

# Radio Digest

JUNE, 1931

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1931



MARY HOPPLE - NBC - N. Y.

## Helen Keller's Radio Adventure

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



# Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhoea*



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

Pyorrhoea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked. The first symptoms are tender

gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses, it makes gums soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either fall out or must be extracted.

*But don't wait for these symptoms.* Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhoea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

### *The formula of a pyorrhoea specialist*

In your own home your teeth are your own responsibility. It is up to you to give them the finest care possible.

Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhoea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhoea.

### *Don't gamble with pyorrhoea*

Start using Forhan's today. You can make no finer

# Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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

investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

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

### **NOW ON THE AIR!**

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.



**FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A**

★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

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

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

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

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

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

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

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

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

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



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

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

**INGRAM'S** Milkweed Cream

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

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

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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# Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST  
Raymond Bill, Editor



**DOROTHY STONE**  
... is still the clever daughter of Fred Stone but if papa doesn't watch out he may soon be known as the "Father of that adorable Dorothy Stone"! Both the big networks have sent her voice on coastwise air waves lately as guest artist.



**DOROTHY DEE**...  
Dol's in a triangle—not the three-sided love figure, but in a three-cornered job at KTM in Los Angeles. She's Official Organist, Music Librarian and Member of Symphony Orchestra. Her eyes are black (not blacked) and so's her hair.

June, 1931

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**MARY HOPPLE**  
... She's the Covergirl this month, and don't you like that fan. Biggest thrill for her was when Schumann Heink heard her sing as a youngster and prophesied that Mary would succeed. She has—have you heard her on the Armstrong Quaker Hour Friday nights at NBC?



**KATE SMITH**...  
NBC had her first but neglected to sign her on the dotted line, so CBS grabbed her for twice-a-week appearances. She's new to Radio but has been in vaudeville and music comedy ever since sweet sixteen, which isn't so very, very long.

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**PUTTING THE  
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OF  
INDUSTRY  
ON THE AIR**

The romance of America is the romance of industry. Under industrial guidance science conquers time and space . . . cities rise overnight . . . great business groups work miracles in manufacture, research, transportation and civic development.

In Westinghouse Salutes these threads of modern magic are woven into the fabric of a novel series of radio programs. Every Sunday evening, 9:45 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, countless radio fans from coast to coast listen to these broadcasts.

The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, in paying tribute to forward steps

taken by industry and culture, combines educational features with entertainment. The story is dramatic, interesting. The music captures the spirit of its objective.

The entire program, radio fans will tell you, is typical of those broadcast from Westinghouse Radio Stations. The forty-piece symphony orchestra is characteristic of the musical talent popular not only in America, but also, through shortwave Station W-8-XK, around the world. Since the opening of Westinghouse Station KDKA, pioneer broadcasting station of the world, the reputation of programs from Westinghouse Radio Stations has made them favorite points on the dials of countless sets.

*Advertisers have found the reputation established by Westinghouse Radio Stations an invaluable aid in gaining response*

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# Coming and Going

## Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LADIES and gentlemen of the Radio audience, the meeting will now come to order. The chair recognizes Mr. I. I. Ego, the ancient sage and philosopher who has tucked his long gray beard beneath his vest and is now anxious to address you. Mr. Ego.

"I arise, Mr. Chairman, to make a nomination. But first let me explain. We have heard through the air and by the public prints that certain well known broadcasters are considering whether or not they will be forced into the publishing business. Well, and what's to hinder? Why not, instead of going into paper and ink, publish a great magazine of the air by broadcast? Issue 180 pages, each page a minute long, each second an agate line, during the period from 8 to 11 p. m. Organize this great book into fact articles, fiction, art, editorial, columns, humor, cartoons, comic strips. Design a well balanced format and follow that structure through every night. Dramatize all the prose. Let music serve for illustrative art. Advertising would be placed with "space" rated by minutes, or seconds. The advertiser would not have to worry about talent—that would be the editor's job. But he could negotiate for 'preferred position'. The listener would set his dial at 8 o'clock and be sure of a well diversified program from 'cover to cover'. He would avoid tiresome repetitions of the same tunes and disorderly or incongruous advertising. It would all be arranged by a master mind editor. And I arise, Mr. Chairman, to nominate Mr. Floyd Gibbons as editor-in-chief of this great magazine of the air."

