of twenty-six "Sport-slants" for Warner Brothers. So far he had completed eight, three of which have been shown in some 1,500 theatres throughout the country.

A busy man, Ted Husing, and a student of sports.

*Mr. Robert A. Williamson, writing from the camp of the National Broadcasting company, reports on page 95:*



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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.

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Broadcasting in the New York Manner



The Airline to the New York Market



# Clara, Lu and Em

(Continued from page 14)

"Clara" and "Em." Upon her graduation she went to Boston and for three years taught speech and dramatic courses at the Boston School of Physical Education. In the school year 1929-1930 she returned to Northwestern to teach in the School of Speech there. Isobel Carothers is a pretty, dainty young woman who is extremely fond of dancing, who enjoys being alone, and who is very fond of the tabloids. "Someday," says Isobel, "I'd like to marry a millionaire and enjoy myself modeling in clay and going to the movies."

Helen King (who by the way is not my child as many think) is the "Em" of "The Girls" act. Like the others she is a daughter of the Middle West, having been born in Peoria, Illinois. She was the youngest of five children and says that instead of giving her mother presents at her birth, her whole family tried—vainly, for the young lady had a carrying voice—to pretend that she hadn't arrived among them. As a child, Helen King showed a marked fondness for music, so when she went to college she studied piano and organ and became proficient in both. She played the organ for chapel all during her college days and was well known on the campus for her musical ability. Along with her music, Helen had a love of drama and had the honor of being elected to Theta Alpha Phi, the honorary dramatic society. After her graduation in 1926 from Northwestern Helen had a year of post-graduate work at the University of Colorado and then returned to Evanston, Illinois, to teach "rhythms," or creative dancing and dramatics in the public schools. At the present time she is giving the same course at Northwestern.

Helen still has a strong interest in music. Many evenings when I reach the studios she is in the middle of a chorus of a popular tune and even now she and I are working on some piano duets which you may hear someday if none of the studio engineers shoot us. She had always wanted to play for radio as she was an enthusiastic radio fan herself and hoped that her music would bring pleasure to others. But Chicago is a very hard town on non-union musicians and in those days, which were not so long ago, Helen did not have the money with which to join the local union. Now—well, that's another story, and a personal one at that.

"In the spring of 1930," said Helen, "all three of us were together in Chicago. One day I was speaking about my wish to play the pipe organ on the

air and telling the girls that so far I had not been able to find a position. The suggestion was made that we revive our old act and bring Clara, Lu and Em to the air. We all knew that other acts of more or less similar nature were popular so the others enthusiastically agreed to my plan. We spent some time in becoming re-acquainted with our invisible old friends and finally took them out for auditions with the results that you already know."

The choice of the three names Clara, Lu and Em was purely at random. Never before had they seen these three names used together nor did they know any women bearing the names. But evidently the names are popular for one day as the girls were rehearsing their act at WGN before going on the air, a studio page boy announced to them that "Clara, Lu and Em had come to see them." It was a fact; three sisters whose names really were Clara, Lu and Em had come to get acquainted with the radio "Clara, Lu and Em."

Since that time the girls have received letters from two other sets of sisters bearing the same names and they find it quite a coincidence that purely imaginary names should find such concrete backgrounds.

The three girls all agree in saying that the personalities of Clara, Lu and Em have become so real to them that they find these characters intruding into their daily lives. Miss King says "Em is ruining my grammar. She makes me put a 'the' before nearly every noun I use and I am continually saying 'leave her do this, or that.'" The girls have been Clara, Lu and Em for almost five years which is much longer than any actress is compelled to identify herself with a fictitious character, so it is not surprising that these make-believe personalities have a very strong influence on their lives.

In the days when Clara, Lu and Em were only used to amuse their friends the girls say they used to lapse into character much more often than they do now. Since Clara, Lu and Em have become a business with them they give more time and thought to what the characters will say and do, of course, and the girls admit that it isn't always easy to find something timely and also funny about which they may gossip.

I have found that like most stage people the girls are in character preceding their nightly broadcasts. They arrive early at our Chicago NBC studios for their rehearsal and it is not until the closing strains of the theme song, "Somewhere In the World" have died away that they become again the

Misses Starkey, Carothers and King—three modern maids, and to me—"regular fellows." In the studio during the broadcast each has an eccentric characteristic. They "act" their roles in front of the mike—Clara always speaking with arms folded across her chest, her fingers nervously toying with a string of beads which is always a part of her costume; Lu continually ruffling her hair in a coy manner when talking of any one of her various amours (and also, unknowingly, rubbing her ankle); and Em constantly playing with and rattling her manuscript. We've rehearsed together, broadcast together, argued together, and plowed through three feet of snow to reach the studios during last winter's storm together and in the face of all these changing scenes, to me they are "just three great guys."

