

Radio Digest

FEBRUARY, 1932

25 Cents*



SYLVIA SIDNEY—CBS

DEAN ARCHER • RENARD • LOMBARDO

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares

IT is the pernicious nature of pyorrhea to infect the mouth as long as ten years before the victim knows it. This dread disease of the gums comes to four people out of five past forty.

Not content with robbing humanity of half of all adult teeth lost, it also breeds virulent poisons which it sends coursing throughout the entire system to undermine the individual's general health.

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Don't wait for warning; start using Forhan's now

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And in your home, brush your teeth and massage your gums, morning and night, with Forhan's. This remarkable dentifrice is unique in that it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation, developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea. The Forhan formula was



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

the outgrowth of Dr. Forhan's 26 years of specialization in the treatment of this disease.

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Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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



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Let me tell you how I can quickly train you, NOT by book study, but by actual shop training on real Radio, Television and Talking Picture equipment in 10 WEEKS in the great shops of COYNE in Chicago. Here at Coyme you don't need advanced education or experience and many of my students earn while learning. After graduation I give them lifetime employment service. Here at Coyme too you get individual instruction and you can start anytime.

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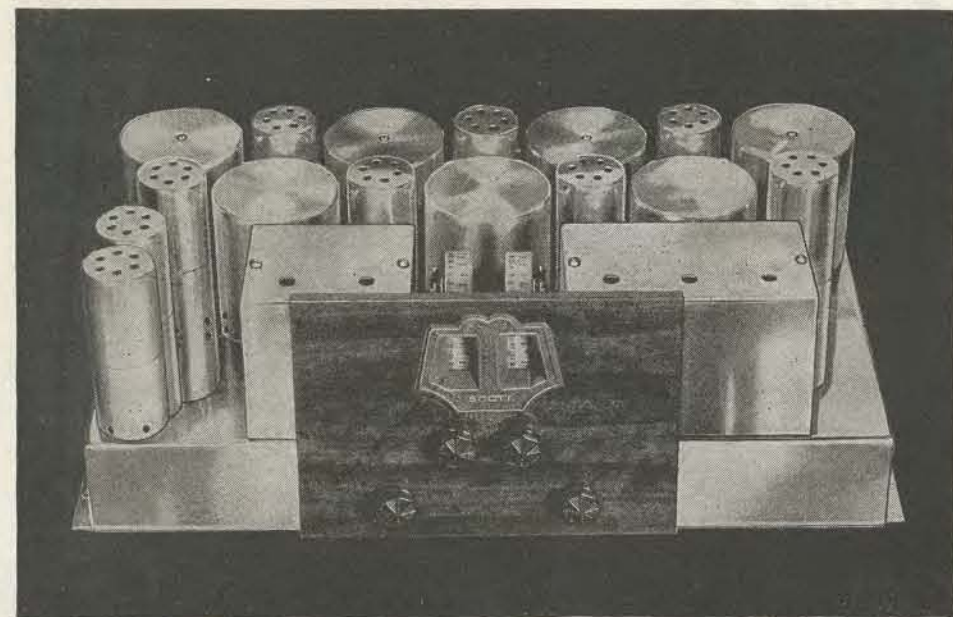
You can avoid this. You can be a trained man and have a real future. Mail the coupon today and I'll send you my big Free book and tell you how you can be a success just as hundreds of my graduates are achieving.

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 22-9H Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book, and tell me how I too can make a success in Radio.

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

The SCOTT 15-550 METER ALL-WAVE is the only



living in 63 foreign countries have voluntarily written their testimony of the Scott All-Wave's prowess as a dependable 'round the world receiver. Six big volumes of unsolicited praise from over 600 owners—and there are hundreds more Scott All-Wave users who are too busy listening to the whole world, to write us!



JOAK JAPAN



ZEESEN GERMANY

Expect Great Things



VK3ME AUSTRALIA

If you live in the United States, order your Scott All-Wave in full anticipation of hearing London, Paris or Rome! Your set will be tested on actual reception from one of the stations in these countries before shipping.

Order it too, in full belief that you will hear Germany, France, Holland, Australia, Indo-China, South America, Central America, Cuba, and the other strange places you've always wondered about. You'll hear them with your Scott All-Wave—and with perfect clarity and exact tone! Then remember, your Scott All-Wave is guaranteed for five full years against defect in material or workmanship—the broadest, most completely protective guarantee ever placed on radio equipment.

Result of Round-the-World Research

The Scott All-Wave was not designed to be just a good receiver for domestic reception. Instead, it was designed and built especially for foreign reception, by an engineer who has made 3 complete trips around the globe to study radio conditions—and overcomes the difficulties heretofore encountered in such work. Perfected for reception of foreign stations, the Scott All-Wave automatically became the most efficient receiver possible to buy, for domestic work.

SPECIFICATIONS
Custom built in the laboratory—by laboratory experts and entirely to laboratory standards. Superheterodyne circuit. Covers all wave lengths 15-550 meters. Twelve tubes. Pre-selector R. F. stage. Three I. F. stages. Double push-pull audio. Perfectly matched speaker. All coils treated to withstand climatic extremes. Chassis and amplifier chromium plated.

SINCE the advent of the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter superheterodyne, this receiver has become the preference of extremely particular listeners, the world over. It has become the radio of Kings and Presidents—of American Consuls abroad and of Foreign Consuls here—of music masters—of broadcasting stations who use it to pick up short wave transmissions for re-broadcast—and it has become the dependable instrument of radio broadcast advertisers who need a receiver with a wide daytime range and with tonal capability by which the quality of advertising broadcasts may be accurately checked. And its owners have written enough praising letters about this receiver to fill six big volumes! Think! Not six volumes of ordinary testimonial letters, expressing mere satisfaction, but rampantly enthusiastic letters that tell of loud, clear, perfect reception from stations 7,000 to 10,000 miles away. They're letters from American owners who tune in Europe and the Orient as fancy dictates. And there are letters from foreign owners, men and women located at all points of the globe, who listen to America and other far-off lands with their Scott All-Wave receivers.



E. H. SCOTT
Pioneer Builder of
World Record Receivers

Scott owners living in every state in the Union have written, just to tell us that the Scott All-Wave they purchased, gives them more than the results we promised them—more than we are promising you here. And people

The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.

(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.) • 4450 Ravenswood Avenue • Dept. D-2 • Chicago, Ill.

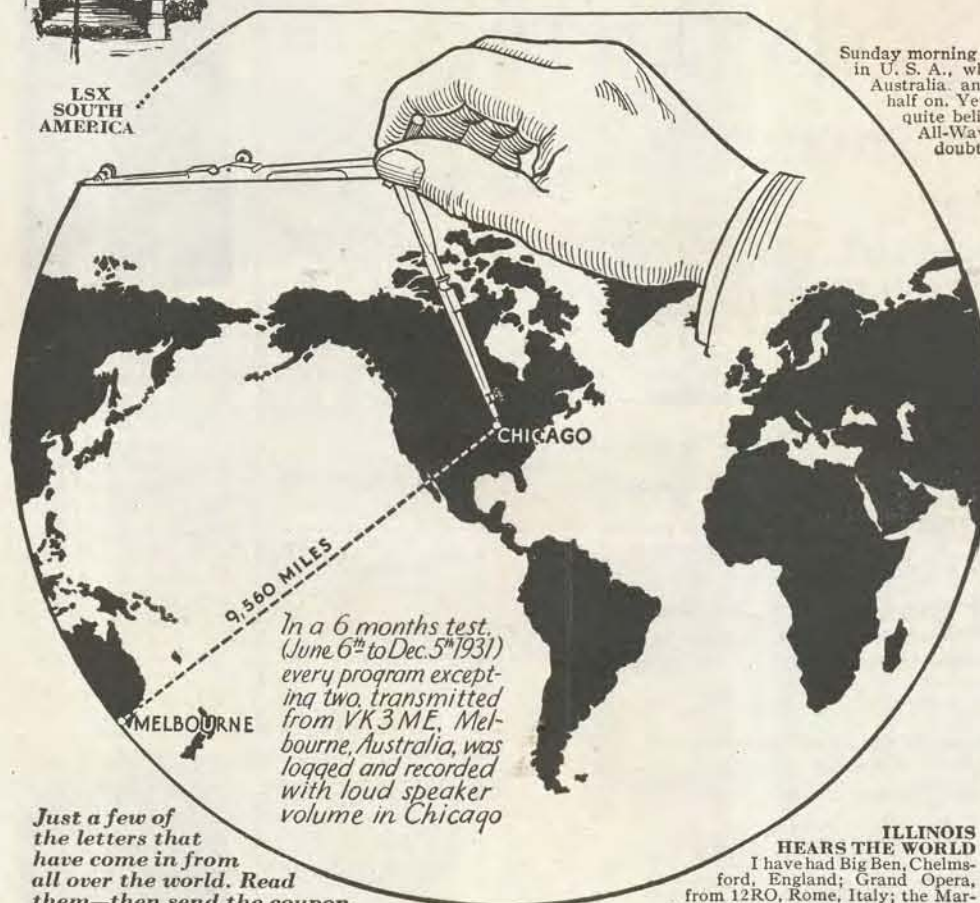


G5SW ENGLAND

receiver built especially for FOREIGN RECEPTION...



LSX SOUTH AMERICA



Just a few of the letters that have come in from all over the world. Read them—then send the coupon.

NEW ZEALAND REGULARLY

Have had 5 nights consecutive reception of complete program from 2YA, Wellington, New Zealand. One night I had them for nearly 3½ hours, using an aerial only 49 ft. long.
A. R. Miller, Calif.

CONNECTICUT HEARS EGYPT

Reception on short wave nothing short of marvelous. I picked up the Belgenland, in Alexandria Harbor, Egypt. Australia comes in as loud as a local.
J. B. Tracy, Conn.

RECORDED AUSTRALIA

Last Saturday night I received VK2ME, Australia, loud enough to make a record of it. It suddenly gave me a thrill to hear the announcer say "The time is 20 minutes to 4, Sunday afternoon," when it was 20 minutes to 12 Saturday night here.
J. R. Cole, Miss.

ILLINOIS HEARS THE WORLD

I have had Big Ben, Chelmsford, England; Grand Opera, from 12RO, Rome, Italy; the Marcellaise, from FYA, France, and the Laughing Jack Ass, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. I am writing to express to you my greatest thrill since I began twisting the dials.
G. Bermel, Illinois.

VK2ME TOO LOUD

Sunday morning I was listening to what I thought was a station in U. S. A., when in comes the call-letters, VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, and I only had the volume control turned about half on. Yet it was too loud for room reception. I could not quite believe all the testimonials I read about the Scott All-Wave, but results this morning have removed all my doubts that the Scott is the King of all radio sets.
B. Firmer, Mich.

EUROPE LIKE LOCAL

I am getting England, Italy and France, good as local stations on just an inside aerial.
B. Leger, Mass.

CUBA HEARS CHICAGO

The Scott Receiver is just what we need here in Cuba. On the long wave we have had over 50 stations in U. S.; on the short waves, I have had Schenectady, Pittsburgh, Boston, Chicago, etc. Also Italy, with as much volume as I get Pittsburgh.
B. Chibas, Cuba.

GREECE HEARS THEM ALL

Performance on the set has been very satisfactory. Have been receiving London, Budapest, Prague, and Belgrade, Poulouse, Barcelona, etc., and a score of unknown stations.
M. D. Cenerales, Greece

HAWAII LIKES SCOTT

Station F31CD, Indo-China, comes in every night as clear as a bell, while W2XAF, I can tune in any time of the day they are on the air.
E. Bernard, Hawaii.

THE PHILIPPINES, TOO

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is far beyond my expectations. So far I have logged London, Romanapoli, Radio Colonial France, Moscow, Russia, Saigon, Indo-China, and Japanese stations on short wave.
R. A. Balanquit, P. I.

ITALY LIKE LOCAL

The performance is simply wonderful. The same day the set arrived I got Italy as clear and strong as though it were a local station.
R. Collazo, Porto Rico.

PORTO RICO GETS ENGLAND

Daylight reception of English, French, and Italian stations is constant with loud speaker volume. They come in with a bang.
J. M. Lieber, Porto Rico.

SIAM HEARS EUROPE

Although in a reputed bad location I have logged Chelmsford, Rome, Holland, Paris, and U. S. A. stations with fine volume.
W. Knox, Siam.

SEND COUPON for full Particulars

Read a few of the letters from the six big volumes of praise. They're reproduced on this page. Then send coupon for the whole story of the Scott All-Wave—for particulars of the advanced design and precision engineering and custom construction which make its sensational performance possible. You'll be surprised, too, at its moderate price. Clip the coupon—mail at once.

THE E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-2 Chicago, Ill.
Send me full details of the Scott All-Wave
 SET BUILDER DXER DEALER
Name.....
Street.....
Town..... State.....

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown,
Managing EditorHenry J. Wright,
Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe,
Associate EditorNellie Revell,
Associate EditorIncluding RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor

COLLETTE D'ARVILLE, prima donna beauty of L'Opera Comique, Paris, introduced to America over CBS network by Margaret Santry. Later she appeared in American opera in role of Carmen. There are hints that she may soon become regularly identified with American radio.



MIMI SHELTON, who plays the part of Beauty in the WLWL program of "Beauty and the Beast." Miss Shelton is well known on the American stage. Her recent adaptation of radio has won her hundreds of thousands of listening friends. The "Beast" in the skit is the former Keith comedian, Harry Tighe.

February, 1932

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PEGGY DAVIS is the "Prudence Steele" you heard in the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman play, "Dust of the Road," one of the Saturday matinees heard over the NBC-WJZ network from Chicago. Miss Davis' blonde beauty invariably catches the eye of every visitor to the teeming NBC studios when she is in the crowd.



MARGARET SCHILLING, a new-comer to radio, will be remembered by many for her singing parts in the stage productions of "My Maryland" and "Strike Up the Band." She made her debut in radio over an NBC-WJZ hook-up January 1. Her soprano voice comes through the amplifier exceptionally well.

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My NEW Book is ready for You

IF you're in Radio now spare time or full time - it will show you how my improved training can help you make still more money



J. E. SMITH
President, National Radio Institute, the man who has directed the Home-Study Training of more men for the Radio Industry than any other man in America.

If you're not in Radio / this book will show you how you can get in quickly!

RADIO'S continued amazing growth and new uses of Radio principles is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year. Broadcasting Stations, Radio Dealers, Jobbers and Manufacturers, Shipping Companies, Aviation, Talking Movies, Research Laboratories and many other sources of good jobs need men well trained in Radio continually. Besides, there are almost unlimited opportunities for a profitable spare-time or full-time Radio business of your own. Many of my graduates have jumped from \$25, \$35 and \$40 a week to \$50, \$60, \$75 and even \$100 a week within a year or less. My book proves this.

I Will Train You Inexpensively At Home In Your Spare Time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me part of your spare time. I will give you the training that is raising hundreds of men's salaries every year. I send you eight big outfits of real Radio parts and show you how to do over 100 experiments with them that make clear the basic principles of whatever branch of Radio you enter—and show you how to service practically every type of set made.

Many Make \$10 to \$30 a Week In Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I will show you how to do 28 jobs common in most every neighborhood. Nearly every one of the thirteen million Radio sets in use needs \$2 to \$10 servicing a year. Get some of this money for yourself. I will show you how to do it. I will give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for many of my students while they are taking my course. Read their letters in my book.

Find Out What Radio Offers You Get My New Free Book

It tells you where the good Radio jobs are, what they pay, how you can fit yourself right at home in your spare time to get into Radio. It tells you about my iron-clad Money-Back Agreement and the many extra services and materials that the National Radio Institute gives its students and graduates; Lifetime Employment Service and other features. It shows you what others who have taken my course have done—are making—what they think of it. There is no obligation. Send the coupon today.

Special FREE OFFER



Act now and receive in addition to my big free book "Rich Rewards in Radio," this Service Manual on D. C. A. C. and Battery operated sets. Only my students could have this book in the past. Now readers of this magazine who mail the coupon will receive it free. Overcoming hum, noises of all kinds, fading signals, broad tuning, howls and oscillations, poor distance reception, distorted or muffled signals, poor Audio and Radio Frequency amplification and other vital information is contained in it. Get a free copy by mailing the coupon below.

HAVE YOU read my new book giving an outline of National Radio Institute's improved training in Radio? If you haven't, send for your copy today—it's free. No matter what kind of a job you may have in the Radio industry now, unless you are at or near the top, I believe my training can help you get ahead—make still more money—get a still better job. However, I'll let you decide that for yourself after you have read my book—just let me show you what I have to offer. Many others in Radio—amateurs, spare-time and full-time service men, Radio dealers, fans, custom set builders—have found the way to more profit and more money through this course. You will find letters from them in my book.

See What I Offer Those Who Are Now or Who Want To Be Service Men

While my course trains you for all branches of Radio—I am also giving extensive, thorough and practical information on servicing almost every type of receiving set made. The 100 experiments I show you how to make with the eight big Home Experimental Outfits I send you make learning at home easy, interesting, practical. This information is of special help—real money-making value—to those who are now service men or those who want to be service men. This part of my training, however, is only one of 18 features that I am offering men and young men who want to get good jobs in the Radio industry—or who are in Radio and want to advance. Even though you may have received information on my course before, unless you have gotten my newly revised book as pictured above, write to me again—see how N. R. I. has grown and improved, too. Hundreds of men in Radio owe their success and larger income to it. Send the coupon today.

7 Years Previous Experience



"Dear Mr. Smith: Before taking your course, I had worked at Radio for over 7 years. But I realized I needed better training to succeed in the Radiogame. Every part of the course has been very clear, teaching me what I could not have learned otherwise. In the 3 months since November, I have made \$3,500."—C. J. Stegner, 28 S. Sandusky St., Delaware, Ohio.

Former Service Man Increased Salary

"Dear Mr. Smith: I had been doing service work before taking your course. Now I am serving in the capacity of Field Engineer for the Central Public Address Systems, a position I feel I can serve well due to your thorough training. Compensation is expected to run about \$3,600 to \$4,000 per year."—Paul E. Reiss, 3015 Regent Place, E. St. Louis, Ill.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS Coupon DO IT TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2BR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: I want to take advantage of your special offer. Send me your two books "Trouble Shooting in D.C., A.C. and Battery Sets" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Radio Digest Readers

VOTE for BEAUTY QUEEN CANDIDATES

Radio Digest's Campaign to find most beautiful radio artist in America Off to Flying Start — Enthusiasm at High Pitch as National Election Gets Under Way

THE campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio enters the third month. Votes are pouring in! Have you voted? Read the rules and then cast your ballot.

You readers who have not already done so, now is the time to rally to the support of the radio artist you believe to be the most attractive among this bevy of more than thirty beauties. The campaign opened in the December issue of Radio Digest.

In order to simplify the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio, the country has been divided into three zones: First, the eastern seaboard; second, from a point approximately the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi; third, from the Mississippi to the west coast. This month the entries from the third zone appear in the first eleven pages of the rotogravure section. The names of all the entries, listed alphabetically according to the zone under which they appear, are given on this page. Their names also appear under their pictures.

The entries from the first and second zones appeared in the rotogravure section in December and January Radio Digest.

You may cast a vote each month for your selection as the Beauty Queen of American Radio. That is you have three votes. There is only one restriction and that is the coupon on this page must be used by voters. This is to prevent unfairness in the voting.

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

The three girls who receive the most votes, that is, the girl from each of the three zones receiving the greatest number of votes will be entered in the final and every reader of Radio Digest will

ZONE ONE

Edith M. Bowes, CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAJ, New York City.
Rosaline Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.
Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

ZONE TWO

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.
Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBQ, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

ZONE THREE

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYZ, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyver, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.

have the privilege of making the final selection from the zone winners.

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by a famous portrait painter and she will adorn the cover of Radio Digest. Then the Beauty Queen

will be presented by Radio Digest with the original painting. In the event of a tie, between two or more of the entries, each one will in turn appear as the Radio Digest cover girl and will be presented with the original painting of her portrait.

As has been mentioned there are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose in the December, January, February and April issues of Radio Digest must be used for that purpose. You may vote for any one of the contestants, whether or not you reside in the zone from which the artist was entered. You may hold your votes until the end of February or you may send them in each month. You may send a letter outlining your reasons for your selection or not, just as you prefer. The coupon is the only vote that counts. There will be no bonus votes of any kind in the election of the queen.

But, and this is important: The preliminary votes—that is the votes on which the three winners in the three zones will be decided—must be mailed so that they arrive at the offices of Radio Digest in New York not later than March 3rd.

When voting in the finals the ballots must be in the New York offices of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. Be sure to comply with these few simple rules and you will be certain that your votes will count in the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio.

The complete list of entries appears in this page. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

USE THIS COUPON IN NAMING CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

Ballot No. 3

RADIO DIGEST,

420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist..... Station.....

Voters Name

Street City, State

The Cumberland Ridge Runners—
featured in the Aladdin Barn Dance
Frolic, on

WLS
CHICAGO



The

Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic

Every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00 Central Standard Time, the Cumberland Ridge Runners, featured act on WLS, Chicago, bring to thousands of listeners the highly popular Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic. They are sponsored by the Mantle Lamp Company of America, makers of the famous Aladdin Lamp, the most satisfactory light known for homes without electric service.

It is the second year Aladdin has brought WLS listeners this justly popular act. The boys are natives of the Cumberland mountain district of Kentucky and present a program of "Play Parties" based on games they themselves played at parties in their home neighborhoods and revives memories of present and past days to thousands of listeners. They produce these plays and music with a fidelity of detail possible only to those to whom it is a natural part of their every day lives.

Listen to this unusual program Saturday nights and become personally acquainted with the boys who present it—in the picture from left to right, Karl Davis, mandolin; Hartford Connecticut Taylor, guitar; Slim Miller, fiddler; John Lair, jug—the leader; and Hugh Cross, the Smoky Mountain Boy. You'll enjoy knowing them—and Aladdin Lamps.

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
GLENN SNYDER, Manager

Main Studios and Office: 1230 West Washington Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.
50,000 WATTS

870 KILOCYCLES

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

JANUARY is the month of new programs. I always feel a thrill of anticipation at a premiere. Perhaps there will be some great new idea, some revolutionary technique—a BIG SURPRISE of some sort. We had been hearing things about a new recognition of the listener's point of view. Illustrations had been lured from the opera and the concert. Surely radio was ascending the heights!

And now for the first bow of the wonderful new cigarette program—a salon for a grand exhibition of the latest in radio art in the Crystal room of the fabulous Ritz-Carlton!

* * *

WHAT could be sweeter? I stood on the marble step and looked down through that softly lighted room of gold and silver and glass, at the snowy tables, the groups of smiling friendly faces. And presently we were all seated; dishes arrived, we were dining. At a neighboring table a young man was introduced as master of ceremonies. He had that interesting Southern drawl in his voice which mystifies and delights the Northerner. He abandoned ceremony as he presented the entertainers. Colonel Stoopnagle convoyed a freakishly assembled tinted motion picture film of 1910 through a riot of laughter. Dishes were carried away, rugs rolled back and silken pumps were gliding across the polished floor to dreamy music.

* * *

AND so the evening drifted toward the great climax—the new program. A console amplifier was lifted to a table. It spoke melodiously. A hush! Chesterfield! Alex Gray, beloved hero of stage, screen and concert who had been with us a few minutes before was singing. Nat Shilkret and his scintillating dance orchestra was showering the continent from coast to coast with a fountain of music.

* * *

THEN suddenly—Crash, disaster! The Chesterfield ballyhoo! To me it was a sudden rip and tear through a fanciful curtain of dreamy design. Cold, black, billboard letters of sound hurtled in a metallic barrage out of that polished console. Whang! Bang! Satisfy! Satisfy! Satisfy! A mad blighting scramble ensued, all dissonant to the lovely scene of a moment before. I hoped it would end soon, but, no, with heavy trampling boots it clouted through the dainty silks and velvets kicking over the beautiful effect that had been so delicately built up. For the first time I knew what it was to bitterly resent this kind of radio advertising. The listener, it seemed, had been tricked, trapped and slugged. I was appalled at such a total lack of appreciation of consonance. At least the lines could have had the boy and girl barkers doing a bit of bright dialog consistent with the scene as they sat out a dance or stepped out on the moonlit balcony during the intermission. There they could light up and mention the trade name and the slogan naturally and certainly a thousand times more effectively. I have not listened to any Chesterfield programs since, perhaps they have sensed this incongruous blunder of their first program and corrected it.

LATER that night some of us who lurk about the studios to observe programs in the making visited the NBC studios to witness the first late broadcast of Lawrence Tibbett on the Firestone program. We have had occasion before to speak of the good taste with which the Firestone organization has conducted this feature. The credit should properly go to Mr. Harvey Firestone, Jr., who personally conducts the listener each week on a little journey into the exotic jungle of Rubberland.

* * *

WHEN the name of Firestone is mentioned on this program it is a natural and not a forced situation. Becoming modesty and good taste betoken the good breeding that commands respect. I think Mr. Firestone could present his talk a little more spontaneously. He stumbled over one word in his script on this occasion and later in the evening he told me that it had been worrying him; would it be noticed, what would the listeners say? In reply to this I told him that the listeners would consider him more of a human being if he stumbled half a dozen times. He would scarcely believe me when I told him that Floyd Gibbons deliberately wrote repetitions in his talks to give it the natural spontaneity of extemporaneous speaking. I asked Mr. Firestone what he thought about the use of advertising lines and he said many sponsors would be better off not to put on a program at all rather than to stir up the antagonism and ill will that they do by offensive and extravagant boasting.

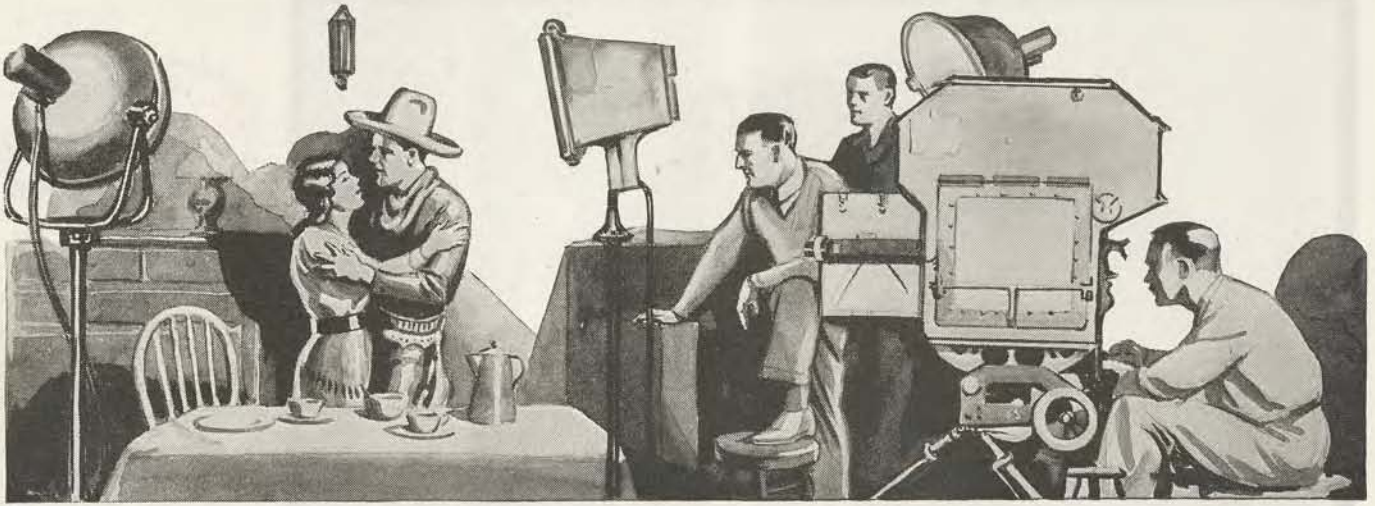
* * *

ON THE two different occasions when I happened to be in the studio where Mr. Tibbett was broadcasting he seemed nervous. He paced back and forth and stepped away from the microphone to clear his throat. Just before he sang the Torreador song from Carmen, however, he amused the few of us who were present there by going through a few motions of a fight with a phantom bull. It broke the tension and he was fully at ease. Because of the repressed volume of sound for microphone requirements it is better to hear your great singers through your radio receiver than in the studio. Mr. Tibbett, his bride and Mr. Firestone entertained radio editors at the St. Regis after the broadcast.

* * *

HAS Senator Fess passed his radio mantle on to Senator Couzens of Michigan? Perhaps the manipulators behind the scenes at Washington have found the Ohio Senator a little weary of acting as a cat's paw. Almost out of a dead calm up swoops the Michigan millionaire Senator, mouthing the same old gags with a few extra touches such as demanding that the radio commission report within thirty days on what can be done in the way of absolute government ownership and operation of all radio facilities. His resolution also wants to know what can be done about eliminating all advertising. Watch this new firebrand, fellow listeners. A little scorching won't harm but don't let him burn up the whole works.

H. P. B.



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Jacques
Renard

FROM one success to another this popular dance orchestra leader has stepped from lowly position to national fame. As leader of the Camel Hour orchestra he is heard over a coast-to-coast network on the Columbia System.

From Old Imperial Russia Came Jacques

RENARD

*Began Life as Refugee from Fighting Cossacks—
First Violin Came from Boston Pawn Shop—Cast
His Lot with Dance Orchestra instead of Symphony*

THERE'S probably no more inspiring story in the annals of radio than that of Jacques Renard, whose orchestra has gained

for him nation-wide fame in a few short months of broadcasting. It's a story that has its beginning in the old Imperial Russia and deals with the struggles of an immigrant family in Boston, the ambitions of a young violinist and ends, for the time being, in one of the air castles of the broadcast kingdom.