You have heard the nomination of Mr. Gibbons as editor-in-chief of the proposed magazine of the air. Do I hear a second to the nomination?

Listeners who are interested in Father Ego's proposal may write to the editor, either seconding the nomination of Mr. Gibbons the highpowered headline hunter; or offering other nominations.

\* \* \*

THE next point of business at this meeting concerns your health. Are you one of the 4,000,000 members of the Tower Health League? Or do you take your *getting-*



up exercises from some other tower of strength? It would be interesting if our committee on vital statistics could tell us just how many thousands of citizens are alive and active today because of their morning exercises through Radio direction. Who can tell just how effective that extra ounce of strength may have been in throwing off a cold or infection that might have resulted fatally? The Metropolitan Life Insurance is back of the Tower of Health League. While you live, if you are insured there, you pay them. When you die they do the paying. It's good business for them to keep you alive and well. And that's quite satisfactory to you of course. They have put this matter of keeping you fit in the hands of Mr. Arthur

E. Bagley who is physical director to the 4,000,000 members of the Tower of Health League. He has been putting them through their paces for six years now. And it's a real story. You will see it in July RADIO DIGEST.

\* \* \*

WHICH reminds us at this point we had expected to have a most interesting article in this issue by Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth. As some of the original conditions mentioned in the article were changed since it was finished it had to go back for his revision. We hope to have it back in time for you to read in your July issue.

\* \* \*

IT'S all so blamed intangible, boys. First you think it's one thing and then it's something else that makes you feel that way about Her. When it's love why it's awful, of course. But it isn't always necessarily love. How are you going to define it? There she is and you don't know whether to worship like an abandoned idiot or kick yourself down stairs. Her eyes? Her hair? Her exquisite symmetry? Her manner? Her voice, or the magic of Her smile? Don't believe even Old Man Ego could tell you what it is. But She has a word for it. And that word is CHARM. No mere man could possibly get very far with the question, "What is the secret of Charm?" But give the assignment to our Miss Lillian Genn and she will go right to the most charming women in the world and talk to them in the language they all understand. So we are going to discover what she found out about the *Secret of Charm* from personal interviews with Miss Grace Moore, Miss Irene Bordoni, Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Ruth St. Dennis. It's promised for your July RADIO DIGEST.



\* \* \*

PETER DIXON, who knows all about Radio writing has written a book called *Radio Writing*. It seems to be the first book of the kind in the field. Book reviewers have given it the highest praise. Writers, ambitious to understand the technique of writing for Radio production, will find Mr. Dixon's *Radio Writing* invaluable. . . . Raymond Warren, author of the *Prairie President*, has completed a sequel to the first series which will be published in book form. This life story of Abraham Lincoln heard over WLS, Chicago, is said to be one of the most popular dramatic historical subjects ever presented by an independent station. . . . We are in receipt of an autographed copy of *Bread and Love* by Betty Ross who has had many exciting adventures abroad. She has been heard on various networks. . . . Our own Peggy Hull is just finishing a book of her adventures. She has been correspondent in nine wars since the Pancho Villa disturbance in Mexico. Just now she is all excited about reporting the "air attack" on New York for NBC. She has been assigned to the top of the Empire State building for observation.

