

Radio Digest

Summer

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•

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•

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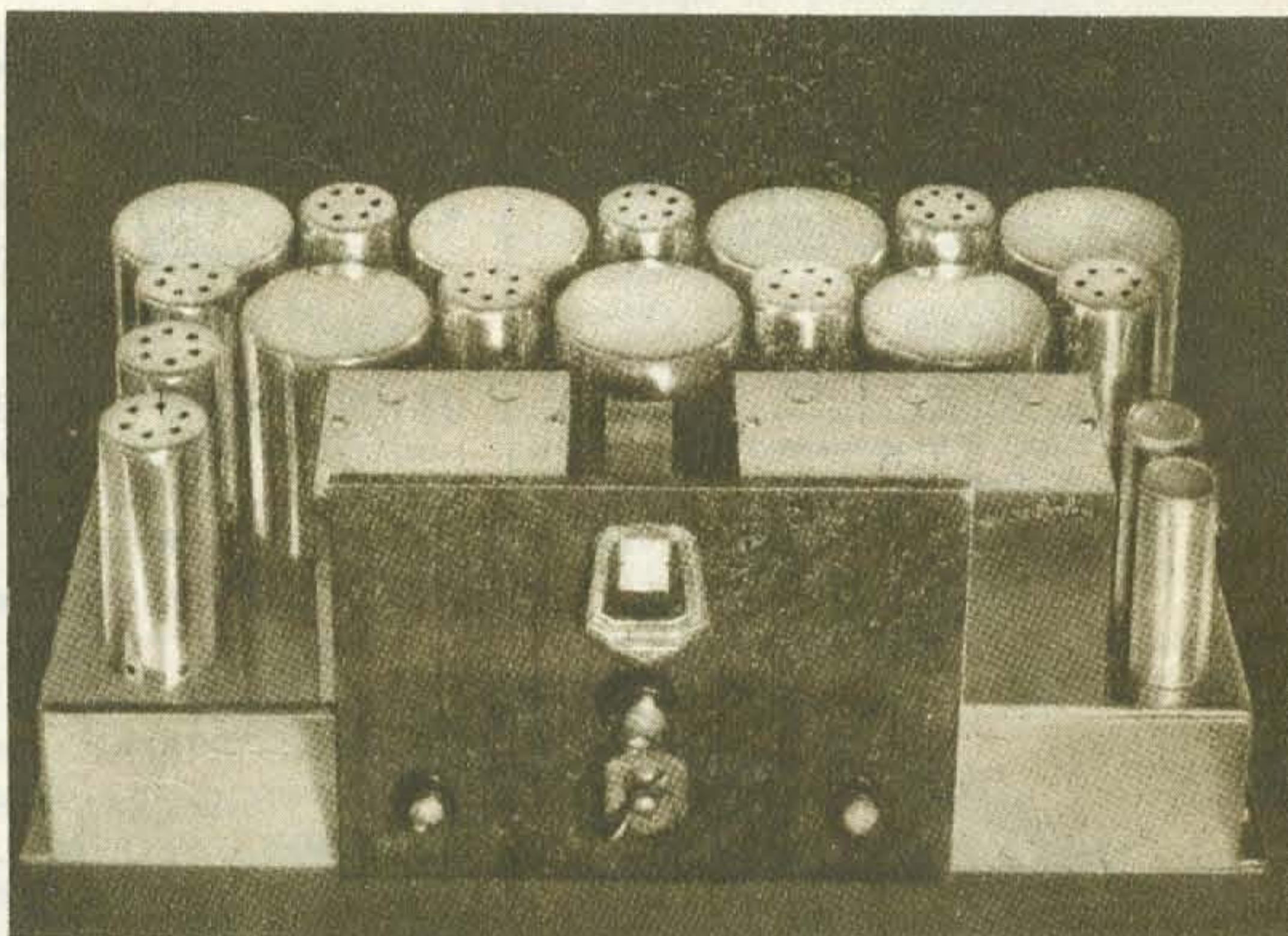
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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

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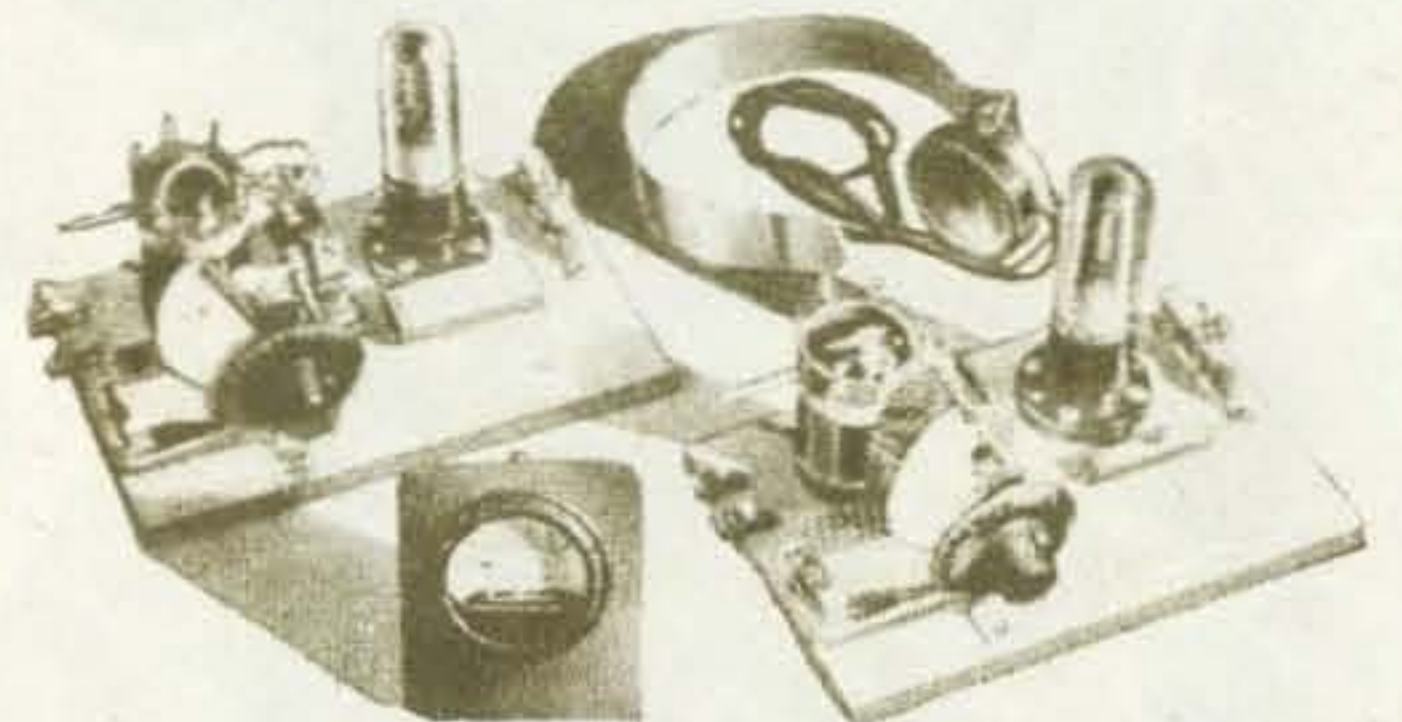
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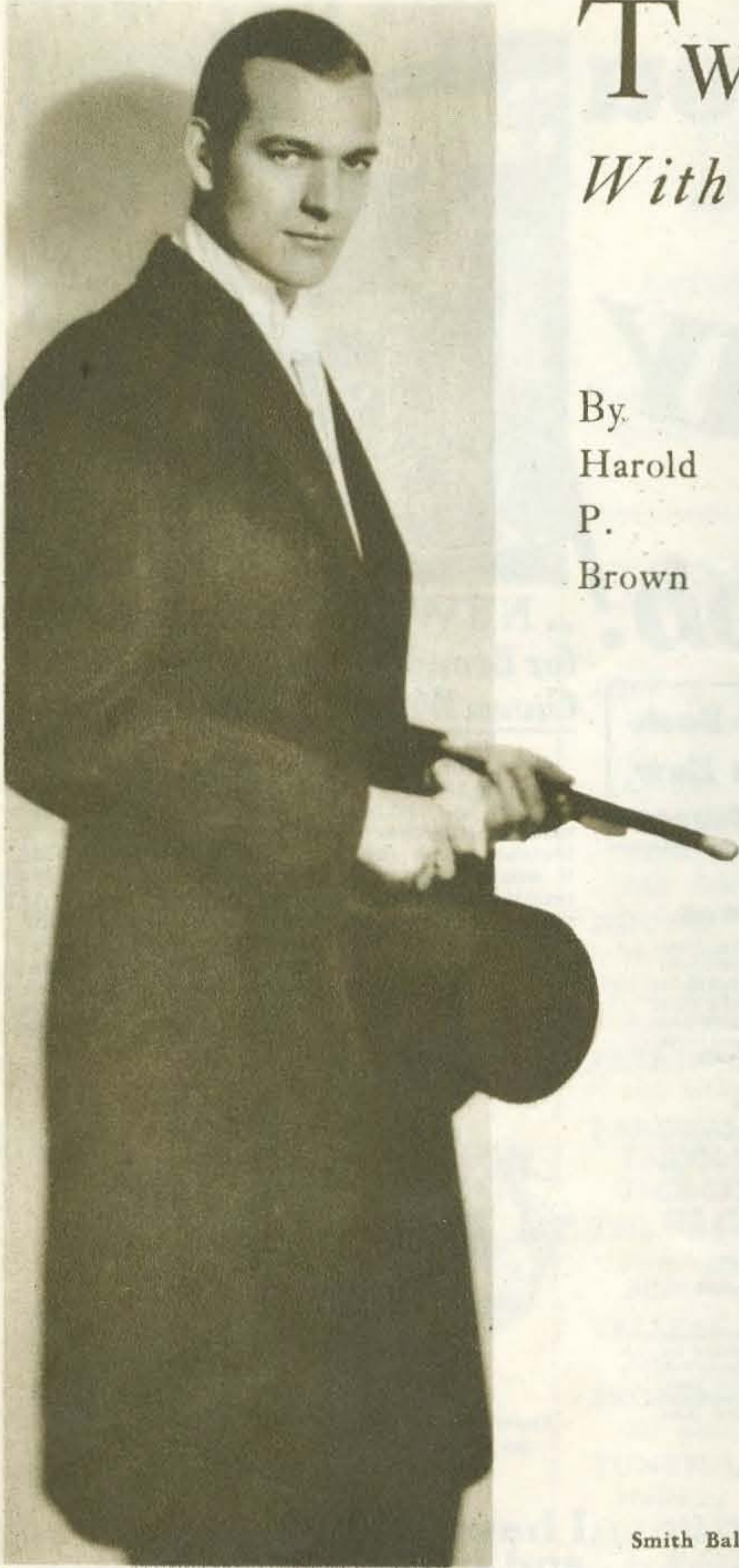
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Smith Ballew

SMITH BALLEW, that tall, amiable Texan whom you see pictured above, rained into Radioland again May 27th to the huge delight of a large and appreciative audience. You heard him from the Pavillion Royal, a swanky Long Island resort—a long, long way from the Alamo Plaza in San Antonio, but not half so romantic. Texas without question has more tall men per capita than any other state in the Union. Smith Ballew is no exception. While he never could have been classed as a sensation his acceptance everywhere has been enthusiastic. He was one of the first to rebel against the jangle of jungle jazz. His doctrine never was to give each man in his orchestra an instrument and tell him to make a star of himself. Rather he has preached that the orchestra must play in unison as one man. Smith's fans praise his conservatism, his choice of the soft and sweet in melody and rhythm. His voice as a singer came to him unexpectedly. But the record makers say it has become one of the best sellers. That Jupiter Pluvius should have picked Smith Ballew's opening night for a deluge was most unkind for no doubt there were many of the young orchestra leader's personal friends who were thereby prevented from ex-

TWISTS AND TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

By
Harold
P.
Brown

tending their congratulations and good wishes. Incidentally you can turn your dial to your Red network station and get Smith Ballew every Friday night at 11 o'clock, EDST.

D. THOMAS CURTIN seems to be coming into his own according to reports as we go to press. RADIO DIGEST readers will remember his adventure stories published herein, and also the thrillers dramatized over a late Sunday night network. Mr. Curtin has been analyzing the files of the New York police department, just as he analyzed incidents and resources behind the German lines as secret correspondent for the Northcliffe newspapers. Knowing his natural ardor and keen sense of the dramatic we feel free to predict that the stories of life culled from the police files will be tense and thrilling when he presents them as one of the twenty-minute features of the Lucky Strike program. Curtin has the uncanny sense of precision to put his finger on the instant of action in any situation and give it life with lines of speech and sound effects. He may become known as the first great radio dramatist.

IN THE Aircaster column of the "New York Evening Journal" (May 24) we are told of an incident which happened in one of the great broadcasting company studios which illustrates how thinly woven are the threads of fate these perilous times. The Aircaster writes as follows:

"I'm sorry that, because of a promise, I can't give you the name of the orchestra leader at WEAf who saved the life of a young composer and arranger yesterday. The young man was actually starving, was without a job, without prospects, and his wife and kids were on the point of being evicted. As a last resort, he gathered up a script that a big shot conductor had promised to buy months ago, and was trying to peddle it in the studios. He failed to impress anybody with it, although it turned out to be the work of a genius. Someone overheard him calling his wife. She had to be brought to a neighbor's phone. He told her that he was headed for the Brooklyn Bridge, and bade her goodbye.

"The man who overheard the excited conversation collared the unfortunate fellow, discovered his troubles, looked at his script, and immediately gave him a job with two weeks' salary in advance. The band leader had been looking for such an arranger for weeks."

HAVE you noticed the improved trend in the production of radio drama? Is it that we are getting better scripts or better technique in the art of broadcasting drama? To the mind of your commentator there was a fine etching in the NBC presentation of *The Flood Is Rising*, described as "A True Story by Geno Ohlischlaeger, translated by Kurt Jadassohn." The story opens with a prologue wherein the listener pictures himself on a sightseeing bus in Naples. The scene is near the harbor with sounds to give that impression. The guide intones his ritual of what is to be seen round about. By this trick of placement the listener finds himself naturally in the scene without forcing the imagination. He is himself one of the actors in the play. He joins one of the groups that leave the bus to visit the Hotel Monte Solaro, where the guide explains a curious incident that took place there in the ballroom at the close of the last century. It is the story of Torro, a great hypnotist, who could bring an entire audience beneath his mesmeric spell. The guide proceeds to tell the incident that brought an end to this mystic genius. The prologue ends. By graceful art the listener becomes lost in a fascinating situation that keeps him spellbound to the end. Why not more plays like this?

CROWNED QUEEN OF BEAUTY

Hazel Johnson, of KFYZ, Bismarck, North Dakota, Wins Radio Digest's Campaign to Find Most Attractive Radio Artist

RADIO DIGEST'S first annual contest to find the most beautiful girl in radio has come to a close. Hazel Johnson, popular entertainer at KFYZ, at Bismarck, North Dakota, is declared the winner and this month Miss Johnson's portrait, painted by Charles Sheldon, famous portrait painter of New York, appears on the cover of RADIO DIGEST.

For the first time readers of the magazine were the judges in a beauty contest and the interest in the campaign, which extended over a period of four months, was indicated by an avalanche of votes. The original thirty-two contestants representing as many radio stations and chains of stations, narrowed down to three in the finals—Harriet Lee of WABC, New York City; Donna Damerel of WBBM, Chicago, and Hazel Johnson, representing the west.

Miss Johnson's radio career extends over a period of four years at the Bismarck station, where she conducts some

of the most popular air features. The Musical Memories broadcast from that station is one of the outstanding programs in the far west and during this performance Miss Johnson plays, upon request, any musical selection desired by the radio audience. She is a pianist of real ability, plays the organ and vocalizes. Another program regularly tuned in by listeners to KFYZ is the Tuneful Moods hour in which Miss Johnson plays the piano and sings.

The 1932 Beauty Queen of American Radio is a true daughter of the west. This winsome, blonde, blue-eyed damsel, is just twenty-three years of age, and Mott, North Dakota, is her birthplace. Her musical tendencies were evidenced at the tender age of eight, and her studies have continued to the present time, her most recent studies being devoted to the pipe organ. This versatile young lady has even conducted dance orchestras of her own, and her unusual musical memory enables her to play numberless popular

compositions without the use of a score.

As a radio artist she has the happy faculty of projecting the charm of her personality through her voice into the homes of her listeners, and her fans are legion. Each week hundreds of musical requests are received from all over the west and parts of Canada, and she has made thousands of friends among her unseen audience.

When KFYZ announced that Miss Johnson had been entered in the RADIO DIGEST contest for the selection of a beauty queen of American radio, her friends eagerly came to her support. Miss Johnson was the winner by a safe margin, the order of votes being: Hazel Johnson, 2153; Donna Damerel, 1412; Harriet Lee, 1096.

After the use by RADIO DIGEST of Miss Johnson's portrait on the cover this month, the original painting will be presented to the young lady with the compliments of this publication and good wishes for continued success.



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



This is the face which Jean Sargent was afraid to show in public without a mask. Jean says the real mask proved only a symbol of the deadlier mask of self consciousness which she later conquered with difficulty.

Jean Sargent

REMOVES HER MASK

By Hilda Cole

AT LAST we have the real Jean Sargent. Everybody is talking about her sudden and well deserved success. How can a girl reach such heights in so short a time? I asked her, and she said she had shed her mask. Of course that takes some explanation. It would be hard to imagine why such a charming girl should wish to conceal her pretty face behind a mask. (See portrait on opposite page.) So I jaunted along with her from the Columbia studios on Madison street to her apartment opposite the Ziegfeld theatre and she told me the story. She had Barney, the little Scotty, on a leash. Barney must have his daily stroll.

"So many of us are wearing masks, and we don't know it," she said after I had brought up the subject again. "We imagine everybody is looking at us at all times and thinking unpleasant things about us. So we hide behind masks to conceal the true selves that are within. Why should we be afraid when there is nothing to fear? The most of us after all are decent and respectable. But I guess there never was anyone in all the world so self conscious and afraid as I, when I was in the teen age." (She recently celebrated her twentieth birthday.)

"One day the thought of the mask occurred to me. It was during the plans for a school play. Let's see, was it the Friends Seminary or the Mary Lyon School? Well, anyway they all said I had to take a certain part. It was a Girl Scout play. At first I was pleased with the idea. Then when I thought of appearing before an audience, alone, I fairly choked with fear. It was a terrible sensation. And as the time came for me to go on I became more terrified. So finally I said I would not attempt it unless I could wear a mask that would conceal my identity. And that was what I did. Behind the mask I was quite a different person. Nobody knew my real self, so it didn't matter. . . . Oooh!"

Jean suddenly jerked Barney to her side and looked around at a pudgy little man who had just passed.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Don't tell me you didn't see that man!" She exclaimed. "He was cross-

eyed, I swear." The crowd jostled us. "What of it?" I was amused and a bit embarrassed. "You don't suppose it was a mask?"

"No. But I'm going to knock wood." She darted across the sidewalk and tapped a little sign to an optical shop with her fingers. "Sure I'm superstitious.

FLO ZIEGFELD, world famous glorifier of American girlhood, found himself signed up to a series of broadcasts with any number of new and perplexing problems on his hands. The first was to find a perfect radio personality girl. Then he heard of a new face and a new voice in the latest Broadway musical show, "Face the Music." There he found Jean Sargent and immediately adopted her into his magic circle. Hilda Cole found that Jean was like a butterfly just fluttering from its chrysalis. Very briefly she tells about it here.

I've dropped my mask, you know, and I'm not concealing the fact."

"That's just another way of saying, 'be yourself' isn't it?" I asked and inquired how she finally got rid of her mask.

"**P**EOPLE seemed to think I could sing. Mother and dad are good singers, and we used to have songfests back home in Philadelphia. Mother is contralto and dad used to solo in the glee clubs at Yale and Brown. The others would get me singing along pretty brave at home, then they would fade out and the first thing I knew I would be singing all alone.

"One day I visited a broadcasting station and when I saw that the person singing before the microphone was practically alone and unnoticed by anyone else I thought I would like to do that. And sure enough I had my chance. Then summer came and I went with mother

to Santa Monica, California, where we have a bungalow. When I came back East my place on the studio staff had been filled. I had an idea I would like to write. Somehow I managed to see a newspaper editor and sell him the notion I could conduct a radio column. Then I had my experience at interviewing. That was the beginning of the process of getting rid of my mask. It was easy to see how many people wore masks when they were interviewed—and it seemed silly.