Hearing hints of the story from various sources and knowing of the growing popularity of the orchestra that, with Morton Downey and Tony Wons entertains millions each week, I decided to learn of it first hand. And, believe me, it is a most unusual yarn, the kind you'd expect to find in story books, but never in real life.

It was a warm autumn evening when Steve Cisler and I stepped into the reception room of the Columbia Broadcasting System on Madison Avenue in New York. Steve was a visitor from Illinois. We asked to be shown to the Camel Quarter Hour broadcast, and after the uniformed page had conferred with a beautifully-gowned young lady behind the information desk, he escorted us up a short flight of steps into the studio where the program was going through a dress rehearsal.

There loomed Renard. You couldn't miss him from the descriptions. A great, huge man he is, weighing more than 250 pounds. But the surprising thing is the fervor with which he directs his orchestra. Swaying backwards and forwards, up and down with the tempo, now touching bow to violin for a solo passage, now abruptly stopping the players to insist upon more expression here or a greater crescendo effect there, Renard is a show in himself. Steve and Tony almost flew into each

By Innes Harris

Celophane Three

*Here's to the Camel Hour Guard,
Each to the other a pard,
It's a quarter-hour smack,
From the humidior pack,
The Three—Downey, Wons and Renard.*

*Downey's the lyrical kid,
He'll take High C, non-skid,
He's ringing the bell
From heaven to—well—
(To broadcast the word, we're forbid.)*

*Midwest where Wons began—
Known as the Scrapbook Man—
He talks like a saint
But really he ain't—
"You listenin'?" he asks every fan.*

*Renard, he comes from old Russ,
A fat but lovable cuss—
Sure, you'd walk a mile
Just to see him smile—
About him the ladies all fuss.*

others arms. They started in together at WLS, Chicago.

The rehearsal ended, Tony introduced us to Renard. There was a touch of the Continental manner in the abbreviated bow as he shook hands. But his friendly courtesy was entirely American as he spoke briefly, explaining that the show was "on" in two minutes, but afterward he would be glad to talk. So we listened to the program in the control room. It's funny that no amount of familiarity with broadcasting can take away the interest in watching the performers as they send out music to an entire continent.

IN FIFTEEN minutes the program had been run off with clock-like precision. The audience was pressing up to the performers to say hello and offer congratulations. Page boys were coming in with 'phone messages

and telegrams for the stars. Down in the reception room Renard answered two urgent telephone calls, then we broke away. "You won't mind going along while I look at an apartment will you?" he said. "It's a tough job and it has to be done. We can talk as we ride over." Steve remained with Tony while I joined Renard.

IN THE car, which was driven by a friend (because Renard forgets about driving and detours for telephone poles, with difficulty), the time was taken up with talk about apartments. "Why you can buy a house in Boston for what they want you to pay for an apartment rent in this town," Jacques protested. The rental agent, a young man who specializes in finding homes for stage and radio stars, pointed out the beauty of the location of the apartment to be seen and the fact that it was occupied by several well-known radio performers. That didn't seem to interest Renard. He was, he said, looking for a place big enough for himself, his wife, four children and two maids. And he didn't want to buy the whole place just to live in it a year.

Finally, when the apartment had been rejected, we were seated in a restaurant, and Renard told this story as he devoured a dinner of cherry stone clams, cold bortsch, steak and apple pie.

"I was born in Kiev, Russia," he began, "back in the days when the Czar was in the height of his power. My father was serving in the army, through no choice of his. I was the sixth child. The first five had all died through various misfortunes and my mother had begun to believe there was some curse on the family. She wanted to leave Russia.

"Finally my parents decided to attempt to escape. My mother still gets
(Continued on page 73)



Sylvia Froos squints at the scales as Roma Volck and Hazel Grace look on with wagging tongue and pointing finger. Oh, these jealous women!

DID you ever see Lowell Thomas in his blue striped undies? Did you ever hear Ben Alley warbling in an electric bath tub while pound after pound of excess midriff baggage dripped from his every pore? Did you ever hear Floyd Gibbons protesting as he lay stark naked save for the protecting cloak of a swaddling sheet, on a rubber's table the while a husky Swede punched, pushed, and pummelled the Gibbons' torso? No, you haven't, is the answer for most of you; and neither have I. But there is one man in New York who has seen all those things and a lot more too. That man is radio's favorite exponent of the Swedish massage, Jac Auer.

First of all I want you to meet this little blonde German with the pale blue eyes and husky shoulders, who has charge of belting these radio celebrities around and gets paid for it. Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Jac Auer. Jac, meet the folks. Careful there, lady, he shakes hands like a steel vice. Now Jac, I am going to ask you to tell us a few things about the prominent radio people who come up here to you for treatment. These people are all radio fans and are dying for an inside slant on their favorites. What's that? You don't know what to tell them? Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me the what's

what, and I'll pass the good word along to the folks. That ought to please them, and then later on we'll take some pictures so they can see for themselves, just what you see, or at least some of the things.

* * *

Now this business of getting up before a microphone for a few minutes each day may seem to be an easy job. You may have thought that the stars of radio lead a pretty soft life. But that little 'mike' is the medium through which they face their public, and just as the boys and girls in Hollywood have flocked to Sylvia for her treatments, so have the radio stars flocked to Jac Auer. They've got to keep in trim for their daily battle with Mr. Mike the same as film stars must prepare to face the lens.

AUER'S list of clients reads like a radio "Who's Who." Artists, executives, celebrities of other walks of life whom you have heard countless times on the air, and many stars of the stage and screen, have been at one time or another to these studios.

Lowell Thomas was one of his first

This Mikelife Adds

GRAND

*Sisters of the Skillet,
Morton Downey,
Lowell Thomas,
Ben Alley, and other
Radio Notables Strip
for Swedish Pound
Cure*

By Leo Byrnes

radio customers. Lowell comes up now on an average of twice a week. If he has a cold he wants to shake he will make a special trip for that. He has his own special undressing room and always brings his own bath robe and slippers. Some of Mr. Thomas' under clothing has caused wild consternation in the dressing room here but Lowell laughs it off and comes in even more vivid hued raiment for his next treatment. His favorite exercises here are tossing the medicine ball and the electric bath tub session. He likes his massage seldom, and easy, all of which indicates that this news-caster can't take it, even if he did cross the Arabian desert on the quarterdeck of a camel. Lowell



Ralph Dumke ready to receive a left to the midriff.

Thomas and Jac are great pals outside of the studios, and Auer frequently visits at his client's country lodge in Pauling, N. Y.

Sylvia Froos and Rae Samuels are two of the fair divinities of the air who offcast at Station AUER. They are handled, and I'll bet ably, by Eleanor Woodward, who is in charge of the women's division. Neither of these girls seems to need much work in the reducing operations, but Miss Woodward tells me I would be surprised, and I guess that maybe I would be. I asked Jac if Kate Smith had ever been up to him, and he said no, but added that he

Adipose so One Jac Takes a

WHAM!

would like to see just how much weight he could take off her. "She probably wouldn't even miss it," he ventured. Miss Woodward told me that Sylvia Froos has the cutest lingerie of any girl in radio.

MORTON DOWNEY used to be a patient but has dropped out of late. I saw Mort the other day just after his return from California and he looked as though he had been well nourished in the hospitable West. John, the head rubber, misses that Irish tenor and the Downey humor too, so Morton, for heaven's sake go back if only for a visit. They knead you.

Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, the big boss of the NBC at 711 Fifth Avenue, is also a client. Perhaps he goes up to get a line on his underlings. Aylesworth is always in good condition and, believe it or not, he loves the Swedish massage. The harder the better. I'll bet that many a fat contract has been mulled over on these rubbing tables, and undoubtedly the fate of many an aspiring radioite has been in the hands of the masseur as he plied the tissues of the Aylesworth arm.

There's a funny thing about Floyd Gibbons. He never has come to the studios alone. Apparently he is afraid they might get too rough with him. Some of his guests have been Larry Rue, well known newspaper writer, and Ed Thorgersen who needs no introduction. Thorgersen incidently has been requested to be KIND to his throat while there and not to give way to his feelings vocally when he gets that tummy walloped. Floyd prances about the gymnasium like a two year old, and then retires to the sun ray room for a lamp treatment. He takes his massage, too, but the Headline Hunter once confessed to Jac Auer that he would rather be dodging shells on the front lines, than dodging blows calculated to take off avoirdupois.

Another man who is as well known to you

as the White House is Alfred E. Smith the dynamic ex-governor who nearly revolutionized the radio industry when he put the double 'd' in 'raddio.' Al was at Atlantic City for a few summer days and later was shocked to see his picture taken in a bathing suit. It was a profile view, and—well you know what politics can do to make the old waistline an outline. Al was horrified. He rushed back to New York and carried his troubles post haste to his adipose adviser, Jac Auer, then located in a well-known New York hotel. Al held out the picture without saying a word, and pointed a shaking finger at the annoying bulge.

Jac Auer gazed at the photo, scanned the famous Democrat up and down, then said one word; "Strip!"

Al Smith has been under Jac's muscular thumb ever since.

East and Dumke, better known as "The Sisters of the Skillet" are two of Auer's biggest jobs. Pictures with this stellar comedy act has a gross quarter-



"What's the use?" queries Ralph, as Eddie East puts the toe on the toe-tal gross. Jac Auer reads the fatal news.

tonnage that rivals the weight of some of our smaller automobiles. Both of them have affected lightweight silk underwear with an eye to kidding themselves on the drug store scales, but their weekly pilgrimage to the Auer pound plant shatters their illusions.

TO SEE Ralph East stretched out on a table with a sheet covering that equatorial bulge is to be reminded of a fat lady at the beach who has playfully submitted to her friends covering her from head to foot with a pile of sand. A pudgy big toe wriggles ominously and the usual other array of pedal digits wag in accord. They tell me that the boys usually get the masseur to laughing (and if that is not proof sufficient of their comic prowess, you try making a Swedish masseur laugh sometime) so that



Here we find the massuese sneaking up on little Sylvia Froos. Apparently Sylvia has turned an ankle attempting high "C."

(Continued on page 80)

GUY

By Hilda Cole

NEW YORK in its weekend mood is a charming place—discounting a rather hurried exterior and considering a latent merriment. It presents its mask to one fleetingly—a mere glance back over the shoulder. It combines hilarity with a sort of feverish, short-lived happiness. It is delirium.

In the tangle of the city there is a Magician: a magnetic dark person in a tuxedo—sartorially perfect—who casts a spell upon his Victims, transferring them gently, and without remonstrations, from the strivings of so-called holiday spirit, to a sort of abandon in romantic music. He is harmful—inasmuch as he conveys one unheeding from an ordinary, non-committal state of mind to a sort of magnificent delirium in which one collapses on one's escort's shoulder, sighs profoundly, and hopes to go on dancing forever.

As for this Magician? His face is not, perhaps, remarkable. It is dark and wears a mask at the same time sophisticated and kindly, with all the acquired fineness of a representative New Yorker.

His barony is comparatively small—but adequate. Into the Roosevelt Grill faithfully trek representatives from the college clan—Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Navy, Pennsylvania—Smoothies clad diffidently in swallowtails, ridiculously grave and poised; Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr are there—slim and breathing an aura of graciousness with long gowns, silver slippers and serene young faces. These are his Subjects.

Guy looks upon them a trifle amused, friendly, and endlessly understanding. He knows a Moment when he sees one. He knows the infrequent value of Romantic Gestures. And so he goes on



Guy himself, the Big Brother of the three other Lombardos. Dark visaged, a kindly spirit shining through a sophisticated mask.

weaving a jungle magic in his music. He believes in being young and intangibly happy. His face composed in perpetual friendliness, his eyes smiling, his hand swaying his band and dancers into Rhythm—that is Guy Lombardo.

If you would, by any chance, like to know how four young Italian boys in an obscure Canadian village managed to convey themselves into the full beams

of a Metropolitan spotlight, and into success in radio and recording fields—you must go back twenty-two years to London, Ontario, where the Lombardos lived.

Guy, Sr. was a fairly successful tailor who married a young Italian girl and settled down in the Village where, in due time, they were presented with four noisy individuals called Guy, Carmen, Liebert and Victor.

ONE must pass the palm to Signor Lombardo for insisting that his sons study music. He was not aware, when he first arranged for Guy to study the violin, *quite* the musical avalanche he was starting.

Sixteen years ago Guy, Jr. began his career as a violinist of more than average ability. Guy, Sr. saw to that. In those days the small boy's fingers were not strong enough to tune the violin, but his ear was accurate. When he held the instrument to his chin his father adjusted the pegs. Once they had an argument about the A string.

"That's high enough," said Guy, Sr.

"No, it's still a little flat," said the boy.

Both persisted until Guy, Sr., remembering his dignity as a parent, snatched the violin away and used it to give Guy, Jr. a spanking. But the violin was destroyed in the process thus placing the whole matter beyond argument.

One could hardly call Guy aggressive. He doesn't wear that adjective very well—and yet, he began his career as business manager when he was eleven or twelve.

First, he had to combat parental opposition . . . preaching the artistic and practical merits of a musical career, and roping in Carmen and Liebert deftly



Here are the four Lombardo brothers who have made musical history in America.
From the left: Liebert, Carmen, Guy and Victor.

as they grew up. The struggle ended when, not long ago, Guy persuaded young Victor, the fourth son, to join the Royal Canadians.

Carmen was tooting a flute by the time he was eleven years old. Not more than four blocks away from the Lombardo home was another eleven year old establishing something of a name for himself on the piano. He was Mrs. F. W. Kreitzer's little boy, Freddy, and it wasn't long before Guy and Carmen enlisted him in the fledgling orchestra.

The Lombardo and Kreitzer families almost went crazy with the children's rehearsals—and, bringing the story suddenly up to date, the same situation prevails today—should one focus one's attention on a rehearsal in the CBS studios for the Robert Burns Panatela Program. The band, composed of those same neighborhood boys, quarrel frequently and good naturedly about the arrangement of music. Guy is now, as he was then, the dominating element, and, cocking his ear sympathetically to the music, listens to the distracting voices of "Carm" and "Lieb" and finally puts an end to it by his own judgment. But more of that later.

THE boys took their orchestra very, very seriously. Guy, Carmen and Freddy needed a fourth to play the drums and set up a real jazzy racket. They bought an old kettle and bass and taught Liebert, the third, aged nine, to manipulate the sticks. "Lieb" now plays the trumpets, and is a vocalist as well, while his place at the traps is filled adequately by the stolidly debonaire George Gowan, who was later annexed by the orchestra.

Their first appearance was before the Mothers Club in London, Ontario, and from that brief debut, the young men were in great demand at all dances and

gatherings in the surrounding country. Guy held out from the first for slow, soft music—and it is that which brought him his final laurels.

IT IS amazing that they should have stumbled across a technique in childhood which was to bring them recognition later on in Cleveland, Chicago and finally New York.

About 1923, they played at Fort Stanley Casino and drew crowds to the Lake Erie resort. The orchestra by this time was augmented by others—Freddy Higman, and Francis Henry.

Next came an offer to go on a vaudeville tour in the states. At this time they selected the title "Royal Canadians"—for a reason which Guy cannot exactly define to this day—except that they were all certainly Canadians, and they thought "royal" might add a little swank.

They progressed no further than Cleveland on their vaudeville tour, for they were greeted each time with such a storm of applause that they received a tempting offer from a road house—and remained there two years. Here they began to broadcast, and to make recordings. Through college dormitories, particularly—the young connoisseurs of jazz played Lombardo records first and foremost of all others.

Their next move was Chicago where they certainly caught the Windy City in their own tempest and created more havoc than they had bargained for in the Grenada Cafe.

Next, the band received an offer to play at the Roosevelt Grill. Mr. George O'Neill, who was instrumental in obtaining for them this somewhat exalted position was a former Londoner—and it was Mrs. O'Neill who gave the boys their first chance to play before the Roman Catholic Mothers Club in Ontario, years before.

Needless to say, they came to the Grill—and wafted a lot of charm about it. Enter the Magician then, waving his wand—or rather, his violin bow.

Here are the Royal Canadians themselves, who blend their instruments into the music—broadcast nightly over the Columbia network.

CARMEN LOMBARDO—"Carm" is responsible for much of the arranging of music for the orchestra, sings the solos, composes continuous song hits, leads the orchestra occasionally and, as Guy says, he "absolutely lives in music." He is also devoted to backgammon.

LIEBERT LOMBARDO—Here is another Lombardo face, dark and alert. "Lieb" is the third member of the Lombardo family.
(continued on page 76)



On the occasion of their first professional appearance and before they ever dreamed of being national favorites over a great radio system. Guy with his first violin (it came to a sad end, as the story relates) and Carmen.

HARRY RESER

and his *CLICQUE*

By Anne B. Lazar

SO LONG as it had a string that plunked—Baby Harry was satisfied. With a solo string his repertoire of necessity was limited, but if he could yank anything like a sound out of the crude instrument, his own tiny hands clapped the plaudits.

Unappreciative neighbors did not respond to the free-for-all concerts that featured "do" or "re" and on rare occasions "la," which the musical infant very generously supplied. In fact, slightly audible imprecations and anathemas were known to follow Harry's recitals. But which prophet is not without honor save in his own neighborhood whether he wield the Sword of Truth or a one-stringed guitar.

HARRY RESER, now Chief of the Clicquot Club Eskimos, was immune to the darted innuendoes of his unmusical neighbors. For at the tender age between one and four—childish illusions and dreams are still unmarred by the world's cold, stinging realities. And besides he was perched too high with the heavenly music which dribbled from that insecure and solitary string—to descend to the criticism of unkind neighbors.

Came the day—when Harry had attained to the mature age of five—and a real guitar was given to him. Other young men of five might indulge themselves in the common and more serious pursuits of setting the kitchen curtains on fire, and trying out Daddy's razor blades on the new mahogany table, or in depleting a healthy supply of home-made jam in the pantry. In all of these innocent occupations, except the last, Harry could not be persuaded to join.

"A wandering minstrel of ballads, songs and snatches"—



Chief of Clicquot Club Eskimos and erstwhile tutor to the Prince of Wales in the art of playing the banjo.

snatches of strawberry jelly—was Harry—and he soon surprised his family with his increasing repertoire of familiar melodies and his more clearly defined manner of presenting them.

Although the guitar was the vehicle which ushered Harry into the musical world—he was not true to this—his first love. We find him shifting his smiles and affections from this romantic instrument to its first cousin, the banjo. If you ask Harry Reser why he favors the banjo he will tell you that more than any other instrument, it expresses American life—the saxophone notwithstanding. Although Harry Reser has the greatest admiration for this popular invention of Mr. Sax and some of its more notable wielders, such as R. V., etc., Mr. Reser is adamant in his fidelity to the banjo as the medium which best interprets the spirit of America.

"Certain musical effects, indicative of the Twentieth Century, are attained through the banjo," smiled Mr. Reser after he was interrupted by at least twenty telephone calls, before he could complete his prophetic utterance. The youthful crop on his upper lip seemed to give a liveliness to his wholesome smile.

THE world's foremost banjoist is a slim person of medium height. His face is a study in brown—sandy hair and brown, mirthful eyes.

In London several years ago, the population gasped when the Prince of Wales, Dictator of Men's Fashions announced that he was going to study the banjo after he had listened to a performance by Harry Reser. And no one but Mr. Reser was to be the instructor. So that if one of these days an international



Br-r-r. But it's cold up here. Can't we turn on the steam? But no janitor could be found up in the North Pole so the Clicquot Men just donned their red flannels and white fur suits—we mean ermines—and started to play some snappy, scorching songs to raise the temperature. In the center there is Harry, with the black collar.

broadcast features the Prince of Wales in some "torrid" tunes, we'll know who's responsible.

Of the scenes behind Buckingham Palace's walls during the lessons, Harry Reser was obdurately silent. One can only imagine the sentinels with painfully suppressed expressions of surprise as they heard their future ruler plunk away "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," or "Red Hot Mamma" on the royal banjo.

THIS much is known—that the Prince's Ma and Pa sped away in their carriages drawn by eight, when they heard of their boy's ambition.

But before Harry Reser was through—the Prince of Wales was a finished banjoist, and Mr. Reser thinks he's a whale of a fellow.

Soon after it was generally known that England's heir to the throne had turned minstrel, the banjo quickly became a popular instrument, and I understand that some of the most learned M. P's., Knights of the Garter—and even the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Lord High Executioner have turned out to be some of the finest plunkers.

Yes, that's what Harry Reser started when he went to London Town.

When he and the members of his band returned to the good old U. S. of A., they obtained an engagement over the army station on Bedloe's Island, right near the young lady who, with her beacon light raised high, has stood for liberty, these many years—and she's still standing—the persistent damsel.

In 1925 Harry Reser signed up with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—then owners of WEAf which was soon to be the key station

of the NBC. Rare is the musician who knows not whether he is playing on a sustaining or a commercial program. But Harry Reser had that unusual experience. It was not until the end of the third number that he realized he was in the possession of a sponsor—the same organization that has sponsored him to the present time from that day in 1925—manufacturers of Clicquot's ginger ale.

With the comet-like rise and meteoric fall of some of the radio stars, it is a Twentieth Century miracle that Mr. Reser has been able to keep up sustained interest in his program for fully six years.

In their furred caps and breeches, winter and summer, Harry Reser and his Icelandic clicque have played tunes of such high temperature that the Frozen North has often stood in danger of losing its cold austerity and becoming a fizz of vapor.

Mr. Reser was born January 17, 1896, at Piqua, Ohio, and is declared to be a direct descendant of David Crockett, the famous pioneer.

ONE has only to turn the dials to WEAf and associated NBC stations of a Friday night at 9:30 EST, to get an "ear-view" of the Frozen North and its inhabitants as they are entertained at the Eskimo Night Club. The jingle of sleigh-bells and y-r-r-ping of sled dogs give a realism to the program that takes the listener to the land of ice and perpetual snow. Who is this Harry Reser, Chief of the Eskimo Night Club? Read the answer here.

He started his short-lived business career as a clerk in a railroad freight office and received \$44 a month for his pains. Absorbed in the "fascinating" duties of his station, he noticed an advertisement for a pianist in a summer resort out in Tennessee. He answered the ad and got the job. Packed his brilliantly colored pyjamas and other possessions which he had amassed through his resourceful business career and got on the train.

IT WAS not until he was comfortably settled that the annoying thought occurred to him that he had never studied the piano. He had always been able to ripple off any melody by ear—but he was no Paderewski. How he wished he never had seen that ad!

When he finally arrived in town—a moment which he dreaded and even had hoped would never come, he was welcomed with open arms. No concert pianist was ever given a more cordial reception. So the time had come, murmured Mr. Reser to himself, when he was flying under false colors. It was almost unbearable.

With all of the courage he could summon—after the enthusiasm of the meeting had died down, he betook himself to the ominous piano. It was a long trip, that walk from the other end of the room to this instrument, and it seemed as if it took him hours and hours to get there. But he finally did arrive and managed somehow to survive through some popular airs which he played. The burst of applause that followed at first seemed mockery, but when he beheld the unmistakable rapture of his audience he was convinced that there was a Santa Claus after all.

SHAW and the BOOB

Weary of Waiting for One of America's Better Known Intellectuals to Answer, Mr. Boob Speaks for Himself in Reply to G. B.'s Transatlantic Broadcast on Russia

FOUR months have passed now and nobody has taken the trouble to broadcast back a single "Howdy" or "Atta Boy" or "Okay Colonel" to that quaint old philosopher, George Bernard Shaw, who addressed us so chummily as "you dear old American boobs" in his transatlantic blast. It was so condescending, so considerate for him to air his views about Russia for us. We were so eager to know. Of course we may not have realized that we were anxious to know but he said so in his speech, and who are we, mere boobs, to question so great an authority. Remember how he started out? It was this way:

"Hello America! How are all you dear old boobs who have been telling one another I have gone dotty about Russia! . . . You can hardly be saying that now.

"RUSSIA has the laugh on us. She has us fooled, beaten, shamed, shown up, outpointed, and all but knocked us out . . . we are calling on the mountains to hide our blushes in her presence . . . the sun shines on Russia as on a country with which God (*time out for Bolshevik cheers*) is well pleased, whilst his wrath is heavy on us and we don't know where to turn for comfort or approval."

Not admitting that there had been any discussion whatsoever, Georgie, Old Goof, about your mental condition still if you think we had been saying you had gone dotty about Russia you must have had your reasons for drawing such a conclusion. And even the boob with the thirteen-year-old mind couldn't go far wrong after such an expression of opinion.

Allowing for our mental deficiencies let us try to follow not too far behind your brilliant forensic array of why Russia is so wonderful in its industrial and financial success and we are so delinquent and bankrupt.

"Russia flaunts her budget surplus of 750,000,000," you say. "Her people are employed to the last man and woman,

AFTER all few people in America take Shaw as seriously as he takes himself. He is a master showman for George Bernard Shaw. His observations about Russia are intended to provoke comment about Shaw. That may be the reason why none of our own literati have taken any notice of what he said. But poor old Mr. Boob just couldn't keep still and take it any longer. So here is where he has his say—and says it.

her scientific agriculture doubling and trebling her harvests, her roaring and multiplying factories, her efficient rulers, her atmosphere of such hope and security for the poorest as has never before been seen in a civilized country on earth. Naturally the contempt of the Russians for us is enormous. 'You fools,' they say, 'why can you not do as we are doing?'

Of course the Russians are not really saying that to us. That's your literary license. What they are saying is "We demand job insurance. Come on, all you boobs, form in line for a hunger march to the Capital. Come on, you bums, push over the Salvation Army street kitchens for the poor.

"DON'T take charity. Take what is yours. Fight for it—don't let them hand it to you!"

Now as for the budget, G. B., we have to learn a lot of Russian tricks to do things the way they do. You see we have kind of a mean respect for property rights. We are sort of squeamish about confiscating lumber and grain that our people have sweated and labored for without giving them any pay and dumping it into foreign ports at a price that undersells these commodities produced there by people who were paid for their work. If we could bring ourselves to do that all our budget problems would be over and we would have more than 750,000,000 of something or other in the bank. We might even have enough

to create one of the greatest militaristic machines in the world, as the Russians have done. And then have a little left over to finance worms to go abroad and bore in the defenses of other countries.

AND about the jobs, G. B., we Americans are such boobs for work that our engineers who have gone over there to show them how to organize for mass production tell us it takes twenty Russians to do the same work that one American can do in a day, and those roaring factories do more roaring than they manufacture—forced labor seems to be slightly ineffectual.

And all that kind of hope and security the Russians feel is quite incomprehensible to the American boob. We haven't killed off all our bankers, our great industrialists, kicked out or imprisoned all our intellectuals and otherwise followed the noble Russian example. We are so benighted we still believe that the sacredness of the home has some fundamental bearing on the stability of the nation. We believe in marriage, families and raising our own children. We still have our churches and set aside one day a year just to thank God for the things we have. The great majority of us are law abiding and peace loving because we prefer to be and not because we are afraid of any OGPU or military attack. And we still believe that every man is entitled to have what he can earn without turning it over to the political schemers to dribble into the pockets of the malcontents and shirkers.

Our farmers still own and operate their own land without much interference on the part of the government competition running vast acres on a mass production basis with slave labor. We admit our farmers are not getting over rich but instead of being herded into convict camps and hustled thousands of miles away from their homes to die in frozen forests our capitalistic government buys up the surplus wheat to store for them until better times. No, G. B., we haven't felt called upon to murder the landowners just to confiscate the



It was G. B. himself who greeted us from across the Atlantic with the words, "How are you dear old boobs—" and just by way of being chummy and on equal terms why not broadcast the answer, "Great, you dear old Goofy. How's your uncle?" Some of the best known pictures of Shaw, as we have seen them here, show him in a bathing suit. The broadcast leaving here early in the evening would probably catch the sage just as he was about to hop into bed.

land. But perhaps when you go back to Russia for another couple of days you'll find out more particulars with which to advise us poor boobs in America. We all are so tremendously interested in your views on all these eco-

conomic problems. At least we must be since you have positively stated:

"Americans always want to know my reaction to the latest thing in scareheads. My first impression was that Russia was full of Americans. My second was

that every intelligent Russian has been in America and didn't like it because he had no freedom there."

The fly in that ointment is why should any really intelligent Russian want to

(Continued on page 77)

TRUSTING Women Are Often Led to Suffer Bitterly for Mistakes in Entering Matrimony without Sufficient Investigation of Legal Conditions Involved -- Dean Archer Exposes Pitfalls and Cites Court Cases as Examples -- Complete Series of Broadcast Lectures Will be Published in Radio Digest.

Blood Relationship as a Barrier to Marriage

Good Evening Everybody:

THE PROBLEM of the marriage of a man and woman who are nearly related by ties of blood, since the dawn of civilization, has greatly troubled the law givers and legislators of the world. There seems to be a natural instinct implanted in normal human beings, of the present day at least, that renders the idea of marrying one's very near relatives quite abhorrent, thus erecting an efficient safeguard against the falling in love of two such people.

Seventy-Fifth
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1932

An adolescent brother, growing up in the same home with a sister who is undoubtedly attractive and desirable to other young men, will often frankly declare that he cannot see how under high heaven any man could fall in love with his sister. It is always the other fellow's sister that is attractive to him. The sister, in her turn, may be greatly worried over the unhappy lot of some poor girl who may have the misfortune to marry that brother of hers. It is always the other girl's brother who is the Prince Charming to any normal maiden approaching the age of matrimony.

I venture to say that everyone of you now listening in has either observed this phenomenon in your own childhood home or among your own children. I know that my two sons are quite ready to groan when they hear anyone rhapsodize over the charms of their sister, and she in her turn has certain mental reservations concerning their potentialities for harmonious wedded life. So we parents can afford to smile indulgently at this natural barrier between

Laws that Safeguard MARRIAGE and

By Gleason L.
Dean, Suffolk Law

children of opposite sexes reared in the same home.