*“it’s* **NEW** *radio*

*. . . new, vivid, absorbing*

*as* **TIME** *itself!”*

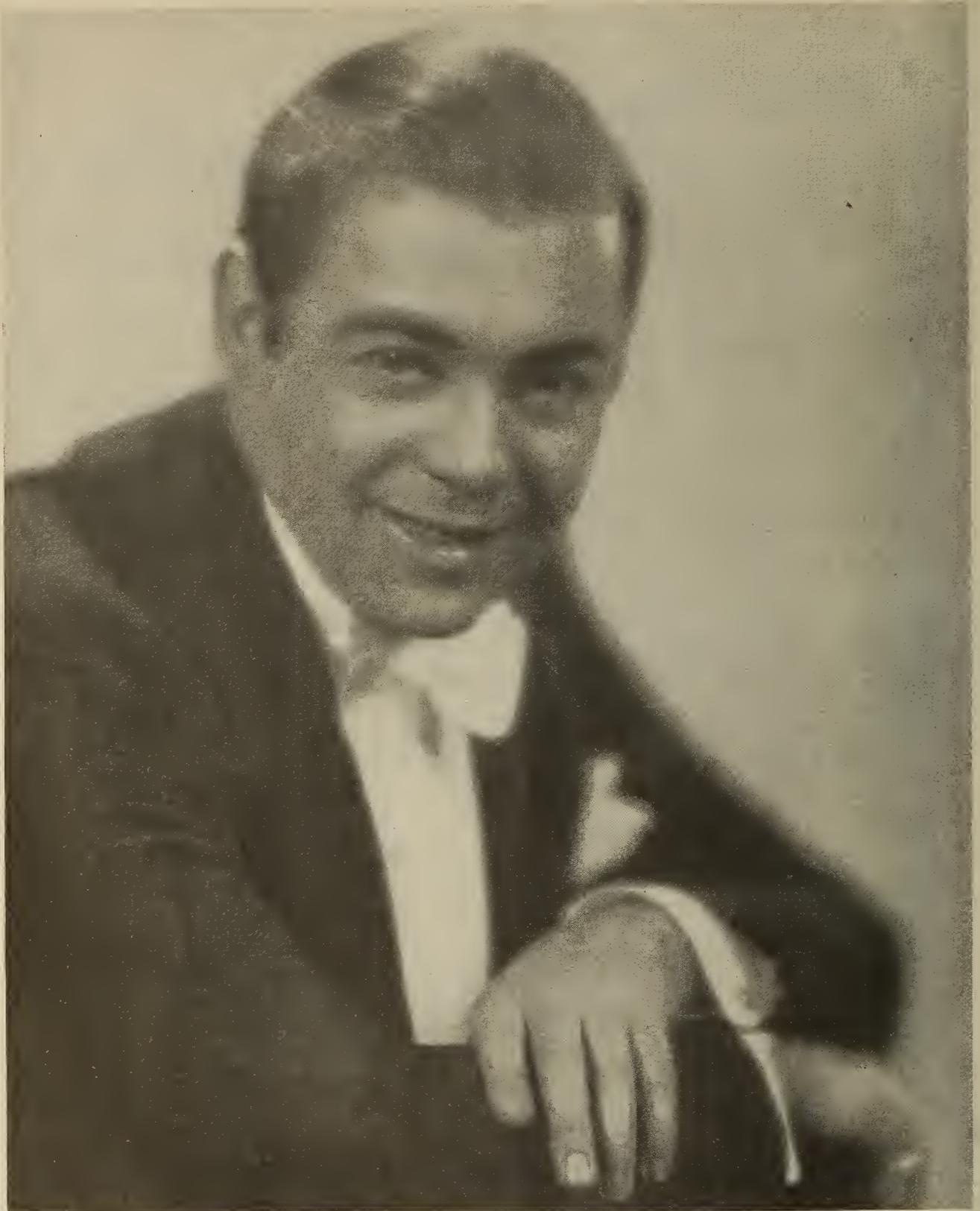
The news of the week *dramatized* on the air! The whole radio nation is wiring, writing, telephoning applause to TIME for its new weekly radio program—

## **“The March of Time”**

**T**IME has once again upset tradition—invented NEW radio—a new kind of reporting of the news—*on the air*—the re-enacting as clearly and dramatically as radio will permit, of memorable scenes from the news of the week. Henceforth, for a half-hour every Friday evening, these thrilling scenes will live again in your living-room—more dramatic than fiction, because compounded of vivid reality and the history-making drive of destiny. It is the living story of your lifetime. Tune in! **THE MARCH OF TIME.** Each Friday evening pick up your nearest of the 24 Columbia stations—join the MARCH OF TIME.