"But the first real effort came when dad arranged for me to sing during a certain dance intermission at a hotel roof garden. I rehearsed with the orchestra. They all gave me great encouragement and I resolved firmly I would stand up and go through with my song come what may.

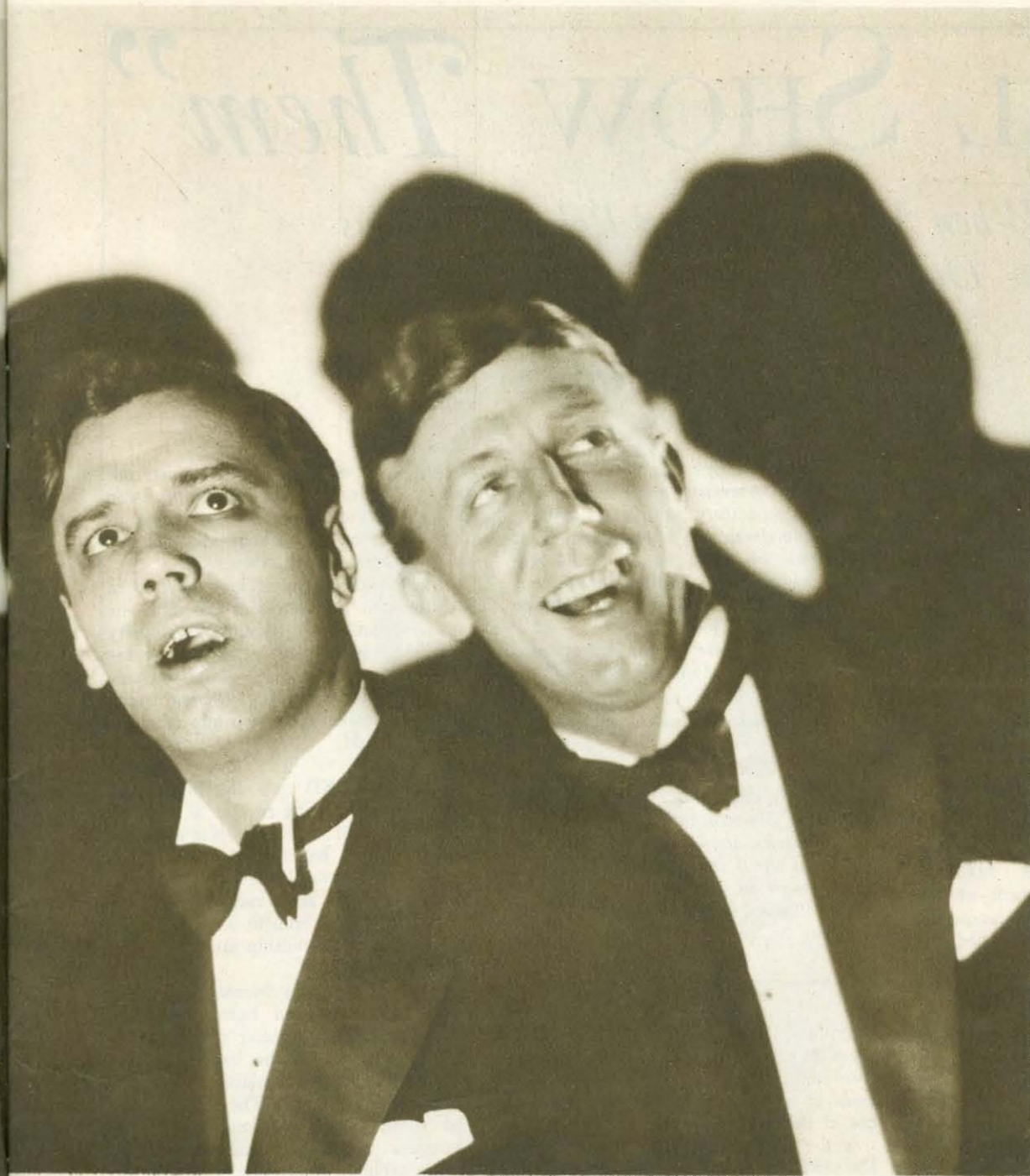
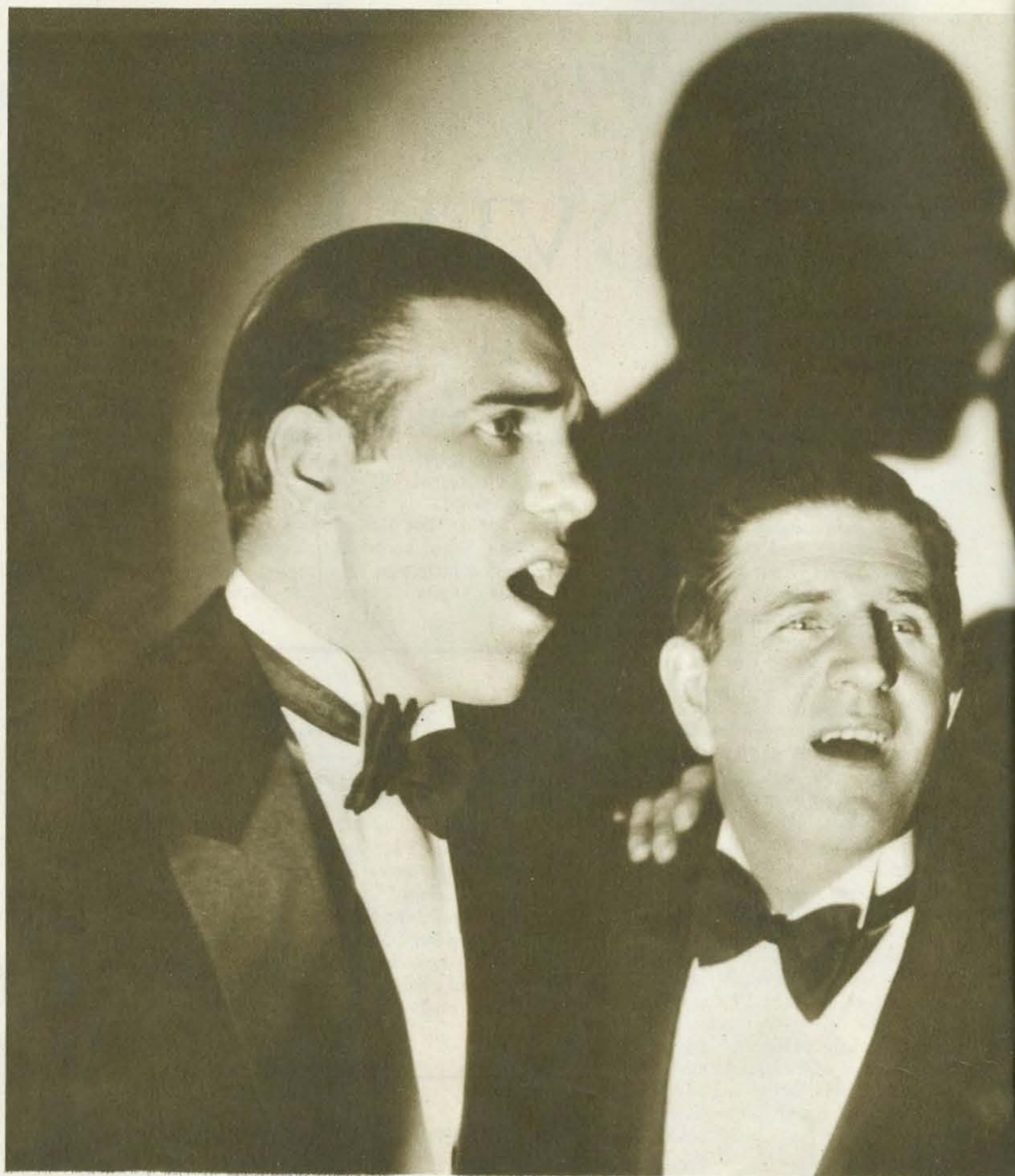
"The dreadful moment arrived with me quaking and gasping but steadfastly determined. My legs carried me forth but as soon as I saw the faces looking up at me the knees began to weaken and I actually collapsed over a railing. The folks were kind, however, and applauded vigorously. That stimulated me and I went through with it. The old mask took an awful wrench with that experience.

"It wasn't half so hard later when I was asked to sing before a newspaper club. And that was how I came to arrive in New York."

Jean told how she had gradually begun to realize that real human beings were interested in true other human beings. She resolved to be just as natural and true to her individual self as possible. She sang unaffectedly, and there was a man in the audience who seemed more than casually interested. He was enthusiastic. After it was over he urged her to go to New York and see his friend, Sam Harris, who was working on a new show. He gave her a letter of introduction. Just before last Christmas she came to New York with the letter and went to the theatre where Mr. Harris was rehearsing the show now so popular on Broadway, "Face the Music." Irving Berlin, who wrote the music, was there

(Continued on page 48)

The four original Round Towners in a special line-up for Radio Digest show from left: Brad Reynolds, top tenor, Larry Murphy, lead tenor; Evan Evans, baritone, and Lon McAdams, bass. CBS feature.



What, ho! These gentlemen seem to be caught, as the poets say, in "frozen music." On the other hand it is possible they are only listening intently for someone to call, "Poker game in the next room!"

Close Harmony with

"SWE-E-E-E-ET AD-EEE-LINE!"

Thank you gentlemen. You have been listening, friends of the radio audience, to the Round Towners. They vocalize for you every now and then the spirit of the metropolitan night life over the Columbia system from New York.

And, now that you have heard them sing, here they are. Perhaps you have wondered how they look. They have been heard from this station regularly almost from the time the Columbia system has been organized. A popular feature. After all when you have been dialing around through the maze of jazz jamborees, blue-of-the-nighting, operatic ariatics, political palavering and all, what can be sweeter than a sudden sweep into a good old foursome of the harmonizers!

Barbershop chords? Yea, brother! You think of the time when you snuggle down under the towels and aprons while a sea of lather sprays and dashes around your nose—and from over in the corner comes a rhythm to the flashing steel on razor strap of four white jacketed troubadors blending their voices in pleasing melody. It may, perchance, be these very four—over the air, or on a phonograph re—beg, pardon, electrical transcription. (But never an *electrical transcription* over the air on a chain program!)

On the left in the picture, sounding the high "Ad-" to "Adeline," is Mr. Bransford Reynolds who started out to be a doctor according to family tradition. But when he got to college and joined a glee club he concluded the world was more in need of soul tonic and gave up his medicine kit for a music

the Round Towners

roll. His father and other members of family in St. Joseph, Mo., did not approve of this deviation. So Bransford became independent and started out on his own with a scholarship in his pocket. He found the exact spot he wanted when he became one of the Round Towners. His only operation has been to amputate the midsection of Bransford so that it now has become "Brad".

By the time this picture comes to you it is very probable Mr. Larry Murphy who nestles under the shadow of Brad Reynold's chin will have departed elsewhere. His place will be taken by Mr. Carlton Boxill who also had started out with an M. D. for his goal. But the war amputated his income. He had a family to support. Fate and an exceptional voice brought him to radio and the Round Towners ensemble.

Evan Evans, third from the left, won a fellowship in the Juilliard Music Foundation, New York, and journeyed to America from his native heath in Liverpool, England. It has been three years since he first joined the Columbia staff. He has been on many notable programs as well as in the quartet.

Alonzo McAdams is the merry gentleman at the extreme right Alonzo is his name but only a few people know it. His friends all think his first name is "Lon". But that doesn't interfere in any way with those deep chest notes that make you shiver when you hear the Round Towners sing deep sea sailor tunes. He became a radio singer in 1923 and had considerable to do in the development of modern technique in placing singers at the right distance from the mike.

"I'll Show Them"

*When Missouri Asked Robert Simmons
to Demonstrate He Proved He Could*

By Nellie Revell

IT WAS a long, winding, and treacherous road that led from the little railroad station up to the spot on the Ramapoo mountainside where young Robert Simmons was building his summer home. And as the interviewer toiled upwards, she could not help but liken it to the road that Simmons had traversed in his climb from obscurity to a featured place on the world's most extensive broadcasting chain, and prominent niche in concert circles.

She reflected on the career of this surprising youth. . . . What had kept Robert to the road so steadfastly, when economic difficulties had made such a serious impasse? What had helped him to hurdle his obstacles, instead of going off into an easier by-path? Probably something of the pioneer spirit of his Missouri ancestors, who had conquered because of difficulties. Robert had reversed the well-known Missouri "show me" to "I'll show them". And surprisingly enough this extremely likeable young chap had lost none of his ideals along the way—and now, while yet in his twenties, had reached his goal!

The priceless gift of faith had been inherited from his minister father and missionary mother. And the young singer's inspiration even today is the thought of his dearly beloved critic, his mother, listening in from the Ozark Mountains to his broadcasts.

His early musical training most certainly was due to his father, whose powerful rich voice was famous in Fairplay, Missouri, where he conducted evangelical meetings. Robert, and his two brothers and father soon became known as "the Simmons Male Quartette".

And though young Robert realized that "music is a gift from heaven" and inspiration itself, he also knew that "genius is nine-tenths perspiration," and so early morning and late evening saw Simmons Jr. at the local merchandise store, while during the day he attended school in Fairplay.

No one-sided career for this young artist, however! Characteristic of his sturdy, independent spirit, at fifteen the youth worked in the harvest fields and

continued his studying at the same time. This same persevering spirit carried him through preparatory school at Marionville, while clerking in a local store. That completed, he went on to St. Louis, where he attended Washington University, aided by his income from church singing, and odd jobs.

In St. Louis, the young singer connected with the Municipal Opera Com-

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

pany, and then his real voice training began in earnest. He worked his way up from small parts to the singing of juvenile leads, although he was the youngest member of the company.

Yet even this was only a beginning! He proceeded to Boston University and the New England Conservatory, attending both simultaneously while also earning his tuition. He now did oratorio and concert singing; conducted the Choral Art Society, and in the summer performed Chautauqua work. During the last two years he was not only a faculty member of both Universities, but in addition, he filled with distinction the responsible position of musical director of the Copley Methodist Church.

Having now a thorough background of American technique, the young artist centered his attention upon a European course of study. He won a modest triumph in Berlin.

Then radio claimed the attention of artists the world over, and Bob's progressive spirit urged him homeward. On his arrival, he characteristically went straight to his objective, and found himself one of hundreds knocking at Radio's

door. The young singer's firm determination and captivating personality won him an audition, however, and thousands of radio fans throughout the country know the rest of the story.

But though Simmons may have been lacking a bit in finances at the start—he was never lacking in friends. His loyalty to a friend is the same as his unswerving devotion to his music. His winsome smile, mischievous brown eyes, and frank, boyish expression have won him admirers young and old.

AND now the interviewer stopped her climbing to rest a moment. The stillness of the woods was suddenly broken by the haunting strain of "The Rosary". It was one of Simmons' records, and the same record that some years before had brought a very beautiful and helpful friendship into the young singer's life. . . .

Mrs. Nevin, elderly widow of the well-known composer had been driving in Maine, where her summer camp was located, when one of the tires blew out. While it was being replaced, she heard a phonograph playing "The Rosary" and was so impressed with the clarity and sweetness of the voice that she went up to the cabin to ask whose record it was . . . and found it had been made by Robert Simmons. She wrote to him, mentioning how he had caught the spirit of her husband's composition, and thus began a beautiful friendship, which was fostered by the fact that Robert Simmons happened to be one of the prize pupils of Mrs. Nevin's old friend—Frank LaForge. Mr. LaForge had often mentioned the ambitious fellow from Missouri who was one of his most industrious pupils, and had earned every bit of his musical education by his own efforts.

The song echoed—and was gone—but just above was the welcoming singer himself. A merry greeting was waved, and joyous barks from the dog at his side, Simmons' beloved pal, made the visitor feel instantly at home. The difficult climb was now forgotten in the splendor of the view—and the friendly hospitality of "just Bob" Simmons!



G. Mallard Kessler

Robert Simmons

THIS delightful young Missourian traveled far from home to find fame and fortune. Still in his early twenties he has become famous in concert and as a radio star. Miss Revell tells how he climbed the ladder of success and kept his head level through it all.



LETTERS TO RAY CALLS IT

*The Ladies, God Bless Them,
Are His Best Correspondents*

By Edward Thornton Ingle

—gracious me, what a time I have with all my mail! Oh, how I love to hear from the Old Guard!

"There's something so heartening about a letter, especially a chatty and informal



communication," said the punning funster as he sat securely wedged between two mountain ranges of correspondence.

"You know I always get the informal kind at the first of every month. 'Payment will be appreciated.' 'If you have already paid this bill, disregard this notice,' and other friendly missiles, I mean missives, of vicarious sorts," the old humorist went on.

"Then there is the confidential communication from the Grand Old School. 'Doubtless you have had many demands made upon you, Mr. Perkins, but—' and so forth and ad infinitum. 'The fraternity would like to hear again from Brother Perkins,' (they're always

thinking of buying another house, or plastering the old one) and please could he help.

"Of course there are the ladies! God bless them. And of these Ray Lamont Perkins can only say, they are my most faithful correspondents. I do hope I've said the right thing! As Queen Elizabeth said to Walter Raleigh, 'Keep your shirt on, kid, keep your shirt on!'

"But seriously, folksies, there are real thrills in all the fan mail. Don't let anyone tell you it is just so much fodder for the paper bailer! I wouldn't trade some of the associations that have grown out of the mail for anything in the world."

PERKINS speaks soberly of these. There's the blind woman in Baltimore who gains much from Ray's programs. She writes him regularly from a hospital there and offers excellent doggerel and humor for his broadcasts.

There is the little crippled girl in Massachusetts and the postmistress in the isolated tiny



A VIRULENT and hilariously dangerous malady, now known to the best medical minds of our country as *Perkinscribia*, and more commonly called *Perkinuritis* by the man in the street, is sweeping the land.

From every mud flat, cactus patch, hay field, palm-fringed shore, filling station (hot dog or gas), drug store and homestead—from coast to coast—a seething sea of mail pours in like a Niagara upon the National Broadcasting Company headquarters in New York. True, not all of this amazing avalanche is directed at the sorrel-thatched subject of this sketch. But those who count the letters at NBC will tell you that the Old Topper receives thousands upon thousands of missives from a very substantial and important section of the vast radio public.

The victim of *Perkinscribia* is first seized with laughing paroxysms that seem to grow more and more chronic, until at last the subject succumbs and then quite out of his mind subscribes his thoughts and feelings to paper. Thus is explained the mountain of fan mail that reaches the old chief of the Perkins Laboratories, Ltd., each week.

"Where does it come from—all this mail? Playmate, you've caught your Uncle Ray in a mellow and sentimental spot. Why, my goodness, it comes from everywhere, North, East, South and West—Omaha, Neb., Zinc, Ark., Sebastopol, Cal., Zolfo, Fla., Ty Ty, Ga., Nez Perce, Ida., Amo, Ind., Zwingle, Ia., Boston, Ky., Paw Paw, Minn., Tushka, Okla., Prosperity, S. C. (I'm going down there and look for a hopeful citizen), Java, S. D., Bellbuckle, Tex., Winter Quarters, Utah, Nicklesville, Va., Wauzeka, Wis., and Meeteetse, Wyo. and a lot of other places

THE ARTIST 'PERKINS'CRIBIA'

Colorado town in the heart of the Rockies. Both offer encouraging huzzas after each Perkins outburst.

One of the humorist's most regular correspondents is an Irish woman in Philadelphia who pays her respects in the wittiest Gaelic brogue imaginable. (Ray was born in Boston, you see.) A professional writer, residing in New Jersey, sends Ray many helpful program hints and gratis at that!

To these the triple-threat man of radio (song-piano-wit) is ever grateful. He answers all of his letters, although it often consumes valuable time that could be spent on program building.

Speaking of songs, Ray gets stacks of 'em from the fond listeners. Poetry too. Mountains of it. Some of it very good. A lot of it bad. There's a gas station operator in Pennsylvania who composes, on occasion, some very excellent couplets. An Ohio listener sends in a quip now and then that is a real improvement upon Joe Miller's store of anecdotes. A Texas cow-hand contributes a gag worth writing home about. A college president in the cold Northwest offers doggerel to rival Banjo Eyes Cantor or Zanie Wynn.