An Acquired Protective Barrier

I sometimes wonder if this is not to a certain extent an acquired protective barrier, developed by the human race through long ages, and not merely because children growing up together in the same home know each other's faults and failings and perhaps exaggerate them in their own minds. Certainly there have been cases when a brother and sister, separated in babyhood, have met after reaching marriageable age and have fallen deeply in love with each other—have become engaged to be married, then to discover the terrible truth that it is impossible for them to marry. This is a tragedy of first magnitude, for it is a characteristic of real lovers that they feel it quite impossible to exist without the other. Any racial inhibition that prevents brother and sister in modern times from romantic love for each other is therefore a blessing.

But, as I said before, it is probably an acquired characteristic. Among some nations of antiquity the marriage of brother and sister was quite common. We all know that the royal family of Persia, as well as the Ptolemeys of Egypt, practiced incest to a horrifying degree. The celebrated Queen Cleopatra, the enchantress of the Nile, was a descendant of a succession of incestuous marriages. She was herself, by her father's orders, married to her own brother—which by the way seems to have been her only marriage, for in her later wicked career she did not bother with wedding ceremonies.

The very fact that we have laws strictly forbidding the marriage of brother and sister and other close relatives, is evidence that there was once real need for such regulations. Let us therefore examine the law on this greatly involved question.

Common Law Provisions

In some of my previous broadcasts I have pointed out the fact that, in the

early days of the common law of England, the Bible had profound influence upon the development of such laws. It will be remembered that the marriage of the pagan king Ethelbert with a Christian princess, daughter of the king of the Franks, caused Pope Gregory, in 597 A. D., to send the celebrated monk Augustine to England to convert the people. Augustine brought with him forty other monks. They made a very thorough job of converting the Saxons, then the ruling tribes in England. For the next two hundred years the Bible became more and more revered in England, so that in the time of Alfred the Great, when he codified the laws of his kingdom in the latter end of the ninth century, he embodied therein what was virtually the Mosaic Code. The English common law therefore owes a considerable debt to the laws of Moses.

The Bible was very specific on this question of marriage of relatives. It speaks with great condemnation of the neighboring nations by whom such practices were permitted. But we will omit the picturesque language of the Bible. One of the clearest statements in the English common law on this matter was adopted by the English parliament in the 32nd year of the reign of Henry VIII. Prior to that time the ecclesiastical courts had exercised authority in the matter. This statute provided that marriages between lineal and collateral relatives within, and inclusive of, the third degree should be prohibited. No doubt some of you listeners are saying to yourselves—why, he called this a clear statement of law, and it does not mean a thing to me. But it is perfectly clear to a lawyer and will be to you in a moment if you will listen carefully.

Lineal and Collateral Relatives

A lineal relative is one in direct line. You and your father or mother, grandparents, or great grandparents and so on, are in direct line. Or, if you hap-

Society--Especially the HOME

Archer, LL. D.
School, Boston

pen to be aged and have children and grandchildren, each of them is in direct line from you.

Now by collateral relatives we mean descendants of the same common ancestor but not in direct line. For instance, you and your father are descendants from the same ancestor but are lineal descendants. You and your brother are descendants of the same ancestor but you are not in line, since he is an offshoot from the same parent stock as yourself. He is, therefore, a collateral relative. Your uncle, or great uncle, for the same reason, is a collateral relative. The same is true of your cousins or your nephews and nieces.

Now that we have explained the meaning of lineal and collateral relatives, let us examine that cryptic phrase "relatives in third degree." Perhaps I should add that this is one of the few cases where the common law of England borrowed directly from the so-called civil or Roman law. You will remember that I declared a moment ago that the ecclesiastical or Roman Catholic tribunals, prior to Henry VIII, had dealt with matrimonial matters in England. By the thunders of the church they had prevented people from marrying within forbidden limits of relationship. These rules, emanating from Rome, would quite naturally follow the civil or Roman law. When the English Parliament took over the matter of regulating marriage it was very natural that it should adopt the prevailing regulations as to computing degrees of kindred.

With this preamble, let us see how the Roman or civil law operated. If we wish to ascertain the legal degree of relationship between two persons we first find who is their nearest common ancestor. For example, if the men are brothers, then the father is the nearest common ancestor. This is important to remember, for although a grandfather, or great grandfather, is a common ancestor they do not count in this matter

of computing degrees of relationship. It is the nearest common ancestor only who is considered. We count the steps up to that nearest common ancestor from one of the persons, and then down from that ancestor to the other person.

Thus, between brothers, we find that we go back one step from one brother to the father and then descend another step from him to the second brother. The brothers are relatives in the second degree.

Let us see what relation you are to your uncle or your aunt. Your grandfather is the nearest common ancestor. Two steps back to the grandfather and one step down to the uncle or aunt makes them collateral relatives to you in the third degree. Let us also consider your first cousins, the children of an uncle or aunt. The grandfather is, of course, the common ancestor as before indicated, and the cousin is one degree farther removed from him than the said uncle or aunt. You and your cousins are therefore collateral relatives in the fourth degree.

NOW I hope you are in a position to appreciate the simplicity of the law which I have quoted, namely that marriage between lineal or collateral relatives within and inclusive of the third degree are prohibited. This renders unnecessary the long list that may be found of such relations and gives you a safe rule to measure them by in case you forget whether or not you could marry your grandmother's sister, or your brother's granddaughter. You will find in either case that they are collateral relatives in the fourth degree.



Dean Archer in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company—he prefers to stand as he lectures but more often sits at a desk.

Incestuous Marriages

All marriages between blood relatives within the third degree of kindred were known at common law as incestuous. They were strictly prohibited. Not only that but the law also made it a crime for relatives within this prescribed circle to marry. If such persons were to have illegal sexual relations their crime would be not merely adultery or fornication but the greater crime of incest, punishable in early times by death.

There is a sound biological, as well as theological, reason for this regulation. The offspring of such matings would be likely to inherit the weaknesses of body or mind that might be characteristic of the common blood stream, thus becoming a burden and perhaps a menace to society. It is therefore a measure of self protection for society, through the agency of law, to resort to drastic measures to protect society from its manifold possibilities of evil.

Marriage of Uncle and Niece

Although at common law the marriage of kindred in first or second degree would be absolutely void, yet if the parties were kindred in the third degree the marriage was voidable only, that is to say it could be set aside by a court of justice at the request of either party to the marriage. This means, of course, that if the parties themselves were satisfied with each other, no one else had a right to interfere.

This led to the curious result, in England, that an uncle could marry his niece, or an aunt her nephew. While such may seem an improbable contingency, yet we must remember that in isolated towns, in the days of large families, the younger children might be of the same ages as their nephews and nieces. I have personally known of cases where a nephew and aunt would and perhaps should have married had the law permitted it. But in the United States generally such marriages are declared by statute to be null and void. The same is true today in England, but let us see how the former law of voidability of such marriages operated.

For Example: In November 1834 in England Ann Hills, a younger sister of the mother of Samuel Sutton, was married to the said Samuel. There was nothing the authorities could do about it even if they had tried. Two years after this marriage the English Parliament passed a law declaring all such marriages void. This statute, however, could have no effect on marriages then existing. The young couple in this extraordinary matrimonial alliance did not tarry long in England. Even before the enactment of the law referred to they emigrated to Massachusetts. Under the law of that commonwealth such marriages were void. But it is also a fixed custom in the United States that a marriage, legal in the state or country where it was contracted, subject to certain exceptions to be noted in future broadcasts, will be recognized as legal everywhere. A note for \$1300 given to Ann Sutton was sued upon by Samuel in 1845, it then being lawful for a husband to collect debts owed to his wife. The defendant endeavored to escape payment on the ground of nullity of the marriage, but the court said that until the parties themselves acted to set aside the marriage it would be considered valid in Massachusetts. Samuel secured judgment on the note. The case was *Sutton v Warren*, 10 Metc. (Mass.) 451.

May First Cousins Marry?

IN OUR talk of last week we discussed blood relationship as a barrier to marriage. The last topic under discussion was the marriage of uncle and niece, or aunt and nephew, in which we found such marriages to be prohibited at common law, but not void from their inception. This means that either party to the marriage would have a right to annulment if court proceedings were duly brought. But unless such annulment were sought the marriage would stand.

Statutory Regulations of Marriage of Blood Relatives

Before leaving the subject, however, it may be well to call attention to the fact that many States of the Union have changed the common law rules on this point by enacting statutes rendering marriages between such relatives absolutely null and void.

In Massachusetts, for example, we have

a typical statute which declares that "a marriage solemnized within the commonwealth which is prohibited by reason of consanguinity or affinity between the parties ** shall be void without a decree of divorce or other legal process."

See Gen. Laws of Mass. Chap. 207 Sec. 8.

Consanguinity may be a fearsome word to the uninitiated, but it simply means descended from the same parent or ancestor. The word itself is derived from the Latin *con*, meaning together, and *sanguis* meaning blood. It may therefore be expressed as blood relationship.

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The Massachusetts statutes thus prohibit marriages of all blood relatives to and including the third degree of kindred. You will remember that I made a careful and detailed explanation last week of how to compute degrees of kindred. It is therefore unnecessary to repeat that explanation tonight, except to call your attention to the fact that an uncle and a niece, or an aunt and a nephew, are kindred in third degree and the marriage of such would be void in Massachusetts. Similar statutes exist in many other states.

You will note also that the Massachusetts statute forbids intermarriage of relatives by affinity, which means relatives by marriage. Now this would lead us quite away from our present topic, so I will postpone discussion of marriage of relatives by affinity until we have completed the topic of blood relatives.

Marriage of First Cousins

The marriage of first cousins, from the standpoint of eugenics and sociology is a great and vital problem in America. Some States prohibit it and others permit the custom.

Now it is undoubtedly true that in-breeding, which means inter-marriage of relatives, if persisted in, may lead to mediocrity of great families, as witness the royal families of Europe, or it may result in positive degeneracy, since the weaknesses in the family strain may become intensified.

But it is also true, in the mysterious workings of heredity, that the strength of family lines, meeting in the offspring of such unions, may perhaps flower into something far greater than the family has ever known.

If the problem of the rearing of human beings were as simple as that of rearing some of our domestic animals we might indeed take lessons from experience in that field, especially in the development of new and superior strains of poultry. It is well known that desired traits appearing in one hen of a flock may be perpetuated in her descendants by *line-breeding*, that is, by mating her with her own progeny, which is the most extreme kind of in-breeding. Thus may be developed a race of super-hens, which is of course quite beside the point when we are discussing human beings.

The human being may be a perfect physical specimen and yet an idiot or a dangerous lunatic. While it is possible to forecast with reasonable certainty what physical characteristics may be transmitted to the children born of a certain union, yet mental and moral characteristics are much more baffling. Ancestral traits of insanity, feeble mindedness, moral perversion, if such exist in the family blood, are as likely to manifest themselves as are those other

traits of mental strength and spiritual excellence.

But there is likely to be an exaggeration of either of the family traits if near relatives intermarry. This has caused the law-makers of the world to prohibit marriages of kindred within the first three degrees. But, as I have previously pointed out, first cousins, who are relatives in the fourth degree, are prohibited from intermarriage in certain of our American States. This is apparently the case in the States of Washington, South Dakota, Oklahoma and many of the western states, as also in Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and so on.

IN MAINE, Massachusetts, and many other states of the Union, the old common law doctrine prevails and first cousins may marry if they choose. I have personally known of a number of such marriages and in every instance the children, without exception, proved to be of at least average intelligence. I am aware that people in many sections have a fixed belief that children of first cousins are invariably idiots.

But this is a digression from the main theme. Let us now consider the effect of those statutes in various States that make it a crime for first cousins to marry.

For Example: Under the statutes of New Hampshire in 1867 it was provided that the marriage of first cousins should be incestuous and void, and the issue of such marriage illegitimate. On October 17, 1870, John Blaisdell married, in New Hampshire, his first cousin, Rowena Mack. He lived with her as her husband for some years. But when the glamour of romance had vanished Blaisdell began to tire of his wife. His alleged conscience came to life. So one day he told Rowena that it was very wicked for him to continue to live with her. He pointed out the horrible truth that she had committed a crime punishable by the laws of New Hampshire. He did not suggest that they cross the line into the nearby State of Maine and be lawfully married. No indeed, he wanted to get rid of her. So he left the broken hearted girl who had sacrificed reputation and honor for his sake, and himself flitted to Maine where he shortly married another girl. Blaisdell evidently reaped a bitter harvest, for it immediately transpired that the new wife, whom he brought to Massachusetts to live, soon acquired alcoholic habits. In fact, within four years after the marriage Blaisdell brought suit against a Massachusetts liquor dealer for selling intoxicating liquor to his wife, after notice that she was a common drunkard. It was in the trial of this suit that the facts of the New Hampshire marriage were made a matter of record, for the defendant contended that the woman was not Blaisdell's lawful wife. The trial court instructed the jury that while under the laws of Massachusetts cousins might lawfully marry, yet the first marriage of Blaisdell would be governed by the laws of New Hampshire. Under such laws, the marriage to his cousin was null and void. The drunken woman was therefore Blaisdell's lawful wife. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, to which the defendant alleged exceptions. The Supreme Court declared that the lower court had correctly stated the law, but it set aside the verdict on other grounds. The case was *Blaisdell v Bickum*, 139 Mass. 250.

Annulment Sought by Husband or Wife

If a husband or wife seeks annulment of a marriage, performed within the State

and void under State laws because the parties thereto are first cousins, the courts would have no option except to grant the annulment. This means, of course, that the marriage must have been performed while the law in question was in operation, because if the marriage were performed prior to the passage of the law such law would have no effect upon it.

An interesting question arises when a married couple who happen to be first cousins, move from their original domicile into a State where such marriages are prohibited by statute. In fact, two questions arise, whether or not the marriage can be annulled and whether or not the parties are guilty of incest. So far as the marriage itself is concerned, it is generally held that a marriage that was not void at common law will be recognized within a State in which it would have been unlawful to enter into it in the first instance, subject only to the provision that it must have been lawfully contracted originally.

For Example: Eloise Cardoza was a first cousin of Emanuel Garcia. A romantic passion subsisting between them, they were married to each other April 3, 1901 in the City of Los Angeles, Calif. Under the laws of that state it was lawful for first cousins to marry. No children were born to this union. The couple later moved to South Dakota, under the laws of which it was declared that marriages between first cousins "are incestuous and void from the beginning." Friction developed between Eloise and Emanuel, so the latter deserted her and went to live in New York State. This action to annul the marriage was brought by the woman in the regular way, alleging the incestuous nature of the marriage. The husband's attorney set up in defense that the marriage, being valid in California and not being incestuous at common law, could not be annulled by the courts of South Dakota. The Supreme Court declared this to be a correct interpretation of law. Said the court in its decision: "The consequences of declaring a marriage void *ab initio* and annulling the same are very serious. Its effect is to bastardize innocent children, deprive them of their inheritance, and to make the parties whose marriage was legal and valid in the State where contracted criminally liable in this State and subject to exceedingly severe penalties." It is interesting to note, however, that while all members of the Supreme Court agreed on the question of annulling the marriage, yet three judges dissented from the majority report on the matter of criminal liability of the husband and wife for incest. The case was *Garcia v. Garcia*, 25 S. D. 645, 127 N. W. 586.

Criminal Prosecution for Cousin-Marriages

It should be obvious to all that if a state law declares such marriages incestuous and void, and first cousins persist in marrying within the state, they would render themselves liable to the full penalty of the law. But if they marry in a state where such marriages are legal and later take up their residence in a state where marriage relations between first cousins are declared incestuous, a very serious question arises, as we have seen in the case last discussed. In that trial, you will remember, the court in effect said that they would not annul the marriage, but if the parties maintained marital relations under it within the state they would be liable to prosecution. Let us see how a direct prosecution would be decided.

For Example: Masaji Nahashima, a Japanese husband of a Japanese woman,

was prosecuted in the State of Washington for the crime of incest, in that the woman was his first cousin. He set up in defense that he had been married to the woman in a State where such marriages were lawful. The lower court dismissed the prosecution but the case was appealed. The Supreme Court declared that the defendant was liable. Said the court: "We are not bound, upon principles of comity, to permit persons to violate our criminal laws adopted in the interests of decency and good morals and based on principles of sound public policy, because they have assumed, in another State or country where it was lawful, the relation which led to the acts prohibited by our laws." The case was *State v. Nahashima*, 62 Wash. 686; 114 Pac. 894.

May Relatives-In-Law Marry?

YOU will remember that in a previous broadcast I promised to explain the law as to the marriage of relatives who are not blood kindred but related by affinity only. I am aware that the word affinity has fallen somewhat into disrepute of late because certain notoriety

seeking philanderers have used it freely to explain an alleged irresistible attraction for women other than their own wives. There have been notorious instances where divorces have occurred and so-called affinities have been married by the philanderers in question, only to have the second marriage

prove more disastrous and short lived than the first.

So when we speak of a relative by affinity, we always mean at law the blood relatives of one's husband or wife. They are related by affinity to the person who has married into their family. Thus, the relatives of the wife are relatives of the husband by affinity. Similarly the relatives of the husband are relatives of the wife by affinity. Now let us see what the law provides as to intermarriage of relatives by affinity.

Common Law Provisions

I have explained to you in a previous broadcast that, prior to the reign of Henry VIII, the Catholic Church had full control of matrimonial matters in courts of the church. But in the reign of that monarch, at the time of establishment of the Church of England, a statute was enacted regulating marriage in all its phases. That statute, however, was largely a re-enactment of marriage customs then prevailing in England. In the eyes of the church there was a mystical transformation in the act of union of the sexes, so that if a man and woman who were not married had sexual commerce, that very fact rendered each of them thereafter incapable of marrying certain of the near kindred of the other. This was enacted into law by Chapter 7, 28 Henry VIII. This law was later repealed.

Relatives by affinity, resulting from a bona fide marriage, were prohibited from intermarrying. Under Chapter 38, 25 Henry VIII, the following persons were named: A man could not marry his son's wife, his father's wife, his brother's wife, his uncle's wife, his wife's sister or daughter, or the daughter of his wife's son or daugh-

ter, all of which sounds rather complicated, to say the least. It may all be summed up by saying that any person related to either husband or wife within the third degree of kindred could not lawfully be married by such husband or wife.

I hope that you understand in all of the prohibitions mentioned that the law assumes therein that the spouse who is to be replaced in the home is either dead or divorced, for the common law never countenanced polygamy. There was this curious interpretation by the courts of the legal effect of a prohibited marriage of this sort, namely that the marriage was deemed voidable and not void. Until legal action was taken to set it aside, and a court judgment thereon, the marriage would stand.

Such was the early common law on this point, but in the reign of William IV a statute was passed in England making all such marriages null and void. This continued to be the English law until 1907, when an act was passed making it legal for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. In 1921 another statute was enacted rendering it lawful for a man to marry the widow of his deceased brother. So much for the English law on this matter of intermarriage of relatives by affinity. Now let us see how the law in the United States has treated this rather perplexing problem.

In the United States

While the English law, as we have seen, has undergone various changes yet the law in the United States has been fairly well settled and settled in a manner that robs the statutes of their apparent harshness. In fact, we encounter one of the most curious bits of legal reasoning imaginable. Following the lead of the common law, the statutes of the several States usually provide that a man shall not marry his wife's daughter, nor a woman her husband's son.

Obviously neither husband nor wife, without committing bigamy, can marry either of these relatives by affinity during the existence of the marriage to the first spouse. But here is where the clever logic of the judges has rendered the law quite inoperative in its original sense.

The courts declare, especially where there is no issue of the first marriage, that when the first marriage terminates either by death or divorce then, presto, the relationships created by affinity instantly cease. The persons enumerated are no longer the daughter of the wife, nor the son of the husband, because the original parties have ceased to be husband and wife. This means that the former step-father may marry his erstwhile daughter and the former step-mother may take unto herself a younger husband who was once entitled to call her "mother."

This is all very absurd, of course, and renders the statute on this point a mere scrap of paper, but it no doubt prevents great hardship, as will be seen in some of the cases that appear in the books.

Marriage of Man and Stepdaughter

The marriage of a man and his stepdaughter sometimes involves a tragic domestic story that relates back to the prior marriage. It often involves the rights of the innocent offspring of the second marriage as will be seen from the following.

For example: In the year 1890 William Back who lived in the State of Iowa met a charming widow whose husband had been dead for some time. By this former husband she had borne a daughter who, at the time of the meeting with William Back, was a half-grown girl. Back paid

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What to Do and How!



Just a "few" letters which were received by the Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest in response to Mrs. Allen's article last month on etiquette. If it's announcing your engagement or serving salads, Mrs. Allen will tell you how. Send your request to Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

By Ida Bailey Allen

A GOOD many people have accepted my invitation to write and ask about their social problems; before discussing these letters, however, I should like to say a word about etiquette in general. There are two views of the subject,



Edward Peyton Harris, Assistant Director of National Radio Home-Makers Club, writes and broadcasts some of most important CBS morning programs. He is brimful of ideas.

Observing the actions of their children, the older generation always sighs, "The world is becoming worse every day;" and many of our mothers and fathers sincerely believe the earth is sliding swiftly to the dogs. On the other hand, the younger folk dismiss with a shrug the rules of deportment accepted as law thirty years ago. They consider formality to be a kind of stiffening of the joints; and they judge strict courtesies to be plain hypocrisy.

Both groups are a little wrong. Certainly there has been a general relaxing in our manners since the World War; but the fundamentals of etiquette remain the same. The elders should instruct the youngsters in the right observance, always careful to explain the why; and the boys and girls ought to respect anything that makes life pleasanter and that builds up a tradition upon which we can depend in time of stress.

BUT there is so much to remember, objects the college crowd; in true good manners there is only one thing to remember: Always consider the other person and act in such a way as to make him or her most comfortable. However, if you yourself know exactly what to do in the most unusual or perplexing situation, you will have an assurance that will buoy you up through any difficulty.

Sitting down isn't one of these extraordinary events, but do you know how to sit? It comes easy to most people; nevertheless, sitting correctly is an art. Although the day when there was a stern prohibition against crossing the legs may have gone, we ought to keep a mental picture of a person—man or woman, no matter—with one foot on the other knee. The sight is not beautiful, even if the legs, as few legs succeed in being, are. A lady slumped upon a divan

may still be a lady, but she'll have to prove her claim by something other than her posture. Nonchalance is excellent; dignity is worth something, though.

Of course I don't advocate the training to which my aunt submitted in her finishing school. For an hour every day she had to sit in a straight chair with a rod across her back and under her arms. But to this moment, although she's eighty, she's erect as that rod herself.

AND a good habit for life in general is to keep both feet on the floor; an easy, natural position is to hold the right foot pointing almost straight out and the left inclined a bit toward the instep of the right. Consider the scene aesthetically; and the next time you are at a high comedy in the theatre, watch the actors and actresses. You'll then admit sitting is an accomplishment to acquire.

Letters From Readers

"Yes, this is another of those letters about settling a wager. My husband says that the correct order for a lady, gentleman, and usher going down the aisle of a theatre is: First, the usher; then the lady; last, the gentleman. My husband believes that would be more polite to the lady, and he says ladies first, anyhow. But the usher would really be first, wouldn't he? And I am sure somebody told me the line-up should be usher, gentleman, lady. Do tell us which!"

Mrs. E. R. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

You are both right! Either arrangement is correct; the older fashion was for the usher to lead the way, the gentleman to follow, to halt at the row, and show the lady to her place; but, more and more, the style changes. The usher still heads the procession; the lady

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JOAN MILDRED OLSON, lyric soprano, who is one of the bright luminaries appearing on the Midwestern horizon where she is well known to KYW, WGN and WCFL (Chicago) radio audiences. Miss Olson formerly was one of the footlight scintillations of the George White Scandals.



Irene Beasley during a few moments of relaxation in her New York apartment.

Letters to the Artist

Irene Beasley, the Long, Tall Gal from Dixie, Answers an Editorial Request... Messages from Girl and a Father in a Hospital... and One from the Boy Who Almost Cried

Dear Miss Beasley:

DURING the past year we have received a great many letters from Radio Digest readers asking about you. Some of these friends remember you from other years and other places than where you are now. Would you be kind enough to write a letter telling us something about Irene Beasley. And then, if you find it convenient, let us publish some letters that you have received from some of your listeners, assuming, of course, that you will have gained the writers' consent in the meantime.

Very cordially yours,
Editor of Radio Digest.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I FEEL very highly complimented by your request for a letter about "Irene Beasley," and while it is a little bit difficult to write about oneself, I hope that

the following paragraphs will hold a little interest for your readers and for my listeners.

First let me be brief, about a few biographical details: I was born in Whitehaven, Tenn. Whitehaven is about eight miles from the City of Memphis and the first six years of my life were spent on a plantation, not unlike the ones which are described in many stories of the South. I had a black "mammy" nurse, affectionately called "Aunt Hannah" by my entire family.

I HAVE been told that I refused to talk at all until I was nearly a year old. This naturally caused my parents a little anxiety. However, my grandmother Beasley coaxed me out of this mood of seeming nonchalance with a book of "Mother Goose" rhymes, brightly illustrated. I spent many hours in her lap pointing at these pictures, and

on one such occasion blithely pointed my pudgy finger to one of the pictures and said "boy." From then on, I am told, I began talking in full sentences, and have been gently reminded that I have never stopped since.

At the age of six my family moved to Amarillo, Texas. Amarillo is in the panhandle country and is a city of the plains. I attended grammar and high school there. During my high school days, I began to feel the urge that most girls in their teens feel, to write poetry. A holiday—a river—romance—the stars—a mood—a house—anything served as an inspiration once it touched the "old" heart. I wish that I had preserved some of these "masterpieces." I'm quite sure that I have destroyed some pieces of literature which would have brought me many an amusing moment of retrospection.

I attended Sweetbriar College at Sweetbriar, Virginia, for two years.

The following two years were spent as a "school ma'am." During the second year of my activities in this capacity, I began to experiment in radio broadcasting over the Memphis station, WMC, and on March 9th, 1925, I did my first fifteen minute program of singing and announcing for myself. I shall never forget it!

The season of 1926-27 I spent in Chicago doing some radio work and specializing in moving picture house presentations. In April, 1927, I was fortunate enough to have a booking with Paul Ash at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago for one week, and inasmuch as this had been one of my chief ambitions, I decided to leave the field of professional entertainment and return to Memphis. (I have a great many relatives in Memphis and consider myself very fortunate to have two homes: Amarillo, Texas, where my parents live and Memphis, Tenn., where I have spent about half of my life with an aunt and uncle.)

IT IS a very true tradition among people who entertain in any form, that once in that profession it is difficult to leave it. I found this true after I had spent some six months away from it. Consequently, when a representative of a recording company asked me to make some records, I welcomed the opportunity to stay at home and at the same time enjoy the thrill of singing again (and it is a thrill to me—I love it!). Records lead to radio work; and when I came to New York in 1929 to make four records in a week's time, I was introduced to the Columbia Broadcasting System by Dale Wimbrow, an artist with this company. With the exception of a few short interims I have been with the Columbia Broadcasting System ever since.

The last year and a half have held for me many thrills. First I had the opportunity to write and broadcast a program especially arranged for children. Maybe some of the kiddies will remember listening to "Aunt Zelena." Then I was given an opportunity to write continuity for another program on which I have appeared as vocalist. I have always considered the "chant" or blues type of number that for which I was particularly suited, with an occasional ballad thrown in; but during the last year and a half I have had the delightful experience of being booked on programs which desired a change of type and I have enjoyed the thrill of singing fast lyric songs. In a fast lyric song everything has to work with precision, and the accompanist, vocalist, and production man, in fact every participant in a fast lyric broadcast must be "on the toes" to prevent the slightest slip. It is stimulating!

Perhaps it might interest a few readers to know some of the thoughts that

flash through a performer's mind when facing the microphone:

"Ready—cue—watch the high note—gee, my hands are trembling—steady—take it easy—break—blank is listening—wonder how blank likes this number—wonder if the lady who sent me the box of handkerchiefs is listening—Oh! Oh!—watch these words—turn page—home stretch—give everything you've got—IT'S OVER!"

When facing the microphone I always visualize somebody at the other end. Sometimes it is the general picture of any number of people whom I don't know and have never seen, but who have written me marvelous letters—sometimes it is the picture of my own beloved father—sometimes it is the picture of someone connected with my life at present, past or future time—sometimes it is a group of people in a smart drawing room; but most often it is a picture of a very "homey" family consisting of mother, father and several children of various ages gathered around a fireplace. I have never seen this family in actuality and I don't know where this impression came from, but it is the mental picture which is in my mind most frequently when I face the microphone.

At the present time my sister, who is just a few years my junior, is spending the winter with me, and having been separated from my family for long intervals it is quite a joy to have her companionship—to share the fun and the little heartaches that go with this profession with someone in whom I am vitally interested and who is vitally interested in me and my work.

I have been wondering if our readers would care to see one or two of the most interesting letters which I have ever received from people whom I have never seen. I value and appreciate every letter which is written to me by a listener, and there is always gratefulness in my heart to think that anyone would be so gracious as to write to me when

LETTERS always have been the most human and intimate revelations of life. The successful broadcasting artist is one who can make each individual listener feel that the song or the word is intended especially for him—or for her. Last month we presented some letters to and from Miss Jessica Dragonette, here you will read letters to and from Miss Irene Beasley. Next month another "Letters to the Artist" feature bring you a glimpse behind the studio curtain of another popular radio star. You may wish to keep the series.

they like a broadcast. I have received adverse letters and have always tried to construe them into some sort of constructive criticism. I am enclosing a few of the most interesting letters I have received and should you care to print them I shall be happy to have you do so.