**Don’t miss THE MARCH OF TIME—  
EACH FRIDAY—10:30 P. M. E. D. S. T.—  
THE COLUMBIA NETWORK**

**East of Rockies Through June 17th • Beginning Sept. 11th Coast to Coast**



Morton Downey

*"PE-E-E-E-NUTS? Pe-e-e-nuts?" Ah, you smile. But have a care, do not despise the humble little peanut vendor in the uniform of a train news butcher. He may turn out to be another Morton Downey who once carried a basket on his arm through a swaying train. Read about him on the opposite page*

# Riding the Crest with Morton Downey

*Columbia Star Meets the Breaks, Good and Bad, with a Stout Heart and Surges Forward from Obscurity to Popularity, Fame and Fortune*

By

GRENVILLE RICHARDS

**J**UST an ingenuous kid! There—in the fewest possible words—is he of the silvery larynx, Morton Downey.

As if there were not enough color and variety and drama packed into his mere twenty-nine years already, Radio comes along when by all signs his value as an entertainer in this country is completely “washed up” and lifts him high to the dizziest peaks of popularity.

Did I say ingenuous?

That little word covers a multitude of sins, traits and varied qualities, and means far more than mere artlessness. For instance, I am rather sure that somewhere you will find that it is a synonym for not only a rough diamond but also, according to our French cousins across the seas, an *enfant terrible*. Or, to get downright and poetically high-hat—*Davus sum non Oedipus; liberavi animam meam*; or again “as frank as rain on cherry blossoms.” Now ain’ ’at somepin’?

That is Morton all right, but when he gets really going he is to me more reminiscent of the frankness of a fire hose playing with a field full of daisies.

There is one thing he has never learned, and here is one of his friends who hopes he never does; and that is to say a thing other than that which he really thinks. In other words, if he has anything to say he will say it, let the quips fall where they may. Be the recipient of the moment a blushing maid, she may still blush, but taking full account of the possibility that beauty and brains are not compatible, she will still, methinks, though still blushing, tumble to the fact that it is refreshing frankness and not freshness.

From other angles the lad is a paradox. All too often the man who makes friends very easily loses them with an

equal or greater facility and rapidity. Not so Morton—for although he makes many friends—just like that—he keeps them year in and year out, and they grow closer and dearer with each cycle of the seasons.

Take your humble scribe, for instance. Two paragraphs ago I referred to him as being a friend of Downey’s. He is—or rather—I am! Yet I never laid eyes on the man until one day not so long ago when I ambled up to his apartment, way, way over East on 86th street.

Down at the door two things struck the observing eye with a wallop. Parked at the curb was a shiny black phaeton (touring car to you), a Chrysler Eight of decidedly modernistic trend, which fitted the description passed on of what Downey’s pet plaything looked like.

Second was a neat sign at the door informing one and all that Vincent Astor was still in the business of building and renting doggy apartment houses.

Inside the lobby it was borne in upon the alert faculties that Vincent had either transferred all the manservants from the defunct Fifth Avenue manse to this project or had hired an army corps of generals and aides de camp.

**N**OW it has been this fellow’s experience that, as a rule, so the surroundings so the man.

While being shot up in an elevator after having passed muster and run the gauntlet below decks, I endured a mental panorama of just another singer who would talk of his “art” and his “public” with a dreamy, faraway look in blue eyes—who would be surrounded with funny

furniture and things—divans that turned unexpected corners—chairs that might take a head lock on an imprudent sitter, and bookcases that climbed up and down and then lost themselves in an indeterminate curve—to say nothing of rugs bearing huge and impossible flowers that might well be the product of an exotic dream of a Ben Hecht.

What actually happened was a cordial greeting by a slender and wholly charming lady. Meet Mrs. Downey, née Barbara Bennett, a daughter of the inimitable and unexpected Richard Bennett. There was advice to throw coat and hat on a convenient and antique settle and to come in and make myself at home.