Known for his bent for inventions—particularly in the labor-saving field, the listeners send in many worth-while suggestions. When Ray recently announced his shirt-saving linoleum necktie for spaghetti eaters, a woman sent him a life-size model in linoleum with sponge attached. Among other inventions that have brought loud amens from his nationwide audience, are an automatic self back-patter, a device for shooting Congressmen, a cigarette lighter that works, a non-stop and non-leak fountain pen, an automatic 'Oh-yeah!' phonograph record that can be played whenever a candidate starts telling how he'll end the depression, a Perkins non-skid banana peel and many other inventions that already are proving destructive to life, limb and property.

Ray answers his mail. He's meticulous about it. In fact, he employs two stenographers who are busily engaged at this task each full working day.

However, because of the volume of his correspondence, Ray has evolved a novel and extraordinary automatic letter which fits 999 different situations. It is included here to illustrate Ray's ingenuous methods. We believe it should win him the Pulitzer Prize for original literary effort

or be incorporated in the Congressional Record.

INTERCOMMUNICATION MEMO

From: RAY PERKINS
National Broadcasting Co.,
New York City

To:
Subject: Yours of recent date
Hi there!

—Lady —Sweetheart
—Mister —Ducky Wucky
—Buddy —Mon Petit Choux

Glad to hear from you.

Thanks for the nice things you said about the program.

How are all the folks?

THERE are letters that hint of romance and letters that simply express appreciation for a rift in the clouds of the general depression. Here is a bit from a business office in a Massachusetts town where they interrupt the morning routine to listen. The writer says:

"Dear Ray of Sunshine: (And not forgetting responsive Clarence.) We are wondering in this office whether absolute suppression of all business from 10 to 10:15 every Thursday and Friday morning is going to be good or bad for the general depression of our particular group! It is a fact that, at the times mentioned, everything to do with business stops, and the whole office force, varying from one to four, rushes to the radio, smiling from ear to ear with excited anticipation of what the next fifteen minutes will bring. Sometimes when business is likely to hold everyone's attention and 10 o'clock might slip by unnoticed an alarm clock is called into service and rings out at the proper moment. We want you to know how much of a tonic you are to this particular group."

There is more and the letter is signed by four people. Another letter is from a girl in Indiana who says she is an amateur astrologer. She writes in part:

"I have been working diligently on the correction of your birth hour, and, you may tell your Ma that her darling son Raymond was born, according to his personal astrologer, August 23, 1896, at 1:06 p.m. . . . I erected Little Lindy's chart his death was Fate. His sun was in the 8th House, the House of Death; his Rising Sign was Scorpio, the Death sign, and his Moon was opposition the ascendant. The wonder to me is that he man-

aged to live as long as he did. I am going to give you a few teasing hints about your own chart. Boy! You have a splendid chart, and believe you me, if I ever had an affaire amour (there is no danger though, as no man is attracted to a girl who uses a cane), but at that I would certainly grab a guy with a chart like yours . . . I knew your extraordinary musical talent would manifest in your stars; you possess super-talent in music."

Sophisticated matrons write with the kind of wit that the infectious Perkinscribia inspires. Says one:

"Well! Such recompense for lost programs! Despite tonite's evil reception that was a trig little bit. Oh to be a turtle and then to pack so much into a square inch or so of time! My word! But to start where most days do your little 'Princess who slept on a kimono' really never 'lived.' I know a Cinderella who slept into some Rayment, cut rite out of sunlight—one spring morning—and lived whistly ever after. Don't shoot, I could jump that fast. In fact by 9:15 a.m. tomorrow everybody should be that over-subscribed with the Perkins' plan of exhilaration that they'll do up the house and tie a bow on it, dash together something intriguing in pineapple, and draw up some solutions to our national problems by M.—unless they're complete slouches . . . One thing is certain in this present wisecracking year of grace the real thing is still the rarest of arts . . . Another Gee-whiz at the grandeur of Niagara! And the last one until the snow flies, ('In Nome,' says you), but really no, rite here at home—word of a gentlewoman (up 'til now) and then to home . . . and I put pleccemen on all corners

(Continued on page 40)



Farewell to Helene Handin—

"TWO TROUPERS" SEVER TIES

*Marcella Shields Hears from Former
Team Mate as she Sails for Pacific*

ON BOARD SS. VIRGINIA
PANAMA PACIFIC LINE.

DEAR MARCELLA:

HEY-HEY and a couple of ooy-ooy—we're off to the land of "Yes men" and Hollywooden ladies, and am I thrilled? You tell 'em! As I watch that much advertised N. Y. skyline recede in the distance, I just can't squeeze out a single tear; and you know why, Baby. It's because I'm bound for that sunny God's country California. Don't laugh, you old dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, you know I've always been as dippy over Cal. as one of those much razzed "native sons."

As a matter of fact I'm sticking out my tongue at Broadway, not that that gesture is very lady like, but then who ever accused your wise-cracking side kick, of being one of "them" things anyway. Nor has Broadway "done me wrong" or anything like that, far from

"I have the portable on a table right under a fan," writes Helene as she approaches the hot tropic seas.

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

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

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

Hot Freckles, I've fourteen days of rest ahead and do I need it after that hectic rush of the past few weeks! The way I ran around getting orchestrations of all the new numbers in my keys; having new photographs taken at NBC., incidentally the best likeness I've had in ages, (clapp calloused mitts for our new photographer); packing endless trunks, being entertained at farewell dinners, luncheons etc, it's a miracle that I ever made the boat. Holy Hamberger, you should have seen me this morning boarding the Virginia with a suitcase, typewriter, portable

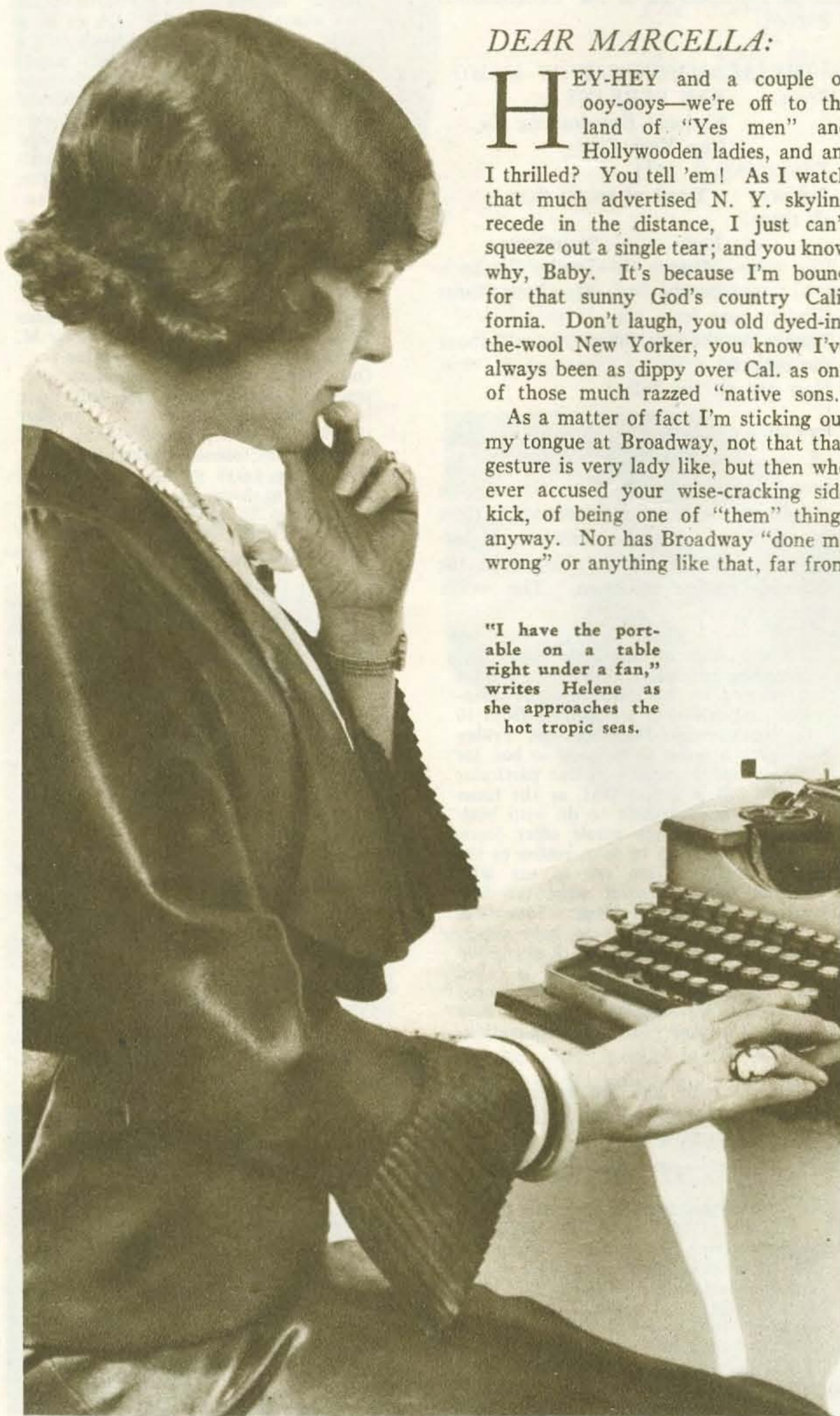


Photo especially posed for Radio Digest by Michael Gallo.

sewing machine, kodak, hat box, and four coats that wouldn't go into the trunks! All I needed was a Russian wolfhound and a bird cage!

Oh—but wait!—I at last achieved the ambition of a lifetime and had my "pitcher" taken sitting on the rail with my legs crossed—I would be different? Yep, the Radio Digest's special photographer came down with me and took gobs of poses, out of which I hope he gets a good one or two; my funny face being what it is. I felt as important as Queen Marie or the Dutchess of Kick-a-poo tho.

A bunch of good sports came down to see me off. *I'll say* good sports, to get up so early in the AM. just to wish me "bum voyage" or whatever it is they wish you. Say, Girl friend, that farewell party you and Peggy gave me was a knockout, even if my boy friend did turn out to be a "glass crash"—heigh-ho—it's just as well to find out that he's only a carbon copy of a "Big moment"—eh what?

Now I have you where you can't talk back, Gabby Liz, and am I going to bombard you with letters—look out! Just the same I'm going to miss my chattering partner a whole lot and I hope it won't be long until we work together again—for—if I have to write all my own programs alone, who will I pick on and have arguments with, I ask you?

"I must away" and find my place in the dining salon and see the Purser, so I'll ring off till tomorrow.

Love and cement,
Helene.

May 1, '32.

Dear Old "Flat Shoe":

Oh-ho—I'm at the Purser's table—and you know my weakness for Purser's—laugh that off. This one is nice too if anyone should leap out of a hearse and ask you. There's another nice looking chap, an Englishman, and a trio of girls who look like good fellows at the table but more about that as we sail along.

Kinda rough today, and chilly, so the old fur coat feels good. I sat out on deck awhile all bundled up but the wind blew all the mascaro into my eyes, so I came in to write to you. I went to church service in the lounge at 10:30 and it was nice. The Captain read a beautiful lesson and I felt less like a heathen afterward.

The old boat is doing a regular rumba tonight and a few are taking to their cabins. Not yours truly tho, I haven't missed a meal and am doing a little dancing, even tho the floor does almost come up and hit me in the eye occasionally. In fact when I was dancing with one of the "lollypopsies" just now I couldn't make out whether we were dancing, galloping or roller skating.

It's funny to watch the crowd gradually get acquainted, by tomorrow I suppose they'll all be calling each other by their first names—and maybe other names as well. I'm looking 'em over to see what ones I want to cultivate. There are some

sleek haired sheiks on board, a couple of whom almost fell in my lap trying to get acquainted, but you know me, when I want to hand out some of my best insults! I know the type, the kind who go home and brag for six months about how "tight" they got in Havana. To me they're just "static." Oh—I wore the cute evening jacket you and Peggy gave me tonight and I love it.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about the adorable cabin I have, you'd adore it, it's so cute and cozy with all the comforts of home. Big clothes press with full length mirror, plenty of lights, nice couch under the porthole and room for my wardrobe trunk. It's on B deck too and very cool and airy. Now don't you wish you had come along. My flowers look pretty too and I feel like I was in my hotel room. Have the old Royal portable on a table right under a fan—when I need a fan. Ain't that somepin?

They say we'll have warm weather tomorrow, and that will be nice. So long, old dear, more tomorrow. By the way, my birthday next Sunday, we'll be on the west coast in Mr. Pacific's ocean.

Helene.

SS. Virginia
May 2, '32.

MARCELLA are you listinin'?

WHAT a glorious day—oh boy, blue calm ocean, gorgeous sunshine and nice and warm. This boat is a peach, you can scarcely feel the vibration today—oh yeah—and the swimming pool is open, awnings up on A deck and everybody feeling better than yesterday. My deck chair is in a grand location where I won't miss anything. Yesterday they served bullion and crackers and today it's ice cream, on deck, so you can judge the difference in the weather. You should see all, the moulten papas in bathing suits and bathrobes, not to mention the assorted varieties of mammas around the pool. This is where you see them "as is" all right. I'm holding out tho, I'm going to give them a treat after lunch when I'll burst forth on the horizon in my lavender bathing suit and "poiple" pajamas and knock 'em for a row of Abyssinian mustache cups.—MAYBE!

HELENE HANDIN and Marcella Shields are two real troupers. For years they worked together and travelled across the country in vaudeville. Then they teamed up in radio as The Two Troupers and were heard every week over an NBC coast-to-coast network from New York. Marcella married. The Two Troupers went separate paths. Discontented, and perhaps a little lonely, Helene accepted a bid to KFI, Los Angeles, where she will live with her mother. Read the second installment of her log in the next Radio Digest.



"Good-bye, New York! Hello, California; here I come! Hello, KFI!" Helene waves.

Well, I had my first swim in the tank and it was great. Of course it isn't very large and I cracked my so called head a couple of times before I gauged the distance I could swim. My appearance didn't actually cause 'em to roll in the aisles, as we say in vaudeville, but at least they took notice of me, and that is something, in these days of platinum blonde competition. That's funny tho', there isn't a "suicide blonde", (you know, dyed by her own hand) on board—what a break for us (not even henna rined), brunettes! There are a couple of vamp type gals who are going pretty strong with the collegiate jelly beans tho, you know the kind who disguise themselves in very pale make-up, cherry red lips and scared expressions.

Speaking of "animal crackers," we have a couple of male pests we'd all gladly toss overboard to the sharks, in fact we hope to lose them in Havana, but no such luck, probably.

More tomorrow, old dear. I must grab myself a good dancing partner, before the other girls beat me to it. There aren't too many hot steppers, but you know your girl friend, I have them all catalogued. We're dancing on deck now you know, but there's no moonlight, dog gone it, however, all the other accessories to romance are Okay! And, don't forget, this is *still* Leap Year!
HELENE.



"She can be serious but it took me three years—and three days off—to persuade her to take me seriously enough to marry me," said George Burns.

GEORGE BURNS said: "Sure we'll be glad to give you an interview for RADIO DIGEST, come over tomorrow."

At which Gracie Allen chimed in: "Oh, no, not tomorrow. We have to take my brother to the hospital tomorrow—for a broken nose."

At which I asked: "Well why don't you take him today?"

At which Radio's very, very funny little lady replied: "Well, you see my father isn't going to break his nose until tomorrow."

I looked appealingly to George Burns.

"Can't we," I asked, "go some place where we can talk this thing over. This is to be a serious interview. Can't Gracie ever be serious?"

"Sure," replied George. "She can be serious, but it takes a lot to convince her. It took me three years—and three days off—from the time we met in Union City, New Jersey, ten years ago, before she would

George Burns

THEY'RE

By Leonard

take me seriously enough to become Mrs. Burns."

"Well, you see," said Gracie, "I had to see my brother . . ."

At which George pushed her into a closet and locked the door (and let her right out again), handed me a Robert Burns Panatela, motioned me to a chair, and said: "Now let's be serious."

"So, you met in Union City, New Jersey, ten years ago?" I repeated.

"Yes, we were on the same bill at the vaudeville house there. Gracie was with a girl act and I was doing a dancing act with another fellow. I had always wanted to do a talking act and so had Gracie. So when a mutual friend introduced us we decided to team up. So here we are."

WE were in the dressing room of New York's Paramount Theatre, in front of which the names of Burns and Allen were aflame in electric letters two feet high, and where for a week, New York's radio audience stood in line for hours for a chance to glimpse their favorites in the flesh. It was just before they started for the west coast, where, as this issue appears they have about finished a feature movie with Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Morton Downey and other Radio personalities. But according to plans, the story will revolve chiefly around the boy from New York's East Side, who was born Nathan Birnbaum and became George Burns, and his little Irish wife and radio partner, Gracie Allen, who was born in the light of San Francisco's golden gate.

Take it from both of them those ten years they've been together haven't been all laughs.

"Say, there were days when apple pie would have given us a thrill," says Gracie, "and I'm not kidding either."

"Yes, or the second cup of coffee, in the days when the second cup wasn't free," George added. "Our first engagement was in Newark, New Jersey, where we were to receive \$20 for three days' work, four shows a day and five on Sunday. We get much more than that a minute for broadcasting now, besides our stage and screen earnings."

"And by all the laws of superstition, we should still have four more years of bad luck in front of us," said Gracie. "You see, just before we appeared in Newark for the first time, I broke a mirror . . ."

"I'll never forget that," interrupted George. "I heard a crash in Gracie's dressing room and then, 'O-o-o-h'. 'What's the matter, I called to her. The partitions were very thin. 'I've broken a mirror,' Gracie answered and there were plenty of tears in her voice. For a minute I just stood there, hearing her say, 'and that's seven years' bad luck.' I picked up the mirror on my dressing table and smashed it deliberately against the wall. 'Well, that makes

and Gracie Allen

Not so DUMB!

Stewart Smith

fourteen years, double or nothing.' I guess that broke the spell.

"Well, in our first act, I tried to be the funny one with Gracie asking all the questions, but the audiences insisted on laughing to her questions rather than at my funny answers so after a couple of years we changed over.

"But there was another unforgettable event happened those first three days in Newark. On the last day, Sunday, we had eight friends over from New York to see our act. They misunderstood and arrived just as we were going out to dinner. I had about a dollar and a half in my pocket and decided to trust to luck that I wouldn't get the check. But for some reason or other immediately after the meal the waiter plunked it right into my hand. We were three blocks from the theatre. I was in a panic. I had to excuse myself, run over to the theatre to beg the manager to give me my share of our salary so I could pay the check. He refused. Said he wouldn't pay off until after the last show. Then Gracie arrived on the run. Our guests had wondered what had become of me. She too pleaded with the manager, and he finally consented."

"Then we played in Boonton, New Jersey," Gracie took up the story from there. "We were to get \$10 for one day and our fares. The theatre was a hall over a store and the store owner also was the theatre owner.

"We had just money enough to get to Boonton and the minute we arrived the manager asked us, 'what kind of an act do you do?'

"'We talk,' I answered.

"'We don't allow any talk in this theatre,' he replied and was all for sending us back to New York without a cent. I pleaded with him and he said he'd let us in one show anyway, if we'd take five dollars and our fares and go on first. Anyone familiar with the stage knows it is very difficult for a talking act to open a show. Well we did anyway, and after the first show the manager told us we would get our full ten dollars, that we were the first talking act that had ever made him laugh."

"I'll never forget the first time we played in New York," George said. "It was in a theatre where if they didn't like your act the audience would throw pennies at you. Also it was where the man-

agers came to see new acts. Everything depended on our making good here. We were broke.

"At the opening of our act Gracie would come on looking for me but couldn't find me. Then I'd light a cigar and she'd see me in the dark. For a full minute she would bawl me out without me saying a word. Then when she was finished, I'd nonchalantly take a puff of the cigar and say 'Hello, Babe.' That was supposed to get the first laugh. Well this time I said 'Hello, Babe' and although my lips formed the words, nothing came out. I was so frightened. I had to try it twice more before I could get any sound out. But after Gracie had gotten the first laugh I felt easier and we went through the act o.k."

"No, the audience did not throw pennies," Gracie answered my question.