Thank you many, many times for the compliment you pay me in asking me to write this letter and I trust that it has offered someone a little amusement.

Best wishes,

Irene Beasley.

Dear Miss Beasley:

After thirteen years of working in a bank I find myself in a T. B. sanatorium. I landed here Thursday afternoon, two weeks ago, among strange surroundings, strange people, crawled in my bed on a long porch and began the cure.

The girls on each side of me began talking across to each other about the Quaker girl on the radio program Friday morning. Naturally as I had been at work every morning I never had heard it. I decided to listen in and see what it was all about. And was I glad! Well, I'll say! Since then Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays have been big days in my life.

I do wish I had the ability to tell you in this letter just how much you mean to me and all the girls here. The entire ward stops everything when you come on, and you should hear the girls sigh when you leave.

Oh gee! You with your wonderful personality—your infectious singing just start us off absolutely right on your days. We swear by you to a person.

Yours most sincerely,

Margaret Walthal, Mecklenburg
Sanatorium, Huntersville, N. C.

THIS letter was received when I was broadcasting a series of kindly stories, in dialect, under the name of "Aunt Zelena."

Dear Aunt Zelena:

I AM writing you for my five year old boy who lives with his mother just outside of the government reservation. Each evening that you are on the air my wife has to leave early in order to get home in time so the boy can hear you. But gladly do I spare her this time off from her visiting hours (two) because she tells me that the little fellow is simply enthralled during the telling of your stories, and talks continuously about them. He sent me word through his mother to write and ask Aunt Zelena to please tell the story about "The Rabbit and the Tar Baby" for him. So that's why I'm writing you,

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SATELLITES

from the Court of

KING PAUL

By Jean Paul King

Your Announcer from NBC Studios in Chicago

HELLO radio listeners—
Radio Digest has asked me to tell you about the singers whose voices you hear with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, broadcasting recently at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago over a large National Broadcasting Company network.

Also, many of you radio listeners have asked about the vocalists on the Florsheim Frolic, the Maytag program and the Allied Quality Paintmen show.

It may surprise some of you and be old news to others to find that the featured warblers on these programs are the same whose voices, un-named, entertain you during Paul Whiteman's late dance airings.

They are John Fulton, Mildred Bailey and The King's Jesters, novelty trio.

John Fulton has been with the "Dean of Modern Music" seven years but the others are the newest "finds" of this internationally known dance director who, always interested in young musicians and artists, discovered and gave to radio The Rhythm Boys, Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Harry Von

Zell—to mention a few of those whose voices you hear every day. As I have mentioned, John Fulton has contributed his very pleasing singing of popular ballads with the Whiteman organization for seven years. Also, he is a member of the trombone section of the band and when he isn't crooning soft vocal choruses, may always be found blowing industriously or singing with the "sweet" trio which Whiteman is now using—the effect very much like the former Earl Burnett Biltmore Trio and rightly so, for the two assisting voices were with that well-known musical unit before joining King Whiteman to sing with John.

Fulton stands a good six feet and his personal appearances have been just as successful as his radio performances. He was born in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, twenty-eight years ago. His dark complexion and black hair are set off by the bluest of eyes which remain half closed when he sings in front of the microphone. There is always a slight suggestion of a smile on Jack's face as he sings and perhaps it is this same smile which is carried in his voice over the air. (Is it any wonder that he spent a small fortune sending out pictures to admirers when I once made the announcement that anyone writing Jack would



Mildred Bailey got away from her rocking chair long enough to have this picture taken as one of the Whiteman luminaries.



Jean Paul King

receive an autographed photo?)

Jack did his first vocalizing in an Episcopalian choir in his home town of Phillipsburg when he was a youngster. His orchestral work began at sixteen and before joining Whiteman he sang and played with George Olson. He has made many recordings, some of the most popular being "Sweet Sue," "Blue Heaven," "Together" and "In A Little Spanish Town." Several of his latest records as soloist with the Whiteman group have just been released.

SIX years ago Fulton toured Europe with Whiteman, singing before kings, queens and other members of royalty, state and staff. He was also in "The King of Jazz," the picture which featured Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. At the present time Jack is singing as soloist on the Allied Quality Paint Group program which is broadcast over a coast-to-coast NBC network and is also heard as soloist on the Maytag program, Florsheim Frolic and all dance programs from the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Fulton believes that in order to have a good singing voice one must have a good working body and that is why admirers could find him on the shores of Lake Michigan, near his home, every morning last summer with the writer and members of the band, tossing medicine balls and swimming. Jack likes baseball and handball and now is occupied with golf and flying. He is a pilot with several years of experience in



Paul Whiteman, the Jazz King, looks over the bright things on whom he has showered fame and glory.

back of him and hopes to have his own plane in the spring.

You'd like John Fulton if you knew him. And by the way, if you haven't his picture, he'll be glad to send you one if you will write him in care of the Whiteman orchestra or Radio Digest.

Mildred Bailey joined Paul Whiteman as the result of singing at a dinner party in Hollywood. It was a dinner party that she, herself gave to the Whiteman orchestra when her brother was a member of the famous Rhythm Boys. (*You remember them—Bing Crosby, who now is featured as soloist over the Columbia Broadcasting System; Harry Berris, who has written several hit tunes and Mildred's brother, Al Rinker.*) Whiteman had discovered the trio and the three boys were making a big hit in California. At their invitation, he attended the dinner and heard Miss Bailey sing. He signed her immediately and she is featured now on the Paintmen program, as well as her own program three times a week from the Edgewater Beach Hotel and on all of the "Dean's" dance broadcasts.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, Mildred Bailey made her first public appearance in Spokane, Washington. Like Jack Fulton, her first singing experience was in a church choir.

I first knew Mildred in Seattle when she was singing at the Butler Cafe. We next met in San Francisco at Marquard's, one of the smarter night clubs. Then, for her, in rapid succession, came Los Angeles and a tour of the West Coast Theatres with the Rhythm Boys—Paul Whiteman—Hollywood—The Old Gold program—The Hollywood Gardens in New York—Roxy—and then the Granada Cafe in Chicago where I again said hello to her. Now I have the pleasure of announcing Mildred every evening as she sings those "Blue" tunes and spirituals as no one else can.

Let "the Old Maestro," Ben Bernie, introduce Miss Bailey to you. As Ben said when presenting Mildred to a roomful of stage, screen and radio celebrities a short time ago—"I take pleasure in introducing a very interesting member of a very interesting organization: One whom I believe to be the Fritz Kreisler of her particular line of endeavor. They say that Paul Whiteman has lost over sixty pounds. This little lady has gained every one of them, so 'elp me. Ladies and gentlemen—Mildred Bailey."

Mildred says there are three things that she is crazy about—chow dogs, Packard automobiles and red-headed men. She has the chows and the automobile. (Red-headed men—beware.)

You'll hear a lot from Mildred Bailey for she is just now coming into that popularity that she so justly deserves.



John Fulton, with Paul seven years

The trio called "The King's Jesters" is made up of three young and good-looking men whom Paul Whiteman found singing in Cincinnati, Ohio, and whom he imported immediately to add their very different style to the popularity of his organization.

THEY are all Midwestern: Francis Bastow, born in 1907 at Rochester, Indiana; George Howard, born in 1910 and from the same town and John Ravencroft, born at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1905. Ray McDermott, their accompanist and arranger, calls Cincinnati his home town. Ray has played with many of the popular bands around the country and is really responsible for the formation of this unusual group. He is a man of many instruments. Mildred Bailey calls him the "Lon Chaney of the Whiteman orchestra" because any night he may be found playing in a different section of the band. He can, and does, play ten different instruments—one at a time, of course—which makes him a valuable addition to any band.

In these days when every one is copying vo-do-dee-oos and boop-oop-a-dooos, special mention should be made of the fact that it was this trio which originated the trombone effect in singing, made by blowing breath through closed

lips and which is so popular on the air today. You have heard them in this novel method of singing as they present the little theme which opens and closes each of their broadcasts.

The trio came into being years ago when the boys were still excited about high school football. (They still are—as I write this they are asking Paul if they may be excused from the Saturday broadcast to see one of the best games to be played in Chicago this year.) They started on musical careers by working in a small band playing one night stands through Indiana, making their headquarters at Rochester, on Lake Manitou, where they became acquainted with Ray McDermott, who was playing at the Colonial Hotel with his own band.

They admit starting their vocal careers by serenading house parties in the "wee" hours after the night's work was over. One night McDermott heard one of these serenades and persuaded the trio to come with him to Cincinnati after the lake season was over to try radio. Ray arranged their audition which was successful and the boys sprang into instant popularity.

I KNOW one of the incidents in their early struggles which may appeal to you. It occurred during their serenading days at Lake Manitou. One night, or perhaps I should say morning, for it was close to three a. m., they came to a little cottage which "looked right for a little plain and fancy serenading"—to quote the boys. But—after three or four numbers, sung with enthusiasm and gusto, the applause they received came in the form of very solid apples, very un-solid tomatoes and several decrepit old shoes—with the remains of someone's summer pot of petunias thrown after them as a parting blessing. However, I still think that some of their best singing was done, not over the radio, but on Henry Theis' lawn in Cincinnati, when the writer and Robert Brown, well liked WLW announcer chimed in to make it a five-some. (In fact the neighbors are still talking of those evenings not so long past.) (And Theis had to move.)

In Cincinnati over WLW, the boys were known as the Howard Trio. There they worked from early morning until late at night and I know that a lot of you will remember them on those old all night parties that we had so much fun in presenting. At the present time they are heard three mornings a week from a local Chicago station from the Edgewater Beach Hotel where they are known as "The Musical Chefs."

As "The King's Jesters" they sing nightly with the Whiteman orchestra on the dance broadcast and appear on the Paintmen and Florsheim programs.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

Goopy Gear Plays Piano by Ear

HERMAN (DO-DO) HUPFELD waxing humorous once again. Only those who know Herman Hupfeld, who for years has been pianist for many famous stage stars, such as Irene Castle, Julia Sanderson, and Louise Groody, only those who know him really well know the sort of man he is, (the type of person everyone likes), of fine family and extremely gifted. A fine pianist himself, he is at present broadcasting as the feature of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Hour over WABC; in fact, the sponsors of his program are extremely put out that we should have preceded him with his new composition, GOOPY GEAR PLAYS PIANO BY EAR, by a matter of two hours, but Herman stuck to his promise to permit me to introduce the number "for the first time on any radio program," thereby showing himself to be a man strictly of his word.

Although in his latest opus he has not reached the heights of rhythm, originality, and cleverness that he attained in "When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba," still it is no mean composition, and calls for considerable muscular work on the part of our two pianists. I am sure by the time that this article finds its way on to the news-stands, that you will have heard and enjoyed GOOPY GEAR, with its bits of Bach, Beethoven, the Rhapsody and Rachmaninoff. By the way, did you know that it was not really the Rhapsody which we played when the song leads to the "Rhapsody in Blue," for the simple reason that George Gershwin will not permit bits and parts of his beloved com-



Edward Paul of Paramount, who taught Rudy Vallee how to swing a baton

position to be played; with him it is all or nothing, and as most bands either have not the time or the ability to make it *all*, it is usually nothing. However, the bit we did play sounded enough like it, that to the lay mind it might have been really a part of the "Rhapsody in Blue."

Songs of this type rarely achieve great popularity either in sale or public acclaim. However, as I have so often said, at the risk of repeating myself I say again, they form the bright spots in the ether programs which, as a rule, are filled with continued protestations of love, unhappiness and hope.

A young lady wrote me recently telling me that I had so much power in the matter of causing other vocal artists to sing the same type of songs that I sang

and played, and pleaded with me in her letter to include the more optimistic and cheerful type of songs on my program, which action she felt would result in all other radio singers doing likewise, thus saving "wailing walls," as they were now every night when she came home to her apartment.

TO THAT I can only reply publicly, that no one is any happier than I to include songs of the GOOPY GEAR type, which are extremely cheerful and impersonal in their humorous message. But again I must point out to all persons who have this similar complaint to make, that song-writers write songs which they hope will sell; they write the unhappy, tristful and extremely affectionate type of melody and lyric only because that is what the

publisher is convinced, from his observations of a number of years, will sell. Publishers and writers do not write because the muse has struck them, or to please themselves, but they write only what seems to be currying favor with the so-called fickle public at the moment; and the old formula of "I love you" has shown itself to be, over a period of time, the safest one to follow.

However, I continually urge song-writers with whom I come in contact to write more of the happy type of thing, with an unusual novelty twist, as it has been my feeling, ever since the tremendous success of the "Stein Song," that this is what the long-suffering public wants. The appearance of such songs as "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile," "Now's the Time to Fall in Love," and so forth, are apparently the efforts of certain of the boys in the Alley to write this type

of song. But again, as ever, these rarely prove the big sellers, and every publisher is looking for the type of song which will increase his finances and his prestige both with brother publishers of Tin Pan Alley, and the American Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers.

To my mind, "Goodnight Sweetheart" is such a type of song. While it is romantic and a trifle tristful in its vein, yet its message is continually one of hope and happiness, its melody is extremely simple, and I was not a bit surprised when it climbed into the hit class, because I believed it had the ingredients, just as did the "Stein Song," of a real hit song.

Therefore, I have always said to amateur song-writers who come to me with their hopefuls, "Study the hit songs over a period of years, and their hit qualities, and the reason for them should become self-evident."

The sum total of this little dissertation is simply that I wish to clear myself of a charge that I seek to make up a program exclusively of extremely sentimental ballads. If I had my way, numbers like "I Love a Parade," "Yuba," "Bananas," "I'm Crazy About Horns," and so forth, would occupy a major part of the program, as they usually please everyone except my New Jersey critic, Jack Hurd, and after all, individual opinions, when they are extremely extreme, count for little.

You're My Everything

SOME years ago, 1921, to be exact, as a young green-horn from the sticks, I came to New York for the first time. The former drug clerks who worked for my father in his drug-store, and who were associated with the Liggett stores here in town, were kind enough to put me up with them, and to show me through the mazes of the subway. I saw "Bombo" and "The Perfect Fool," and the latter is still very fresh in my mind. Since that time I have not had the pleasure of seeing that famed merry-maker, Ed Wynn, with his silly giggle and his still sillier mien, but he has been doing quite all right, coming back to Broad-

way every now and then. His picture, "Follow the Leader," although not tremendously successful, was far from being a flop.

In the producing of this last show he has done a thing quite unusual and has asked for musical and lyrical aid from boys who have been best known for popular writing in the field of Tin Pan Alley. To be sure, Harry Warren did excellent work on "Sweet and Low," and has shown unusual ability along these lines, but in comparison with Jerome Kern and the usual writers of musical comedy material, he is just an amateur. Mort Dixon and Joe Young, who likewise have occasionally delved into these fields, are usually considered strictly popular song-writers, but I feel that all three are to be commended very highly for their unusual work in writing the music for "The Laugh Parade." At least one of the songs was very much requested and popular in a very short space of time, and it looks as though at least another, if one may judge from its numerous air renditions, will enjoy a considerable popularity.

"You're My Everything" is the type of tune that people buy. "Oooh That Kiss" is one people enjoy hearing, though the purchase of a piano copy is, possibly, another matter. While there are other songs from the show these two are certainly the most outstanding, and most played. They have recently been released for public consumption, so we will not be annoyed by that sing-song "special permission of the copyright owners" refrain, which will possibly leave the songs much kinder to your ears, although they are certainly being played to death at the present time.

It has not been my good fortune to

see the show, but I understand it is an excellent one, and Mr. Wynn and his entire cast have my best wishes for a successful engagement.

The music is published by Harms, Inc.

Just Friends

THE HOUSE OF ROBBINS again . . . that firm which has been enjoying such sensational prestige with a list of hits such as "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," "I'm Thru With Love," "Sweet and Lovely," "Old Playmate," "You Forgot Your Gloves," and "Goodnight Sweetheart."

Jack Robbins, or "Leo the Lion," as those who work for him disrespectfully call him, whom I consider the keenest psychologist in the entire music industry, told me that in picking a title for the music of the song which became "Just Friends," he was in a considerable dilemma; he knew it must be two words, and he thought over a score of possibilities. I think his final choice of "Just Friends," was an excellent one. The song is considerably popular already, having been brought to the attention of the public at large through the Brunswick record of one Red MacKenzie.

Some of my readers with unusually good musical memories may recall the furore in recording and musical circles created by a group of boys calling themselves "The Mound City Blue Blowers" back in 1923-1924. They were very much the same kind of sensation that the Mills Brothers are today; obtaining most unusually weird and bizarre effects which were secured on their records through such simple and home-made artifices as tissue paper and a comb, a whisk broom against the side of a suit case, and singing into cupped hands. They bolstered themselves up with a very fine saxophonist and banjo player, and their records were not only unusual



Rudy Vallee's orchestra as seen in the New York production of the Vanities—"Musical Justice"

to listen to, but gave fine dansapation, (apologies to Abel Green!)

It was my good fortune while I was playing in London in 1924-1925 to hear them at the Piccadilly Hotel, where they created quite a sensation. At best they were a short-lived entertainment feature. Two or three of their records sufficed for the evening, as they all sounded more or less the same, and of course offered little variation. They went out of the picture shortly after their London tour, and I have often wondered what became of them.

I was rather pleased, about a year ago, when I learned that the "Mound City Blue Blowers" were going to be on our Fleischmann program, and I had the pleasure of greeting the boys, and watching them work. Their leader, a rather serious and determined, red-headed individual, stocky, well-built, was responsible for most of the clever vocal work. He is none other than Red MacKenzie who, with the coming of the new vogue of throaty, baritone quality, has decided that he, too, should be on the bandwagon of the new style. So remarkable is his ability that he is often mistaken for several other exponents of the new art, and his Brunswick record is a fine tribute to his ability, as the song JUST FRIENDS was really started through his lone efforts.

The song has an odd triplet of quarter notes, which I am afraid rather frightens the lay-mind. Still, after the public's acceptance of "Stardust," one of the trickiest of songs, anything may happen! I am very sure that with the efficiency of Robbins exploitation behind it, "Just Friends" will be at least a fair-sized hit.

The writers are two of Tin Pan Alley's old timers, Sam Lewis being considerably the older of the two, though John Klenner has been bobbing around the Alley for years. John and I wrote together "I'm Still Caring," when he was practically a piano demonstrator, and a good one; he has since followed with "Lonely Troubadour," "Down the River of Golden Dreams," and "Heartaches." Sam Lewis has written so many tunes that to try to enumerate them would probably fill nearly half of the rest of this article. Chief among his hits are "Crying for the Carolines," "Have a Little Faith in Me," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

JUST FRIENDS, if it does nothing else, will establish Red MacKenzie as a starter of songs, which will mean that he will be waylaid, and snared, and trapped by the contact men of Tin Pan Alley.

Especially on account of the triplet that I spoke of, we slow the whole tune down to about one minute for the chorus.

My Co-Ed

WHERE oh where are the waltzes that we *should* have to play and sing? Outside of the "nut" songs, the biggest hits of the past several years have been waltzes, and yet the publishers are breaking their backs to find fox trot hits, when the chances of finding another "Goodnight Sweetheart" or "Little White Lies" is about one in twenty. I have often wondered why

READ about the Beauty Contest on page 6.

RADIO DIGEST temporarily withdraws its offer of autograph photographs for subscriptions during the month of February in order that it may catch up with the orders already received. In a few instances the artists have either delayed sending us the photographs or have been away on theatrical tours. Later the offer probably will be renewed.

they have not sent the song-writing genius home with the instructions to dig down for a hit waltz.

A little friend of mine who has been in Chicago for the past year or so, representing Sherman Clay Music Company, one Bob Shaffer, has importuned me for several months to look over a song which he mailed me written in 6/8 time, and which, in its original construction, was neither here nor there.

After having a fine arrangement made of it as a waltz, we found "My Co-Ed" to be a very likeable composition. There is an odd similarity in the general tenor of the composition to "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," but it could hardly be said to be anything really like the other composition. There is just a feeling, probably due to the tonal side of the piece, of the same tender, wistful, collegiate thought.

We enjoy playing it a great deal, and I believe Sherman Clays are going to put it out, if they have not already done so.

Auf Wiederseh'n

I DOUBT if I shall ever forget this number as I was most embarrassed on the Fleischmann Hour when, in the course of some ad lib remarks concerning its authorship, I credited "Auf Wiederseh'n" to Messrs. Klages, Meskill and Rose. While these three boys have written a great many songs, this is not one of theirs; what made me lean in that particular direction is beyond me, other than I must have confused it with a song which they had written and which had preceded "Auf Wiederseh'n" in another group.

At first glance the German title might lead you to believe that it was another "Zwei Herten," having come to Amer-

ica from Germany, and in a German picture. Oddly enough, however, the only German to be found in the entire song is the title itself, which is repeated several times in the chorus; it was not written for a picture, and is just a very fine popular song, the work of four gentlemen, all of them song experts, so it should have some merit.

Chief among the writers is Milton Ager, for whose gentlemanly qualities and whose intelligent faculties I have such a high admiration, and who has, with Jack Yellen, written so many delightful popular songs over a period of many years. He allied himself with the writing team of Hoffman, Goodhart and Nelson, three boys who have finally focused attention upon themselves in the Alley, and who are doing mighty good work.

There is a hint in the middle part of "Auf Wiederseh'n" of the "Old Refrain," which gives it a German air quite unmistakable, and anyone who ever saw that superb Universal picture, "The Merry-Go-Round," will never forget the haunting qualities of the "Old Refrain," and "Auf Wiederseh'n" becomes a lovely thing because of that.

In fact, on our broadcast of it, half the chorus was made up of a violin solo consisting of that beloved composition.

Ager, Yellen & Bornstein have undergone a slight change in directorship. One of their most loyal, energetic, and sincere workers, one Irving Tanz, who for years has been devoting himself to making the firm a success, has been taken in as a partner, to replace Jack Yellen who, unfortunately, is now free-lancing. However, they are still very good friends, and it is merely the result of this changing age, and for that reason I would be very happy if "Auf Wiederseh'n" caught on with the public fancy.

The writers and we who introduce songs, can only hope and guess, but the fate of any song is entirely in your hands.

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

Adios

"SCANDALS" usually finishes each night about ten or twelve minutes after eleven. A few seconds after the curtain has closed, I am in my dressing room making my change for the Pennsylvania Grill. I have installed a small radio in the room and as I dress it is my pleasure to tune in on various bands. I was struck one night by a beautiful composition which turned out to be the signature of the band that was playing it. The orchestra was a fine one under the direction of one Enric Madriguera, playing for the supper dancing at the Hotel Biltmore. As I listened for the closing announcement, I learned that

(Continued on page 75)



She doesn't sing blues—and a red-head! That's one of the reasons why the Lone Star listeners around Houston think Miss Anderson has a chance as the beauty representative of KTLC. But then she has many other qualifications, besides being a gifted lyric soprano. She is the artist's idea of beauty with her amber eyes, titian-red curls, peaches-and-cream complexion. She stands four feet ten and with every ounce of her 104 pounds bespeaking feminine loveliness.

Elizabeth Anderson



Celeste Rader Bates

Beauty and brains conspired to work together in the person of Miss Bates of KGDM, Stockton, Calif. She is a shapely blue-eyed blonde who simply fits in at any post in a broadcasting station. She began as accompanist at KFWI; then she was discovered to have a voice excellently adapted to the microphone, both for singing and announcing. She arranges programs and succeeds very well at selling time. Maybe the good looks help her to do all this.

Miriam Dearth



Oklahoma challenges the whole radio world to produce an equal to Miss Dearth whose exceptional talent has endeared her to many thousands of listeners who tune in WNAD at Norman, Oklahoma. She has a self-reliant grace and a winning air of frank sincerity typical of the strong men and women who originate and thrive in this section of the country. Her studio associates are confident that their loyal listeners will command the crown for Miss Dearth.



Alice Holcomb

One may well fancy Miss Alice as a prototype of the proud vivacious beauty of the Old South. Dark brown eyes that flash fire or smile mysteriously, wavy black hair, a queenly brow and regal chin—she has excellent qualifications to win honors in this tournament of American radio queens. She plays the violin and through that instrument the listeners of WFAA, Dallas, have come to love her for the feeling she portrays. It seems to express her own soul in its voice.

Hazel Johnson

From the Sunny Southland we turn to a crystal queen enthroned mid the snow-clad hills of the Dakotas. But there is nothing cold about the smile or the heart of Hazel Johnson at KFYZ, Bismarck. Back of those dreamy eyes is a storehouse of songs from which she draws her Musical Memories broadcast feature. Once she has heard a song it becomes a part of her being—she does not forget. Lovely sentiments are therefore reflected in her personality—Bismarck will speak with ballots.





**Helen
Musselman**

Youth and charm radiate from the happy personality of this little ingenue at KGO, Pacific coast key station of the NBC. There are many charming young women at KGO and the selection of Miss Musselman as a representative in the Radio Digest search for a listener's choice of radio queen was a matter of deep consideration. Helen is 19 and first became conspicuous for her dramatic ability while a student in class theatricals at California State Teacher's College.

Rita Lane

This is the little lass whose sweet soprano voice singing "Mavourneen" has thrilled countless thousands over KPO, Oakland, California. Perhaps this photo is not entirely to Rita's advantage for she is only 5 feet tall. An exquisite creature of curves, blue beguiling eyes and sunlit hair. She is on the air at various times every day and many thousands have their dials set to hear her on her scheduled programs. Carl Nunan predicts she will win the crown as American Radio Queen.





Nellie Santigosa

A true Catalonian beauty, born in Barcelona, Spain, of talented parents. Her father, an actor, and mother, a musician, it was inevitable that she should become an artist. Miss Santigosa was educated in Los Angeles but recently returned from Barcelona where she studied to develop her coloratura voice. She has been heard in opera at various times and is actively identified with KROW, which sponsors her candidacy for the radio beauty queen of America.



Julietta Novis

Already acclaimed Radio Queen of Los Angeles and Hollywood, Miss Novis is nominated by KFWB of Movietown for national honors in the same sphere. She is 22 and gifted with a beautiful face, fine figure and exceptional soprano voice. She began her vocal studies at the age of fourteen under Allen Ray Carpenter, New York. She is a newcomer to radio although she has been in musical comedy, church singing and in concert tours. Five feet, three; auburn hair, blue eyes and fair skin.



Madeline Sivyer

Winning beauty contests have been frequent and regular occurrences for Miss Sivyer of KQW, San Jose, and KTAB, San Francisco. At the age of 16 she was runner-up for the California State Beauty Contest. She is five feet, five; weighs 118 pounds, has brown eyes and a glorious crown of fluffy brown hair. She sings soprano, plays the violin in concerts, and is exhibition dancer. She supports her mother and family of three; known as "the girl who always smiles."

**Annabell
Wickstead**



Dangerous Nan McGrew? Scarcely! But that's not saying she wouldn't know how to pop that weapon she's fondling if she had need to. However, that smile is her most effective weapon. She's a real daughter of the Southwest and sings from El Paso studios of the Mexican stations XEQ, Juarez, and XFF, Chihuahua. She is considered one of the best blues crooners in the Southwest. Her voice has captivated the listeners of two nations, and she's already a queen in the Rio Grande domain. Viva! Queen Ann!

HITS-QUIPS-SLIPS

By INDI-GEST



Heah-yez! Heah-yez!
Heah-yez! This Honorable
Court of Indi-Jesters will
now come to order. Mr.
Clerk, call the first case.

Clerk: "Graham McNamee at the bar. Complainant,
William H. Eldridge, 1101 Third Ave., Hibbing, Minn."

Indi: "Yeah, go on."

Clerk: "Complainant says that during the Notre
Dame and Southern California game the defendant said,
"You see a game like this only once in a while and then
not very often."

Indi: "Ha! Fine the complainant a two verse poem.
Pay now."

Eldridge: "My error. Here 'tis."



A VOICE

"A dulcet voice that shapes each word
Into a little tune,
Its tones if by a woman heard
Brings thoughts of love in June."

"This voice that has so much appeal
Is used for duller means.
It recommends for every meal
A certain brand of beans."

Indi: "Give the defendant the air. Fine the
court \$1 and pay the complainant.." Next.

Sad Tale of a Tired Donkey

ONCE there was a sad and lonely donkey
whose friends had all deserted him because
of his shabby and unkempt appearance. But
he could not help it. His caudal appendage was a
disgrace to the Democratic party—and he knew it;
but, no, he could not help it. So he shambled off
to a yard in Central Park by himself and indulged in
dreams of what he might have been if his tail had
been different. And the more he thought about it
the bluer he felt until overcome with his unhappy
lot he lifted up his voice in the most doleful wail.

"At least," he wept, "even I, donkey that I am,
should have been blessed with something more re-
spectable than a cross between a frayed rope and
a feather duster for mere decency's sake."

His eyes were so full of tears he did not notice
that an automobile had halted beside the fence to
his yard. His ears were so full of his own woes he
did not hear the gay laughter of
girlish voices. Oh how he had
envied the monkeys, the bears,
the elephant and the lions! Every-
body had always rushed to see
these animals. But who ever paid
the slightest attention to a shabby
skinny-tailed donkey?

This is the un-
happy tail of the
tired donk. The
picture is con-
tinued on the
next page.



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

"Oh isn't he the sleepest old dar-
ling!" It was the voice of a beautiful
radio star—adored by millions.

"Just look at him. I'd like to lean on
him to see if he would fall over!"
exclaimed another lovely voice.

"And what a cute, funny tail!"
chimed in a third pretty singer.

They gathered around the self-pity-
ing donkey and even posed with him
for a photo. But he never moved once
from his tracks. He was so sad with his
feeling of depression he did not even
notice that they were there. So finally
they went away and to this day he
does not know that he had lived a
moment of glory, the center of atten-
tion of the famous Boswell Sisters,
America's angels of the air.