The three girls plan to make their homes in Evanston where they now live together. They all have their likes and dislikes and their ambitions. Em is an enthusiastic radio fan; Clara enjoys the radio usually; but Lu is too busy to listen very often. However they all agree on liking two radio features—"Uncle Abe and David" and "The Three Doctors."

In her spare time Em (Miss King) may usually be found creating or listening to music. She is a tall, slender girl, very fond of bright colors, who wears this season's smart clothes with grace and style. (First thing you know I'll be a ladies' fashion expert.)

Clara (Miss Starkey) is quiet and intelligent, spending her time with books and in the theatre. Her one great passion is a contest. Any guessing game or slogan-writing contest, whatever it may be, as long as it has the element of hard work coupled with the element of chance, intrigues her. And she plans to keep on entering all contests until she carries off first honors. (How many of you readers do the same?)

She says that one of her rules for the future is always to avoid women's clubs. She didn't say why and it wouldn't be proper for me to ask.

Lu (Miss Carothers) enjoys dancing very much, as well as books, and says that when she marries a millionaire she intends to be a patron of the arts. Miss Carothers presents a most attractive picture at all times being petite and dainty and always well groomed.

The girls further agree in liking the romantic type of man and say that Ronald Coleman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are their favorite cinema stars. (What a great break for my old side-kick, Doug.) They say they demand men with romance—plus intelligence.

They also would like a vacation some time and would appreciate suggestions as to how to get one. My only suggestion was for them to get married.



# McNamee Recalls Grid Thrills

(See football story "Signals" on page 15)

THE sharp, rhythmical voices of quarterbacks already are being heard above the pre-play stillness of football crowds. But the rich, resonant voice of Graham McNamee, National Broadcasting Company ace, has not yet been heard this fall by the arm-chair football fans.

He will probably get into action early in October, according to the latest word from NBC headquarters.

"It's one of the most difficult jobs in the world, reporting a football game accurately and entertainingly," McNamee says, "but the satisfaction of doing a good job is almost tantamount to the thrill an artist gets in doing some masterful creative work.

"And as for the thrills one receives in some games—why, there are games of the past which I'll never forget. Do you remember the Army-Navy tie at Soldiers Field, Chicago, in 1926 and the Al Marsters-Albie Booth battle at New Haven in 1929? Those were two of the greatest games in gridiron history. And while my whole being teemed with excitement, while the crowds were hysterical, I had to sit quietly by a microphone, keep my voice modulated, and tell the vast radio audience why the crowds were raising pandemonium. I just couldn't get up and shout.

"One hundred and thirty thousand partisan spectators all of them alternately overjoyed or morose at stages of the game, witnessed the Army-Navy struggle at Soldiers Field. Some of them were in skyscrapers overlooking the field, some were huddled in aisles, some were lined behind the goal posts, but they all saw two strong teams play one of the most sensational games in football history, ending 21 to 21.

"Caldwell, Schuber and Hamilton of the Navy, cut off big gains early in the game, resulting in two touchdowns, plus two points. It was 14 to 0 when Wilson and Red Cagle started to run wild, Cagle running forty-four yards for a touchdown. And some cadet got another one, tying the score at the half. Then Army put over another touchdown. Things were looking dark for Navy, and twilight was creeping over the field. The score was 21 to 14 for Army.

"But Allen Shapley, who'd been called a 'running, passing fool', was rushed into the Navy backfield. Description of him could not be quite accurate; he ran and he passed, but he didn't do either foolishly. It wasn't long before he took a pass from Hamilton and crossing the Army line for another touchdown. A kick after touchdown tied the score again.

"One could hardly see the ball after that, it was so dark, but Navy kept on passing. Then an Army man pulled one down out of the air and started towards Navy's goal. At the height of the excitement the final pistol broke the stillness and something happened to the Army ball totter. I don't know what. The play was completed some way, and the game was over.

"In the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1929, Yale led 10 to 0 at the half, gaining one of their touchdowns indirectly through a fumble by the famous Al Marsters. But Marsters came back in the second half, after being outclassed by Albie Booth, and led an attack which resulted in two touchdowns in five minutes. The score was 12 to 10 for Dartmouth. Marsters, however, was injured, his playing career ended, and Yale sent in Longnecker in the fourth quarter as a final hope. Deep in his own territory, he prepared to pass and slipped on his knee, but successfully shot a spiral to Hoot Ellis, the fastest man on the field. Many Dartmouth men tried catching him but none succeeded. The final score, Yale, 16, and Dartmouth, 12.