"I should say not," George added emphatically. "The next day we signed a five year contract with Keith's, that just ran out last year following our nine weeks' record-breaking appearance at the famed Palace, where it is every vaudeville actor's dream to play for at least one week.

It was during this appearance that Burns and Allen were introduced to the radio audience. Eddie Cantor, then doing his Sunday night Broadcast with Rubinoff asked them to do a turn on that program.

"We did three minutes for Cantor and the next day the advertising agency which handled that program brought a contract

around for us to sign." He gestured.

I was about to leave them when Gracie commented: "Gee, I'm glad you're not one of the new writers."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well you see I prefer the old writers. My brother had new writers and he almost died from it."

And, by the way, that brother of Gracie's who's supposed to be so dumb, isn't dumb at all. He didn't invent the umbrella with the holes in it so you could look up and see if it's raining; nor rubber radio tubes that won't work or break; he's a high Standard Oil official.



"There were days, though," said Gracie, "when apple pie would have given us a thrill." She can look serious.

VACATIONS RECKONED



B. A. Rolfe takes Bum and Trouble for a sail.



Two of the Pickens sisters absorbing atmosphere.



TO TALK to a radio artist about vacations is like throwing pails of cold water at a drowning man. As one well known singer said: "It's irritating to have people ask you where you're going for a vacation when you can't get away for more than two or three days at a time."

And if you're a busy top-notch star, the chances of getting away even for a few days are slim.

The old order changeth.

Broadcasting schedules, minutely timed rehearsals, program arrangements and rearrangements, have made the old order of "disappearing for two weeks" just a memory. Radioland must have its stars on the air on time, and when people want to listen to them. Millions in the cities, in the country, on ships, in the deserts or mountains are turning their dials. Stars of the air must satisfy their demands.

The old time vacation talk of Alaska, Europe, the west coast and similar long-distance holiday ideas bandied about the studios in the summer months is heard no more. The big chain radio fraternity has gone local and discusses, instead, Long Island, fishing, Connecticut, golf and horses.

The radio star who used to arrive at the studio with either a musical instrument, or a brief case filled with music, now comes armed with golf bags, a pocket compass or an automobile driver's license.

Hideaways are out. No more, "I'm going away and won't shave for a month." You leave Monday at 8:18 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—because your broadcast was over at 8:15, and you

waited for an elevator—and you are back for rehearsal maybe Wednesday, or if lucky, Thursday.

And now for a few examples:

Billie Jones and Ernie Hare, NBC funsters. "To get away from each other is vacation enough," they both said in one breath. Both like fishing, boating and golf. Jones likes the mountains and Hare the seashore. So Jones does the things he likes at Brewster, N. Y., and Hare goes boating and fishing on Long Island on his yacht. They are apart never more than two days, then back for rehearsals and broadcasts.

Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker), spends his spare days on his new yacht on Long Island sound.

Mary McCoy, blonde songster, is on so many programs that the best she can do is motor to her Cornwall-on-the-Hudson summer home, ride horses, eat, ride horses, eat, ride horses, sleep, ride horses and so forth. She says riding horses is her hobby.

Graham McNamee, ace announcer, has no other plans, or rather can make no other plans than to motor to the Adirondacks on open days and play golf.

Ray Knight, comedian, has built a home in Redding Ridge, Conn., three hours' drive from the studio, yet a million miles from civilization. Ray is faithful to New England.

Ilo May Bailey and her husband, Lee Sims, of the Chicago NBC studios, watch life go by from a new speedboat on Lake Michigan.

Virginia Gardiner, radio actress, lives her vacation in the memory of an Alaskan trip. Now it's automobile rides and maybe a swim in Long Island sound.

Sisters of Skillet on a voyage to Coney Island.



Madame Sylvia, author of "Hollywood Undressed" sandwiching dudes between hikes.



Mary McCoy, blonde prima donna, on her high horse. At right, Virginia Gardiner meeting dudes on dude ranch.



F. A. Mitchell-Hedges summering in Central America.



by the MINUTE in RADIO

Frank Luther, tenor, is a native of Kansas and knows horses. He rides them mornings in New York, and spends spare week-ends playing tennis and swimming in Connecticut.

Nellie Revell, the Voice of RADIO DIGEST, calls it vacation enough to visit her niece, who is studying at a Newburgh, N. Y., convent.

Madame Sylvia, beauty expert, thinks vacation is a rest. So she cuts down her daily hikes from seven to five miles a day, rain or shine.

B. A. Rolfe, the rotund maestro is still grinning. He took a vacation in Honolulu last year. Now he is satisfied with a radio star's furlough. The master of the Ivory orchestra has purchased a new boat, appropriately named, It Floats, because we think it's 99 44/100% sink proof. He takes his dogs Trouble and Bum along for Long Island cruises.

George Olsen, the Canada Dry music leader and his golden-voiced wife, Ethel Shutta, say New York is a nice place for a vacation. What else can they say? Nevertheless, they frequent Long Island beaches and golf courses. Incidentally, Olsen is one of the few men who will play golf with the "Missus."

A vacation interview with the famed Sisters of the Skillet proved very illuminating. We'll let Eddie East and Ralph Dumke tell their own story:

"Vacations, huh. Sure we're going on a vacation," said the roly-poly Ralph. "Sure, I'm going by motorcycle to Starved Rock, Illinois. Ed likes boats. He'll go to Coney Island on week-ends and maybe get reckless sometimes and take side trips to Palisades Park." (Both places are in the New York City limits.)

And in rapid order, Eunice Howard, actress, will go speed boating; Gene Arnold, trout fishing; Edna Kellogg, famed soprano, continue her flying lessons and ride horses; D'Avrey of Paris, ride in Central Park; Ralph Kirbery, the Dream Singer, is building himself a dream cottage in the woods on the outskirts of Paterson, N. J.; Robert Simmons, riding horses in Cornwall, N. Y.; Graham Harris, musical director, fishing in New Hampshire.

Others are luckier. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, lecturer, is away from the microphone on a trip to the Central American jungles. He writes, "We are surrounded by acres of giant lilies, orchids and trees 250 feet high."

Countess Olga Albani, Spanish singer, is on a motor trip through her native country.

Then we return to another radio star and find that Phil Dewey, of the NBC Revelers, is playing golf in Westchester and calling that a vacation.

Jessica Dragonette, Cities Service soprano, will take her first vacation in five years. She will rest and study and return to the air in the Fall.

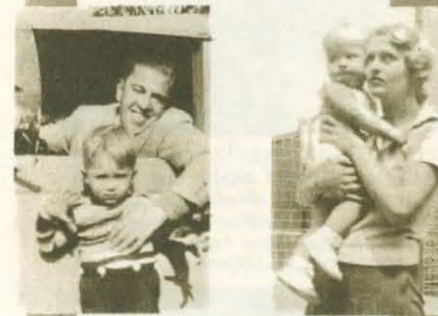
Richard "Sherlock Holmes" Gordon, will squeeze in his vacation far from the mystery rôles he dramatizes. He will don overalls and putter about the workshop in his Stamford, Conn., home.

Ely Culbertson, famed bridge master, will take a summer off from the Wrigley Program and sail for Europe, the continent of his birth.

On the other hand Rudy Vallee, unable to take a real vacation, will fly between New York and Maine for his spasmodic rests.



Graham McNamee pursues the rubber pill up the Adirondacks.



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



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



Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker) goes golfy.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare feeding the fishes their worms.

TELLERS WHO, HOW and WHY

Under Colors of the National Broadcasting Company



CHARLES O'CONNOR told our interviewer his chief hobby was talking. He started with da-da-ing June 10, '10, at Cambridge, Mass., and has been at it with variations ever since. Just you try to tell an O'Connor sometime!



CLYDE S. KITTELL, married, fair, got his training telling prospective customers about stocks and bonds. He switched over to WGY listeners in '29. He was born Sept. 22, '00—a naughty, naughty man, but nice on the air.



WILLIAM WARNER LUNDELL is a "Teller Who" Extraordinary, a Phi Beta Kappa, and A.B., Harvard graduate in theology, world traveler and lecturer. Invented device that did work for twenty men. Won scholarship.



ALAN KENT, blond, unmarried, relaxes by tearing decrepit autos apart and making 'em over. Born in Chicago, Aug. 4, '09, and has an "I Willing" spirit. Always friend to under dog or any old dog. Prefers mut to pedigree.



BEN GRAUER, born New Yorker, found happiness as star in Bluebird. Has been acting since 8 years old—screen, stage and radio. Also attended college and made hobby of collecting rare books. Unmarried at last reports.



EZRA ALBERT McINTOSH broadcast his arrival in Station WORLD at Omaha, March 24, '09. That same day 12 years later he owned a radio transmitter. He inherited Colorado ranch, wants to sell it and marry.



CHARLES B. TREMONT found his funds running low while studying for a medical career and picked radio to replenish the exchequer. He married a good listener in '25 and has been teller-whoing and how ever since.



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



DANIEL RUSSELL can "tell who" in Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Danish and Norwegian and is making some progress with the Chinese alphabet. Also experienced in psychological research. Ver' intellectual!

on BIG TIME KEY STATIONS

Affiliated with the Columbia Broadcasting System



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



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



KEN "HALLELUJAH" NILES, KHJ-CBS, known widely for his "Hallelujah Hour." Born in Montana mountains. Educated in Washington. Yearns for solitude but can't resist crowds. Hobby, flowers. Wife is a fine violinist.



HARLOW WILCOX, WBBM-CBS, Chicago, trained for dramatics and salesmanship, then got job on small Chicago station. "Chic" Sale discovered him there and brought him to WBBM. Single. Tennis is good; golf awful.



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



ARTHUR Q. BRYAN, WCAU-CBS, doubles as artist or announcer. Tenor soloist, formerly with Seiberling Singers, Jeddo Highlanders, in quartet with musical comedy "Follow Thru"; at WOR formerly announcing Uncle Don.



HAROLD PARKES, WBBM-CBS, stands 6 ft. 3 at mikeside. Radiates breezy informality that takes stuffed shirt out of announcing. Began by singing with Wilson Doty, organist at KOIL. Followed Doty to WBBM. Married.



ALAN SCOTT, WCAU-CBS, finished Normal, taught school and took group of juveniles for dramatic program at WCAU. Liked radio. Resigned school to become announcer. Goes in for athletics, and coaching air dramatics.



ROBERT TAPLINGER, WABC-CBS, New York. Tells who Columbia artists are in regular weekly interviews with members of staff over chain hook-up. Very popular with ladies. Loves Ginger Rogers. "Ain't we got puns."

When Rum or Sickness BREAK the LOVE BONDS

THERE are cases on record where a man has refused to marry a woman, to whom he is engaged, because of her drunkenness. Quite obviously a woman who drinks intoxicating liquor is much less desirable as a wife than one who does not indulge in that sort of dissipation. No man would care to have a drunken mother for his children, nor to have a drunken wife to ruin his home or his happiness. Nevertheless the law does not treat drunkenness of a woman as an absolute defense to an action brought by her for breach of promise. She may recover some damages but much less than if she refrained from intoxicants. Expressed in another way, drunkenness can be set up to mitigate damages but not to defeat them altogether.

For example: Julia Breck became engaged to Edward Waters, whom she had known since they were classmates in high school. The girl worked in an office and Waters himself was an insurance salesman. The young people were accustomed to attend all the neighborhood socials. Waters drove a fast stepping horse and a stylish covered carriage, it being in the days before automobiles. He was accustomed to the moderate use of liquor and soon taught the girl to join him in this dangerous habit. He grew alarmed one night as they were driving home to have the girl become very noisy from drink. As they approached the village square he remonstrated with her, imploring her to be quiet. But she was by this time in such a wild and irresponsible mood that he was obliged for very shame to turn back the way he had come and to drive for a long time in an effort to sober the girl. She had evidently taken more liquor than Waters realized, for as her maudlin state subsided she fell into a drunken lethargy. In this condition he drove her through the village street to her home and was obliged to endure the humiliation of carrying the girl bodily to her own door.

He Had Ruined the Girl

THE indignant reproaches of her parents were next in order. It ended by Waters pledging to them that he would never again give the girl liquor. He kept his pledge. Not long after the event Julia again became intoxicated at a dance

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.
Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

JULIA was so intoxicated her fiancé had to carry her into the house. He broke the engagement. She sued him—and collected. Andrew Schnebly waited over four years for his beloved to regain her health so that they could marry. Then he gave up and she did the courting while the jury listened.

James Zook lost both father and mother by the white plague. Then his fiancée became afflicted with the same malady. When it became evident she could not be cured he broke the engagement but the jury sided with the girl.

Read these true stories of human drama as they were broadcast by Dean Archer over a large NBC network in the series, "Laws That Safeguard Society," serially in RADIO DIGEST.

where some friends, without the knowledge of Waters, had satisfied the girl's awakened appetite for liquor. This embarrassing and disenchanting experience led Waters to keep a strict watch upon the girl. She herself tried to overcome her weakness for intoxicants, but the months of moderate indulgence with her lover had created too great a craving to be denied. The man soon realized that by his own folly he had ruined the girl and that marriage with her was impossible. He finally broke the engagement. Julia brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The court declared that in ordinary cases of drunkenness of an engaged woman the defendant might plead that fact as mitigation of damages, but in the case in hand the girl was entitled to heavy damages. By the defendant's own thoughtless conduct he had brought disgrace and shame upon her with no likelihood that she would ever conquer the habit, which in a woman is so much more dangerous than in the case of a man.

A SITUATION that sometimes arises to frustrate the marriage of an engaged couple is that one or the other becomes an invalid. The question of a man's duty to his fiancée if she becomes stricken with ill health to the extent that she is unable to marry at the time appointed, with no reasonable prospect of recovery, is a very baffling one.

If a man truly loves a woman her invalidism should appeal to the noblest instincts of his nature. There are many cases on record where men have sacrificed happiness and the prospect of parenthood all because the girl of their choice has been stricken with an incurable malady. We all know of such instances of heroic devotion. If a man is married to a woman who falls victim to some wasting disease he is doing no more than his bounden duty. But for a man to marry his invalid, as did the great poet Robert Browning, is an example worthy of all admiration.

The law, as I have previously pointed out, takes a very unromantic view of the problems of human mating. A sound body is considered one of the prime requisites of wife or husband. We may therefore expect, so far as the law is concerned, that if either of the parties become physically incapacitated for the duties and obligations of matrimony, and the condition is apparently of a permanent nature, this fact will entitle the other to repudiate the engagement.

The Girl Fell Ill

FOR example: In October, 1904, Ida M. Travis became engaged to marry Andrew Schnebly. She was then in good health. In February, 1905, however, she became very irritable and worn as though some serious malady were laying hold upon her. The local physician was quite baffled by her trouble but expressed the opinion that something was decidedly wrong with her kidneys. In order to secure the best of surgical treatment Miss Travis went to the City of Spokane and entered the hospital for observation and a careful diagnosis.

The surgeons decided that she had what is known as a floating kidney. She was operated upon for this ailment, but came through the operation very badly. It was not until September, 1905, that she

was able to see the defendant or to be up and around the house a portion of each day. Even then she was in a very frail and weak condition. Later that same Fall she had a relapse in the nature of nervous prostration. The defendant visited her five or six times during the following winter. During the summer of 1906 she was absent endeavoring to regain her health. Schnebly saw her in the fall of that year but she was still an invalid. In the spring of 1907 she was apparently in better health, so the man urged an immediate marriage. She demurred to the plan and asked him to wait until fall. In the fall of 1907, however, there was a further postponement until March. The woman's health was then so poor that marriage was out of the question.

In the following June, Ida Travis told her lover quite frankly that her health was such that she would release him from the engagement. He declared that he would prefer to wait until fall. In September, 1908, the faithful Schnebly again urged marriage but was put off. In February, 1909, he again offered himself but the girl said he must wait until fall. Whereupon Schnebly told her that he had waited for her nearly four and a half years and could wait no longer. He informed her that so far as he was concerned the engagement was at an end.

Schnebly later married another woman. This action for breach of promise was brought. The court held that under the circumstances Schnebly was not liable for damages.

The case was *Travis v. Schnebly*, 68 Wash. 1, 122 Pac. 316.

Throughout the ages the demon of ill health has intruded its horny head to wreck the happy plans of the little god of love.



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

Contagious Disease

NO more serious calamity can befall an engaged couple than for the woman to develop a dreaded and deadly disease like tuberculosis. Not only is there the inevitable wasting away of the woman but the danger to the health of the man is very great. While many men

bravely undertake matrimony in such cases, in the hope that marital happiness may assist in effecting a cure, yet there is no legal compulsion in the matter. The unfortunate stroke of fate will operate to absolve the man from legal liability.

James Zook was a young man whose father and mother each had died of tuberculosis. Realizing his own heredity in the matter Zook had taken particular care of his lungs through breathing exercises. He became attracted to a young lady named Rowena Grover. She was pale and delicate and had a persistent cough. There was a controversy as to when the engagement took place. Zook claimed that the marriage promise was given on the evening of January 6, 1904. He set forth as proof the fact that on that evening Rowena took a ring from her finger and gave it to him, in order that he might have the engagement ring made of that exact size. Every lady, young or old, will, no doubt, agree with James Zook's contention that the engagement occurred then and there. Even if it were a leap year proposal by Rowena herself, the conclusion would be the same. For reasons that will presently appear Rowena's lawyer argued that the engagement did not actually occur until January 10th when Zook returned with the engagement ring. The reason for his contention was that he was seeking to prove that Zook became engaged with full knowledge that Rowena had pulmonary consumption.

The facts were that between the 6th and the 10th day of January Rowena had been examined by a physician who had pronounced her a consumptive and had ordered her to go to Arizona for her health.

It was alleged that when James Zook arrived hopefully at the portals of the
(Continued on page 48)

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

WITH SUMMER COMING ON. Few songs have been as appropriate for the beginning of this column, or from a seasonal standpoint as this song. Frankly, were I to emulate Sigmond Spaeth, as a song detective, I would say that the melody, "With Summer Coming On," is hauntingly reminiscent of Mr. Columbo's signature, which carries him to you romantically each evening. However, it seems impossible for anything to be entirely new.

The song is published by the firm of Keit-Engle, the new firm in which have been merged the personalities and abilities of Joe Keit, who for so many years directed the policies of Remick, Inc., and Harry Engle, who has been an executive with various of the big publishers, including Robbins, Inc., and Irving Berlin, Inc., and who helped to organize Davis, Coots & Engle, with its subsequent repurchase back from Radio Music, after the radio executives found that the publishing of music was something more intricate than they had at first thought. As Davis, Coots & Engle they had many hits, including "Dream a Little Dream of Me," "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You," "Why," in fact all the music from "Sons O' Guns," though perhaps they are closest to me in that they were the publishers of one of my own tunes, "My Cigarette Lady."

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

themselves to write tuneful hit songs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC. The singing Santlys, of whom I have spoken before, and who formerly were three, are now two. Joe Santly, whose unusually large eyes have given him the epithet of "banjo eyes," has left his brothers, Henry and Lester, and the other two boys are carrying on the business which has been going since 1929. All three boys are old-timers in the profession, and good pickers of hit songs. It is no small wonder that they have picked a song by two boys who, though living out of town and writing out of town, have made a definite impression on Tin Pan Alley, such an impression that now Tin Pan Alley has become Gerald Marks and Buddy Fields conscious!

Remick started it by taking a song that the boys wrote called "With You On My Mind I Find I Can't Write The Words," but it was not until "All Of Me" that the boys really demonstrated that they could write a hit song. They followed "All Of Me," which Berlin, Inc., published, with a lilting 6/8 tune which everyone hums after hearing it the first time, "You're The One, You Beautiful Son Of A Gun."

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

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

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

big hits and realize a worthy reward.

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE. It was the night before Christmas, or, as I should say, one of the nights before going on the platform to do our supper session at the Pennsylvania Hotel, when Walter Gross and I waded through a raft of manuscripts brought down for my inspection by Sam Wigler, one of the best-liked song-pluggers or music publishers. Most of the tunes seemed rather flat; one, however, caught my fancy, not only with its title, but with its *different* melody. I have humorously referred to it as "the postman's song," or "the parcel post song," because it has the odd title, usually seen on wooden and paper boxes, "Please Handle With Care."

I forgot all about it for several months after suggesting to Sam Wigler that his firm, Marlo Music, publish it. It was not until we were playing Detroit on our road tour with "Scandals" that I heard the melody over the air, and asked myself where I had heard it before. Upon hearing the title of the song, I recalled the night at the Pennsylvania, and immediately programmed it on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour, where it was played in due course of time on our first broadcast in Chicago.