And here is a bit between Vin-
cent Lopez and his announcer.

Announcer: "Vince, a listener has
sent in a request. Will you do it?"

Lopez speaking: "Why certainly."

Announcer: "Well, That's What I
Like About You."

Lopez: "Thanks, that's nice of you,
but what is the request?"

—Marvel V. Culver,

221 Stone St., Saginaw, Mich.

Cheer up you weepy-eyed old donk, look who's here! The Boswell Sisters!

Hawaii is High Strung

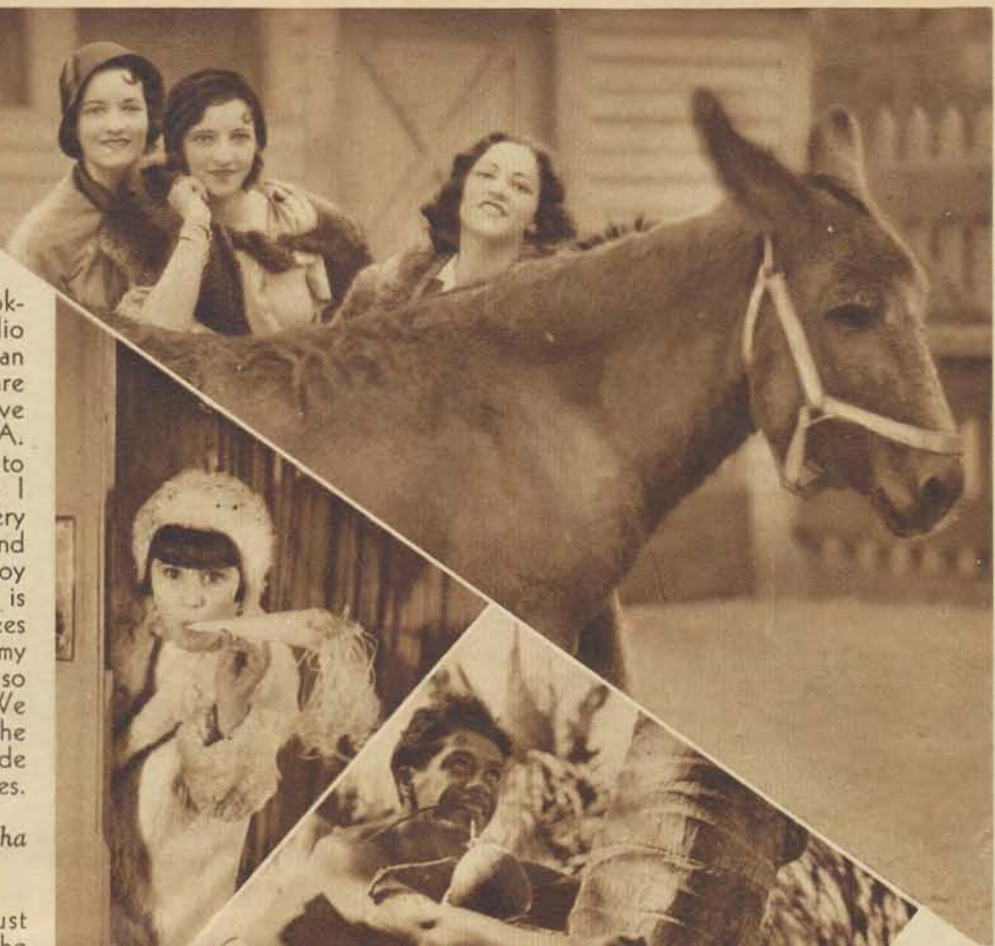
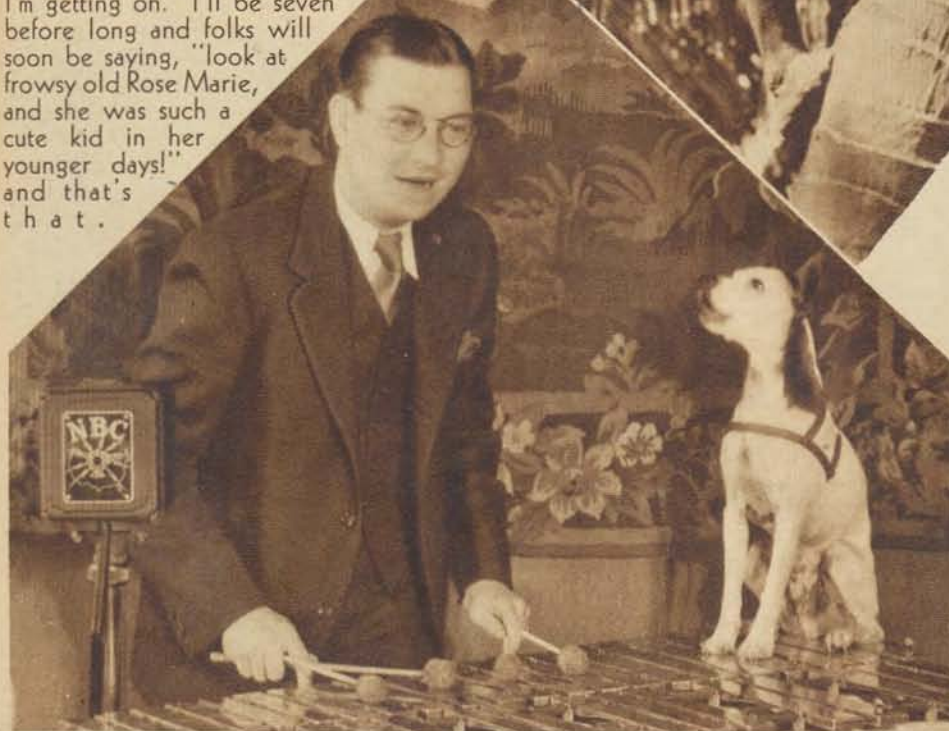
Dear Indi:

WE like much the new chain hook-up so we buy new radio quite plenty everybody on Hawaiian islands for nice music. I hear you are much fond our Hawaiian troop so we make plenty music for you too by B. A. Rolfe who makes the gold hornetta to sing. Ta! Tatatata! What that mean I never know but sounds quite so very good, I think. He play fiddle, and ukulele like he knows how from a boy up to what he is now a man. There is much new wires going up in the trees over all Hawaiian homes now and my toes have a big ake from to climb so many trees to hang up the wires. We hear your music come down from the skies from far over the ocean and slide down the wires to our radio boxes. Very respectfully yours.

Al Loha

"Lo, Baby!"

OH HELLO, everybody! Just thought I'd stick my head in the door as I was going by. Keep your seats, gentlemen, I'm not coming in really. My chauffeur has been waiting about an hour in the car and I suppose he wants to get going. I've simply got to see about that new contract this morning. Oh what a life, I simply detest these business details. But one must keep going—make hey, hey while the moon shines, as the ancients used to say, and goodness knows I'm getting on. I'll be seven before long and folks will soon be saying, "look at frowsy old Rose Marie, and she was such a cute kid in her younger days!" and that's t h a t .



How do you like my white fur bonnet? Christmas, gee, it's getting late. Well, whoopsie, everybody. Toot! Toot! I'm off!"

Doggerel

"Sweet Ad-eee-line, my fe-air canine . . .
For ye-ow, wow, I whine . . .
You-r-r-rrh tha' yi-doll of m-yi her-rrht,
Sweeeoof Ad-eee-line!"

Dear Indi:

YOU probably can't make much out of that, but you should hear my dog, Rowdy, sing it. He's doubtless the best canine warbler that ever licked a ham bone. He loves to hear me play the xylophone—at least I think he does—and gets all excited over his crooning (I call it crooning, you may call it madness). He strikes a tenor attitude and utters deep bass notes, "ma-ma, ma-ma" just like that. He's a wow at mammy songs. Get's hot, just like Al Jolson. Old ladies and children sometimes feel alarmed when he acts that way and I keep right on playing. They think he wants to bite me. But such is not the case. He is



simply endeavoring to improve his head tones. Such low jazzy stuff I think is a bit degrading, even for Rowdy. I am trying to cultivate his higher appreciation for the better things in music. He has such a deep melodious voice I believe I can teach him to sing, "Asleep in the Deep." Listen in sometime. We are on KOA at Denver.

Yours truly,
Ralph Hansell.



Dr. Sigmund Spaeth as he appeared over W2XCR transfigured as a gay troubador of the Naughty Nineties.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER REINCARNATION

Transmuter Rejuvenates

By Anna Nyus, D-D., O. O.

NOW that television is an old story science is on the verge of announcing another great discovery.

Reincarnation is just around the corner.

Just think of it—the magic of radio and the miraculous revelations of the all-powerful short waves. Science will resolve into its original composition complete living bodies that have been dissolved through interruption of vital functions.

Life is just one radio wave after another. The pulsing rhythm of the heart beat, the quivering nerve, the tingle and trembling touch of love, fear, sorrow—all are one form or other of radio activity.

And now reincarnation! Out of the alchemy of tubes, retorts, coils, vats, whirring wheels, chemical affinities and atomic dissection the graybeards and baldheads of the laboratories have simmered and welded together one thing and another so that by a simple touch of a button, certain chemical waves converge, amalgamate and form a vibrating living being.

Every living thing has its short-wave key. This source of energy is communicated from the sun, nature's perpetual transmitter.

Of course reincarnation right now is in the pre-crystal stage. So far the scientists have been unable to restore the dead to life. But that time will



Noble Sissle working up a hoodoo.

Here is a new version of an old gag. It was presented in this style by "Dick and Harry" over WGN.

"Who was that ladle I saw you with last night?"

"That was no ladle, that was my knife."

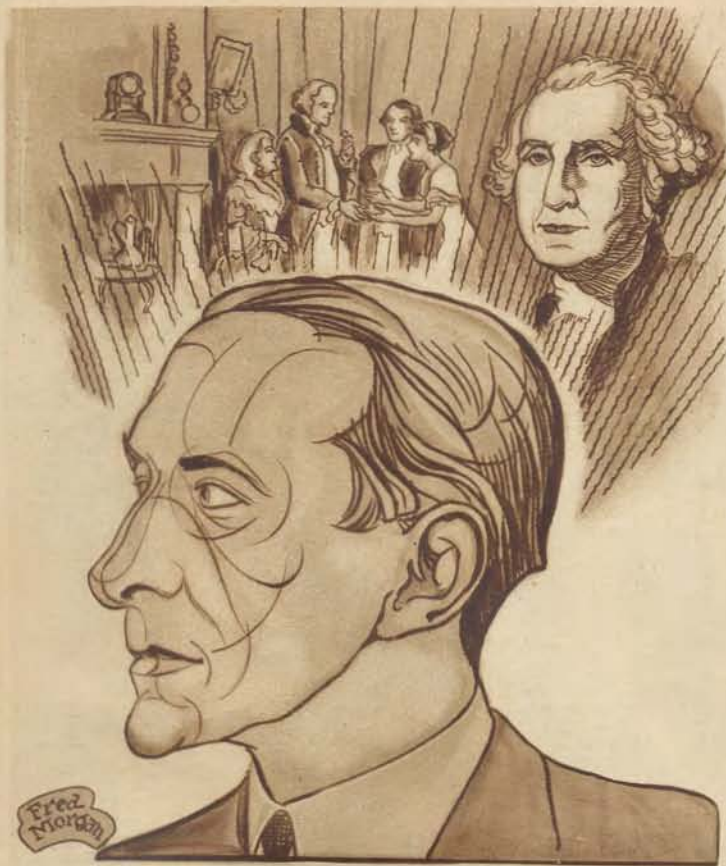
—Eleanor Merriam,
4649 Woodlawn,
Chicago, Ill.

At the close of an Armour program which had featured Francis X. Bushman, the actor, the announcer said:

"Armour and Co. have always presented the best in hams."

No doubt Bushman's face reddened a bit at this, as his latest efforts have had "that salty tang."

—Myra Lorenz,
Abbot Crest Hotel,
Milwaukee, Wis.



come after all the theoretical sources and laws of radio energy have been thoroughly mastered. At present the scientists are carrying on their experiments with living organisms. They have progressed through the transmutation of the primary life structures, the bacilli, up through the animal kingdom to the higher apes; finally primitive man and at last to the highest type of human.
(Continued on page 49)

These Artists Bring Heroes to Life

There is one form of reincarnation by radio for which the radio listeners do not have to wait. They may hear the voices of our departed heroes as though in the flesh. For these voices are interpreted by skilled impersonators who step into their sacred roles with true sympathy and feeling.

In this month of February all patriotic Americans pay reverence to our two great immortals—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

These two great Americans live again through the bodies of two great actors. On the left Mr. Fred Morgan has given us a sketch of Pedro de Cordoba, eminent actor, who speaks impressively as the voice of George Washington. On the right we are presented to Mr. Charles Webster who has become renowned as the Lincoln of the air.

Both are shining star of the Soconyland Players.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Webster is an Englishman, which makes his success in portraying great Americans all the more notable.



Jackie Clark whose educated shoes speak eloquently for sponsors over CBS.



Ray Perkins and his gabby pal whom he has playfully dubbed The Old Topper.



Radio Village News

FOLKS in Fairfield County, Connecticut, are walking around unarmed and leaving their doors unlocked all night. Nothing happens. Reason: Dick Gordon has been appointed deputy sheriff and given a star. Dick, is well known in Radio Village as the Sherlock Holmes of NBC. Murderers give up and plead for mercy when Dick puts his nose to the trail. Dick was born in the county and is hoping that some of the better known New York gangsters will cross his path up Fairfield way. Here's luck, old sleuth.

* * *

PAT BARNES who has more alias voices than a dog has fleas had to have a spell of sickness to really find out how many friends he has in the radio audience. Blessed if the listeners just didn't almost bury him alive with letters and messages. Many of the cards bore hand painted pictures and well-wishing sentiments.

* * *

FRED SMITH, father of that pinnacle of radio achievement, The March of Time, has left his radio child in other

Beautiful senorita dancing girls, gory bull fights, romance and gallant chivalry—that's the theme in the mind of the listener during a Vincent Lopez program. And Vincent has been building it up for many years. We've got a fine story about him for our next issue.

hands and gone off to the Mediterranean shore to write a book for himself. "You can live over there for less than half what it costs in New York," he said to ye ed, "and I can get a nine room house all furnished for a whole year with service thrown in for about what a three room apartment in Manhattan would cost me for three months. I've always wanted to write, now is my chance." O. K., Fred, you lucky dog. Don't wear holes in your type-writer ribbon.

* * *

OLD SINGIN' SAM, the barber pole man, dug out his old burnt cork outfit and has been doing quite a lot of his darky pieces in the opera houses round about the Village. He has to step right lively getting back to the studio to do his piece on the air between acts. Sometimes he comes up the elevator with a few black smears on his face but almost everybody knows him and gives him the wink. "You ain't

been misplacin' the hair tonic, have ye Sam," asked one of the boys one night. Sam knuckled up and almost busted him in the nose. Sam is not that kind of a fellow. He leaves it alone no matter what form it's in.

* * *

MORT DOWNEY has been patronizing Jac Auer's reduction works up in the Chrysler roof. Leo Byrnes, one of our R. D. reporters, wanted to snap a picture of Mort getting some of the surplus lard kneaded out of this system but Mort ducked out on him. Watch out for that boy Byrnes, Mort, he's a go-getter like his uncle, Floyd Gibbons. Leo's ma and Floyd are brother and sister. Floyd was up getting rolled himself not long ago. Jac says he'd like to put one of his Swedish terrier gals to work on Kate Smith, but Kate smiled and shook her head. "Why should I?" she quizzed, "I feel fine the way I am. If I felt any better I'd be sick. So, why bother?" Maybe you're right, Kate, you wouldn't be the same otherwise.

* * *

MAY BREEN and Peter de Rose are certainly two love birds. They seem to be unhappy if they are away

from each other even for a few minutes. May was in a store buying some pretties with Peter at her side. A giddy little shop girl begged May for an autograph. And after May had signed her name the young thing turned to Peter and said, "Oh please, Mr. Breen, won't you sign it too?" Peter almost ran out the door, his face red as a beet.

Mayor Matt Thompkins called a town meeting down at the Village Barn on January 7th which turned out to be quite a social affair after the regular business had been disposed of. Elmer stood out in front with a kerosene lantern directing folks how to get in through the stable door. Instead of hard cider they had little log cabins setting around on the tables that were filled with syrup—tasted mighty good on the waffles. There was chicken and gravy and apple pie and ice cream served by the Ladies Aid. Essie Watts sang several pieces and put on her usual airs. Another young woman recited about poetry in her soul. She was so serious you didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Squire Schusqueak called off the square dances. And a good time was had by all.

Just Around the Corner

(Continued from page 47)

On the 32nd of January, 1932, the master demonstration of all time was held in the amphitheatre of the WGBS-W2XCR research laboratories in New York. Dr. Morgan Stewart, foremost pioneer of all shortwave experimenters, addressed a tense audience of notables including the world's greatest scientists, broadcasters, and broadcast artists.

"Gentlemen," he said, "one of our number has consented for the cause of science to submit himself to this incredible test. He is a musician of exceptional talent. His physical structure is keenly sensitive to harmonic rhythm. We will place him at the center of focus of our million watt transmutter. Almost instantly he will be converted back to a flicker of time some thirty-five years ago. Gentlemen, allow me to present Dr. Sigmund Spaeth."

Dr. Spaeth, immaculate and groomed with his accustomed dignity, stepped forward and bowed. He seemed a trifle pale but imbued with the importance of the great experiment.

Suddenly there was a whirr and a blinding flash of violet light. The learned master reeled, then stiffened, his eyes blinked rapidly and like a dissolving picture in the cinema his formal dress vanished and he appeared in a checkered coat, plaid vest, a prodigious tie and tight collar. Sideburns frizzled out in front of his ears and curled

crisply. His upper lip sprouted a mouse-like moustache. He strutted forward and began to sing.

"After the ball is over
After the break of day . . ."

Harold Stein, the noted television photographer, snapped a picture. Other photographs were taken. These were to prove to the world that the experiment had been a success. Moreover the incident was flashed everywhere on the W2XCR wave.

For ten minutes Dr. Spaeth entertained the spell-bound observers with songs of the Gay Nineties. Then the light snapped off. The odd looking figure of the singer twisted, shivered, blurred and once more appeared the smiling and happy person of Dr. Spaeth as he had appeared before the experiment.

Dr. Stewart did not attempt to explain all that had taken place before the eyes of his audience. But his remarks were significant.

"Reincarnation is just around the corner," he said. "Of course with every known cycle of vibration charted and analyzed in a given subject it is comparatively easy to accomplish what you

have seen here today. Now that the Einstein theory has become so simple to the most of us it has become possible to use some of those principles in carrying on this work.

"To restore a Napoleon, a Washington, or possibly to go back to an Egyptian king will mean mathematical problems of greatest magnitude, the tracing of living descendants, tests of residue matter of the former living bodies. But the time will come when we shall see reincarnation and with what you have seen today I am sure you will agree with me that, counting time as we do these days, it is indeed, just around the corner."

Animated discussion followed immediately. New problems were projected. Had death been conquered at last? Could the departed be restored and banished again? Could condemned and executed criminals be legally restored? Could laws be passed to turn condemned criminals over to the experimentation of science?

The world waits anxiously every step of this next evolution of science. However, practical reincarnation is still in the laboratory stage.



"You'd better throw it back in the creek 'fore the game warden catches you. That fish ain't of age to be caught and you ought to be ashamed of yourself as a Stebbins to be takin' it away from its mother."

G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. "The air is all cluttered up with columnists today. Every network has from one to three gabbers. They're all over the place like ants at a picnic . . . but the pioneer of them all was a girl named Bertha Brainard, who ten years ago conducted the first column on the air and called it "Broadcasting Broadway."

Bertha Brainard became interested in wireless through a crystal set owned by her little brother . . . and conceived the idea of a newspaper column on the air. She went to the nearest station — WJZ in Newark with her idea. She clicked and before long, Bertha Brainard Broadcasting Broadway was one of the most eagerly awaited periods on the air and brought vast armies of converts to radio. At that time, there were only three stations of any importance, Newark, Schenectady,

and Pittsburgh. Then, Miss Brainard got another inspiration, that of putting interviews on the air . . . and incidentally, it may or may not interest you to know that I was her first subject.

At that time, (ten years ago last Thanksgiving), I was in a New York Hospital. I had been there then for two years. The nurse announced a young lady reporter to see me. Having been a young lady reporter myself once, I was interested.

Miss Brainard explained that she thought a message from me would be of interest to the radio audience. She asked me if I had anything to be thankful for. Holidays are sad days for people in hospitals and I was no exception. I was trying very hard to get in a note of optimism and happiness . . . but it was a good deal

like the little boy who whistled while passing the cemetery. I can still see the puzzled expression on her face when I laughingly told her I was thankful I didn't have to ride in the subway.

I was grateful for our fine American doctors. I was grateful to the nuns and the nurses who were devoting their lives to taking care of people who

phatically feminine . . . and with the wisdom of Minerva. She is no sentimentalist, either. She allows no friendships to sway her judgment. She feels her first duty is to the radio public . . . to put on and to keep putting on good programs. Radio is her life's work . . . and next to her mother, is truly the love of her life. Miss Brainard is proud

of radio . . . and zealous for its future. And, no wonder, either, for she has seen it grow from infancy and has herself played no small part in its successful development. A mother who raised a son to be president couldn't take any more pride in her offspring than Bertha Brainard does in the progress of radio.

If occasion demands, Miss Brainard can apply the iron hand but always with justice tempered with mercy and it's always encased in a velvet glove.

Her offices are about the most

commodious in the elaborate headquarters of NBC and reflect her artistic tastes and preferences. Rich draperies cover the walls and a vase of yellow roses always occupies a stand near the window. But the piece de resistance of her office equipment is a tiny upright piano. The top of it is a register for celebrities . . . sort of a scroll of honor.

And the highest compliment paid to a visitor to the NBC offices is to be asked to autograph Miss Brainard's piano. Cardinal Hayes is among the signatories and there is a long list of notables that

reads like a "Who's Who" in the business, social, religious, political and artistic life of the nation. From her desk she carries on the daily routine with dispatch and efficiency. When not consulting with radio artists,

(Continued on page 73)



A group of celebrities—Seated, left to right, Fannie Hurst, Nellie Revell and Mrs. Irvin Cobb. Standing: Irvin Cobb, Daniel Frohman and Burton Hendricks

can't have sense enough to take care of themselves. I was grateful for the many friends who were standing by me.

The interview brought thousands of letters for Miss Brainard and myself. The message had landed. And that, dear friends, is the history of the first interview put on the air by the first columnist of the air . . . Bertha Brainard Broadcasting Broadway.

Bertha Brainard is an outstanding example of our modern business woman. Although she fills a man's job, she's not masculine. On the contrary, she is em-

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

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS IN RADIO?

... the answer lies in correct training ...
the type you get at RCA Institutes. It is
America's oldest radio school. Special new
course on broadcasting and microphone
technique just announced.

NO other career offers you the interesting life that radio does. Think of it! Each branch is different ... broadcast station or studio operation, aviation radio, the new possibilities in television, servicing of home entertainment equipment, disc and film recording, talking pictures ...

Wouldn't *you* like to enter radio? Today it is difficult unless you have the correct training. This advertisement offers you the chance to get this training. All you need to do is clip and mail the coupon below ... and in a few days you will have full details about RCA Institutes courses.

RCA Institutes is America's oldest radio school ... founded 22 years ago ... and thousands of graduates can testify to the worthwhile training they received. It is associated with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. What more need you know?

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YOU LEARN microphone technique right in our own studios

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Write for general catalog and full details on any particular phase of radio in which you are interested. Use the coupon.

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At last you can learn broadcasting from the men who have been associated with it from the first...modern broadcasting as it has never been taught before!


RCA Institutes announces a new course on the technique of the microphone... the servicing of equipment ... all phases of broadcast operation. And the entire course was prepared in cooperation with engineers of NBC and CBS! There is also a special coach for positioning, and the use of vocal chords before the microphone.

Check the box in the coupon below marked "Microphone Technique" for complete details on this new course. The classes are filling rapidly—so do not delay! Send in your coupon at once.

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MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask
Her about the Stars You Admire*

“MAYBE we can atone for our error,” mumbled Toddles, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, the feather in her Empress Eugenie hat shaking with just a wee bit of uncertainty (I’ve told her exactly one thousand times to get a new one to replace the wobbly ornament—but she holds on tenaciously to anything once she gets it—she’s so sentimental). “Maybe we can atone for our error,” she repeated “by giving Marcelians a picture of Wendell Hall, so that they will forget we said he was not broadcasting.” “Toddles,” I declared, “I’ll present you with an American flag for G. Washington’s birthday, if you can make them forget, for one instant that you deceived them.” With a grace becoming a bird of her feather, Toddles swooned in my arms, gasping, “I deceive them—oh-h-h.” And she’s been swooning ever since but will probably recover most unexpectedly when this column has been sent to the printer. Now I’m not saying a thing that she has an aversion to work.



Wendell Hall

Enough to say that letters came in from all around Detroit—letters from Al Terry, M. B. of Royal Oak, E. M. Robson of London, Ont., and Ralph H. Patt, Pub. Dir. of WJR, et al, threatening us of some impending disaster if we do not make some correction. So here’s to Wendell Hall, Red-headed Music Maker who is master of Ceremonies of the R. G. Dun Rhythm Club broadcasts on WJR. He invariably has a cee-gar between his lips—but he probably tucked it behind his left ear while posing for this photo. Did you ever see Wendell’s hair? It’s as red as a flamingo’s. Married to a charming young woman who was Marion Martin. They both live in Chicago and Wendell commutes to Detroit three times a week to start the ceremonies on his program. Before the days of radio, his archives yield the information that he made successful vaudeville tours and appeared as feature soloist with many of the country’s leading dance orchestras. And just before he made his debut into radio, he appeared from coast to coast and in Canada with his singing vaudeville act, *The Singing Xylophonist*. Questions of

age and place of birth are taboo. “Born lots of places down south” is his specific reply to urgent demands for his birth-place.

* * *

AND while we are going from Chicago to Detroit and back to Chicago, all NBC announcers in the Windy City are married except two—and they are Ted Pearson and Charlie Lyon. Toddles already has her billets-doux in to the boys but I’m sure she won’t give the girls very much competition—unless she is outfitted with a new wardrobe, but that’s impossible, because she is spending all of her money on unemployed pigeons and buying apples from pigeon vendors.

* * *

NOW let’s go back to WJR, Detroit and meet Charles Penman, announcer and dramatic director, who is 35, married, Englishman by birth. His childhood was spent in India, but admits to having absolutely nothing to do with the present crisis in that land. Belonged to the English navy and served in the World War. While he was stationed in Australia where he accompanied the Prince of Wales from England, he formed the acquaintance of some stage lights. Left the navy to try work on the stage and since that time has played with many outstanding lights. Toured with Walker Whiteside for several years. Mr. Penman is six feet tall, is stockily built and has light brown hair and blue eyes.



Chas. Penman

* * *

ONE more trip to WJR, Detroit, this month—and it’s worth the journey because it’s about Bill Doemling, youngest member of the announcing staff. He is tall and slender, stands five feet ten inches high and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. See him standing in the corner over there with Frank Gill. You know he met Frank while he was a student at Detroit City College and they teamed up then and there. Frank by the way is the Phan-



Bill Doemling

tom Announcer Detroit listeners are so carzy about.

* * *

MRS. PENNY-FEATHER, one of Raymond Knight’s KUKU’s staff, is Adelina Thomason offstage. She is married to a retired army colonel. The mannerisms of Mrs. Pennyfeather are not entirely made of whole cloth but have their origin in one of Mrs. Pennyfeather’s schoolmasters—especially the giggle and the affected “yes.” Mrs. Thomason comes to the mike with fifteen years of stage experience, having been a finished actress of serious drama. Her father, Andrew O’Connor, is a noted Massachusetts sculptor and so is her brother, Andrew, who is internationally known for his bronze and marble masterpieces. Her husband, Col. Henry D. Thomason, was a prominent medical officer who was associated with Walter Reed in caring for those afflicted with yellow fever in Cuba. They spent several years in Europe, visiting the home cities of the music masters, and for a while Mrs. Thomason wrote interesting dramatizations about these composers and presented them over CBS. And from the sublime to the ridiculous, her favorite dish is baked beans. Loves grand opera, reads *Whitman’s*



A. Thomason

Leaves of Grass for inspiration and wears the clothes the Colonel buys for her—even hats. Florence and Mildred, her two sisters are married to Waterman Williams and Paton Kendall, respectively, both prominent citizens of Worcester.

* * *



Street Singer

HERE’S the closeup view of Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, which so many R. D. readers requested. He knows something like nine languages and goes through all with an equal flu-



Donald Bain

ency. Feature article about him appeared in the December issue.

KTBS listeners who have been missing the voice of that singing announcer, Hal Moore, can get him by dialing KLRA, Little Rock, Ark. Has been in this

announcin' business for a year and a half—and already has ambitions to talk over a 50,000 watt station. Here's hoping that the next move will be to a fifty grand.

* * *

DONALD BAIN is a sound effect man, and the only mechanism he uses is his larynx. After one of Mr. Bain's radio performances, a farmer wrote him that his Leghorn rooster which had been unduly taciturn, despite the many overtures made to him, started to cackle and continued to cackle for five minutes—so realistic was Mr. Bain's imitation. He can do much better than the Street Singer as a linguist for he speaks in 70 different bird languages. He was tutored by the birds themselves, and although they conferred no degree upon him he is recognized as one of the foremost bird-language authorities in the woods. He can also "take off" a train, auto horns, musical instruments and other kinds of animals. Mr. Bain was born and reared in Knoxville, Tenn. His father was Professor of Botany in the University of Tennessee and developed a clover disease resistance which



Mary Idelson

saved the farmers thousands of dollars. Donald never got into his father's classes, for the instruction he obtained at home from the elder Bain was quite sufficient for his culture. And besides he learned much more from his long tramps in the woods—with the birds as his professors. Has been frequently heard on the *Lady Next Door* program over NBC.