"Those were the most thrilling games in my experiences."

This year, owing to the increasing interest in football broadcasts, officials of the National Broadcasting Company have conferred with executives of associated stations before choosing a tentative broadcasting schedule. And that schedule is subject to change, even as schedules of previous years were changed as upsets were recorded in the collegiate football world. NBC intends to broadcast the most important games on succeeding weeks, and it is probable that some of international interest will be shortwaved to Europe.

## Princess Charming

(Continued from page 67)

times wish to avoid recognition—yes, but most of us want more recognition than we get. We cannot count upon Prince Charming to penetrate our disguise. He needs a clue to our attractive character by some outward manifestation. And Princess Charming invariably is discovered when she travels under her own name and does not hide herself as a princess, incognito.

\* \* \*

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## They've Laughed at the Rain Together

(Continued from page 25)

Their voices blended nicely. And there was a partition that shut them off from the view of the congregation. It was not long before Frank found it convenient to have his chair in the loft directly behind Zora's. His proclivities for action and mischief sometimes threatened to upset the decorum of the choir but a more sanctimonious quietude prevailed when Frank was given a chair beside the young lady instead of behind her. Eventually it seemed that one chair was considerably more than was required for one young lady and the two of them seemed quite contented with one and one quarter chairs.

Happy were those days of choir and choir rehearsal. Both were deeply influenced by the religious fervor of the church. It became an influence that has remained with them to this very hour. It kept them to their ideals. They were married before they were out of their teens. Nobody approved of the match. Everybody said they were entirely too young to embark such a turbulent sea as matrimony. Anticipating this opinion they kept their marriage secret for a while and Frank started out on his first professional engagement as a member of the Meister Singers Male Quartet. He toured the Middle West and drew \$30 a week.

Young Love and Art—how many tragedies are written thy name! For Frank and Zora Love remained undismayed; but Art—well, one—yea two—must live. Frank buckled down to a job on an express wagon. But he did not forget his Art as he made enough money to provide a living and put a little by to give Art a chance later on. They were keeping house and looking to the future now.

For two years they both worked and planned. Then came the day when they withdrew their savings, bade farewell to Hutchinson and caught a train for New York. They took their religious faith with them all the way to Broadway and somehow Frank managed to get the right kind of a hearing so that he landed an engagement at the Capitol Theatre. He pleased New York audiences very well but even New York demands change and when he had finished his theatrical engagements he stepped directly from the stage to the pulpit. As a singing evangelist he journeyed back to the land of the Sunflower, the Tall Corn, the Wheat Belt and then on to California.

Zora remained in New York helping the family exchequer by working in sound films at Long Island. Every day tender messages passed between them.

When the evangelistic tour came to an end at the Pacific, the separation could no longer be endured and Zora packed herself off for California immediately. What a lovers' greeting followed when Frank met her at the station as she arrived there. They settled down like a newly-wed pair of honeymooners at Bakersfield where Frank took charge of a choir and recreation work at one of the local churches. All the world loves a lover so all of Bakersfield fell in love with the Luthers. A little later when the regular pastor went away Frank was persuaded to take his place in the pulpit, which he did with great satisfaction to all concerned. There he preached his first sermon and enjoyed the experience.

When the regular pastor returned it was decided that the Luthers should go together on an evangelistic tour. As they continued from town to town Zora performed valuable work by organizing clubs among the boys and girls in the churches where they visited.

Both appreciated they had not reached the high point toward which they were struggling. Together they studied how to advance and take up a bigger scope of work. They went to Schroon Lake, New York, where they studied with Oscar Seagle at his famous music colony. Among the various notables they met there was John Boles. Later in New York, at the conclusion of their courses, Mr. Boles opened the way for Frank to join the famous De Reszke Singers. Returning from a tour with this organization he was invited to join the Revellers. He went to Europe with them. When he returned he became identified with them in radio work.

Zora joined whole heartedly with him in this new field. He developed a new technique. His tenor voice and general versatility registered top notch through the microphone. He created new ideas. Soon he was in demand on such programs as Palmolive, Eastman Kodak, Esso, Peter's Parade, Three Bakers, Pine Tree, Chase & Sanborn and many, many others.

His activities have now become so numerous that he maintains offices in a suite of rooms in a New York City hotel. Zora is right at his side constantly to help him prepare and rehearse his programs. Perhaps if she can ever get a little time for her own talents she too may be heard soon on the air. At any rate they are more devoted than ever—and Art? Yes, indeed, Art and Young Love are together with the Luthers at last and these are the golden days of their splendid happiness.





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No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get an audition. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your

voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring you success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

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Old Dutch Cleanser is endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute



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