Another song that will never set the world on fire, but one which helps to pass away some of the otherwise tedious moments of a radio program, and which will make exceptionally good fodder for the Lombardos, Ted Black and his orchestra, in fact, all such bands who play their fox trots in extremely rhythmic style. You will surely have heard it by this time, and I hope my judgment will be vindicated.

We take about one minute in the playing of each chorus, and as related above, it is published by the Marlo Music Co.

LAZY DAY. Jack Robbins again, in his attempt to Americanize an English tune, to make it a hit. I am rather pained indeed when it is not possible for me to turn on what is popularly known in the music profession as a "rave" during the course of this article, but it looks as though I would be tied down to remarks like "It's a great song—a good

song—a fine song—or a song that is a credit to any publisher's catalogue." Happy indeed am I when I can turn on the words "terrific, gigantic, stupendous, and colossal," as I felt I could in the case of "Goodnight Sweetheart."

I am rather afraid that song-writers are beginning to get disgusted with it all,



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

realizing that when they have created something unusually good they get next to nothing for their efforts, since sheet music and records which formerly remunerated them, bring in little or nothing today. With that situation all our songs seems to be in the mediocre vein, none of them crashing through for that tremendous smash. It has often been said that song-writers through vanity alone will always be spurred on to write great songs; I doubt it! Most of them have to live, and if they don't find a livelihood in song-writing, they will turn to some other profession, and use song-writing as a side-line, and no man ever succeeded doing great things when those things

were side-lines. Song-writing is an art, just as difficult as painting a beautiful picture, or sculpturing a beautiful statue, and a song-writer has to give all his time and attention and thorough effort to putting over the job in hand. This, and only this, may account for the fact that most of our songs today are *good* songs,

but not *great* songs. At any rate, may I offer the fervent hope that this situation will not always continue, or at least may we hope for some alleviation in the unfortunate situation of small remuneration for the writer and publisher, which remedy will result in a stimulus to writing greater songs.

Remember that a song which is played on many radio programs does not, by its being played, reward the writers' pockets with one-tenth the amount as formerly when you purchased the sheet music and records of that particular song. It is this almost free enjoyment of songs on radio programs that is giving the writers and publishers gray hair, and when I campaign this way I am not campaigning for myself, as I do not consider myself a dyed-in-the-wool song-writer, and the royalties I have received from songs are not half as important to me as they are to so many others who have no other livelihood. If the time ever comes when an announcement that musical radio programs of the popular and dance nature will

have to be discontinued due to a lack of material, then and perhaps not till then, will those of us who enjoy these programs on the air realize just what popular music has meant to us. To be sure, there are those who abhor popular music, and would probably welcome that day; I do think, however, that they are in a minority, as popular music is one of the few sources of solace and comfort to the masses in their idle moments, and even during their working moments.

But to get back to "Lazy Day." It is a good song; having seen the English version, I can compliment Gus Kahn and his wife for having done a fine job with the American version. There is only one song which treated the word "lazy," to my way of thinking, almost super-perfectly, and that was that masterpiece of Irving Berlin's, in which he went on to

say. You may remember it:

"Lazy, I want to be lazy
I want to be out in the sun
With no work to be done
Under that awning they call the sky.
Stretching and yawning
While the rest of the world
Goes drifting by, etc., etc."

This song is better adapted to the muted brass playing in the short, jerky, staccato style for which the arranger of Mr. Lombardo's music is so undeservedly little known. We take one minute and fifteen seconds for the chorus, and surely by this time you know it better than I.

MY MOM. How I ever came to be so late in putting this song in the list I am at a loss to know. When I asked Miss Langfeldt, my secretary, to whom I dictate these articles between scenes in my dressing room, on the train, here, there and everywhere (I always leave them until the last minute, and a wire from "Radio Digest" tells me I have two days to get it in; then Evelyn and I jump around madly, trying to get together a satisfactory list) it must have been that I stayed away from anything that might suggest a maudlin, or flag-waving desire to mention anything associated with my mother's death. Possibly I am a very bad showman in this particular respect, and it is the one inconsistent spot in my showmanship, because it is a showman indeed who, on St. Patrick's day fills his program with Irish songs; likewise who plays, on November 11th, the songs which the A.E.F. came to know and love, and so forth, perhaps ad nauseum. Certainly a showman should take cognizance of the word *appropriate*.

The only reason I omitted Irish songs from my program, which came smack on St. Patrick's day, was simply that it takes a real Irish tenor voice, of the limpid, piping, cherubic quality that is Morton Downey's, to do justice to the songs of the native isle of his forefathers. Although I am half Irish myself, the Irish quality in my voice hardly befits me to sing the songs of Erin. Furthermore, the quartet of Irish girls on our program did an Irish song, and did it very beautifully. It was not in an attempt to be different that I failed to do any Irish songs, which fact brought a few scattered notes of criticism asking me why I failed to do so, as much as simply a realization of the fact that I could not do justice vocally to an Irish song, and for me to do an orchestral Irish medley would, by comparison, be extremely pale, when the great Rubinoff either preceded or followed me on Sunday evening with his unusually great collection of Irish songs.

For that very reason, and no other, on Mother's Day, rather than do just what a super-showman of the Broadway type would have done, and to attempt to arouse a sense of sympathy and pity for myself because of the loss of my mother, I purposely refrained from doing any mother songs, and it has always been

with a sense of misgiving that I have sung this very lovely song which Walter Donaldson has written in the popular vein.

Shortly after my mother's death, some wag had the audacity to suggest that I was going to write a song dedicated to her. Possibly such a course of action might seem natural to *some* people but were I to read of such a thing I would only consider that the individual concerned was trying to capitalize upon such a tragic event. At no time has such a thing ever entered my head, and as I said before, I have always felt that there were those individuals who might think that I was singing the song, "My Mom" with such a purpose in mind. In fact, I refrained from doing it for a long time, until the publisher of it finally convinced me that were I to mention it as Walter Donaldson's song, it would help our listeners-in to realize that I was singing it for the very same reason that I sing most songs—that they are popular songs that I believe the public would enjoy hearing, and not for any personal reasons. That, and that alone accounts for the fact that I probably failed to mention heretofore one of the greatest songs that master, Walter Donaldson, who has written so many others, has ever written.

Bing Crosby has done it full justice, and I am happy to be a sort of runner-up on this particular song, which is one of the few songs which really thrills



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

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

Harry: "I mean with the radio audience."

me as I sing it. That is the test of a great popular song, and this song has that touch of the divine spark which no one can deny Walter Donaldson. He has done a beautiful melodic and lyrical job.

It has rapidly become a big seller, hence I feel I need hardly speak about it further to the readers of "Radio Digest," who, if they are radio fans, have heard the song many times. We take one minute in the playing of the chorus, and it is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble.

SOMEBODY LOVES YOU. Again I am afraid I must take the count, and this time for the full stroke of ten. How I ever came to fail to describe to you the charms and beauties of a song which has been one of the most popular, if not the leading song of the East, Middle West, and West for the last several weeks is more than I can imagine.

My good friend, Archie Fletcher, of the Joe Morris Music Co., comes forth again. Archie, as heretofore described in these columns, is the presiding potentate of one of the few one-room (figuratively speaking) office music publishing companies. For years he has guided the destinies of the Joe Morris Music Co., which controls the copyrights of some of the best known tunes of the past 20 and 25 years. It was Archie Fletcher who made a lot of fame and money for Gene Austin, in giving him "Melancholy Baby," and many other Austin successes. At least, he made a lot of money for Bennie Davis and Joe Burke in the writing of "Carolina Moon," which subsequently proved a fine theme song for Morton Downey on his Camel Hour.

I am more than happy, if for no other reason than for the two gentlemen who wrote "Somebody Loves You," and who also provided one of the most beautiful waltzes it has ever been my pleasure to sing, namely "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver"—Messrs. Charlie Tobias and Peter de Rose, who of course is best known as the husband of May Singhi Breen, and the voice that blends with hers on their program.

We always played it brightly—36 seconds to the chorus, though of course, like any ballad, it is better, from the standpoint of bringing out the real value of the song, to play it slowly.

SAME OLD MOON. Out here in Chicago is an old gentleman, of the music profession, who has really been a tremendous success;—F. J. Forster of the Forster Music Publishing Co., with headquarters in Chicago for years, and branch offices in other parts of the country, is another one of those men whose offices were always small and unpretentious, giving rise to the expression, "He carries his office in his hat," but he has been the publisher of some of the music world's greatest tunes, such as "The Missouri Waltz," the story of which I will be very happy to unfold some time should enough

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

JUST ANOTHER DREAM OF YOU. Thus we begin and end our article of this month with a waltz, and in mentioning this waltz it is necessary once again to pay tribute to the wisdom of Archie Fletcher. Believing that Bennie Davis and Joe Burke must know how to write waltzes inasmuch as both have independently written some of the biggest hits in the country, and together were responsible for "Carolina Moon," Archie Fletcher has commissioned them to write this waltz, which haunted me for days after my first broadcast of it in Detroit. I doubt very much if it will be one of the smash waltz hits of the season, though again I say I would be willing to be agreeably surprised, but it is a waltz of unusual merit. Its construction is rather intricate, which may or may not account for the fact that I find it a little above real tremendous mass appeal. The most successful waltzes have been the simplest, or waltzes like "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver," founded on a definite popular melody such as the "Blue Danube."

This is really a fresh thought in melody, though not an unusually odd lyrical thought. The same thought of the loved one who is lost for the moment, only being with us in dreams, has been incorporated in many songs; witness Isham Jones' "I'll See You In My Dreams." As in previous issues of "Radio Digest," I have pleaded for more waltzes, as I honestly believe they have been the biggest sellers and the most popular tunes with those who listen in, and I was indeed happy to receive this waltz from Joe Morris, and after running it over silently in my mind, to find it worth while for a spot on our programs.

Certainly for me its melody is a trifle more outstanding than the lyrics, though Joe Burke handled his lyrical proposition very ably. It is very possible that he may have even had a part in writing the melody, as both he and Benny Davis are versatile enough to write either or both.

I am still of the mind that it is the optimistic songs which most of us want to hear, and one cannot help but feel a bit melancholy as this tune is played, as it has a melancholy melody and wedded to it is a very melancholy lyric, which, after all, is one of the requirements of good song-writing. Whether the song is a tremendous hit or not is beside the point; it is an example of good craftsmanship, and it is a pleasure to end this month's article with it.

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

REVAMP. "You are sitting on top of the world NOW; but Old Debbil Depression is gwine get you just the same as it has everyone else," counseled a Midwestern editor to some high executives of one of the chief broadcasting chains a few months ago. They may not have paid this outsider's comment much attention. But his prediction has come true. They may remember he said further, "you will have to go into the advertising field in direct competition with the printed publications—and do some real selling."

That time has come. Time on the air usually is booked for many months in advance. At the end of May one chain didn't have a single account in sight for August. What can be done about it?

For one thing, program production can be taken out of its present chaotic condition. Broadcasting is a mechanical job. Advertising is a merchandising job operating through all publicity mediums. The Program, which is a show, should also be considered as a highly specialized job in itself. At present it seems to be a side line both for broadcasting and the advertising agencies.

Let us have programs produced by specially created program production corporations. Let us have great periodicals of the air—daily, weekly, monthly. Suppose we have a company to produce *The Homecircle Weekly*, "issued" every Wednesday from 7 to 11 P. M. The broadcaster sells a franchise on that period to a well financed corporation for a long period of years, say ten to fifty years. The Homecircle Weekly Production company has a top notch staff to mould that four hours into a perfect entity with proper balance and unity from end to end. At well considered interludes would come appropriate "pages" for advertising lines. But the "copy" would conform to The Homecircle standards. Advertisers would have the service and facilities of the production company talent and direction. Credit and Trade names could be introduced without detracting from dominating features. **IT IS POSSIBLE TO TAKE THE BORE OUT OF BLURBS.** Entertainment for the Homecircle would have something for each member of the family, and no repetitions. When Dad's period ended he would hear about tobacco or shaving cream. Mother would hear about those breakfast foods after her section; Sister the cosmetics and Bud the athletic goods.

PERHAPS as the Homecircle Production company prospered it would branch out into other productions, and negotiate other blocks of time on the Coastocoast System—certain types of production to interest certain classes of our great public.

At any rate, this thought might be one helpful step toward keeping the advertiser interested, because first you must make sure you have your listener. Getting the listener's ear requires a highly specialized technique—and the very best of them do not always succeed. It is no job for amateur producers even if they do carry a pot of gold to spend on talent.

While the majority of listeners have come to understand that advertising with programs is absolutely essential, there are some who find ready ways and means of venting their

spleen against it. They seem to feel, and sometimes actually argue, that inasmuch as they have spent money for a receiver they are by that investment entitled to have all their programs free. It is useless to point out to them that they have bought an instrument for a price—value for value; or that it would be as logical to expect the

phonograph record makers to supply free copies of all their records to every owner of a phonograph. One man wrote to a New York newspaper recently that he made it a point not to buy any product that he heard advertised on the air, in spite of the fact that he enjoyed listening to the programs until the advertising came in. Of course this pernicious type is a rare specimen or we would not have any of the fine programs (even with credits) for which America is famous throughout all the other nations of the world. Reasonable and inoffensive advertising certainly does produce astounding results.

With experts to produce good entertainment and control the advertising blurbs radio broadcasters will quickly find their way out of the troubled waters and Old Debbil Depression will have to go scratch himself so far as they are concerned.

LISTENERS VOTE. On the morning of June 8 there appeared on the front pages of newspapers all over the United States an article of which the following leading paragraph in the *New York Times* was typical:

Des Moines, Iowa, June 7.—Senator Smith W. Brookhart, running for renomination for the Senate in yesterday's Republican primary, appeared tonight to have been decisively defeated by Henry Field, 61-year-old seed merchant of Shenandoah.

You Gentlemen of Congress, there is your answer. You who have been pushing radio around as your political plaything should give the matter heed. Mr. Field is unequivocally and distinctly the radio listeners' candidate.

Henry Field is owner, manager, and chief announcer of Station KFNF, Shenandoah. Furthermore, he enjoys the distinction of brazenly using his station to advertise the goods he has to sell. Four years after he installed KFNF his annual turnover jumped from \$600,000 to \$2,500,000. And if you think people don't like his selling on the air how do you account for that? He now conducts a big mail order business and broadcasts prices. "Why, that's the most important part of my story," he tells interviewers. "The price is the climax. It's what they all want to hear. What would a mail order catalog be without publishing its prices for goods?"

He has had all kinds of advice on how to run his station. He has been told how terrible it is to brag about his bargains in prunes and overalls. Desperate efforts have been made to try and force him to see reason. But he stuck right to the job of giving his listeners the kind of broadcasting he knew they wanted, and somehow or other he has managed to keep on going. You may infer he wouldn't rate so high in a big city. But don't be too sure. Humans are only human wherever they are and Field's appeal is something below the surface of jingo and jazz. The teeming millions love sincerity in their leaders, whether it be a Henry Field or a Calvin Coolidge. Look out for your listener back home, Mr. Congressman, he's a touchy fellow. Be careful he doesn't put you with Mr. Brookhart—on the outside looking in. **RAY BILL**

"I WOULD NEVER 'SELL' MY TITLE!"

By
Wanda
Seifried

COUNTESS
ALBANI

SHE is a member of the family of nobles identified with the crown of Italy, Her Highness the Countess Olga Medolaga-Albani. Yes, the soprano you hear every Sunday night on the Buick Hour.

"My title? No, it's never been an open sesame to me in radio," she laughed. "Of course, I am honored by the privilege of wearing it, but I would consider it an insult both to the title and everything it represents and to myself if I were ever guilty of using it for business purposes!"

And that seems to be about as fairminded a way of looking at a foreign title as you would find.

Her entry into radio was not different from the usual performer. She had to overcome her burning indignation at tedious auditions and broken promises, just like any novice. It was not a smooth, easy path cushioned by the mention of "Countess" that one would believe. Although she doesn't admit it, difficulties often appeared that could not be easily smoothed out because of the stamp of aristocracy she bears. She had influential friends, opera and concert artists who were willing to assist her . . . but so have thousands of others who have learned that ability in the field of entertaining an invisible public, and not personal influences, decides success or failure.

I asked Countess Albani if, when she started forth on her career, extra courtesies were extended . . . if she was greeted with salaams and red velvet carpets?

"Thank goodness, no!" she replied. "Remember I was acting in a purely private capacity, and the fact that I was a countess was incidental to the fact that I was a singer. I should have been horribly embarrassed if it had been otherwise."

The Countess Albani does not ab-



Countess Albani

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

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

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

Now that she has embarked on this singing career, she is giving all her energy to the perfection of her voice . . . and the pleasure it affords her

listeners. She chooses her songs carefully and all her emotion and her great dramatic sense rides freely through the interpretation of her songs. She is unconsciously a superb show-woman . . . she is a sincere performer.

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

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

GERMANY. The frankfurter of Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany is the pride of the hot-dog kennels. Its coat-of-arms is golden mustard on a roll, azure, and its pedigree goes further back into history than the Spanish Armada. Coney Island, Revere Beach and the White City may boast of their hot beagles, but they cannot bark in the same dog show with the original Frankfort.

Of course there are items other than frankfurters and the culinary masterpiece of frankfurters and sauerkraut to be obtained in Frankfort-on-the-Main. You have your choice of Gefulter Schweinskopf, Westfalischer Schinken, Gefultes Spanferkel, Netzroulade Galantine and Sulzpastete Schinkenroulade. But when your exhausted nose catches the aroma of Frankfurter Wurstchen mit Sauerkraut und Kartoffelbrei, you take a new lease on life. I remember some years ago The American Hotel Association made Frankfort a stop-over during their convention. In this city a dinner was given them. It was the most successful banquet of the tour, and Director Schmoll, of the Frankfurter Hof, was amazed at his guests' capacity for boiled hay and canines. One lady, name withheld because of her social position, ate four pairs of hot dogs, which is a big-enough team to draw a sledge from Nome to Sitka. The Frankfort frankfurter always arrives in pairs, like two dogs in one collar. It is a beautiful ornament of the sausage maker's architecture, and has a bulging forehead and most intelligent expression. I do not blame the lady for scoffing four sets of frankfurters, for Goethe was born in this town and achieved his greatness on the same food.

* * *

Germany abounds in Bads.

Now don't misunderstand me, I am merely telling you that Germany has its share of the nearly a million mineral and mud baths which feature Europe. Germany's Bad Nauheim is one of the most famous of these baths, any one of which is guaranteed to remove paint, tar and pitch from the clothing, and moles, blemishes and warts from your constitution. The blemish doesn't have to be on your face. It can be in a radius of thirty miles and these wonderful Bads will make it worse. You see all kinds of Europeans headed for some mysterious Bads in the Ural or Persian Mountains, and very often you spot rich Americans looking in Europe for the health they lost in America. You cannot recover anything when you look for it in the wrong place, but the Bads spring up every week. Somebody hears of a new one in some inaccessible region and the procession of hypo-invalids marches off toward it in a body.

They are expensive, as the Bad hotels



"It's an art," says George.

EATATORIALS

BY

George Rector

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

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

of the typical advertisements of these health resorts. Some of them actually read like this: "Remarkably pure atmosphere and perpetually mild climate. Fine for liver complaints, horseback riding, nervous troubles, dandruff, stomach trouble and golf"—which in my estimation just about covers all the ills the flesh inherits. Continental society makes these Bads the rendezvous for the European Who's Who, and I have a notion that the most popular liquids which come out of the earth in the vicinity of the curative Bads are the juices siphoned out of the wine cellars of the Rhineland. As a citizen of a dry republic I had the posthumous pleasure of looking at the big tun in Heidelberg Castle. This vat contains 221,726 quarts of wine. I aimed my camera at it and it obligingly sat for a portrait, but I assure you I could not secure its autograph.