* * *

"CHERE MLE. MARCELLA," indites Pauline LeBlanc of Grand Rapids, Mich. "I have never experienced this so-called fan curiosity until I heard Mary Idelson of WCFL, Chicago. She is an outstanding artist and I can't help wondering as to why she isn't featured on chain broadcasts." As this column thrives on the radio curious, glad to have you as a victim, Pauline. Miss Idelson broadcasts over WCFL's way in Chicago. She was born in Forest Park, a suburb of that city. She has dark hair, brown eyes is five feet two and weighs about a hundred

pounds. If you ever see a young person answering to this description at a soda fountain, imbibing volumes and volumes of ice cream soda, you'll know it's Mary—for that's her one weakness. And it's pure ice cream soda—nothing stronger than that. She is a teacher of dramatic art and tap dancing at the Sherwood School of Dramatics. Skeezeix, the little chap who works with Quin Ryan over WGN, is her brother.

* * *

FOR the benefit of Wade, Sandra Crossley, Yolande and others, Horace Heidt is still on tour of the theatres. He is one of the near fatalities caused by football. But jazz has helped him to recover from eight operations. There have been a few changes in the Californians, Sandra, but the men who are members of the band now are: Charles Probble, Lee Lykins, Arthur Thorsen, Donald Renfrew, Harold Plummer, Clarence Moore, Robert Englander, Richard Morgan, Warren Lewis, Gene Knotts, Lee Fleming, Harold Moore, Luke Ehrhoff, Gerald Bowne and of course, Lobo. And among them all they can make the notes fly on two hundred and ten instruments. Mr. Heidt is a splendid business manager and insists that his men save twenty-five percent of their earnings. It's a cooperative membership and Horace himself just gets a little bit more for the manager-ship.

* * *

EDYTHE FERN SOUTHARD, Director of Publicity at WJAY, Cleveland, writes "Dear Marcella: Received your letter saying you had confiscated the pictures of Chuck Seaman, Karl Osborn and Kenny Ferguson. I'm not surprised—any woman would! I'm not going to tell you whether or not they are married. Just take it for granted that they're not and then try to start a flirtation by mail. I hope their wives get you if you do!" So my dears, you may draw your own conclusions. I for one suspect that they're married. Chuck is twenty-seven, has wavy hair and is five feet ten and a half. Is partial only to blondes, brunettes and others. Karl and Kenny are the harmony team on WJAY. Karl plays nine instruments and plays them well. Recently won the title "King of the Keys" conferred upon him in a contest for most popular radio



K. Osborn, C. Seaman, K. Ferguson

pianists. Collects mongrels and other pedigreed dogs as a hobby. Now for Kenny who's been in radio for eight years. Has traveled extensively—not only as a driver of a cab and a hearse. Was in Florida during the big wind storm but couldn't do a thing about it. He's the man who rocks the station to bed every evening with the lullaby, *Going Home*.

* * *

THIS is dedicated to Paul Griffin. Noble Sissle was born in Indianapolis in 1889 the son of the Rev. and Mrs. George A. Sissle. The father was a Methodist minister and the mother was a teacher of elocution. Noble's education at Butler College was cut short by the death of his father. Joined a jazz band in Indianapolis soon after and wended eastward. Met Eubie Blake in Baltimore and they soon mounted the heights of fame with their compositions. Enlisted in Bill Haywood's 15th New York Infantry and was in active service for eighteen months after which time he won a lieutenantancy. His orchestra provides jazz food to CBS listeners.

* * *

RUSS COLUMBO may be the Valentino of the air, but Robert Wyckoff is radio's Lon Chaney. He not only writes and produces his own sketches but assumes all of the character roles. At the present time he broadcasts over WOV, New York City and WBBC in Brooklyn, N. Y. The background for his interesting and dramatic skits may one week be a dressing-room in an English vaudeville theatre and another week in a lighthouse on the New England coast. Mr. Wyckoff has been interested in dramatics ever since he was a young boy and in radio he has found a fertile field for his vivid imagination.

* * *

E. M. ROBSON, of London, Ont. writes, "Thanks a lot for the article on Ed. Cullen. It was a big surprise for we thought we would have to wait ages for it, but I guess he made a hit with you just like he did with the large majority of his audiences when he played stock here for three or four seasons. You forgot to tell us if Eddie is now married." Ed Cullen is not married, E. M., and the last time I met him he was recovering from the Christmas plum puddin', and other fixin's. Ed has claim to a fine castle in Ireland.



Noble Sissle



R. Wyckoff

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

Musicians as Technicians

IT SPEAKS well for the technical side of radio progress that we now have our most distinguished musical organizations trusting their most sacred productions to broadcast transmission. Our great musicians themselves have taken the pains to study the technical problems involved and have aided materially in their advice and actual laboratory experiments. Trained musicians sit at the control boards beside the engineers guiding the modulation with their own hands as their eyes follow the score of the sheet music on the rack before them. They have become so intimately identified with this phase the electrical trade unions in some cities are demanding that these musicians must belong to their unions to sit in and perform these functions.

Europe Likes Our Radio---Sometimes

"WHAT a treat to hear American radio!" This was the essence of one message from England in response to an hour of broadcasting of typical American radio entertainment from the Columbia Broadcasting System studios in New York, picked up and rebroadcast in nine European countries. Advertising credits went along with the programs and there seemed to be no particular objection on the part of anybody. This doubtless will shock some of the malcontents at home here who have been trying to sell the idea in this country that American broadcasting has gone to the dogs, and that it would be much better to turn our radio over to a government bureau so that we can have the kind of programs Europeans have to take and pay for in cash on the other side of the Atlantic.

However, it seems our European friends do not so much mind our advertising on the air as they do the things we might say about international affairs. Last month in these columns we took occasion to comment on the mutually beneficial results to be gleaned by the transatlantic debate between teams of Oxford and Harvard students on the question of international debts. It seemed a splendid idea to have the question aired before all the people so that all could receive first hand the views of groups from both countries directly by word of mouth. Since then we have learned that such discussions are not permitted to go on the air in England and the debate was not broadcast over there. Such shortsightedness in authority may be one of the reasons for the political distraction that has kept Johnny Bull in hot water recently.

Enemies of the American Plan of Broadcasting have been gaining ground since the autumn season by staying quietly in their trenches and saying practically nothing. "Leave them alone and they'll hang themselves," seems to have been their policy. And that is just what some of our broadcasters and sponsors are doing. They are giving their enemies exactly the kind of ammunition they want by loading their programs

with more blatant advertising than the traffic can carry. Instead of toning down this disturbing factor for 1932 they have made matters worse.

The most effective move against our present competitive system by those who would like to see advertising completely wiped out of the broadcasting sky, no matter what it might cost the individual listener, would be to buy time and riddle it with nauseating propaganda. Revolt against the dials would follow, all air advertising would become ineffective, and very likely radio would drop into the lap of a government bureau with dime store records for the bulk of the programs if there were any programs at all while government finances are in such a stringent condition.

Jimmy the Little Czar

INCIDENTALLY there must be a story behind the compromise made with little Jimmy Petrillo who operates as the head of the Chicago Federation of Musicians. He was to have "pulled out" thirteen orchestras from Chicago broadcasting stations (including those of the chain systems) if his demands were not met. Before the zero hour was reached something happened, a compromise effected and the strike was not called. Jimmy's orders caused a shut-down of Chicago loop and neighborhood theatres on a couple of occasions. He has recently had Paul Whiteman and Ben Bernie up before his court of inquiry to explain the why and wherefore of hiring certain individuals in their bands unsatisfactory to little Jimmy. Once he had to go before a court himself after gunmen had forced their way into a loop theatre and set fire to a pipe organ which Jimmy had complained about to the manager. But of course little Jimmy Petrillo wouldn't be mixed up in any hoodlum thing like that, so he was released.

Spain Recognizes Power of Radio

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS, Spain's socialist Minister of Justice, in discussing Spain's two year plan for national advancement recently made significant remarks.

Picturing a new Spain built on a new individual, with its heart in the small town he said:

"We are going to advance the masses spiritually and culturally to make our physically powerful nation sound at core. Every pueblo must listen to the recitation of poets, speeches by engineers, the counsel of farm authorities, and good music. The answer is radio. For only 2,000,000 pesetas we can put one in every township.

"The separation of church and State, civil marriage and divorce and agrarian reform are all essential to a modern nation."

And so influence of Radio on the life and living of mankind marches on and on.

Station Parade

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

In Fred's Footsteps

GUESS what — that chap, Fred Smith, who conceived the idea for the March of Time program and has been presenting that fine feature over WABC ever since it started, has put it up to young Tom Everett to fill his shoes. Fred's gone and rented a villa at Biarritz and is going to take himself seriously by writing a novel or two.

They do say, however, that Everett's chances are pretty good, what with his having studied at Oxford, Yale and the Universities of Grenoble and Munich as a prelude to expressing the international viewpoint.

Speaking of Maestros

JUST because a five passenger cabin plane couldn't get him from his 640-acre estate in northern Wisconsin to Chicago fast enough, Wayne King, famous WGN maestro, "junked" the cabin ship for a speedy three-seater with an open cockpit. Wayne's new plane has a cruising speed of 135 miles an hour and is kept in a private hangar at a Chicago airport. The famous "waltz king" is a full-fledged pilot as well as one of America's outstanding orchestra leaders.

And speaking of orchestra pilots, can you imagine Ted Weems without his orchestra? That's a situation to pique the curiosity of radio fans who watch for his many WGN broadcasts with avidity. Weems and his singing ensemble are heard on WGN five nights a



The busy lady before the microphone is Miss Caroline Cabot, shopping expert for WEEL, Boston, who airs her news and views every morning of the week except Sunday from 9:00 to 9:15 A. M.

week at 10:15 o'clock. The program is known as "Ted Weems and his Black Knight Cavaliers" and features Weems as master of ceremonies, with "Bones" O'Brien at the piano, and a singing ensemble composed of Weston Vaughn,

other fellow will appreciate your kindness."

But now comes KQV with a better idea, for folks *can* stand noise, but mighty few can survive burned potatoes, pies and cakes. The suggestion was born from a mass of protesting mail penned by husbands who alleged their children were sent to school with tummies filled with burned food because of the "Blues Chasers" program just before noon.

Promptly at 11:15 each morning, McGough makes this inquiry and for one hour, at every opportunity, he asks again "Are you burning anything?"

McGough has jumped into prominence with his novel inquiry. The phrase "Are you burning anything?" has caught the fancy of high school students and teachers report that during the opening hours in the school halls the students greet each other with "Are you burning anything?"

WBT Publishes Own News Sheet

WBT, down in Charlotte, N. C. published its first weekly news sheet last December 1931, carrying all the latest data on station personnel and notes on the Dixie network,



A. Everett Austin, director of the J. P. Morgan Museum in Hartford, Conn., presents programs on Art Criticism over WTIC as a regular feature of the station.

Parker Gibbs, "Red" Ingle, Elmo Tanner, and Country Washburn.

"Are You Burning Anything?"

FULLERTON T. MCGOUGH, announcer for KQV, Pittsburgh, Pa., will not permit housewives to burn food while listening to the radio.

One station in the land has its announcers say "Think of your neighbor. Turn down the set. The



Here's Don Large of WJR, Detroit. Not long ago Don was a clerk in a musical library. Now he heads his own orchestra and does some of the snappiest modernistic piano tricks heard on the air!

A contest was devised for the naming of the new publication, with a Majestic console radio as the award. Announcements were made over the air at intervals to acquaint listeners with the details of the contest. "News, Views and Reviews" from WBT, Charlotte, N. C. was selected as the winning title, with the honors and the radio award going to Mr. G. Otto Hartsoe, of Newton, N. C.

The Romance of News Gathering

AT LAST—a re-presentation of newspaper life that's the real thing!

Its name is "Headlines" and it is a regular semi-weekly feature of WENR, Chicago, scheduled for every Monday and Thursday evening at 8:30 p. m.

Its author and leading man is Carl Riblet, a veteran journalist though little more than a couple of dozen years old, who has globe trotted journalistically from one end of the earth to the other.

What is "Headlines"?

A series of fifteen minute skits portraying faithfully the exciting incidents in the lives of two newspapermen, fictitiously named "Flash" and "Mac".

Flash, while a likable youngster, a beginner in the newspaper profession, is no paragon of virtues. He is eager, happy-go-lucky, and more or less chronically getting into "jams"—from which he is periodically rescued by Mac, his mentor and fellow worker.

Mac, another real-life newspaperman, is a veteran reporter. He has seen years of experience as a news sleuth, leading a

kaleidoscopic professional life in all sections of the United States and in India and China. Known in real life as Jack Daly, Mac in the radio series, "Headlines", takes his actual age of sixty.

In these skits Mac acts as a sort of governor for Flash's impetuous enthusiasm, giving him the benefit of the better judgment he has gained in his long newspaper career. Together the two live in realistic manner the sometimes dramatic, oftentimes dull, routine of newspaper reporters.

And through it all runs a delightful personal touch. In newspapers, so far as the public is concerned, the reportorial and editorial personnel is almost wholly anonymous. In "Headlines" we are entertained, amused by the characters of our two heroes and the many persons they meet in their ferreting out of the day's news.

Flowery Kingdom Hears KMOX

KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis, reports receiving a letter from K. Kobayashi of Fujiama, Japan, who states, "I heard your music to my great delight from 9:50 p. m. to 10.5 p. m. in Japanese time. Would you kindly give me a broadcasting program and a time table."

Enclosed in this unusual letter from such a distant point were the dried petals of one of the Orient's many fragrant and beautiful blossoms.

While KMOX receives letters each week from fans in New Zealand, Guatemala, South and Central America, it is

not often that they hear from fans in the land of Fujiama. The reason for KMOX's unusual reception in foreign countries is that they operate with a power of 50,000 watts on an exclusive wave channel.

KSTP Advocates Good English!

THE Bard of Avon is being presented over KSTP's wavelength in a series of Sunday broadcasts at 5 o'clock in the afternoon under the personal direction of Thomas Dunning Rishworth.

Mr. Rishworth, who in presenting Shakespeare is achieving his chief ambition since assuming direction of KSTP dramatic programs, has recruited an enlarged cast of professional talent to portray the twenty-seven characters of the famous tragedy.

Among newcomers to the players' ranks are Lucille Smith, formerly ingenue with the Arthur Casey Players in their first St. Paul season, and since identified with several productions on Broadway; Wilva Davis, formerly the leading actress in the Chicago company of "The Front Page"; Gould Stevens, late of the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York City, directed by Eva Le Gallienne; and Leo Britt, who has appeared in theatres throughout Europe, including the Comedie Caumartin, Paris. Mr. Britt has also appeared in prominent roles in many British motion pictures.

Another presentation for which Mr. Rishworth is responsible is a new program known as "The King's English,"



You're right! It's "The Four of Us" from WBEN in Buffalo. Left to right they are Geraldine Ayres, Carl Koch, Alice Brearey and Loretta Clemens.

presented each day except Saturday and Sunday at 1:10 p. m. The program, devoted to better English, is identified by the playing of a so-called "slow-speed" record, at a rate three times its normal speed.

The result is an effect of garbled English that has caused many phone calls and letters commenting on the extraordinary sounds emerging from radio sets throughout the Northwest.

The program presents many of the mistakes most commonly made in our everyday speech, with the proper corrections.

Each broadcast ends with the reading of three sentences, in each of which a word is used incorrectly, a phrase is wrongly stated, or a word is mispronounced.

The correct reading of these sentences is given in the succeeding program.

The Asset of Authenticity

THE ring of reality is a priceless asset to radio presentation. The Armco Iron Master, who talks over Station WLW, Cincinnati, each Monday night at 9 p. m., eastern standard time, personally experiences the interesting events which he describes on the radio.

Perhaps it is a visit to the giant Zepelin, the Akron, or the launching of a majestic ocean liner, or some other spectacular event in the march of world progress. Whatever it is the ironmaster, or his counterpart, Bennett Chapple, Sr., vice president of The American Rolling Mill Company, has been there and reports his personal impressions of what he saw.

These impressions are gathered from

visits with architects and builders all over the country, from the inspection of reams of blue prints, and climbing around over countless construction jobs.

His latest experience was a ride in the cab of one of the country's fastest locomotives—the Twentieth Century Limited. Clad in the conventional engine man's uniform of overalls, denim cap and gloves, and seated beside the veteran engineer, he enjoyed many of the thrills denied those who ride in the comfortable Pullmans. Incidentally, he kept those overalls as a souvenir of that thrilling ride.

Talent in Abundance at WCAH

WCAH, Columbus, Ohio's Pioneer Broadcasting Station, has just recently attained its peak of popularity, what with Columbia hookup, local talent that compares favorably with the chain artists, and a staff of high grade workers who "double" in all lines.

To begin with, Announcer Russell Canter, (who is chief announcer by the way) croons before his "mike" friends to the tune of several hundred letters per week; Arthur Graham, program director, who weighs but one hundred fifteen pounds, fools them all with his perfect Little Jack Little pianologues and whispers; Rose Thall, Sunshine Girl, four feet eleven in height, tickles the ivories and typewriter equally well, and steals Amos and Andy listeners for her period of Sunshine Songs. She is one of the pioneers of WCAH staff artists and claims she's married to radio—but still, receives fan mail from males. George Zimmerman, little but mighty,



Three times a week you'll hear Nancy Turner, telling all the news about beauty, clothes and home furnishing over WBAL in Baltimore.

manager of WCAH, fulfills his duties before the little metal disc, by his double-voiced crooning—imitates women warblers to perfection and receives mail from Romeos asking for "her" phone number. Naomi, the radio girl, keeps the radio gang in smiles, and the books up to date; you can almost see her smiling face and dimples right through that microphone; she's the "Mrs." of "Mr. and Mrs." but the Mr. is not really her husband; it's Eddie Ekland and he belongs to somebody else.

"Mary" Ellen Andrews of Home Topics fame, is the third feminine "heart" interest of WCAH and she tells women how to stay beautiful, even though they may spend most of their time in the kitchen making use of her helpful recipes. "Mary," not contrary, tells how your garden grows; and that's something! WCAH is stepping up!

Persistence Its Own Reward

LAST Spring the production department at WDAF, Kansas City, Mo., was called upon to build a program for Golden Wedding Coffee. Building a "coffee" program sounds easy, but sometimes it isn't.

A program was written that appeared to be just the thing. Rehearsals finished, the advertising representative listened, approved and called his client to attend an audition.

"Thumbs down!" said Mr. Sponsor,



The KDKA Players of Pittsburgh are listening to Ed Harvey's final instructions just before a broadcast. Left to right they are Ed himself, Sondra Kostner, Helen Wayne, Elizabeth Drake and Claude Morris.



Little Cicely Ann Brown is a prime favorite with listeners to WISN, Milwaukee. She does impersonations of radio stars. Next to her is Art Krueger, director of the Columbians, a Friday night feature over the international network.

and then the real work started.

Program after program was prepared. The sponsor was about to give up the idea of broadcasting through sheer discouragement.

Then somebody got the *right* idea!

It was perfected, rehearsed, presented—and clicked at once. Again, persistence won the day!

Here's the story:

Everyone knows that the world loves romance and what could be more romantic, in these "Reno-vated" days, than to portray a venerable couple celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary—a man and wife who have gone through all the trials and tribulations, heartaches and triumphs together and still emerge after fifty years of wedded life, happy and contented with their lot. These two lovable characters are known as Mary and John. The action takes place in the Gay Nineties with scenes and music apropos of the times, with plots and counterplots typical of the days of the horse and buggy, plug hats and cable cars.

When this program, known as the Golden Wedding Gay Nineties, was first produced, the response was so gratifying that the sponsor immediately signed a contract for 26 weeks, which has been increased to 52 since then. Since its inception, the Golden Wedding Gay Nineties has proven to be one of the best features heard over WDAF, and according to its sponsors has also helped to Increase Its Sales Over a Wide Area.

It is quite possible that there are many clients who really want to buy radio programs, but refrain because the station they are negotiating with does not present the proper program. The

WDAF staff feels amply rewarded for its efforts in not giving up after the first few auditions for by persistent application and co-operation a program was produced that finally pleased the client, but what is more important the *radio audience as well.*

Three Cheers for the Irish!

CHICK DOWE, of the team of Chick and Ted, the Ham An' Boys, WGAR, Cleveland, was rolling merrily along in the country in his sport roadster, enjoying himself so much that he didn't notice the speed with which he



Frank and Glenn, WHBU, Anderson, Ind., have three specialties—cheering the sick, celebrating birthdays and begging for birthday cake. They're adepts at all three!

was traveling. All of a sudden a motorcycle policeman drew up along side and forced Chick over to the curb. He handed the WGAR artist a ticket reading 50 miles per hour and a summons.

Chick, noticing that the policeman was a good Irishman like himself, thought he would try to humor the officer. He said, "Aw now, officer, be a good fellow and give me a break. I'm Chick of Chick and Ted on WGAR—here I entertain you on the radio and it doesn't cost you anything. Make the ticket read thirty-five." The officer took Chick's ticket, tore it up and made out a new one reading "60 miles per hour," and said, "So you're one of those radio artists, eh? Well, I don't like any of them. It's a good thing you're not one of two or three others I know of or I wouldn't bother about a ticket—I'd put you in jail." And with that the officer was gone.

New "Gold Rush" Series on KFOR

KFOR, Lincoln Nebraska, sends word of a new program series which it is broadcasting under the sponsorship of the Finance and Development Corporation of Lincoln.

The glamor of the old gold rush days, and news items dealing with the present activities in gold mining are the theme of the program. A string trio is featured in this broadcast, which is heard twice weekly.

A Voice from Montana

Dear R.... D.....:

YOU know for years I have been reading and enjoying Radio Digest and have been actively engaged in radio work ever since Wendell Hall, The Ray-O-Vac Twins, Gloomy Gus and Jack Little were just becoming well known, but have never dropped you a line of any form or description in appreciation of your work in bringing the intimate life of the radio performer before the listening public.

I started my radio activities back in Omaha over WOW as a vocalist in 1923, then becoming associated with KOIL at Council Bluffs, Iowa in the capacity of announcer and assistant program director, going from there to Oklahoma City and becoming associated with WKY and KFJF. Returned to Council Bluffs and in 1928 came to Billings,



Their names are Lou and Janet, but everybody calls them "The Souls o' Sunshine." They're on WSB in Atlanta, Georgia, where Lou writes the songs and Janet sings them.

Montana, to conduct the activities of KGHL. Opened this station June 7th 1928, and must say have hit the spot where the radio is really appreciated.

It might interest you to know that before KGHL came on the air, the majority of the people of Montana did not know what daylight radio reception was, this being due in part to the topographical nature of the state. Even radio reception in daytime from KOA Denver was out of the question in this locality in the daytime. For nighttime reception Denver has been our best bet for chain programs, but we are now more than pleased to be affiliated with the NBC, this having been effected November 28th last.

You know Hal, it's a fact that just hundreds of people think the Indians are running wild in this country and that it is quite wild in general, but believe me, you'll find the cities most metropolitan and is the radio audience critical—and how!—but certainly appreciative.

Now as to the KGHL staff—well, let's see, there's Jeff Kiichli, Engineer, operator and technician. Eric Thornton, announcer, program director, commercial representative. And we get along on all twelve cylinders from 7:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. daily only stopping from 4 P. M. to 5:45 P. M. for gas and food. We've been doing this since 1928 and enjoy it. How do we stand the pressure? By eating Montana products—drinking Montana water and Montana climate. These assets cannot be beaten. Since becoming affiliated with the NBC we have with us Mr. H. J. Bosmill in the capacity of telegraph operator and general assistant. Hal's a regular fellow.

It's a hard job for me to sit down and write about one's own institution but I suppose someone has to do it so if this will help in any way you're more than welcome to use it.

Cordially yours,
Eric Thornton,
KGHL

P. S. Gee, I darn near forgot R. L. Hansen—we call him "Rube" who joined us a year ago as assistant operator. Rube greets the talent, answers the phone and makes himself generally useful.

Thanks, Eric. Been waiting for these facts for a long time. You make me want to take a trip out to your country!

WOC A Proven "Pioneer"

IT MIGHT be said of Radio Station WOC, Davenport, Iowa and its sister station WHO, Des Moines, Iowa, that it was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of its countrymen . . . or sumpin'," as our two Negro impersonators might say.

In looking through the old "scrap

books," it was discovered that WOC was the first station in the United States to broadcast a "daily dozen" program as a regular feature. While turning the pages, Lyle Flanagan was confronted with the headlines "One, Two, Three—



He's only ten years old but he conducts a sponsored program all by himself over WJAY in Cleveland. His name? It's Norman Rheuban.

STOOP!" and beheld a picture of his own brother, the well-known "Pat" Flanagan of Chicago, who was the real pioneer in the art of making slender ladies from stout ones by means of certain exercises and instructions by radio.

Another page in the "scrap book" of

WOC is dedicated to home management ideas. Back in 1922, a young man, who was called "Radio Rex" Willets, conceived the idea that women might like to have the best of tested recipes given to them in such a way that they could jot them down and try them out. He gathered together his material, and for some time he carried on a home economics department from the studios of station WOC . . . the first feature of this kind to be placed on the air.

Early in the days of broadcasting, station WOC saw the advantage of a newspaper hook-up. After discussion the hook-up became a reality, and WOC came forth, once more as the pioneer, with a special radio department in the local newspapers, and a special newspaper department in the radio station . . . once more the pioneer, for WOC was the FIRST radio station to have a special department headed by an experienced newspaper man who would take over the editing of the news for radio and the broadcasting of a resume of world, domestic and regional news.

After several years of broadcasting as separate stations, the Radio Commission, when re-allocating the wave lengths, saw fit to place radio stations WHO, Des Moines and WOC, Davenport on the same wave length, and to instruct them to share time. Instead of going into lengthy court battles to have one or the other station taken from the air, or instead of quarreling and bickering as to the number of hours each should broadcast, WOC and WHO began to co-operate at once, and to experiment with synchronization. That is, to those who are not familiar with the term, they began a series of experiments by which the program being broadcast by one station would be sent over the telephone wires and would be broadcast from the other station at the same moment. The experiments were successful! In fact, they were so successful that WHO and WOC immediately applied for a permit, from the Radio Commission, to operate synchronously, and to broadcast the same program at the same moment from both stations . . . even though some two hundred miles apart. Again the pioneers! The first stations to broadcast synchronously!

Eating for Health

HOW to gain health by means of pleasing things to eat is the subject of one of the highly successful features of Radio Station KGDM of Stockton, California. Dr. Malcolm S. Ross, who has broadcast over this station for more than two years, has a unique way of prescribing for his "radio patients." Each morning, Dr. Ross introduces his health talk with some new recipe.

BERT LOW AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA— 5:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Bert Low and His Biltmore Orchestra, including WABC, WGR, WORC, etc.

KUKU 5:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Kuku, including WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, etc.

MR. BONES AND COMPANY— 6:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Mr. Bones and Company, including WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, etc.

CONNIE BOSWELL— 6:45 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Connie Boswell, including WABC, WLBZ, WCAU, etc.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Fred-eric William Wile 7:00 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for The Political Situation in Washington Tonight, including WABC, WGR, WNBC, etc.

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY —Gleason L. Archer 7:15 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Laws That Safeguard Society, including WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, etc.

DANGER FIGHTERS— 8:00 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Danger Fighters, including WJZ, WHAM, KDKA, etc.

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

Main index table with columns for National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System, listing call letters and frequencies.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA— 9:00 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Chicago Civic Opera, including WJZ, WHAM, WKW, etc.

THE FIRST NIGHTER— 9:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for The First Nighter, including WJZ, WHAM, WGL, etc.

CLUB VALSPAR— 9:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Club Valspar, including WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, etc.

SMITH BROTHERS PROGRAM— Trade and Mark Featuring Scruppy Lambert, Billy Hillpot, and Novelty Orchestra 9:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Smith Brothers Program, including WABC, WHEC, WKBW, etc.

FOUR CLUBMEN WITH IRENE BEASLEY, Contralto— 9:45 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Four Clubmen with Irene Beasley, including WOKO, WHEC, WKBW, etc.

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA— 11:45 p.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Enric Madriguera's Biltmore Orchestra, including WABC, WLBZ, WCAU, etc.

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS— 12:00 Mid.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, including WABC, W2XE, WOKO, etc.

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA— 12:30 a.m.

Table listing radio stations and call letters for Harold Stern and His St. Moritz Orchestra, including WABC, W2XE, WOKO, etc.

As a Matter of Fact By Stand

Did you ever hear of a guy named Roger Russel? No? Well, you've heard of Russ Columbo, haven't you? Yeah! That's the guy. They gave him that moniker when he was in the movies. . . . But he was christened Ruggiero.

asked the stranger. "Guess I'm to blame," replied the clerk, wiping his hands on his white apron. "Well, you're great. What's your name?" The clerk looked embarrassed, "Why, my name's Steinke, but they call me Jolly Bill," he replied. And that was the same Jolly Bill who really is great today and you hear him with your breakfast, "Jolly Bill and Jane." And he still draws funny pictures which you sometimes see in RADIO DIGEST.

tion during the war and never claimed it. Kathryn lost no time in establishing her identity. It so happened that during the rush and excitement of the war days, at which time she served as a nurse in France, she completely forgot about the \$100 bond she had deposited with the bank.