If you aren't a habitue of the roadside hot dog stand, or if the thought of a tenderly toasted frankfurter doesn't tickle your palate, how about Gerfultes Spanferkel im Backofen gebraten? Which, when spelled out in alphabetical soup, means suckling pig baked brown in the oven. Pork is the food mainstay of the Fatherland. Take the porcine pet away and you have deprived them of the stuff of life. It is served in a thousand different ways, and the Germans should be thankful to the careless Chinaman who burned down his house many centuries ago and accidentally roasted a pig. In

dragging the pig from the involuntary funeral pyre, the Chink managed to burn his fingers on the piggie's smoking hide, and, when he licked those digits in an effort to assuage the pain, his palate vibrated with a new gastronomical melody. He had discovered roast pig. He

burned down seventeen more houses before they discovered him, and there was a pig tied in each house. Instead of being punished, he was rewarded by being made Pig Scorcher for all Mongolia, for he packed the jury by staking them to their first dish of roast porker.

* * *

Nowhere in Europe does prosperity shine as in Berlin. The town has gone through the mangle of circumstance, the wringer of panic, and has been under the hot iron of civil warfare. The result is that Berlin has emerged freshly starched and laundered and is today the one bright spot in Europe. Paris, Vienna, Rome and Leningrad have all been through the same hazing, but only Berlin shows no ill effects. This statement is no press agency, even though Berlin hopes to snare its portion of the 500,000 American tourists who will flock over here for the summer. Americans are not the only suckers; tourists of all nations get the hook.

Police Thrillers!

ACTION!

BY TOM CURTIN

THE police detective dramas which I am doing on the Lucky Strike hour over the NBC Red Network are true. The plots, the tricks, the clues, the methods of solution, I take straight out of the cases on police record.

Before investigating the never-ending day and night battle in New York, between the sources on the side of the law, and those who try to uplift the law or batter it down, I had a feeling that nowhere in the world would any individual detective have to use his wits and ingenuity to the extent that he does here. After digging into the detective methods in hundreds of cases and knocking about with detectives on the job, I find the police task even greater than I had supposed—and the more I see from the inside the problems of these New York detectives, the more I admire their accomplishments.

Some of the most interesting dramas that I plan to write are cases that may not be known to the public at all. For example, two years ago fires broke out and bombs exploded on barges in the harbor. Who was doing it? Week after week, and month after month the detectives assigned to the case worked quietly. There wasn't a thing to go into the papers as clue by clue they ferreted out four of the most able and cunning imported communists in the world. Two years of patient, steady, under-cover work, with death to face on many occasions, and finally the four men are brought to trial, heavily sentenced, and deported. On no one day is there a big newspaper story, but the whole thing added together makes a big drama.

There is a greater variety to the New York detectives' work than the general public might suppose. There are cases in which some outstanding detectives are sent all over the world. And there is a variety in the work of the city itself, which calls for the development of squads where men become highly specialized, as in the case of the narcotic squad, safe and loft squad, bomb and alien squads, jewelry, forgery and the like. The waterfront detectives, with their fast launches, have a particularly romantic, adventurous lure for many.

Modern detective work is naturally highly organized, and there is considerable cooperation between New York and the police departments throughout America and to varying extents abroad, and

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



yet the most successful detective must be an individual, with initiative and ability to cope with situations on his own, and pit his ingenuity against the ingenuity of the criminal. Some of the tricks used in the battle of wits between the crook and the detective may seem to belong to fiction rather than real life, but I assure my listeners that I have come on some things in these actual cases to rival anything in the best detective fiction.

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

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

YOUR Radio Digest picks the comers. Last March it stated: "Somebody one of these days will wake up and sign Tom Curtin for his Thrillers. They are real Top Notchers." Here is the answer.

When a man connected with the police force goes wrong, he gets plenty of publicity. I want to give some publicity right here to the work I have seen down at Police Headquarters, where inspectors and the men under them do any amount of extra work, without any thought of anything but a well handled job.

And now a closing word about the police commissioner of New York City, Edward P. Mulrooney. In my international newspaper work and general adventuring, I have seen, first-hand, the workings of more than a dozen armies and their leaders, Scotland Yard, and some of the continental police systems, but I have never seen a body of men more thoroughly respect their leader than the men on the New York police force respect Commissioner Mulrooney. They know that he knows the ropes, that he came up through the ranks, and that he is where he is through honesty and outstanding ability. They know that he did not hesitate about plunging into the North River and swimming after a dangerous criminal, that he went alone into an apartment, gun in hand, to take two armed men, and that he led the attack against Two-gun Crowley last year up at West Ninetieth Street, going deliberately into the line of fire. There is a joy in working under that kind of a leader.



Buddy Rogers and Jeanette Loff

WORTHY TO SUCCEED

MAY I congratulate Radio Digest upon its splendid and informative article about Buddy Rogers in the May issue. Buddy Rogers is, I think, one of the outstanding artists of the radio. His versatility is amazing. He plays innumerable musical instruments unusually well, he sings with a refreshing verve and spontaneity, and he has an orchestra which is most agreeable to the ear. And, what is more, he is, I am sure, a young man, who, like Rudy Vallee, deserves every success he may achieve.—Charles Schaub, 708 Baldwin Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

SLAP ON THE WRIST

I HAVE just finished my first copy of Radio Digest and I found it very interesting. The first time I heard of it was one Wednesday night when I heard Nellie Revell's program on the air. I like the section called "Voice of the Listener" but I think one reader is very unfair. That is F. H. L. of Petersburg, Fla. Why? Because of his letter concerning Buddy Rogers. I also heard Buddy's debut, and enjoyed it as almost everyone did who heard it. But, F. H. L., is it just to judge anyone by their first venture in any field, particularly before the fickle "mike"? I think Buddy deserves a good deal of credit for the way in which he is making good in the field of music. Here is something I would like Radio Digest to answer, Is Buddy going back to the screen? I hope he doesn't desert the screen altogether for he is missed by his many fans. Good luck Radio Digest.—Clark Reed, Peabody, Mass. *No plans at present. Editor.

SEPTEMBER R. D. HAD IT

I HAVE read the Radio Digest almost since the first copy and have enjoyed every copy during that time. However, I have not seen a story on Joe Sanders and his Coon-Sanders orchestra, or my favorite maestro Cab Calloway. Why not give us a story on these two? I enjoyed your story on the Mills Brothers and the one on Wayne King very much. Your idea of printing the pictures of the country's leading dance leaders was a good one. I got all but one right without looking at the names on the other page. Also why not give us more pictures of entire orchestras.—Martin Driscoll, 266 Danforth Street, Portland, Maine.

Voice of the

"JUST NELLIE" TO THEM

IT WOULD not seem right to call you Miss Revell, to the children and I, you are just Nellie. This note is to let you know how we love your program. My two boys are nine and fourteen and they wait up till eleven every Wednesday night, to hear you tell them of this and that radio star. To me, aside from the interest in your guests, your voice makes me feel, after all, I'm not alone but have some one whose voice conveys a lot of things. The children love and enjoy RADIO DIGEST. Thank you for your nice picture in RADIO DIGEST. It holds a prominent place in my living room.—Mrs. Martha Hassel, 437 Delaware Street, Sharon, Penna.

WAITING FOR PARKER

I JUST want to say a few words of appreciation in regards to your dandy interview with Frank Parker. I have just received my copy of your magazine and as soon as I receive it I always glance through to see if I can find any mention of this Mr. Parker. I subscribed to your magazine last October and this was the first time I ever saw his name appear—so you can see that I did appreciate the article as well as the splendid picture. In your "Voice of the Listener" department you also published a letter that I had written in—requesting some news on Frank—and I sure am glad that the letter was given such a prompt reply. I do greatly enjoy your magazine as it is very interesting and I sincerely hope that all the future numbers shall be just as good.—Frank E. Berge, 3936 N. Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO SHOWMANSHIP

MAY I make a debut, and compliment you on a very nice publication? I find it very interesting and this department is by no means least entertaining. Perhaps some of its contributors are over-zealous or unjust in their criticism, but the controversies thus caused are amusing. One thing of late has occurred to me. That is the superior showmanship evidenced by the program directors of the Columbia network. Not that the National chain isn't doing a fine thing in its Metropolitan broadcasts and many other fine programs. However, in the more popular field they seem to be slipping. They have failed to build up any striking figures from any of the newcomers, some of whom seem very talented and pleasing. A short period of sustaining programs and they are dropped before they have been heard by many. This doesn't seem to be necessary, and the ultimate success of former National girls namely, Kate Smith and the Boswell Sisters should prove this. There have been other more recent errors in judgment, I believe. One, the dropping of Sylvia Froos; another, the transfer of Lanny Ross. Both had radio personalities and should have reached the top with a little plugging. Then there is Russ Colombo who seems to have got there pretty much on his own. His fans are many and he seems to rate on a par with Crosby in popularity contests, yet NBC seemingly shows little or no support. On the other hand Columbia keeps Crosby before the public eye, on sustaining programs, etc., continuing to build him up.

I am perfectly willing to admit that I am wrong but this is the way the things look to the layman. Rudy Vallee is, of course, outstanding but the credit for showmanship should be his alone. He is a remarkable young man. Again, my congratulations on a differently interesting magazine.—C. L., Augusta, Me.

ALL STAR ORCHESTRA

HERE is our contribution to the VOL column of your excellent magazine in the form of an All Star Dance Orchestra. We think that this would be the finest possible combination in the country if it were organized into one dance orchestra. There would be no violins in this aggregation and also no conductor, as all its members would play some instrument—for co-directors, however, we nominate Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders.

All Star Dance Orchestra

Piano—Joe Sanders (Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
 Banjo—Harry Reiser (Cliquot Club Eskimos)
 1st Trumpet—Louis Panico (Louis Panico's Orchestra)
 2nd Trumpet—Victor Lombardo (Guy Lombardo's Orchestra)
 1st Saxophone—Carmen Lombardo (Guy Lombardo's Orchestra)
 2nd Saxophone—Wayne King (Wayne King's Orchestra)
 3rd Saxophone—Art Kassell (Art Kassell's Orchestra)
 Trombone—Rex Downing (Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
 Bass—Elmer Krebs (Coon-Sanders Orchestra)
 Vocal—Joe Sanders

Why not a nation-wide poll for dance orchestras only conducted by RADIO DIGEST? This would create real interest and, if run under the same conditions as your other contests, would be absolutely fair.—Phil Clarke, Jr., Charles S. Arms, Barton Cameron, Asheville School, North Carolina.

CHEERIO!

THANK you for saying such nice things in your Editorial about our "Cheerio". I think his wishing to bar his identity and remain unknown should be respected.—Mrs. Osborne Smith, Franklin, New Hampshire.

NOSEGAY FOR BOB

I AM sending a bouquet for my favorite announcer Bob Elson from WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station at the Drake Hotel Chicago, Illinois. I think he is number one.—Mrs. Addie M. Hunter, 2406 Seventh Avenue, Moline, Ill.

HARRY KOGEN?

WE READ your magazine and enjoy it very much. We just wonder why you have had no news in it about Harry Kogen and his boys who play over NBC from the Chicago Studios. Thanking you for the pleasure I have enjoyed from your magazine, and hoping sometime to read about the above mentioned.—R. H., St. Joseph, Mo.

Listener

HITTING THE NAIL

CLARENCE WHITEHILL hit the nail on the head in his article "Why Not Prohibit Vocal Atrocities." He puts our sentiments into words. Such expressions as "the unskilled one finger pianist," "the illiterate lyric writer," "the so-called singer who barks and wails" are perfectly descriptive of some atrocities put on the air. But how can we get the radio powers that be, to understand how easy it is to cut the radio off? I wrote the General Manager of Columbia some few weeks ago, pointing out how we in our family deal with the trash—we switch it off! But the General Manager never acknowledged my letter—probably because it stung. We listen to those programs that promise to be worth while. If we enjoy the programs we frequently write and express our appreciation. Please express to Mr. Whitehill our appreciation of his attitude and article.—William E. Bryant, 4606 Thirteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

WHAT DO VOLLERS SAY?

HERE are a few requests, bouquets and suggestions for your very swell magazine. First, I want to compliment you on your "Letters to the Artist" feature which is the best idea you've had since I've been reading Radio Digest. Couldn't you cut out some of that other stuff which is not essentially pertaining to radio and have the letters of two stars each month instead of one. (But not cutting down on the length of either.) Only twelve a year seems like such a few when there are so many whose fan mail would be very interesting. I should like a peek at the letters received by Kate Smith, Ben Bernie, Ted Husing and Graham McNamee. This next sounds silly, I suppose, but I think there must be others as curious as I. During the course of an evening's radio entertainment we hear five or six selections which are played "by special permission of the copyright owners". I think an article, by someone who knows, would be of interest to many of us who haven't any idea of what steps must be taken in order to get permission to play the piece. We notice several readers have sent in lists of their favorite orchestras, singers, etc. Why not have a list some month, or for several issues, and let your subscribers vote on them. And why not add a space for the fans to vote on the one radio entertainer who is the big favorite—the one whom they would rather listen to than anyone else. I think everyone has one.—Evelyn Faux, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NO SLIGHT INTENDED

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

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

AN R. D. CLUB!

WE READ the Radio Digest every month and sure do enjoy it immensely. We have seen nearly all of our radio favorites in the Radio Digest but there are a few that you have not mentioned so far. How about giving the crooners a break. We are some of the folks who enjoy a good crooner such as Pat Kennedy-Fran Frey, Don Novis and Jack Fulton. Why not print an article about them and give all us Radio Digest fans a look at them. Hoping to see their pictures in a future issue, we are—A Pittsburgh Radio Digest Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE'LL ROPE THIS GAUCHO!

TODAY I write to remind you of the photograph of the Lombardo orchestra I hope to find in your pages soon and I hope you will also print the route for their tour. I have one more request to make. There has been a great scarcity of information concerning one of my favorite artists—Tito Guizar who sings those beautiful Spanish love songs and who has one of the most gorgeous voices I have ever heard. I have thrilled to the exquisite beauty of his voice on the Gauchos program for a long time, and more recently on the Woodbury program. Please won't you tell us about him and give us pictures? I regret the smaller size of my new copy of Radio Digest. I'd rather pay a quarter and get the full size. There is much food for thought in the editorial this month. It is an angle that the fan is not likely to consider. The two pages of announcers are fine and I wait impatiently for the continuation. Who says we don't adore announcers! Their beautiful speaking voices are among my greatest delights and I am sure they are helping us beyond measure in self improvement. The biographies have been wonderful—and still are—but the slate has hardly been scratched. Fans would love more of the little anecdotes that fit in and add so much to their scrapbooks. I've been reading Radio Digest for three years and wouldn't miss it for anything. Please give us a nice story about Tito Guizar.—Hazel Rhoades, 1749 N. Winchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG?

WAS surprised to find Radio Digest ten cents thinner this month. Would rather pay the quarter and have it fatter and newer. Missed Marcella even though she is a poor finder of missing artists. Had you left out Tuneful Topics and VOL there would have been nothing left. Can't imagine a radio fan being interested in Irvin Cobb's writing or Dean Archer's. Clarence

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

WE HAVE TO SELL 'EM

I SUBSCRIBED for your magazine and got a swell picture. The magazine is swell and I'm crazy about the new pictures on the cover. Then you come along with the May issue half-size, fifteen cents, and I don't like the paper it's printed on. I don't even like the articles. I don't mind having the price cut, but I think you're just helping Old Man Depression along his troublesome way. If you had maintained the twenty-five cent standard maybe people could—well forget a little. The new Announcers' Gallery is okay. Why not start an Orchestra Gallery too? Also I am heartily in favor of a male beauty contest, and I appoint with regard for looks only, not talent, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, James Wallington, and George Beuchler. Print more pictures of men—we get tired of girls. Can anyone tell me when Buddy Rogers broadcasts? Let's have a picture of Will Osborne, I've never seen a picture of him, nor heard him broadcast, when is he on? Here's to Morton Downey, George Jessel, the Four Lombardos, Art Jarrett and Lanny Ross—long may they broadcast. I'd like to say this in conclusion, I like the old Radio Digest best and I'm disappointed in it. Please won't some of you radio fans write to me, especially Eugene W. Cain, who complained about the photos—I've no complaint—I have about 50, since August—so there!—Miss Winifred Stabler, Box 8, Geronimo, Oklahoma.

DEFENDS COLUMBO

I AM a new reader of Radio Digest and I liked best of all Voice of the Listener. And I want to have my say too, I think it was silly of two of your readers who wrote in to say that they did not care for Russ Columbo's singing. If they do not appreciate his singing then they don't know anything about it. I think he has the finest voice on the air. I would like you to publish this so that they may know there are others who think him worthy of attention. I wish you best of luck and I hope to be a constant reader of your delightful Digest.—N. D. Alexander, 98 Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPEAK UP, NELLIE!

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

I HAVE been a reader of Radio Digest for over a year and it seems as if each month it grows more and more interesting. I am especially interested in VOL and "Tuneful Topics" by Rudy Vallee and also in the different radio artists and announcers. I live in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn., and would like to see a picture of Fred Wade of WTIC and also of Walter Hass of WDRG. Would it be possible to have their pictures in some of the later Digests? I would also like to ask for a true picture of Mrs. Rudy Vallee some time. I have seen many of her but no two look alike.—C. L. G., Hartford.



JEAN HANNON, Soprano, WCFL, Chicago. Her splendid voice is heard on numerous afternoon programs. Miss Hannon was secured for radio from the concert and light opera stage.

WGY—Schenectady, N. Y.

"I JES' come down from de Mekinac for broadax to people in de Junite State to tole dem how smart dose man is w'at leev in dat place. You know who was de mos' bes' fi'tin' man up dere? Dat was my huncle. Oh . . . he was beeg man an' he weigh, I dunno, mebbe four hondred twenty five poun'."

Thus speaks Joe Peno or Joseph Felicitas Pinaud, the French-Canadian woodsman of WGY, who is rapidly taking his place among radio comedy characters.

Joe is the brain child of Waldo Pooler who is also his radio interpreter. Mr. Pooler, a former newspaperman and actor, lived for years at Bangor, Me., and he saw character material for the stage in the French-Canadian.

Kolin Hager, manager of WGY, saw in the French-Canadian an excellent opportunity for a new radio personality and he planned the Joe and Eddie sketch which is now a three-time-a-week attraction of the Schenectady station.

Joe is a composite of many characters and the patois, which is a fascinating and humorous union of both French and English, is authentic.

Joe Peno, as conceived by Pooler, is a simple, lovable blunderer with a natural affinity for trouble, gay one moment, melancholy the next, and loyal to his friends. Joe's besetting sin and one of which he is wholly unconscious, is a tendency to exaggerate, in fact, Joe is a colossal liar. He has inherited the epics of that master woodsman, Paul Bunyan, and he really believes that Paul saved his army of woodsmen from starvation by building a fire under a lake to make a lakeful of pea soup after hundreds of sleighs loaded with peas broke through the ice. Peno recalls, as if it were today, a winter so cold that spoken words froze in the air and his ears still tingle with the bedlam of curses that was released when the spring thaw set in.

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



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

WMBH—Joplin, Mo.

"UNCLE Clem and Martha" in "Down on the Farm" met with instant popularity at WMBH. Miss Jean Knighton, playing the part of Martha, is a graduate of



Northwestern University. Miss Knighton is twenty-two years of age and portrays several characters in the script. Merwyn Love, playing the part of Uncle Clem, is twenty-three, writes the script and also



Colonel Reiniger

portrays several characters. Mr. Love hails from Kansas University. "Down on the Farm" presents Uncle Clem in a Yankee type of characterization and very much in love with Martha. This program began as a local feature three months ago. It is a regular evening feature broadcast at six-fifteen—clean-cut, wholesome comedy.

WOR—Newark, N. J.

COLONEL REINIGER, WOR, 10:00 A.M., Saturdays. Colonel Reiniger, who presides at the meetings of the Young Aviators of America National Club, over WOR every Saturday morning at 10:00 A.M., used to be one of the star salesmen of the National Broadcasting Company. He says that he is going to put the proceeds of whatever broadcasting he does into making a success of his hobby, the Y. A. A. There are already over a thousand members of this club, and they hold a weekly mass-meeting at the Chanin Building Little Theatre, and ground school meetings every Friday night in the various public libraries. The object of the club is to teach every one of its members how to fly.

Colonel Reiniger organized the now widespread and powerful Reserve Officers' Association of the United States. He started that organization in a small way as the Reserve Officers' Association of Western North Carolina.

Colonel Reiniger has had a colorful career beginning with his education at the U. S. Naval Academy, his service as a Major of field artillery during the war, and later for three years as a member of the general Staff of the Army in Washington under General Pershing, then two years preparing for and serving in the diplomatic service of the State Department, and finally with NBC.

KNX—Hollywood, Cal.

JOYCE COAD, little movie star, featured each Tuesday in an interview about the movies, and extremely popular with the KNX audience, whose name conjures visions of the success which lies in wait for hundreds of boys and girls in radio and in pictures. At the age of nine Joyce won a contest conducted by the Los Angeles Express for the best physical and mental child, and went immediately into motion pictures.

From the time she was cuddled under the protective wing of the KNX executives, she has advanced steadily in her many endeavors. She has appeared in parts opposite the most outstanding screen stars, including Lillian Gish, Lionel Barrymore, Clara Bow and others.

She is a studious little person, particularly fond of history, and art, being quite proficient in oils and water colors. She manages to find time always for swimming and for fencing, in which she is an apt pupil. Having been born in Wyoming on a ranch fifty-two miles from Cheyenne, she has always been a splendid horse-woman and she has owned all sorts of pets, from kittens to baby pigs.

▲

WOR—Newark, N. J.

GUY HUNTER, whose songs at the piano are heard over WOR every Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 P.M., has been blind since his birth some forty odd years ago. As a little boy he was registered at the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts. Later on, when he had outgrown kindergartens, he attended the Perkins Institute for the Blind in South Boston. There, in addition to a liberal education he was taught to tune and repair pianos, as well as to play them. The possibility of his becoming a professional pianist seemed very remote to Guy Hunter at the time. But he was not content with any particular trade, and so, early in 1910, he made his first public appearance on any stage at an amateur night at Miner's old Eighth Avenue Theatre in New York. There he met with unexpected success and was brought to the attention of Joseph M. Schenk, at that time booking manager for the Marcus Loew vaudeville circuit, who booked him for a ten weeks' tour of the Loew Theatres.

The radio adopted Guy Hunter early in its career; he has been broadcasting since 1922 and claims that it has been an invaluable aid to him. After hearing a song broadcast two or three times he can play it perfectly. And it is interesting to note that he can memorize a song, words and music, in fifteen minutes. For his own radio appearances he is always careful to select a program suitable to all types of listeners, and his baritone voice is always a refreshing treat.

WRVA—Richmond, Va.

CHILDREN'S radio features seem to come and go throughout this broad radioland, but a few of the old standbys keep going on and on, like Tennyson's brook, in unceasing popularity. Among the latter, it would appear is Mrs. Sandman's Radio Playhouse, an every-evening feature for the children heard over station WRVA in Richmond, Down Where the South Begins. Mrs. Sandman is nearing the close of her third year as a dramatic story teller for children of all ages—from three to seventy-three, according to her mail—and the secret of the appeal of her programs would seem to lie in their imaginative qualities.

For over a year, now, Mrs. Sandman has been ably assisted by "Jimmy," which is not the young man's real name, and whose popularity runs a close second to that of Mrs. Sandman herself. Perhaps another secret of the popularity of this children's feature is the variety of the programs. There are at least three dramatized fairy tales produced weekly, and then there is a trip on the magic carpet by Mrs. Sandman and Jimmy and Wampus (the dog), and Okacheeka (the



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

magic carpet monkey), every Wednesday. The other two nights must be devoted to telling stories and singing the songs children of the radio audience insist upon being told. Very often Mrs. Sandman and Jimmy must interpret from five to nine parts in the dramatized stories and magic carpet journeys.

Mrs. Sandman's program originated on station WTOC, Savannah, Ga., nearly three years ago, and something over a year ago moved to WLBG, Petersburg, Va., from which, after a few months, it was taken over to WRVA, nearby in Richmond, where the feature is now in its seventh month.

In private life Mrs. Sandman is Patti Hiatt Stephens, a graduate student in dramatic expression at the University of Kansas and former director of student dramatics there. "Jimmy," outside the studio, is known as Robert L. Pulley, a native Virginian and talented musician.



Joyce Coad, sweet seventeen, who delights KNX listeners, in a weekly broadcast feature interview.

WLW - Cincinnati

Don Becker tells how Peanut Pietro was conceived

PROMETHEUS . . . there was a man . . . went around making models of clay, and then animating them with fire!

Kay M. Grier, of Los Angeles, is more or less, the living counterpart of this gay Greek blade. Fourteen years ago, he created a lifeless character, with nothing but the name of Peanut Pietro for identification. Then, with the livid sparks that flew from a broken-down typewriter, he imbued this inanimate with the wit, humor, virtues and shortcomings of a human being, whose greatest ailment was the mastery of the English language.

Today, the radio character, Peanut Pietro, and the author, Kay M. Grier, are so fused, so completely an integral part of each other, that it is sometimes difficult to determine which is which.

Originally, Peanut Pietro made his ap-



pearance in the newspapers of the country. With mangled grammar and disfigured English, he philosophized on life . . . he commented on politics, until the whole countryside knew and loved him.

Recently, the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company was looking for something different for radio entertainment.

So, one fine day, Grier went to his trunk . . . gave Pietro a nudge . . . awakened him from his sleep, and said, "Boy, you're going back to work!" Peanut Pietro had never been on the radio before, but after one evening in front of a microphone, this beloved character of Sunny Italy was a veteran.

Grier has given Pietro many friends, and not so few enemies. Joe, the Cop . . . the epitome of any "City's Finest" is constantly keeping him out of trouble. "Telephones"—his dog, is a pleasant fixture. You'll love little Julie Finnegan . . . you'll laugh at Levinsky and hate Old Man Skinner, who dotes on throwing cold water into the happiness of Peanut Pietro.

Nine Forty-Five P.M., Eastern Standard Time, over station WLW is all the information you need to become a friend and lover of Peanut Pietro. Next month Radio Digest plans to print pictures of Pietro and his friends.



Alice McCorckle, Gene Llewellyn and Virginia Miller, the So and So Trio, who cut classes at the Pennsylvania College for Women, to enter the Pittsburgh Paul Whiteman Youth of America contest and sang their way to first choice are being featured on station KDKA.

WJR - Detroit

A PROGRAM originating in the studios of WJR, the Goodwill Station, and broadcast every Wednesday night at 12:30 A.M. over an NBC-WJZ network of stations, gives to listeners throughout the country a half hour presentation by the best talent which the city of Detroit has to offer. Broadcast from studios atop the Golden Tower of the motor city's famous Fisher Building, the program is entitled Half an Hour from the Golden Tower.

A regular feature of the broadcast each week is the music of Benny Kyte and his orchestra of fifteen pieces. Kyte came to Detroit seven years ago and with his orchestra made a phenomenal record of more than five years consecutive running on the stages of Detroit theaters. Two years ago he became associated with WJR and in a short time had duplicated in radio the success he had enjoyed in the theater. In his radio orchestra he has assembled musicians who are outstanding in Detroit.

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



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



Naomi Hammett

WJW - Mansfield, Ohio

LOCAL artists, it seems, sometimes do not go over so big in their home stations, regardless of their ability. Naomi Hammett at WJW is, however, an exception to this general rule. Perhaps the above picture explains the reason, but as though her attractiveness weren't sufficient reason for popularity Miss Hammett possesses considerable ability as a pianist. In addition to being staff pianist, Miss Hammett carries two programs by herself—one a daily feature, consisting of popular selections in which she occasionally adds to her popularity with a vocal chorus, and another program of classical piano solos, which is on the air bi-weekly

WGN - Chicago

FRED JESKE, The Monarch Melody Man and Uncle Remus, heard over radio station WGN, Chicago, is one of the old timers of radio. He has been heard on the air since 1923, first, as staff artist on radio station WBBM, then staff artist on radio station WDAP (the old Drake Hotel station). Jeske was studio director and Colonel Nutt of the famous Nutty Club of radio station WBBM. He was artist and studio director of station WSOE of Milwaukee, in 1927, program director of radio station WTMJ of Milwaukee, for a year and one-half, and was staff artist and M. C. for all radio sta-

tion's WIBO regular and television broadcasts, for two years. Later, Fred went to radio station WGES as studio director. He has been with radio station WGN for about a year now, and has earned for himself two commercial accounts. Jeske has done much for the station, and his deep baritone voice has caused hundreds of his feminine audience to write to him.

WCKY - Covington, Ky.

Radio Digest Goes on the Air With
a Double Trio

By Jack Snow

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



Fred Jeske

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

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

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

surely two trios were twice as good as one! It was a comparatively simple matter to match two trios out of twelve, and the result is the WCKY RADIO DIGEST Sextette, really a combination of two trios, the Debutantes and the Plantation Players.

The Debutantes made their debut on the air waves of WCKY last January and since then have been heard in a weekly quarter hour program. They are also featured in WCKY's presentation of Southern Symphonies, which is broadcast every Friday night from the WCKY studios by the nation-wide chain of the National Broadcasting Company. When television comes along and picks up the visual charms of these three young ladies, RADIO DIGEST will be famed as having "the best looking program on the air."

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

The other half of the RADIO DIGEST Sextette is the trio of Plantation Players, composed of violin, piano and cello, played respectively by Eleanor Brandt, Winifred Hazelwood and Russell Henderly. It is this same Russell Henderly, by the way, who produces the novel arrangements for the Debutantes' crooning blue harmonies. The combination of the weird blue melodies of the Debutantes, their occasional solos, and the string melodies of the Plantation Players as they offer popular and semi-classical selections, is a most pleasing one.

The other portion of the program consists of news selected from the pages of RADIO DIGEST. Each week a feature story is discussed and items of general interest mentioned.

Set your dial for WCKY on 1490 Kilocycles next Wednesday night at 6:15, E.S.T., and hear the RADIO DIGEST program.



Frank Grasso



Radio Digest Sextette on the air at WCKY. Left to right: Winifred Hazelwood, Russell Henderly, Eleanor Brandt, Nadelle Schuping, Ruth Heubach-Best, Mary Hartwell.

WFLA - Tampa, Fla.

STATION WFLA of Tampa and Clearwater, recently voted in RADIO DIGEST as Florida's most popular station, has a host of friends in Cuba. A frequent vis-

itor to the Tampa studios is Ramiro Ortiz Planos, Chancellor of the Cuban Consul, who recently sketched his impressions of Frank Grasso, musical director, at left bottom, inside column, page 38, and Bert Arnold, program director of station WFLA, facing him.

club, their places were filled by Frank Meadows and Joe L. Haddon; the organization being composed now of seven members and all are active in the Lions Club of San Angelo, Texas.

While the Cowboy Entertainers, all of whom have had a great deal of musical



Bert Arnold

KGKL, San Angelo, Texas

THE San Angelo Lions Club Cowboy Entertainers, recently selected by International President, Julian C. Hyer, as his official band, had its inception in 1927, with only four members, J. T. Houston, Louis R. Hall, Harold W. Broome and J. C. Springer, when they combined their musical talent to pep up the meetings of the local Lions Club. Grew in popularity and numbers until 1929 when it had eight members: Fred Wilson, Henry Rogers, Jim Hislop and Lloyd Groves having been added. In the early part of 1931 Wilson, Springer and Roger having withdrawn from the



San Angelo Lions Club Cowboy Entertainers

experience, are proficient in semi-classical, Spanish and eccentric popular music, they are featuring the old-time cowboy songs, ballads and music. Coming from a ranching portion of West Texas, they have selected those tunes that have such a peculiarly appealing quality that they are rapidly being revived and becoming popular all over the United States.

Perkinscribia

(Continued from page 13)

of the lot behind the hi-board fence only to find come Thurs. that they've all cleared out to the firemen's picnic—some place. That first snow storm is far off today"

One lady, it seems, had sent our hero her portrait done in oil or pastel. She writes:

"And I might just as well have used a picture of Greta or Marlene, or the Golden Gate as the one I did. I resemble one as much as the other. My face, you see, is one of the durables. Even my husband thinks it's cute to pinch my cheek, look surprised and say in awed hollowed tones, 'It's Armstrong—pure cork linoleum.' And it was swell of Miss V—to take one pained look at my mug, screw her eyes up tight and draw something that I might have looked like if I didn't look like what I do. . . . Here's the picture. The scene, the garden of Baron R—'s English estate; the moonlight streams through the trees, a nightingale sings, the air is sweet with the flowers, golden candlelight streams out from the mullioned windows . . . I, dressed in draperies, flit about entranced, intoxicated, my gypsy blood (or maybe its sprite) surging up and dominating the good old Anglo-Saxon. I dance, I flit, I sniff at the flowers (and probably get a touch of asthma), and suddenly music floats from the mullioned windows . . . I look up to heaven, my face is transformed, the old cork linoleum effect fades, and there, THERE in its place is Miss V's conception. And there as I stand with the moonlight on my new face, my Prince of Pineapple comes through the mullioned windows . . . Perhaps I had better stop. He probably fell and broke his neck."

Practically all of the letters have something to say about the product of Perkins' sponsors. A Georgia lady comments how she had raced around the dials for days until she found him, then:

"Now that I have found you I have a season ticket, front row, aisle seats, and armed with my trusty bottle of Jergens I shall attend every performance. . . . Privately, regarding all this blah about soft white hands holding hearts—it does pretty well as a theme song but when a woman reaches my age and weight, all the hearts she holds are contract bridge, Jergens or no Jergens."

A New Jersey matron writes with a problem, should she or should she not join a so called Ray Perkins club?

"No I haven't got my programs mixed. I know you are not a Sister of Skillet but I have a problem that needs you, just you. (Here, I go into my dance.) For some time I have considered writing you and complaining that you, among your many other attainments have taken up a great disappearing act. No sooner do I grow to feel that all's right with the world because I can hear you on several programs, and have these highlights to look forward to through the daily grind of household duties, bored (that's spelled right) meetings and overwhelming domesticity, then you vanish like Houdini's elephant.

Blue Ribbon

WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week

(Daily except Sunday)

- 7:45 a.m.—WJZ—Jolly Bill and Jane (July)
8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn (August)
9:45 a.m.—WEAF—Our Daily Food (July)
12:00 noon—WEAF—G. E. Circle (July)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (August)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Stebbins Boys (July)
7:45 p.m.—WJZ—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare (August)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs (August)
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers)
- 7:00 p.m.—WABC—Tito Guizar (Mon. and Wed.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (Tues.) (Thurs., 7:45 p.m.)
7:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell (Tues.) (Thurs., 7:45 p.m.)
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins (Tues. and Thurs.)
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby (Mon. and Wed.)
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Georgie Price and Benny Kreuger's Orchestra (Chase & Sanborn) (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Bath Club Program with Irving Kaufman (Mon., Wed. and Fri.) Willard Amison (Tues. and Thurs.) and Roger White's Orchestra
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Abe Lyman's Orchestra and Guest Stars (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam the Barbasol Man (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith La Palina Program (Mon., Tues. and Wed.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Gloomchasers—Colonel Stoopnagle & Budd (Mon. and Wed.) (Dixie Network—8:30 Tues.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Joe Palooka (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet (Tues. and Fri.) (July)
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Eno Crime Club (Eno Fruit Salts) (Tues. & Wed.)
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Benny, Ethel Shutta and George Olsen's Orchestra (Mon. and Wed.) (July)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Musical Fast Freight (Tues. and Thurs.)
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Irene Beasley (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
11:15 p.m.—WJZ—Cesare Sodero and the NBC Concert Orchestra (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

Sunday

- 11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Capitol Family
2:30 p.m.—WEAF—Moonshine and Honeysuckle
2:30 p.m.—WJZ—Yeast Foamers (August)
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—International Broadcast
5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert (Sat., 9:15 p.m.)
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Three Bakers (July)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Lewisohn Stadium Concert (Sat., 8:30 p.m.)
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Goldman Band Concert (July) (Tues., 9:30 p.m.—August) (Thurs. and Sat., 9:00 p.m.—July and Aug.)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Enna Jettick Melodies
9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Bayuk Stag Party
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Pennzoil Parade
9:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Gem Highlights with Jack Denny, Ed Sullivan and Guest Stars

Selections

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Experimental Dramatic Laboratory
10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Seth Parker

Monday

- 7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Surprise Package
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—D'Avrey of Paris
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Sinclair Wiener Minstrels
9:15 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Bourjois, An Evening in Paris
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—National Radio Forum
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—The Country Doctor (July)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Modern Male Chorus

Tuesday

- 3:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle Choir (August)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story (July)
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Blue Ribbon Malt)
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ed. Wynn and the Fire Chief Band (July)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Hour with Walter O'Keefe and Police Dramatization (Thurs. with Walter Winchell and Walter O'Keefe) (Sat. with Bert Lahr and Walter O'Keefe)

Wednesday

- 7:15 p.m.—WJZ—Royal Vagabonds (July)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Time
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost Melody Moments (August)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Sherlock Holmes (August) (Thurs., 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—July and August)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatelo Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert

Thursday

- 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour—Rudy Vallee
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra (July) (Friday, Aug.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (July)
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Thompkins Corners (August)
9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Hour

Friday

- 4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Week-End Hour (Eastman Kodak)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Friendship Town (August)
9:30 p.m.—WABC—To the Ladies (Woodbury Program)
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pond's Program, Leo Reisman and his orchestra
9:45 p.m.—WABC—Gus Van (Van Heusen Program)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Erno Rapee
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman and his Pontiac Chieftains (July)

Saturday

- 3:30 p.m.—WEAF—Chautauqua Opera Hour
5:00 p.m.—WJZ—Pacific Feature Hour
8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Concerts Service
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—K-7
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dance with Countess D'Orsay
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—First Nighter
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Public Affairs Institute

(Pardon the simile but you are IM-MENSE.) Then she states her problem and explains that she shrinks from 'public exploitations' but 'if this membership helps you, to h— with how I feel.' On the other hand, 'if it just means signing my name to a list of maudlin females, ugh-um! I'd love to meet you after or between shows and run you out into the Jersey countryside in the old yellow roadster for some lunch or such; or send gardenias to the stage door, but the very sound of a 'fan' gives me shivery flutters. Yours with something far more substantial than a fan—"

Instead of killing the patient, the Perkins treatment, when correctly and judiciously administered, cures the listener of yellow jaundice, spots before the eyes, a run-down-at-the-heel appearance, sinking spells, inability to see the funny side of life and general mental and constitutional debility. For further information and directions, tune in on NBC Stations WJZ and WEAF or address the Perkins Laboratories, Ltd., 257 Madison Road, Scarsdale, New York. Here in his immaculate Barbasolarium, Perkins, the Mirthmaster, sits in unrubbed Barbasolitude weaving witty ditties to glorify the great American chin and advising how to keep it in hairless happiness.

Thanks R. D. Readers

I OWN KINGSON, of Chicago, who I wrote a letter to our Voice of the Listener department, stating that she "knew Wayne King," was surprised to receive letters from listeners in all parts of the country asking for further information. Now she has decided to "tell all" in a book which will be published soon. She writes in part:

"At first I gave very little thought to them (the letters) but since they are still coming to me I find there is a sense of duty upon my part to indicate some appreciation toward my new correspondents who came to me through reading RADIO DIGEST.

"Were I to answer the many questions which are asked of me it would take a book . . . and right here let me say I am now working on a book which I am dedicating to Wayne King. I think all of his admirers will enjoy reading it.

"I am happy in dedicating this book to him because of his active, beautiful and dauntless mind . . . so everlastingly seeking unfoldment through his music . . .

"To all who have given me pleasant thoughts and kind considerations, and to those who have written me whereby the RADIO DIGEST was the medium, I thank you most sincerely. I OWN KINGSON, 2906 McLean Avenue, Chicago, Ill."

Miss Kingson does not state whether her book will contain some of the interesting letters that Wayne King must inevitably receive from his many fair admirers. Wouldn't "Letters to a King" be a swell title for it?



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To a few honest fellows I am offering an opportunity to get a training and pay for it after they graduate in easy monthly payments. You get Free Employment Service for life. And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll help you get it. Coyne is 33 years old. Coyne Training is tested — You can find out everything absolutely free. JUST MAIL the Coupon for My BIG FREE BOOK.

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CHATTE R

AUTOMOBILES operated by executives of WOR, New York, are equipped with radio. The reason? Because no matter where the executive may be he can tune in this station. The call letters sent out every fifteen minutes are in reality a code—that is the manner of broadcasting the letters constitutes a signal. Each executive thus can be summoned to headquarters in a hurry . . . Russ Tarboz, brilliant young American composer and conductor, heads the Song Makers, new program heard Thursdays, 8:15 P.M., EST, over WOR . . . Lawrence Tibbett's voice exceeds in volume the noise of a boiler factory or a riveting machine. The test was made in the Firestone Tire plant.