* * *

Singin' Sam and Parry Botkin, banjo-strummer in Jacques Renard's Camel orchestra, hail from the same town in Indiana where Sam was the conductor of the only orchestra in the locality. In dire need of a banjoist, Sam surveyed the panel of high school musicians but without success—not a banjo player was to be found. But Sam did discover Parry almost obscured by a bass violin, and persuaded him to forsake that instrument for the banjo. Today Parry Botkin is one of the outstanding banjo players in the country.

As the result of a broadcast over Columbia, Kathryn Parsons, "The Girl o' Yesterday," is a hundred dollars richer than she knew.

Several days following this particular program, she received a letter from the vice-president of a Cincinnati bank who stated that he happened to hear her broadcast and her name, and wondered if she was the same Kathryn Parsons who deposited a Liberty Bond in his institu-

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 23)

court to the widow and they were presently married.

The daughter came to live with her mother. She soon proved to be a prime favorite with the stepfather. All went well during the girl's schooldays but, as she grew into womanhood, a dangerous attraction between the girl and the stepfather manifested itself and caused the girl's mother great uneasiness.

Life is of course a continuous nightmare for any wife who sees a young and attractive woman appear over her domestic horizon as a possible rival for the husband's affections. While in most cases this supposed rivalry and danger is purely the figment of imagination of a jealous wife who fears that her own charms are waning and that her husband, a possible Adonis to her but to no other woman on earth, is a prize to be battled over.

But in this case no jealous magnifying of trivial events was needed to convince the wife that her daughter was all unconsciously giving the first great affection of her life to her stepfather, and that the man, however he may have struggled against that dangerous attraction, was nevertheless quite dazzled by the beauty and charm of this younger counterpart of his wife.

Of course there were stormy scenes in the home—the terrible day when the wife accused her daughter of a growing infatuation for her mother's husband, denials, re-primations and accusations, ending always in one way—a greater breach between husband and wife. But however much the chief actors may have tried to put each other out of mind the infatuation was quite overmastering, so the wife took the only course open to her—the breaking up of the home, taking her daughter with her, and the obtaining of a divorce.

The separation of William Back and his erstwhile stepdaughter did not affect a cure in either case. The unhappy young woman could find no lovers who could displace the image of the first. Back equally failed in his attempt to forget the girl.

It all ended as might have been expected. Four years after the divorce, William Back and the girl stole away and were married. The girl's mother was still living but died within two years after the marriage of her ex-husband and daughter.

FOUR children were born to the couple. Then William Back himself died. He left some property and of course relatives who came forward to claim it. The widow presented a petition to the Probate Court to oblige the executor to turn over to her all of the exempt personal property of the husband. To her great sorrow the court ruled that she was never legally married and consequently had no rights as Back's widow.

According to the statutes then existing in Iowa it was declared incest for a man and his wife's daughter to marry. This the court interpreted as rendering the marriage void from its inception. Following the English interpretation of similar statutes it further declared that the death of the mother did not remove the legal barrier that prevented the marriage from conferring the rights of a wife upon the daughter.

This decision, of course, rendered the four children of the union illegitimate. The woman appealed the case to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was reversed. The court declared that the relationship by affinity that had existed between the girl and her step-

father terminated when the mother procured her divorce. The daughter then ceased to be the daughter of Back's wife since he then had no wife. The widow and children were therefore entitled to their rights in the property.

The case was Back v. Back, 148 Iowa 223; 125 N. W. 1009.

Marriage with Son's Widow

THE idea of a man marrying his son's widow may indeed seem improbable, but in the story of matrimonial entanglements such cases do in fact appear. In some such cases the alliance is not a December and May romance but one in which a man in his prime marries a young woman and rears a family of children as the fruit of their union. Under the civil law this is one of the forbidden types of marriage, since, by affinity, the new wife is the daughter of the husband.

In certain States of the union it would be quite impossible for such a couple to secure a marriage license, in which event the marriage would have to be of the so-called common law variety. A common law marriage, as you know, is one in which no formal ceremony is had, but the couple live together openly as husband and wife, the man acknowledging the woman to be his wife and reputed to be such among their friends and acquaintances. As before indicated such marriages are recognized in some jurisdictions but denied in others.

The legality of a common law marriage is usually determined after the death of one or both of the parties when some controversy arises over land or other property left by them. Lest there be a misunderstanding on this point, it is perhaps well to call attention to the fact that during the lifetime of the parties, either or both could be punished criminally for living together without a formal marriage, so this doctrine of common law marriage usually operates merely as a shield to protect the property rights of the supposed wife or the children of the guilty pair after the death of the man.

For example: Berry Griggs married in due form in the State of Florida one Polly Cottonhead by whom he had several children, among whom was a son William. When William reached the age of manhood he married a girl whose name was Elizabeth. The young husband very shortly sickened and died. The youthful widow took up her residence at the home of Berry Griggs, for her mother-in-law was ailing and needed assistance in the home, there being two young sons to care for.

Polly Griggs did not long survive the death of her son William, so that the daughter-in-law became housekeeper in real earnest. In fact Berry Griggs soon came to regard her as something more than a housekeeper, or even a daughter-in-law. Scandal soon became inevitable.

The couple, finding that under the law of Florida they were debarred from marrying, settled down defiantly into life together as though they were husband and wife. A child was born and though there were angry mutterings in the neighborhood no action was taken until a second child appeared.

The authorities then took measures to indict the couple for the crime of incest, whereupon they fled to Texas and took up a tract of land as homesteaders, posing as husband and wife.

They continued to live in Texas for more than twenty years until the death of Berry Griggs. Nine children had by this time been born to them. In a controversy over the property after the death of Elizabeth Griggs all of the above facts were dis-

closed. The courts finally decided that despite the Texas law which forbade a man to marry his son's wife yet there was nothing to prevent him from marrying his son's widow. This being true there was a valid common law marriage and the children were entitled to rights in the property.

The case was Houston Oil Co. v. Griggs, 181 S. W. 833.

Marriage During Lifetime of Ex-Spouse

WE NOW approach one of the most baffling questions in the law that governs eligibility of persons to marry—the right to marry during the lifetime of a former husband or wife. Now some of my listeners may say, "Why that is very simple, all that is necessary is a divorce." But the law of divorce is in a very complicated and even chaotic condition in these United States. Every State has its own special regulations, as we shall find in future broadcasts when we take up the subject of Divorce as an independent topic. Our only concern at the present time is to know whether the bride or groom is free to marry.

Divorce in Another Jurisdiction

If a prospective bride or groom has obtained a divorce, or has been divorced, within the jurisdiction, it is comparatively easy to determine whether such person is now free to marry.

The laws of the jurisdiction and the terms of the divorce decree are the determining factors. But a real difficulty presents itself when the prospective bride or groom has obtained marital freedom in another state where the laws are different and the causes for divorce

less exacting than in the state where the marriage is to take place.

This raises a very complicated question. A collusive divorce, for example, may be invalid, that is to say, if the husband and wife of the former marriage have conspired to secure the divorce on perjured evidence or false testimony, the divorce itself would be invalid. The same is true of divorces obtained by one party by going for that purpose to a foreign country, or to one of the states where divorces are easily obtained, and failing to satisfy the law of the home jurisdiction as to the formal notice of such suit served upon the other party.

It should be remembered, however, that divorces legally obtained in another State of the Union will be recognized in the home jurisdiction, even though the cause upon which the divorce was obtained would not have entitled to a divorce in such home jurisdiction.

Invalid Decree of Divorce

The whole topic of divorce is too complicated to be treated in this present preliminary survey of eligibility to marry, but will be explained in future broadcasts. Suffice it to say that an invalid decree of divorce, wherever obtained, fails to secure marital freedom to either party thereto. The former marriage is still legally binding. No protection accrues to the other and perhaps innocent party to the second mar-

Seventy-Eighth
Broadcast—
NBC Net—
January 23,
1932

riage, as will be seen from the following:

Example One: Henry Lawrence, a house painter and a war veteran had deserted his wife, leaving her penniless, with six small children to support. It appeared also that during the period of their cohabitation he had been guilty of excessive cruelty to her, and that the desertion by him was inexcusable.

After some years, the deserted wife located Lawrence and brought an action for non-support, suing in Jefferson County, Indiana in January 1892. To avoid prosecution, the guilty man fled from the jurisdiction, but tarried long enough in Chicago to file a suit for divorce, in which he falsely asserted that he had been a resident of the State of Illinois for two years, alleging also long continued desertion by his wife. Notice was served upon her by publication in the newspapers.

Living under an assumed name and plying his trade as painter, he remained within the State of Illinois for twelve months until he had secured the fraudulent divorce. Shortly thereafter he married a woman with whom he had lived for many years. After the death of Henry Lawrence a contest arose over which woman was entitled to a pension as the widow of a war veteran.

The first wife brought suit to have the divorce cancelled for the fraud practiced by the husband in obtaining it. The court ordered the divorce decree annulled, and ruled that the second woman had no claim upon the pension.

The case was *Lawrence v. Nelson*, 113 Iowa 277, 85 N. W. 84.

Example Two: O'Dea was married to the defendant in the State of New York in August 1866. She represented herself as a divorced woman and free to marry. O'Dea continued to live with her for fourteen years but then sought to have the marriage annulled, on the ground that the woman had not been lawfully divorced.

The facts were that the defendant and her former husband had lived in Toronto, Canada. The defendant had willfully deserted the husband who, after three years, had gone to Ohio. After a year of residence in that State he filed a suit for divorce on the ground of desertion. A copy of this divorce libel was sent to the defendant by mail and she was notified that depositions would be taken at a certain date in Toronto. She was present when the depositions were taken, but took no part in the proceedings.

This with other facts rendered the divorce that was later granted invalid. O'Dea was therefore awarded an annulment of the marriage, on the ground that the woman was the legal wife of another man at the time of his marriage to her.

The case was *O'Dea v. O'Dea*, 101 N. Y. 23; 4 N. E. 110.

Extraordinary Matrimonial Tangles

MOST extraordinary matrimonial tangles have resulted from the failure of prospective bride or groom to investigate the marital status of the other party. If a person is buying a home it is quite the custom, as well as vitally necessary, to make a thorough investigation of the legal title of the person from whom they are buying. Yet in matters so vastly important as that of marriage, people in general rush headlong to the altar, without taking any effective measures to check up the statements made by the prospective spouse.

Of course, if the parties have known each other for years and have lived in the same neighborhood, there is some excuse for failure to investigate. But even in such

cases secret marriages are sometimes contracted without the slightest knowledge of the fact becoming generally known for years.

Fear of punishment for bigamy might deter either of the parties to the secret marriage from contracting a second marriage, but a thoroughly unscrupulous person might "take a chance." There are many cases on record where innocent people have been ruined for life by scoundrels who escaped from human justice, either by dying before the facts became known or by fleeing from the authorities.

For example: In the year 1836, Ira Alexander Haven, then a resident of Vermont, married a woman named Horton with whom he lived for about twenty-five years and who bore him two children. Haven was evidently a thorough scoundrel for in 1863 he eloped to Canada with another woman and dropped his surname, being known thereafter as Ira Alexander.

He continued to live with his paramour until she bore him a son. The woman died shortly thereafter. Late in the year of 1863 Alexander left Canada and went to Portsmouth, N. H. The following May he obtained employment in the Navy Yard. He boarded with a family named Dennett, in whose home lived a spinster daughter named Mary Jane. She was then about thirty years of age. Notwithstanding the disparity in ages, she received the attentions of Alexander as a prospective husband. In December 1864 Alexander and Mary Jane left the house one morning, stating that they were going to Great Falls, N. H. to be married.

Alexander apparently took the woman to some crony of his. A mock ceremony of marriage was performed. She received no marriage certificate and evidently made no protest over this absence of evidence of the marriage. The couple returned to Portsmouth and lived there for four years as man and wife. But Alexander, with the heartless cruelty that characterized all his dealings with his female victims, had by this time found another.

In the fall of 1866 Alexander had gotten work as a ship carpenter in Newburyport, Mass., where he lived during the week, returning home to Portsmouth every week end. Now in Newburyport lived a young widow, Louisa Ayres, who had the misfortune to attract the attention of Alexander.

He paid court to her, pretending to be unmarried. He finally persuaded her to marry him.

They were wedded in due form in September 1867 and set up housekeeping in Newburyport. Thus Alexander lived in two cities, having a supposed wife in each.

The new wife in Newburyport had no suspicions, for Alexander assured her that he had a young son in Portsmouth whom he felt in duty bound to visit over each week end.

THE Portsmouth wife, however, finally became suspicious of Alexander's integrity and decided to go to Newburyport and investigate. On the morning of June 23, 1868, while Alexander and Louisa were seated at the breakfast table, enjoying a honeymoon tete-a-tete, in walked Mary Jane. The scene that followed may be imagined. Mary Jane failed to produce a marriage certificate but she was privileged to see the official certificate of her rival. She left the house in tears. But Louisa was a woman of spirit. She gave her new husband the third degree with a vengeance. He admitted that he had married Mary Jane and was then living with her every week end, whereupon Louisa drove him from the house, declaring that she never

wished to see his face again.

Alexander, in evident fear of consequences, returned to Portsmouth, patched up matters with Mary Jane and moved with her to Lewiston, Me. Unknown to either Alexander or the Newburyport wife, the first wife had died a few months before the Newburyport marriage, thus rendering the latter marriage the only lawful matrimonial alliance that the man had contracted in his career of crime.

But Louisa supposed that her marriage to Alexander was null and void. She continued to reside in Newburyport for thirteen years, and until her marriage to Thomas L. Randlett in January 1880. It appeared in evidence that Louisa had told Randlett, prior to the acceptance of his proposal of marriage, all of the facts concerning her betrayal into a supposed marriage with Alexander.

She asked him to investigate for himself and to take legal advice on the question of whether she had a right to marry again. Owing to the fact that Alexander's real name was Haven the record of the first marriage was not discovered and the lawyer advised that Alexander's existing marriage with Mary Jane rendered Louisa's marriage null and void.

So Louisa and Randlett were duly married and lived together for three years until Randlett's death in 1883. He left considerable property. His relatives sought to defeat the widow's rights therein. Through the industry and ingenuity of the lawyer, the facts as I have described them were proved in court.

Distressingly as the woman had been wronged by the infamous Alexander, she was now called upon to face the disgrace of having her marriage to Randlett officially declared null and void and to be denied the rights of a widow in Randlett's estate. Alexander was still her husband even though she had not seen nor heard from him since the June morning, eighteen years before, when she had ordered him out of the "love nest."

The case was *Randlett v. Rice*, 141 Mass. 385.

Marriage Before Divorce Becomes Absolute

It is customary in divorce cases to grant what is known as a decree nisi, that is, a decree that will become absolute at the end of a given time, usually six months, unless before that time it is modified by the court for cause. For the petitioner to misbehave or even for husband and wife to resume marital relations within the probationary period will be a sufficient cause to defeat the divorce. Some people, however, have an idea that as soon as the decree nisi is entered in the court records they may safely marry without waiting for the expiration of the probationary period. But a marriage thus contracted within the jurisdiction will have no validity and will defeat the divorce.

For example: James Moors secured a decree nisi in a divorce against his wife Hannah in April 1875. Two months later, believing that he was at liberty, he married another woman and settled her in his home. After a year of married life, and when the second wife was in a way to present him with a child, Moors suddenly discovered that his divorce from the first wife was not complete. He then petitioned the court to issue a decree of divorce absolute which, under the circumstances, proved to be impossible.

While the court took into consideration the unhappy plight of the second woman yet necessary laws of divorce could not be set aside. The marriage itself was illegal and void. A decree nisi does not dissolve

the former marriage, and the parties there-to are bound by their marriage vows until the six months' period has expired, at which time notices required by law must be given and the petitioner must have been guiltless of marital fault during the period. Moors was not entitled to a divorce from Hammah and might be indicted and punished for adultery.

The case was *Moors v. Moors*, 121 Mass. 232.

Fraudulent Divorce and Eligibility to Marry

LAST week I pointed out to you the great dangers that an innocent person might encounter by too trustingly accepting the marriage offer of one who is not legally free to contract a lawful marriage. Human love is a tremendously compelling impulse that often leads otherwise sane people into the most reckless and disastrous courses of action.

Blindness of Love

You know the old saying—"Love is blind." If we contemplate the legal consequences of the passion when yielded to in the reckless abandon that characterizes the present age, when self control and self denial are becoming lost arts, we are sometimes quite appalled at the manifestation of that truth. Certainly blindness is a charitable interpretation of the causes that may lead people into ruin. The glamour of courtship, that blinds people to the faults

and failings of the object of adoration, seems likewise to blind them to the obvious need of checking up the past, especially the marital past of that object of adoration.

Unfortunately it is the trusting woman who suffers most grievously from this malady and upon whom the consequences bear most heavily. She takes the word of her lover against all the world, and sometimes that lover is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. The smooth and designing knave, whose only object is to satisfy a temporary unworthy passion, may lure her into a supposed marriage, only to leave her disgraced and ruined for life when that passion is sated, or when the hands of justice reach out for the criminal for past and present crimes.

Since the world began it has been ever thus. No words of warning can do more than temporarily delay the inevitable, it seems, for there are cases on record where infatuated girls, knowing that a man is not yet free to marry them, have accepted his word that if she will trust him everything will be right. They have yielded, only to awaken too late to the horrible realization that the warning by friends and relatives was after all amply justified by the man's true character. So the man goes his way and the woman remains as damaged goods, her prospects blasted for life.

Effect of Invalid Marriage

A marriage ceremony even though performed in church, amidst the loving congratulations of the friends of the bride or

groom, is an empty and meaningless event if there are legal impediments to the marriage. Many other legal transactions entered into under conditions that might render them voidable may nevertheless be rendered completely valid and binding by subsequent ratification. But marriage is far more than a contract since the state itself is a party to the transaction.

The state has a vital interest not only in the private and public morals of men and women but also in the rearing of children. That, after all, is the primary reason for marriage so far as the State is concerned. Marriage fixes liability upon the man for support of his wife and children.

The public has a right to insist that every legal precaution shall be taken to prevent a woman and her offspring from becoming public charges. The most effective precaution is that of marriage. That is one of the compelling reasons why the state will protect any marriage to the last moment of its legal existence. The law has provided certain definite methods of legally terminating a marriage and unless those methods are strictly employed, marital freedom is not achieved. Any attempted second marriage under these circumstances is therefore null and void.

Divorce Obtained by Fraud

It is unquestionably true that many divorces are procured by fraud practiced upon the courts by designing persons. The simplest, and perhaps most common type, is where the husband and wife agree to separate, but desiring marital freedom, concoct a scheme by which one of them shall sue for divorce, falsely alleging a cause which the other agrees not to deny, allowing the case to go by default.

If the court is satisfied that the notice or citation has been duly served, and the defendant, or libellee, fails to appear and contest the suit, then the court, after hearing a reasonable amount of evidence, will grant the divorce as a matter of routine.

Although those who obtain such fraudulent divorces may feel very secure in their iniquity yet, if the true facts ever come to the official attention of the courts, the divorce decree will be set aside for fraud, notwithstanding the lapse of time.

This is true even though the guilty party may have married some innocent third person, who accepted the divorce decree as conclusive evidence of the guilty person's marital freedom. The law gives priority to the first marriage because if it is not legally dissolved in the first instance the second marriage would have no legal foundation.

Example One: Henry J. Sampson, while living in the State of Washington had on two occasions attempted to divorce his wife Ida. Each time the wife had succeeded in blocking the attempt. They finally moved to Bristol County, Massachusetts, where they took up residence in the Town of Westport.

Sampson was apparently a traveling man and was usually away from home two or three weeks at a time, then returning for several days, being received by his wife with all the love and confidence appropriate to the wifely relation. Whatever the husband's secret feelings toward his wife may have been he nevertheless appeared to her as a model lover.

After a trifling disagreement, however, he stopped off in Springfield, Mass. in July 1912 long enough to consult a lawyer about securing a divorce. He falsely asserted that he lived in Springfield and that his wife had deserted him four years before. He declared that she was then living in Providence, R. I. at a certain address. The

lawyer drew the divorce libel accordingly and dispatched a notice of the filing of the same by registered mail to the wife at the Providence address.

Sampson then returned to his trusting spouse. He apologized for his part in the quarrel and told her of his divorce attempt, but assured her that he had changed his mind in the matter.

In order to secure her acknowledgment of the service of the libel, however, the designing husband advised her to go to Providence and secure the registered letter so that it might not fall into other hands and cause comment. The trusting woman did so and thus furnished acknowledgment of service.

She paid no attention to the divorce matter. With heartless cruelty, however, Sampson continued to live with his wife as before, all the while expediting the divorce. In October 1912 he secured a decree nisi. This did not alter his homecoming habits.

He continued to live with her as before, not only during the six months before the decree became absolute but from that date in May 1913 to about the third week in October of that year. After spending a week end with her in the home he told her that in about two weeks he expected to marry another woman. She then for the first time learned of the divorce.

On Nov. 5, 1913 Sampson married Alice Wordell with whom he had secretly been keeping company for three years. Ida Sampson at once consulted a lawyer. About a month later a petition was filed in the same court that had granted the divorce, asking to have it set aside. The court made a decree setting aside the divorce. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court where the decree was affirmed despite the fact that a child had been born to Sampson and Alice Wordell in the interval.

Said the court "A legal wife at least is as much entitled to have her status preserved as is an unfortunate and possibly duped woman who mistakenly thought herself to be the second wife, to have her status justified and established.

The supposed second wife hardly can ask to be protected by such a trick upon the courts as that by which Henry J. Sampson obtained the appearance of a legal divorce. The position of the second wife is unfortunate. But she is in no worse condition than any woman who marries a man already married.

The guilt of the husband is the sole cause of her misfortune, to which no act of the petitioner contributed. The court cannot suffer itself to be used fraudulently by a man, reckless of his initial marriage obligations, as an instrumentality for wronging his first wife, merely to protect his second wife."

The case was *Sampson v. Sampson*, 223 Mass. 451.

Example Two: William Edson and his wife Jane were married in Philadelphia in May 1856. Nine years later they moved to Brookline, Mass. taking their three children with them. Edson soon made the acquaintance of a woman of immoral character with whom he conducted himself so scandalously that the wife packed up and left him, declaring her intention to procure a divorce.

Edson and the woman before mentioned shortly thereafter began to live together in a shameless fashion. But the man was at the same time petitioning the court in another county for a divorce from his wife, falsely asserting that he lived in the said county and wickedly and falsely accusing his wife of adultery.

He further alleged that she had absconded and that her address was unknown, despite the fact that he knew very

well that she was living in New York City with her sister. Notice was therefore by publication in newspapers that he well knew his wife would never see.

When the divorce hearing was held Edson procured perjured testimony that convinced the court of the guilt of the wife, thereby securing a divorce decree and also the custody of his three children. Mrs. Edson did not learn of the divorce suit until after the decree had been granted, whereupon she took measures immediately to have it set aside.

Unfortunately for the woman she brought her action in Suffolk County instead of Bristol County where the decree had been granted. It was therefore necessary to take the case to the Supreme Court where it was ordered retried in Bristol County. This caused a long delay but two and one-half years after the original decree of divorce it was set aside by the court of Bristol County.

The case was Edson v. Edson, 108 Mass. 590.

Jacques Renard

(Continued from page 11)

very excited when she tells how father escaped from the army and how they carried me across the border into Roumania with bullets flying over our heads. That was in 1900 and I was just two years old. We fled toward the sea and finally were placed aboard a ship bound for America.

"We landed in Boston, after what my parents describe as a most disheartening voyage across the Mediterranean and Atlantic. We settled in the Ghetto of Boston where we lived in extreme poverty. My father's first job was in an iron foundry where he earned \$4.00 a week breaking up scrap metal. My mother has given birth to thirteen children in her lifetime, and that will keep anyone busy, seeing that they are cared for properly.

"I suppose I was like any poor city kid. But one day something happened which changed my entire life. My father saw an inexpensive violin in a pawn shop window and he promised that he would buy it for me if I would be a good boy for an entire week. You can believe that I was good as I knew how to be, and what a happy kid when I had that violin. Somehow, owning that violin made me ambitious. I was sent to a regular teacher. He was an Italian who taught every known musical instrument and knew none of them.

"Finally we moved to Chelsea, a Boston suburb, and with this rise in the family's position, for it was an auspicious move for us, I was sent to a good teacher, Jacques Hoffmann of the Boston Symphony. I began to feel that the violin was really a part of me and under the tutelage of Mr. Hoffmann I made considerable progress. At last I achieved one of my big ambitions by giving a recital at Steinert Hall in Boston. I still have the newspaper clippings calling me a boy prodigy and pre-

Dean Archer's formula for preparing an educational broadcast script will appear in a later edition of Radio Digest.

dicting for me a bright future.

"I suppose I must have presented a funny picture the day I played my violin for Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I had my present big frame without the covering of flesh that so many people find amusing. I had broad shoulders, a big head, and a slender body. But Mr. Muck apparently overlooked my physical deficiencies, for he offered me a chance to play with his orchestra. It happened, however, that I had played in an orchestra owned by Meyer Davis, and the thrill of playing for beautifully dressed dancers was too much for me. I cast my lot with the newer school of music. I wanted to play lovely, sweet music for dancing, not the terrific jazz that was popular then, but real music. So I went to Meyer Davis.

"My ambitions did not permit me to remain a member of an orchestra for long. I soon had my own band. I got a job with my group in the Westminster Hotel. The orchestra I had was a small one and I felt that it should be larger. I was so insistent upon this point that the management finally became tired of me. I was fired from my first important job. Fortunately I managed to secure a contract with the Mansion Inn with a larger band.

THEN success of a sort seemed to come easy. Boston seemed to like my music and I opened the Lido Venice the next year. Then in 1928 I opened the Coconut Grove and started making phonograph records. Last year my most successful venture, Renard's Mayfair, a beautiful supper club, was opened. Then in came 1931, and I secured the job of playing for the Camel Quarter Hour with two great fellows, Morton Downey and Tony Wons. And that's about all there is to my story."

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 50)

Miss Brainard is conferring with musicians, engineers, technicians, and linemen, for all angles of broadcasting come within her understanding.

Miss Brainard was born and educated in Montclair, New Jersey. She is of average size, has blue eyes and reddish hair and is extremely attractive. She is a carefully coiffured and ultra-modernly dressed young woman. . . usually wears a gardenia or an orchid. She is heart whole and fancy free. Her mother and her job are her two big interests in life.

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ART SCIENCE LITERATURE

*Opportunity to Study and Acquire
Practical Education Provided in
Washington Air School*

By Margaret A. Butterfield

WHILE some of the Eastern broadcasters and the big Chain systems have been liberally dispensing higher education through lecture courses by distinguished educators it remained for a small group of stations of the Pacific Northwest to introduce simple instruction for the benefit of those who may not have been privileged to finish their regular public school courses.

More than the fact that this very practical course has been instituted and put on the air is the remarkable circumstance that it is a commercially sponsored course.

The University of the Air was conceived and put into effect by Dr. Seth Maker, a dentist located at Seattle, Washington. The sponsor is Dr. "Painless" Parker, founder of the E. R. Parker System of Dentistry.

I asked Doctor Maker to tell me something of the conception of the Radio University, its growth and development. He smiled when I asked him, and in his quiet, unassuming manner, told me the story.

"The original Parker Program consisted of a series of diversified questions and answers which were put on the air daily over stations KGA, KEX, and KJR. The program had a cultural trend which made a big appeal to a large audience. After the program had been in progress a year, an enthusiastic fan made the suggestion that the plan be reversed, and instead of having the questions asked by the public and answered by radio, that a series of questions be asked the audience. This suggestion was the nucleus of one of the most popular programs of the Northwest.

"The plan was considered and discussed. It presented a variety of problems, and required several months of study and preparation before it was finally submitted to the public. It was

proposed to make the new Radio University a democratic institution, without educational prerequisites; the term being fifteen weeks. Five questions were to be asked on each class day, once every week. Class day was Monday, and the time 1:15 P. M., an hour convenient for housewives everywhere. The students were required to find their answers and return their examination papers for grading, within a time limit of ten days. Four of the questions were questions of fact, and the fifth, a question involving the opinion of the student. The answer to question No. 5 was to be in the form of an original essay in order to develop both initiative



Dr. Seth Maker, director of University of the Air.



Dr. Painless Parker, sponsor for University of the Air.

and facility of expression. The questions of fact were related for the most part to cultural subjects, such as history, English, literature, and composition. These questions—to use the language of the photographer, were exposures, designed to bring the student in contact with a great array of helpful facts. The fifth question, a developer, permitted the student to draw upon his own knowledge and experience, and utilize these to the best possible advantage.

"THE following is a sample list of the questions, such as were submitted every class day:

1. Please quote what you believe to be the most effective speech in the drama "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare.
2. What great prehistoric art or discovery contributed most to civilization?
3. Name the planets of our solar system in the order of size, then in the order of their distance from the sun.
4. Correct the following sentences:
'Everyone of them are good.'
'It benefited neither your nor I.'
'I ought to have went there.'
'Neither of them are dead.'
5. Write in 250 words or less, a story of life in 1931—one hundred years from now. (Here is full scope for your deductive powers, as well as your imagination.)

"You can readily see that the first question cannot be answered intelligently, without a comprehensive reading of the drama mentioned. Question No. 2 demands more than a mere superficial investigation. To give a correct answer to Question No. 3 requires a reasonable knowledge of the Copernican theory. No. 4 is only one of many questions submitted which develop facility of speech and the use of correct English. No. 5 calls for a creative effort, and there are other similar questions.

(Continued on page 77)

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 32)

the name of the composition was "Adios," and I resolved then and there to secure the composition for presentation on some of our broadcasts.

Buddy Sheppard, our solo violinist, knows Madriguera very well, as Madriguera had been concert master with one of the NBC house orchestras, and Sheppard had substituted for him on various occasions. A few nights later Madriguera honored us by visiting the Pennsylvania Grill late at night, with a copy of Adios for me.