* * *

Another station finds a place on the honor roll of those who have served listeners for a decade or more. WDAE, Tampa, Fla., is the station. Neither call letters or ownership have changed in that time . . . C. Gordon Jones, latest addition to the staff of the Yankee Network, headquarters in Boston, will supervise improvement of sustaining programs from a technical, musical and production standpoint . . . Radio Audition Studios have opened at 1680 Broadway, under management of Hal Tillotson. Purpose is to audition artists and rehearse programs for advertising agencies and sponsors and development of new radio ideas.

* * *

Under the head of unusual broadcasts is that of a flea jumping, recently aired by WPAP, New York . . . Joseph H. Neebe is in charge of Detroit offices of Essex Broadcasters, Ltd., which operates station CKWO, South Sandwich, Ontario . . . K T A R, Phoenix, Arizona, is sending out a handsome booklet filled with statistical data about the station and the market it covers . . .



Testing Volume of Tibbett's Voice

An error in this column last month gave credit to Sam Wilson, of WLW, for the continuity of the new program "Highlights of Yesterday." E. A. Cleland, new to the continuity staff, and who hails from station WLVA, Lynchburg, Virginia, is the lad who wrote the show.

* * *

WLWL, New York, has just celebrated the fortieth weekly anniversary of the

"Meet the Composer" program. The station started the program in August 1931, and since then has brought to music lovers the work of our own contemporary composers and artists. The composer directs the air program of his own compositions.

* * *

Gordon Baking Company and Delatone Company are two new sponsors at WGN, Chicago . . . 17,000,000 homes in this country have receiving sets, it is estimated . . . WCFL, Chicago, has been granted a construction permit by the Federal Radio Commission to increase its power from 1,500 to 5,000 watts . . . Synchronization experiments conducted by WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut, and WBAL, Baltimore, with NBC, have been discontinued, due to unsatisfactory results.



C. Gordon Jones

* * *

The call letters of the Petersburg, Va., station have been changed from WLBG to WPHR. Nelson T. Stephens is manager . . . Shortwave station W8XK, operated by KDKA, Pittsburgh, has been moved to the ultra-modern plant at Saxonburg, Pa. . . . KOB, Albuquerque, off the air since May, resumes broadcasting this month (July) . . . WCLO, Janesville, Wis., has installed two new modern transmitters and the largest broadcast organ in the state . . . Headlines is the name of a new program heard from WGN, Chicago. Atlas Brewing Company is the sponsor.

* * *

Wrinkled and greyhaired, an 87-year-old woman, made a try for radio fame at WJR, Detroit, recently. She won out and succeeded in making her radio debut in a program of "Old Songs." . . . WGY, Schenectady, N. Y., is offering two of its program features twice on the same day, afternoon and evening.

PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

Women Listen Because—

By MARIAN S. CARTER
Assistant Program Director, CBS.

WHAT do women like to listen to and why? This is the question which I am most frequently called upon to answer.

Frankly, when this question is asked by an important executive, I am appalled, for if one tried to interpret the reactions of the many millions of feminine minds, one would certainly be attempting to deliver a very sizeable order.

As a matter of fact, and fortunately so, for those of us who participate in the production of radio programs, we are aware, through experience, that there is no such thing as a particular type of program, or types of programs, which exceed all others in feminine acceptance and popularity. In my radio experience I have discovered no program structure in which quality does not determine the program's popularity.

Who can say, for example, that programs specifically designed to obtain the maximum of feminine appeal exert a more effective influence than Amos 'n' Andy, Myrt and Marge, Jessica Dragonette, Kate Smith, or the glorious music of Leopold Stokowski? I feel that each of these in its time and place awakens a response which may be called universal. Quality will invariably dominate, irrespective of the guise in which it appears.

In the radio workshop, and be assured it is a workshop, we have but one fundamental and guiding principle. To be effective either as a sustaining or a commercial feature, a program must be entertaining. This last statement should be qualified. We must establish an acceptable definition for the word "entertain-

ing." We regard the word "entertaining" in its broad aspect. To be interested, we believe, is to be entertained.

For instance, take a woman who finds her hair losing its lustre, becoming dry and brittle. Authoritative instruction over the air as to how this condition can be corrected is obviously interesting, and if you don't believe that listeners who have found this information interesting are also entertained, you should read some of the thousands of letters which are received in response to such broadcasts.

I sincerely believe that all types of programs are effective in exact ratio to their entertainment value. True, the appropriateness of the time and the

circumstances under which they are presented are equally important.

For example—as to time—to remind a woman that her hair needs attention during an evening hour, when she is, perhaps, entertaining guests, is possibly not as effective as to remind her during a morning hour when she is planning her day's activities. Yet, if that reminder be adroitly surrounded with elements of a purely entertaining character, she will enjoy and appreciate the program.

On the other hand, if such suggestions and instructions are presented to her during her daylight hours at home, they may not require any embellishment whatsoever.

Granted that the subject matter has a close relationship with her physical and aesthetic welfare, and that the voice and personality of the individual broadcasting are not unpleasing, she will still be entertained. It does not require a Paul Whiteman or a Morton Downey to hold her attention at these times when she is not seeking recreation. It

all comes back and impinges upon one's definition of the word "entertainment."

(Continued in next issue)



Marian S. Carter

DOES THE LISTENER LISTEN—

G. A. RICHARDS
President

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

Patronize a Quality Station
with a Quantity Audience

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

WGAR

THE WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.
STUDIO AND OFFICES, STATLER HOTEL, CLEVELAND • Affiliated with N.B.C. Blue Net Work

The Quaint MR. ROLFE

He Prefers "Bum" and "Trouble" to the Glamorous Night Life

By Bide Dudley

UNTIL recently I knew but a few studio people and practically no radio artists. But with my assumption of a radio column I came in contact with the artists of the air and was convinced of two things. One is that radio is tremendously interesting; the other that radio people are even more so.

In meeting the people who face the "mike" I studied them individually to learn their personalities, eccentricities, likes and dislikes. Some of them appeared to possess no unusual traits, but others gave me food for thought and material for my column. In this latter class was B. A. Rolfe, the well-known orchestra leader. I found Mr. Rolfe most unassuming and seeking none of the glamour that surrounds radio stars.

I first met the orchestra leader when he returned from his trip to Hawaii about January 1, last. It was at the Hotel St. Regis and, as I stepped into the Rolfe suite, I was struck with the likeness the noted maestro bore to an old friend of mine, the late Will A. Page, publicity man. Mr. Rolfe greeted me with a hearty handshake and a smile.

"Glad to meet you, Dudley," he said. "What do you play—a horn or contract bridge?"

On a table nearby was the faithful Rolfe cornet, which serves to keep its owner from being lonely when he is alone.

"Only a mouth organ," I replied.

"Well, that's something," he said. "Have you got one with you? We might play a duet. The harmonica should blend well with the cornet."

We both laughed. Then he invited me to sit down and have a smoke. Before I left I discovered that B. A. Rolfe is a stay-at-home, in fact, probably radio's most prominent homebody.

"I guess you're sorry your trip is over," I suggested.

"Not at all!" he replied. "Oh, the trip was pleasant, but I'm glad to be back. I like to stay at home. Would you believe it, I have been a guest at a night club only twice in my life—and on both occasions I was dragged there."

"What is your aversion to night clubs?"

"I wouldn't call it an aversion," said Mr. Rolfe. "I just have no desire to

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

spend my time sitting around in them. Night club life is more or less superficial. To me it seems unreal in the main. People go to such places to be seen and I have no desire to bask in the public eye."

"Well, what do you do for recreation?"

"Just two things. I either stay at home and play bridge or go out and shoot golf."

"So you're a bridge expert, eh?"

"I GUESS I'm the most consistent bridge loser in New York," said Mr. Rolfe, his smile broadening. "But I don't mind losing. It's the game itself I like. What if I do lose if I have a good time? Why, I'm so easy for good bridge players that they seek me out just for the fun of licking me. The line usually forms to the right."

He laughed and continued. "And as for my golf, well I'm just as bad at that game. They all want to play me merely because I'm such a dub at it. Why anybody should want to beat me at golf I don't know. It surely is no feather in the victor's cap."

Here Mr. Rolfe went further into his likes and dislikes.

"I am very fond of real people," he went on. "By real, I mean the genuine. Affectations bore me; they get nobody anywhere. If I want to sit at home playing contract bridge in my old carpet slippers I do it. Life is too short to permit foolish conventionalities to get in your way."

The unusual always interests Mr. Rolfe. He once went to Chinatown with Willie Hong, of the Palais D'Or, where

his orchestra was playing, at the Chinaman's suggestion. Several other people accompanied them. Suddenly, as the party was traversing a very dark and narrow street, it was found that B. A. Rolfe had disappeared. His friends immediately became apprehensive. Hong smiled blandly.

"You wait. I find him," he said. Then Hong disappeared, too. Finally the Chinaman returned.

"You come with me," he ordered.

They followed him to a Chinese theatre and there, seated near the stage, was B. A. Rolfe, all by himself, smiling and applauding vigorously, although he didn't know what the play was all about.

"Sit down, folks," he said. "It's a great show."

"He like good show," said Hong.

And it took the orchestra man's friends just one hour to drag him away from that weird theatrical performance.

Mr. Rolfe owns a couple of wire-haired terriers that are his pals. One he calls Trouble; the other Bum. (See photo on page 18.) Trouble is a vocalist, but Bum, it would seem, knows something about music, too. His master taught Trouble to "sing". Commanded to warble like Singin' Sam, Trouble growls deeply. Asked to croon, he makes a shrill noise. It is then that Bum goes into action. He does not like crooning and, when Trouble "croons", Bum gives one agonizing look of reproach at his canine friend and rolls over on the floor "dead".

Mr. Rolfe is a great believer in the value of purely American music. He hopes to see bands, orchestras and choral societies formed in various cities among amateurs some day to give programs of real American music.

"The old masters are all right," is the way he puts it, "but I am sure ninety per cent. of us Americans would rather hear a good arrangement of Stephen C. Foster's "Swanee River" well rendered than any sonata that ever came from the old world. Some day America will get over its subserviency to the works of the old masters and make it possible for us to have a standard type of American music, typical of American life."

He's a quaint and interesting fellow, this homebody, B. A. Rolfe, of Radio-way.

Betty
White

Betty White, although she is a very grown up young lady, always takes the part of the little girl when Rin Tin Tin is the hero in the famous dog feature series over the blue network.



Rin Tin Tin

For more than two years this famous dog has been taking the part of the hero in the Rin Tin Tin Thrillers—a series of radio melodramas. He creates his own sound effects and many a tear has been shed over his direful adventures.

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PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

ONE of the most unique programs ever heard by Western radio listeners was recently presented by Police Chief William J. Quinn, when he made an unusual test and demonstration of the San Francisco Police Department radio system. This program was picked up and broadcast by NBC-KGO.

KJBS, San Francisco, has made a real discovery in Miss Lea Vergano, accompanist for Kebern Ahaern, Irish tenor. Miss Vergano is an accomplished pianist, as well as being possessed of a charming singing voice.

K F W B, Warner Bros. station in California, has added another full hour's program that promises to dial in a lion's share of the radio audience. It is the Minstrels of 1932, broadcast Thursday evenings from 8:00 until 9:00.

The hundreds of visitors that regularly visit the KNX studios in Hollywood to see and hear the Arizona Wranglers, are going to have to be good now. The Wranglers have all been made sheriffs.

The oldest radio announcer in the world! Ever wondered who he is? Well, he is Harrison Holliway, manager of KFRC, although he is only 31 years old! This incongruous fact is qualified when it is explained that Holliway has been announcing since November, 1920.

Marsden Brooks, KYA, San Francisco, staff artist, besides being a 'cellist of unusual ability, is, by trade, an instrument maker. Many of the violins and 'cellos of his fashioning are being used by members of large symphony orchestras.

San Diego has a program well worth listening to. It is Jay Eslick's orchestra. He is a well-known San Diego boy, heard regularly over KGB.

KHJ, Los Angeles, has a smart new feature, "The Blue Ridge Colonel." He is actually from Ole Virginny, and some

day his true identity may be announced by the station.

More than five thousand boys and girls, and eight hundred and fifty adults witnessed the gigantic KFOX Radio Revue, held by that station in the new Long Beach Municipal Auditorium.

The old "Vagabond of the Air," of KLS, Salt Lake City, is now on KFRC, the Don Lee station in San Francisco.

Miss Eddy Adams, late Mistress of Ceremonies of the Dorsay Club, New York City, is the young lady that is heard daily from 12:00 to 1:00 over KYA.

The popular KFRC evening programs are now to be heard regularly over KDYL, Salt Lake City.

Some people say that when big Eastern concerns go hunting for a Western maestro of Nat Shilkret's excellence to conduct their Coast program, they always choose Raymond Paige, musical and program director for KHJ, Los Angeles, the Columbia-Don Lee key station on the Coast.



Dr. F. C.
Shaklee



Ray Paige



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

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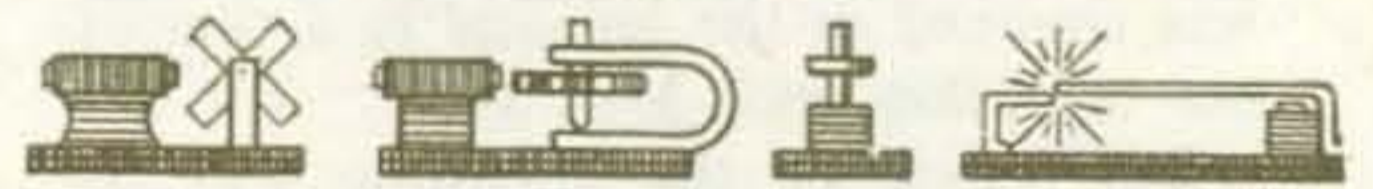
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BROADWAY at 86th ST.
NEW YORK

When Rum Breaks Love Bonds

(Continued from page 23)

Grover home on the eventful evening of January 10th, with the engagement ring in his pocket, the girl's father and mother received him at the door and requested an interview before he saw the girl. At this interview they conveyed the appalling news of her condition and explained their plans for Rowena's sojourn in the dry climate of Arizona. Zook received the news man-fashion and declared that he would co-operate in every way. He delivered the ring and spent a blissful evening with the girl. She departed very shortly for Arizona.

While she was away the defendant wrote to her frequently, giving her a good deal of helpful instruction concerning the best way to combat the disease. He also sent her books and pamphlets on the subject. She returned in April, improved in health, and it was agreed that the marriage should occur in June. Very shortly after her return, however, she was stricken with appendicitis, and operated upon. She was confined in the hospital in a precarious condition until May 16.

The shock of the operation and the drain upon her vitality had been so great that when the wedding date arrived marriage was quite out of the question. The date was changed to some time in the fall. The couple agreed that they would marry and go to the World's Fair in St. Louis on their honeymoon. When September came the girl was quite eager to wed and to set forth on the honeymoon—World's Fair and all.

No World's Fair Honeymoon

ZOOK, however, expressed fears that she was not yet well enough to risk matrimony. He magnanimously offered to wait and to marry her when she was well. Did this generous offer appeal to the girl? It did not. She regarded her lover with consternation and amazement that he could find any fault with her alluring plan. If she had entertained any misgivings as to its wisdom, those misgivings vanished at the first hint of reluctance on the part of her lover.

She argued, then passed from argument to reproaches and from reproaches to tears of rage. Her parents joined in the affair. To the reproaches of the girl they added their own, with the quite natural result that the young man, who had called in a mood to delay his own happiness out of tender regard for his sweetheart, left the house so filled with angry emotions that he was ready to renounce her and her family forever.

There was no World's Fair honeymoon. While Zook called a number of times thereafter there was a marked coolness all around. In December of that year the young man wrote to the girl that all things considered, it would be a great

mistake for them to marry. At the trial for breach of promise the jury apparently believed that Rowena had no rights unless it could be proven that Zook knew of her tubercular condition before the engagement occurred. The gallant twelve accordingly decided that the engagement did not occur until Zook returned with the engagement ring for which he had been given measurements by the girl herself four days previously.

When the case was carried to the Supreme Court on appeal the court declared that even if the defendant knew of the girl's tubercular condition at the time of the engagement he would have had a right to break his promise because of the nature of her disease. A portion of the luminous opinion in this case is interesting. "Offspring are the natural result, and oftentimes the chief purpose of marriage. * * * If the child born in health and with a body of vigor be a matter of deep concern to a parent, what must be said of the advent of a babe burdened with the hereditary plague of consumption? * * * That a mother seriously ill with that disease and a father with a hereditary taint thereof in his blood could bring forth a child exempt therefrom is unbelievable. * * * The dictates of humanity demand that no human compact shall be upheld that has for one of its principal objects the bringing into the world of helpless, hopeless, plague cursed, innocent babes. The defendant had a right to break his engagement and was not liable in damages.

Jean Removes Mask

(Continued from page 7)

at the time she came in. He was trying out various applicants to sing the great torch song of the production. He looked at Jean and estimated her worth at a glance.

"Just the type," he said. "Can you sing?"

Jean gave him her own interpretation of the St. Louis Blues. Further auditions were suspended for the day. That afternoon Jean was presented with a contract to sign. Again she felt the final gasping twinges of the old mask. Her fingers shook as she affixed her name on the dotted line. But now the mask was off. Her mother came to stay with her during rehearsals.

"We did everything to conserve our good luck," said Jean. "We kept old things around. Never threw away anything that might bring bad luck. We wore black chiffon nightgowns until they were in tatters."

All the omens must have been good because it was not long before she came to the attention of the Great Ziegfeld who was pleased with her comeliness and named her as his first discovery of a "radio personality girl." You will hear more of her when the program is resumed in the fall.

The Answer Is—

Where have Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver gone?—Mrs. H. W. Morgan, 81 Colfax Street, Providence, R. I.

ANS. Paul Oliver, otherwise known as Frank Munn, sings on the American Album of Familiar Music program every Sunday at 9:15 over WEA. The Palmolive program has been off the air since the first of the year. Frank Munn is a brunette, medium height and plump, does concert work, is single and was born February 27, 1896. Olive Palmer is not doing any radio work at present.

Will you tell me how Hilda Cole looks and all about her?—Mrs. May Sears, North Adams, Mich.

ANS. Hilda Cole is a brunette, five feet, four; with well defined features and very striking eyes, and she is both gracious in manner and speech. She possesses a charming personality and sells her fiction. She has attained distinction not usually reached by the average girl of twenty. Hilda is at present writing and acting for Columbia Broadcasting Company.

What has become of my favorite radio entertainer, Ray Perkins?—Mrs. Scott Gardner, 245 North Euclid Avenue, Saint Louis, Mo.

ANS. Ray Perkins is on the Old Topper program, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. over WJZ, he can also be heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P. M. (EDST), over the NBC-WEAF network on the Barbasol program. This program is supplied with orchestral selections by Peter Van Steeden's musicians.

Would you please tell me if Station KGMB in Hawaii belongs to the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Arthur P. Pfost, 94-44 121st Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

ANS. Radio Station KGMB is owned and operated by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Can you tell me over what broadcasting station and at what time I can hear Ethel Merman?—Jack Lanski, 34 South 7th Street, Easton, Pa.

ANS. Ethel Merman was heard over CBS twice, but we do not know where she is at present.

Please answer the following questions about Pat Barnes, Bill Hay and Everett Mitchell. Are they married? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? What are their hobbies? Age?—Betty Jeanne, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANS. Pat Barnes is tall, slim, dark and about 37. He is married and his hobby is golf. Bill Hay is 5 ft. 11 ins., and blonde; and like Pat Barnes is also married and favors golf. Everett Mitchell is a brunette, 5 ft. 10½ ins., and is 33. He is also married but his favorite hobby is making amateur movies.

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

ANS. The Sylvania's are conducted by Ernie Golden and also known as the Rondoliers. Singly they are all soloists of repute and have filled either operatic or light opera roles on the musical stage. The members are Fred Wilson, first tenor; Royal Hallee, lead tenor; Hubert Hendrie, barytone; and George Gove, bass. Their pianist and arranger is Charles Touchette. The names of the Vermont Lumberjacks are withheld by request of the sponsor of the program.

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