Home

HOW I could ever have failed to discuss this composition is somewhat of a mystery to me. It was certainly not due to any lack of interest in the composition, as it was shown me in embryo, and I enthused about its musical possibilities. While I was a little afraid of the general construction of the composition, as being a bit complicated, yet as I have just said above, "Stardust" has shown me that the lay mind, if it so desires, can twist itself around any composition.

Perhaps my interest in the composition was increased on learning that one of its composers was Peter Van Steeden. Van Steeden has always stood in my mind as one of the cleanest and finest orchestra leaders in the business, a boy of the same quality and type as his predecessor, Smith Ballew. Van Steeden is playing nightly at Smith's old hang-out, Whyte's Restaurant, and he has one of the finest dance aggregations it has been my pleasure to hear. I am sure if you have ever caught him on his NBC broadcasts you must be of that same opinion. Van Steeden has been leading for years, and was fortunate at one time to have the personal aid and direction of that master arranger, Arthur Lange. Certainly he was well-grounded in the art of arranging, writing and direction. I am not a bit surprised to find that "Home," one of his first compositions, has clicked and is now the leading hit of the country.

Harry and Jeff Clarkson are two new-comers to writing, both of them young, enthusiastic, and extremely happy that their first composition, which they wrote with Van Steeden, has become a real overnight hit.

We have just made a hit-of-the-week record which will be released in January sometime, with an unusual arrangement of the composition that I hope will make something pleasant to listen to.

The Song I Wrote for You

MR. VALLEE brings himself into the picture again. This time, however, in the role of revisor.

Two amateur writers brought me a popular song with a title that I liked, and a simple melody that I liked; they called it THE SONG I WROTE FOR YOU. The melody in the middle part of the chorus was absolutely contrary to all the rules of common sense and sequence; furthermore the expression "Lover mine, the waltz they're playing," was just a bit too "tutti fruitty" for my very plain and humble tastes. The song was left in my hands to do with as I saw fit. The revision was comparatively simple for me, as its defects were so apparent that there was little doubt in my mind what I would have to do.

Where it said "Lover mine, the waltz they're playing," I changed it to "Listen to the waltz they're playing," and the melody construction in various parts of the chorus was but the work of a few minutes. If the song ever becomes a hit, and stranger things have happened, yours truly will not take the bow for it, as the original idea and the general make-up of the song was not conceived by me.

There is a feeling along Tin Pan Alley, however, that sometimes it is very difficult to say just how much credit should be given to a particular writer when there happens to be several writers concerned. Sometimes the changing of one note or one word has made all the difference in the world as far as public assimilation of the ditty goes, and it is a keen judge indeed who may say just which contribution of any writer is responsible for the hit properties of any song. However, my keenest delight is in the revision of manuscripts, as from the standpoint of a singer, and one who watches the public at very close range while dancing, I feel that my best qualifications are for a general examination of an idea in embryo and the polishing up into a tighter and better song.

I was not even above changing the handiwork of those gods, Messrs. De-Sylva, Brown and Henderson, in "You Try Somebody Else." There was a place in the chorus of that song where the accent came on a very unimportant word. To me the pronouns are more important than the verb "meant" in the phrases, "If I was meant for you, if you were meant for me," but the climax of a musical note in these two places gives the word "meant" more emphasis, so I had the audacity to reconstruct the parts so that the high, explosive note came on the words "I," and "You." giv-

ing them emphasis, and differentiating between two pronouns which were complete opposites.

I Found You

THE British Lion roars again, and this time the same three boys who wrote and sent us the English version of "Goodnight Sweetheart" have aspired again to a popular song hit. I'm afraid they will not see the success of "Goodnight Sweetheart" duplicated in this tune, though it is a dandy. One of the best barometers of all is the fact that most of the Connecticut Yankees raved about the song, and called it to my attention.

We played it recently for the sick daughter of Louis Bernstein, of Shapiro, Bernstein and Co., who are publishing it, and Frank Kelton, Manager of Exploitation for the firm, held the telephone as close as he could to the band and I sang I FOUND YOU especially for her.

"I Found You" will make an enjoyable part of any program. I am sure that long ere this article reaches you, you will have heard it time and time again.

Conclusion

I WAS rather amused as I glanced over the "Voice of the Listener" in the past issue of "Radio Digest," to find my literary ability completely routed by a young man with the auspicious title of "Ph.D." Fortunately, I have no illusions about my writing ability, and was not a bit crest-fallen or downcast, as I realize that it is really horrible. This is rather paradoxical in view of the fact that English and Composition were my forte in both high school and college, as the records would show if you cared to investigate. However, I have always seemed to incline towards split infinitives, wandering from the main subject, and little or no punctuation, but I do these things deliberately, because I believe it makes for easy reading.

In other words, I couch my thoughts in the way that I believe most people arrange their own ruminations and *pensamientos*. Just as I have never attempted to sing in the grandiose style, because I believe that Gene Austin, Marion Harris, Nick Lucas, and most singers of our type have become popular due to the fact that we sing a song as the average person would like to sing them were they offered the opportunity. And that is the way I write these articles—as simply as possible, with more of an eye to the subject matter than to the syntax and technical arrangement of it for the eyes of any Doctor of Philosophy.

I am very sincere when I agree with the mentioned gentleman, and I accept his reproof most humbly.

Guy

(Continued from page 15)

bardo tribe—Jean Goldkette once offered three trumpet players for him. He is crazy about the movies, and has built a home apparatus of his own. He used to sing in the orchestra until he decided he needed his wind for the trumpet.

VICTOR LOMBARDO—"Vic" is twenty-one but tells people he is older. Tchh. Tchh. Perhaps the handsomest of the Lombardos and is responsible for the music of the baritone saxophone. He once directed his own orchestra, until enlisted by Guy. He has a favorite movie actress but he can't remember her name.

FRED KREITZER—Blonde, nervous and amusing. His active hands coax unexpected trills and lilting notes out of the piano—presenting an unusual accompaniment. He is affectionately known as "enemy" which is a hangover from war days. Began study of piano at the age of seven, continuing for 15 years. Coming to New York was his biggest thrill. His ambition is to live in California but he doesn't want to leave New York.

LARRY OWEN—Is an affable young gentleman with a moustache adorning his upper lip. He's the only member of the band not hailing from London, Ontario. He hails from Cleveland. He plays second sax and Oh—does he play it?

FRED HIGMAN—He's twenty-three and the tallest member of the band. Says his pet aversion is "enemy" with whom he and George Gowan live. Several nights a week after work he goes down to the Bowery and buys meals for some fifteen or twenty derelicts.

BEN DAVIES—Studied to be a tool maker but now plays bass horn. Tennis is his favorite sport . . . and his biggest thrill is getting over the first serve in a match. Scientific text books compose his only reading.

GEORGE GOWAN—He's the drummer of the outfit—and can he make those drums beat a hollow magic for the "Song of India"—and does he set a whispering tempo for soft music—and is he wonderful? He is.

JIM DILLON—He was born in London, Ontario—grew up in Nova Scotia and returned to birthplace to join Guy. He is a swell trombone player—and also—for an outside diversion, he enjoys amateur hockey.

FRANCIS HENRY—a pensive-looking blonde young man. He plays the guitar and banjo to perfection. He composed the song hit "Little Girl"—and is at work on another. His pride is a wire-haired fox terrier called "drags." For the Robert Burns Panatela broadcasts from the Columbia studios he perches on a high stool—directly under the microphone.

Every Monday afternoon at one of the studios in WABC—Columbia, the Royal Canadians assemble for rehearsal. There is an adjusting of microphones—production men move swiftly about—and there is a tuning of instruments. All is energetic and business-like. Suddenly the band swerves off into melody. Guy halts half-way and shows his vague disapproval by frowning. It didn't sound quite right. There is an immediate bedlam of suggestions. "Carm," who does most of the arranging, is outstandingly active. So is "Lieb." They stage a free-for-all argument.

Guy—That won't do. What we want is a good, snappy college medley.

Lieb—That was terrible.

Vic—Ye-ah.

Carm—It should end da-da-da. Like that.

Guy—No.

Lieb—That was terrible.

Carm—You can't do it any other way. Play it through again. Cut it off short at the end like this—da-da-da.

Guy—All right.

Which is a very mild example of the usual set-to.

The Roosevelt Grill nightly is a very charming place. There is a glistening of white satin dresses in the dim light, and the lull in conversation is punctuated by strains of "Good Night Sweetheart."

A couple stop at the platform, and Guy bends over affably to converse with them. He rules the tempo of the place, and of the air waves, by his violin bow and his personality. The violin, apropos, is never played—but the personality is much in evidence.

"Do you like modern young people?" we asked Guy.

His face broke into another smile.

"Well," he said without weariness, "naturally!"

Letters to the Artist

(Continued from page 27)

making his request, and asking you to please do this for him.

I have only seen the little fellow twice for one half hour each time in the past 18 months, and it will give me some pleasure to listen in here in my bed in the hospital and think of my boy enjoying himself. Thanking you in advance, I am, sincerely, Claude J. Croxdale, Ward R. 2, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Oteen, N. Carolina.

This is part of a letter from a boy I know and whom I had not seen nor heard from in years up to this time. At present I haven't his address so that I might obtain permission to give you his name. It is so interesting I am sure that if he should happen to see it in

Radio Digest he will forgive me for giving this much of it to the world—without using his name, of course.

Dear Irene:

. . . How I ate I don't know, but I lived.

At a "flop" house in Memphis between trains I heard of a job on the Mississippi River. I took it. Carrying 100 lb. rocks up steep river banks to prevent the banks caving-in. I was promoted to a pile driver and dredge-boat. We would get up at 3 A. M. and steam up the river for miles and build dykes. It was a very thrilling life and a dollar a day, with plenty of food—but the food happened to be poisoned one day and I became sick. Went to Memphis to try for a job. Went broke again, but was lucky enough to be left this studio while the owner was out of town. There wasn't any food in the place but oatmeal. The oatmeal was soon gone—and the coal for fuel. The nights were very chilly. I would sit huddled up for hours, reading, studying, drawing, and building hopes. I can dream on an empty stomach.

One night it was particularly lonely. The lights were out, except for a tiny glow of the radio. A cold wind whistled around the house, and even the darkness of the room seemed to shiver and come closer to the tiny glow of light. I pulled an old tattered bath robe around me, cuddled up in a big soft chair and listened to some far away orchestra. The music faded away and I fell asleep. I dreamed of that cold night spent on the lake front. I heard a voice, a thrillingly soft voice singing some old southern songs. "Why, that's Irene. What is she doing on this lake at this hour of the night? Hey, Irene!" I was awake. Not on a lake front, but in a soft chair seated before a mellow light. There was a girl singing. Hauntingly, thrillingly, and longingly, it seemed. "Gosh, but that voice is familiar. If that isn't Irene Beasley I'm a—" . . . This is station KMOX, the voice of St. Louis . . . etc. . . . singing . . . Irene Beasley . . . gal from Dixie, etc.

I was so happy I nearly cried . . .

THESE precious letters from people in all walks of life mean more to me than anything else. What a joy it is for us who have been privileged to spread such God-given gifts as we may have to so many people in near and remote places. To think that while one may sing in New York, that song is rebroadcast from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and a score of other cities that penetrate to the most distant spots! There are so many, many interesting letters but I am afraid I have already taken up more space than you had planned for me.

Art and Literature

(Continued from page 74)

"The first appeal for enrollments met with enthusiastic response. Registrations came from young and old; from men and women; from shut-ins, cripples, laborers, professional men, teachers, preachers, and most of all, from housewives with from one to six or seven children to care for. Three of the applicants were totally blind.

"The first week there were 1,722 registrations. Unchecked, it might easily have run up to fifteen or twenty thousand, and it suddenly dawned upon the sponsor, Doctor Parker, that it would require a small army of college graduates to mark and grade the papers for so many students, and the registrations were reluctantly closed. Diplomas were recently written and mailed to more than ninety per cent of the original registrants. The first—the very first—All Radio University Class has become a matter of history.

"Literally thousands of letters of appreciation have been received, and if the value of the new educational venture may be judged by the enthusiasm of its students, it is destined to grow and prosper.

"When details for a Radio University were submitted to Doctor Parker, he did not throw up his hands and call it a vague and impossible idea. He did not assume that all of the men and women who listen in radio land were obsessed with a desire to move about their homes to the rhythm of jazz. Being somewhat of a pioneer in the matter of adopting practical innovations, he embraced the idea at once.

What to Do and How

(Continued from page 24)

comes after him; and, last, the gentleman. There's only one chance to do it wrong, and that's for the lady and gentleman to go down the aisle together—and then they wouldn't be a lady and gentleman!

"When does a woman take a man's arm if at all?"

Miss S. A. C.,
Providence, Rhode Island.

It's permissible for an elderly woman or one who is ill to lean upon a man's arm at any time; but a healthy young woman or girl should never take a man's arm except at night upon the street. Then she merely rests her hand gently in the curve of his elbow; she doesn't grip him or run her arm through his. At a crossing, he may offer his arm and she may take it; but by no means should he try to joust her under the elbow, as

some over-anxious young men insist on doing.

"Please, Mrs. Allen, could you tell me how to fold a dinner napkin correctly?"

Mrs. J. R. M., Buffalo, New York.

Certainly, Mrs. M. A dinner napkin should be twenty by twenty-four inches, and you should fold it square, with the monogram showing. However, if you have a small table and many guests, you may fold the napkin again diagonally, making a triangle that takes up less space.

"I was brought up away down South, and I never have got used to some of the northern ways. It just riles me to see a big strapping man sitting down in a subway train and a woman standing right in front of him. Another thing: The men up here hardly ever take their hats off in an elevator. Are they right and am I wrong? Has the world changed? Or what?"

Mr. E. G. M., New York City.

You are absolutely right, Mr. M., by the usual rules of etiquette. No edict has ever annulled the law that a gentleman may not sit while a lady is standing; or may he be in the same room with her and keep his hat on. However, our economic and social systems have altered rapidly in the past few years, and we must modify the rules of etiquette to conform. When woman entered business in great numbers and on the same footing with man, she voluntarily abandoned some of the privileges she had enjoyed as a charming but not very sturdy ornament of the home. In the rush hour on the subway, it would be impossible for any man who, by miraculous luck, had obtained a seat to pick out the woman who needed it most and give it to her. The fact that there would still be many women standing doesn't make any difference, of course; but the fact that many of those on their feet don't wish any special favors because they are women does. Most of them are quite grateful if they have room to stand! Consequently, I don't think you need worry if you remember to give up your place for an elderly man or woman, or one who looks tired or ill; otherwise, sit quietly, being scrupulous not to take up more than your share of space by sprawling or by sticking your feet into the aisle.

The answer to your question about removing your hat in the elevator requires the application of the same principles. A train is a public conveyance; so is an elevator. You would scarcely remove your hat because there were ladies on the train; you need not do so in an elevator. However, if, on the train or in the elevator, you converse with a lady, you should at least lift your hat when you first speak and again when you say goodbye; or, better, keep the hat off during the whole chat.

Again practicality determines your procedure. When fifteen or twenty people get jammed into a single elevator, there's not room for the men to hold their hats in their hands; and if the hats are liable to being crushed—!

"Suppose a man and woman who know each other slightly meet on the street. Which should bow first?"

Miss C. R. B., Rochester.

The woman should recognize the man and bow first; if she fails to see him or to remember him at once, he may attract her attention in some unostentatious way. If it is extremely important for him to speak, he may beg her pardon and address her. If two women meet, the elder should bow first; but who wants to confess she's the elder? Likewise, the person of higher social position has the right to decide whether to admit an acquaintance. But who's going to judge the relative height of the social positions? A younger man meeting an older should wait for the latter to nod. There you have all the rules. But, fortunately, most people are so cordial that they bow almost simultaneously, and you'd require a slow-motion camera to make out which preceded. The one inescapable law, as I said, is that the lady must nod to the gentleman before he is free to bow. This rule puts a considerable responsibility upon her. She should never, unless for some grave cause, fail to acknowledge an acquaintance.

Mrs. Allen will be happy to answer your questions about etiquette. Just write to her in care of Radio Digest. From time to time, in her chats over the Columbia Broadcasting System at ten o'clock, Monday mornings, she will talk about these problems—always, of course, without mentioning your name.

Shaw and the Boob

(Continued from page 19)

go to America in the first place. Of course as soon as he found out that we were boobs and stupidly cold to his propaganda activities he had the intelligence to go back. Those who came over and are still here obviously are either too dull to see that they are butting their heads against concrete skulls or are enjoying our lack of freedom, our silly boobyism and becoming naturalized American boobs like the rest of us.

Of course, G. B., you must take into account that scattered here and there in our midst you will find Americans who are not boobs. Sometimes a thundering Voice rears itself in a circle of the intelligentsia and speaks with a Helen Maria roar. We probably should apologize for our Ambassador who shocked you with such a flow of language you could only gasp, "That is the Voice of

(Continued on page 80)

The MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

-
- ☐ The MARKET PLACE has been "opened" as a service to readers of Radio Digest, to broadcasting stations, artists, and, in fact, anybody who is in the market to buy or sell anything.
- ☐ The MARKET PLACE offers an unusual opportunity for those interested to get their message before a great number of people at very small expense.
- ☐ If you operate a business and are seeking agents; if you operate a broadcasting station and want to sell equipment; if you are trying to sell a station or business; if you are seeking something you can't find in the local stores; if you are associated with a broadcasting station and want to make a connection in another part of the country, the MARKET PLACE is at your service. It is a sure, quick and economical way to reach an army of enthusiastic readers; a host of business people, including advertising agencies, broadcasting stations in the United States, Canada, and Mexico as well as in other parts of the world.
- ☐ Advertising will be run three columns to the page and each advertisement will be placed under a proper heading, such as "For Sale"; "Agents Wanted"; "Broadcasting Equipment for Sale"; "Business Opportunities," etc., etc.

Radio Digest Publishing Co.

420 Lexington Ave.

New York, N. Y.

Telephone Mohawk 4-1760

The MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has
Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

RARE COINS

OLD COINS for Sale. Price List and Old Coin 10c.

DAVIS
BOX 1791
HUNTINGTON,
W. VA.

CORPORATION SERVICE

INCORPORATE DELAWARE preparatory financing inventions, business. Retain perpetual control. Booklet, forms, free. Universal Incorporations, Dover, Del.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make \$7.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day. Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc., supplied at cost of \$2.50. This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money. Grossman Stampco, 104 West 42nd St., New York.

GENERAL Agents and others. New, fast-selling, profitable line of flavors, toiletries, and other specialties—under your own imprint. Our plan wins. Write us at once. Diversified Products Company, 1215 Jackson Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED—Agents. For attractive, quick-selling office and store necessity, selling at \$2.00. Commission 75c. Specialty Sales Co., Cairo, Ill.

SELL To stores, carded merchandise, razor blades, aspirin, etc., 45 different items. Metro Specialty Co., 8 West Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW Invention, improved alarm chases robbers, intruders, etc., Simple, effective, safe. Approved by police. Radi-O-Alarm Co., 1701 Barr Bldg., Warren, Ohio.

"POWDERED-SILK" America's best hand cleanser sells fast to everybody. Removes grease, stains, ground-in dirt. Big profits. Sample free. Adams Manufacturing Co., Dept. A, Boone, Iowa.

NEW Rubber goods line. 47 money makers. Rubber rugs, cushions, bath mats, raincoats, rubber soles, aprons, baby goods, etc. Big profits, best values. Direct from Akron, the rubber city. Make \$90 weekly. Credit given. Write for catalog and free outfit. Kristee Mfg. Co., 1431 Bar St., Akron, O.

AGENTS, Mechanics' soap! Cleans greasy hands immediately. Dozen cans \$1.50. Mechanics Soap Co., 1610 Knapp St., St. Louis.

SELL Dealers Uncle Terry's aluminum solder. Your profit over 50%. Box 146, Hamilton, Ohio.

STAMP COLLECTING

MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make \$7.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day. Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc., supplied at cost of \$2.50. This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money. Grossman Stampco, 102 West 42 Street, New York.

A BIG Bargain—All for only 50c. Stamp album, providing spaces for 2200 stamps with 700 illustrations, packet of 500 different stamps, 500 hinges, and millimetre measure. Free with each order our pamphlet which tells "How To Make A Stamp Collection Properly," and our 80 page list of albums, supplies and hundreds of bargains in sets and packets. Queen City Stamp & Coin Company, Room 36, 604 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COVER PAINTINGS FOR SALE

PORTRAITS of beautiful and popular **RADIO STARS** painted by world-famous artists in exquisite colors for sale. They have all adorned the covers of Radio Digest and include: Helen Morgan, Ginger Rogers, Frances Collette, Countess Albani, Bernadine Hayes, Elitia Dore, Mary Charles, Virginia Gardiner, Lillian Taiz, Mary Hopple, Lily Pons, Dorothy Knapp, Betty Ross, Harriet Lee, Jessica Dragonette, Connie Boswell, Sylvia Sidney and many others. Rates submitted upon request.

RADIO DIGEST BINDERS

SET OF TWO BINDERS to hold 12 copies of Radio Digest. \$2.00. Single binders \$1.00.

How you can get into Broadcasting



Floyd Gibbons
Famous Radio
Broadcaster

BROADCASTING offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown—yet they easily make \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year while, of course, the "stars" often make \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year.

An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions Advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Home Study Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is YOUR chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
2000—14th St. N. W., Dept. 2B61, Washington, D. C.
Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study course.

Name..... Age.....
Please Write or Print Plainly

Address

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

F. & H. CAPACITY AERIAL



Price \$1.00

Complete, Postpaid

Every Instrument Tested on Actual 1127 Mile Reception

A Large Number Are In Use by Government, in Navy Hospital

The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75-foot aerial, 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distance stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates the outdoor aerial along with the unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, lightning hazards, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Installed by anyone in a minute's time and is fully concealed within the set. Enables the radio to be moved into different rooms, or houses, as easily as a piece of furniture.

WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE. 8,000 dealers handle our line. Dealers! Over 80 leading jobbers carry our line or order sample direct. Write for proposition.

— — — Send Coupon it protects you — — —

Name

Address

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

Send one F. & H. Capacity Aerial with privilege of returning after 3-day trial if not satisfactory, for which enclosed find check M. O. or dollar bill, or send C. O. D. Send Literature. Dealer's proposition.

F. & H. Radio Laboratories
Fargo, N. Dak., Dept. 32

The Home Hotel of New York

Homelike in service, appointments and location . . . away from noise and congestion, yet but a few minutes from Times Square . . . garage facilities for tourists.

Home folks will like this hotel

HOTEL

BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th ST.

NEW YORK

Exclusively for Women—

HOTEL

MARTHA WASHINGTON

30 EAST 30TH ST.
29 EAST 29TH ST.

a fine residence for women. Ideally located. Close to shopping, theatre and all business districts.

Weekly for Two

Double Room Private Bath \$15
DOUBLE ROOM Running Water \$12

Weekly for One
SINGLE ROOM Private Bath \$14
SINGLE ROOM Running Water \$10

Daily Rates, \$1.50 - \$1.75 - \$2

Phone: B O g a r d u s 4-0600

Shaw and the Boob

(Continued from page 77)

the Middlewest." No mere boob could have done a thing like that to you.

But that is beside the point of your broadcast to us, and your views about Russia, which are so important to our national welfare. You had rambled on to the point in your advice to Americans contemplating a visit to Russia where you hinted some of our simple financiers might have made the mistake of going into foreign exchange by trading the Russian ruble. And you said:

"If you take that line in Russia you will soon get rich, but when this fact comes on to the notice of the Income Tax Authorities they will ask the O.G.P.U., which acts as an inquisition, to inquire into your wealth and methods. An agent will tap you on the shoulder and conduct you to the offices of that famous force. There, you will be invited to explain your commercial proceedings and your views of life in general. You will be allowed to vindicate your American business principles and your belief in individualism and self-help to the full 100 per cent. You will not be reproached, nor bullied, nor argued with, nor inconvenienced in any way. All that will happen to you is that when you have made yourself clear, you will suddenly find yourself in the next world, if there be a next world. If not, you will simply have ceased to exist, and your relatives will be politely informed that they need have no anxiety about you as you are not coming home any more.

DO not think this is a punishment or that it has anything to do with the criminal law. All it means is that the Russian putty has been shaped to believe that idiots are better dead. Idiot, as you know, means a person who can see no further than himself. Your views will satisfy the Russians that you are an idiot, and in mercy to yourself and society, they will just liquidate you, as they call it, without causing you a moment's unpleasantness. In this they are merely carrying out a proposal made by me many years ago.

"I urged that every person who owes his life to civilized society and has enjoyed since his childhood its very costly protection and advantages should appear at reasonable intervals before a properly qualified jury to justify his existence, which should be summarily and painlessly terminated if he fails to justify it, and it develops that he is a positive nuisance and more trouble than he is worth. The secret of the success of Russian communism is that every Russian knows that unless he makes his life a paying proposition for his country, he will probably lose it."

And after all this, G. B., you calmly

advised us American boobs to go over to Russia and see for ourselves what a marvelous, wonderful, happy, thriving country it is. And you know how idiotic we boobs are about the sacredness of human life. Do you really want to destroy us by the mysterious arm of the all powerful O.G.P.U.? Would you stand idly by stroking your long gray beard while we innocently told our simple little alibi to the income tax collector, the while a snaky eyed GPU gunman crept up from behind and cracked a Soviet bullet midway up between our ears?

No sir, you wouldn't do that, G. B. Not you. Besides, who knows, the inspector might suddenly catch sight of you and not even take the trouble to listen to your tale—just simply wink to the gunman. And, presto, you'd be shaking hands with your friends in the next world, too.

It's too bad some of our really smart people haven't taken the trouble to answer your broadcast; but maybe they weren't listenin', G. B. So for safety's sake us boobs should "togedder shtick."

The Grand Wham

(Continued from page 13)

the assault of the flaying hands of that worthy is reduced by the time they reach the danger zone.

Lenore Ulric stage, screen and sometimes radio star is another entertainer on the Lean and Lissom HAuer. In fact it was at the time of her initial broadcast that Miss Ulric first visited the 69th floor of New York's Chrysler Building. Incidentally, Auer is proud of the fact that his studios and his prices match. They are both the highest in the country. Lenore was worried how her voice was going to sound for radio and a friend suggested that she pay Jac Auer a visit. She could not see what good a Swedish masseur could do her voice, but took a chance and went to see Jac. She told him what she wanted and also admitted that to her knowledge a massage wouldn't help a voice much. However, she took the treatment and went to her broadcast. Her voice, needless to say was in great shape and now she relies on this weekly treatment, plus a strenuous massage, to keep her fit for her busy week in the theatre.

Before you enter the sanctum where Jac Auer holds court, you pass through a long hall. The walls of this hall are filled with autographed pictures of famous people. Some of these autographs strike a humorous vein. Others are out and out tributes to the prowess of Jac Auer. Besides brilliant stars of the entertainment world there are pictures of many princes of the business world. Walter Chrysler, the automobile magnet and also the landlord to Jac Auer, is a client. Lindbergh, the Flying Colonel, Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of

New York State; the late and beloved Harry Houdini and his wife, both of whom were regular clients.

There is a picture of Floyd Gibbons, conspicuous because it is unsigned. I asked Jac about this.

"Floyd promised the picture," he explained, "and then left for the Orient before he had time to bring it in to me. I asked his brother to get it for me and so I am keeping it here until Floyd gets back and then we'll have him sign it for the gallery."

Bing Crosby, maybe your favorite and positively mine, paid Jac a visit a short time ago accompanied by a friend. Bing watched the friend go through the mill and decided that it was not for him. Auer kidded him about it, and tried to make the sale. But Bing held his ground. He had seen too much.

"Nothing doing," quoth the pride of California, "I'm a little guy you know. And furthermore my nature rebels at such an ostentatious display of nudity."

According to Auer, Bing finally admitted that it was no doubt just what he needed and "maybe I'll be back sometime."

AND so this 160 pound version of a modern Shylock sits in his modernistic studios literally in the clouds, and takes his pound of flesh, aye pounds of flesh from the great and famous. Just as no man is a hero to his valet, neither is the biggest radio star in the heavens anything more or less than so much tissue to Jac Auer.

Morton Downey may have the sweetest voice this side of heaven when he is in the Columbia studios, but when he is in Jac Auer's studios all he has is a ripple of fat around his waistline.

Sylvia Froos may have the swellest lingerie in the length and breath of radio town, but she takes her beating in silence from Eleanor Woodward, the girl with the "Wham what Am."

I took one of the treatments a few weeks ago at the invitation of Jac Auer. It was late afternoon and a rosy sun was just settling into the Hudson at the foot of 42nd Street. It's glory reflected from the tinselled spires of the Chrysler roof filtered through the modernistic windows of the studios. John, our masseur, the while he hummed a Nordic ballad, plied his art. And as the same fingers that had stroked and slapped and punched some of this country's most famous stomachs, sped their nimble way up and down my arm, I dozed off praying; "Please Lord make me a radio star. This is the life."

My brief reverie was disturbed by loud voices. I looked up and Jac Auer was standing there laughing with his chief "Muscle-man."

"Guess he'll live alright, eh John?" he said.

"Yah," said John, "I t'ink so too."

WGAR



COVERS THE CLEVELAND MARKET

*The Friendly Station
of
Cleveland*

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

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

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

STUDIO
STATLER HOTEL

TRANSMITTER
CUYAHOGA HTS.

WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY
CLEVELAND

G. A. RICHARDS
President

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

"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh



**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
**Zip —
and it's open!**

Copy., 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

***Is Miss Harlow's
Statement Paid For?**

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity here-with given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

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