**T**HAT was easy, for it was a particularly homey sort of a place. This feeling of ease and comfort was magnified a moment later when Downey hove into view from some unidentified region in the rear of the apartment, a Downey wholly at his ease and who immediately clicked in my mental classification as a regular fellow.

Quite at his ease was right—in ruffled hair, shirt-sleeves and house slippers. He had not even bothered to don a coat on my impending arrival, thanks be to all the gods of the ancient Romans and Greeks. After chatting for awhile we repaired at his suggestion to those regions from which he had first appeared and which proved to be his holy of holies, his sanctuary from a laudatory and hero-worshipping world.

Here we got down seriously





Luxury, wealth, grandeur are reflected in the magnificent appointments of the Delmonico, Morton Downey's famous Park Avenue night club.

to the business of getting really acquainted. Here I could see and study—and enjoy—the man as he really was.

It is not amiss here, perhaps, to make note of the fact that this visit was made on the afternoon of the first day that he had been out for two weeks after a severe attack of laryngitis. That is what the papers called it—his physician spoke awesomely of a streptococcus throat.

Nor is it out of place to say that right off the bat, so to speak, Downey made it clear just why he was living where he was, behind the protective phalanxes of the Astor organization. So far as became discernable his one and only reason for picking out the apartment house he did was that it was situated out on a bend of the East River—water on three sides as it were—with all the attendant breezes and other emoluments of such a situation, no doubt including the musical voices and personalities of various and sundry towboats and this and that of a city river's life.

**T**HE man intrigued me—he was a distinct surprise—and wholly refreshing in view of what, from prior and similar experiences with subjects of my study I had every right and reason to

expect. I called intending to stay perhaps half an hour and stayed more than two. As our friendship ripened I was in for more surprises.

But enough of that for now.

Let us get down to brass tacks—in other words, to a consideration of the background, the life of this greatly intriguing fellow.

From his very earliest days Downey's life has been one of breaks both good and bad, of chance and mischance. Often it was mischance and the breaks went against him. Sometimes the fickle goddess smiled and he got the breaks.

To be wholly conventional it would be fitting and proper here to state at the very outset that Morton was born of poor but honest parents who were resident in Brooklyn, N. Y.

And so he was, but not in Brooklyn. Never did find out what part of Brooklyn they lived in—Flatbush or Red Hook or where—but that really does not make any difference as things turned out.

His parents hied themselves off one day to Wallingford, Connecticut, for a visit with relatives. They stayed longer than they had at first intended, and when they did come back to Brooklyn they brought Morton with them.

From then on for the next few years his life was that of the average youngster in the early years of this century—not too bad and not too good—just healthy and happy most of the time. Even then his voice was marked, though not so noticeable in a youngster, by its peculiar and insistently high range—a thin sort of clarity which spelled nothing but purity of tone.

**W**ELL—he has been using that voice to sing with ever since—singing most of the time. More than once it has got him into no little trouble. Later it brought him moderate fame and financial independence. Then for a time it seemed to let him down—though more probably this was due to a fickle public which let Morton pine in obscurity while other forms of entertainment became the rage. More recently—very much so in fact—Downey “came back”. Radio did it! Did I say Radio alone? No—with it was coupled an unfaltering faith in his own ability to put himself over and a confidence bolstered by marked successes abroad.

Be that as it may, here is Morton Downey, riding the crest of a wave of popularity with all that he undertakes, and which, unless I know nothing whereof I speak, will continue to carry him high, wide and handsome for at least two years.

All that, however, is way ahead of the story. So back to the good old school-days when the lad known as Mort struggled through readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

*HERE gather  
Elite of New  
York Society for  
Sparkling Eve-  
nings of Romance  
and Pleasure—  
Morton sings  
them his own  
songs. His musi-  
cians are the best*



More than once he was kept after school to write fifty times on the blackboard—"I must not sing in class"—even though the singing had been but a whisper.

Along about the time of high school Morton got the idea in his head that he would be of far greater value to the family at work than at school. He summoned all the arguments that a youthful mind can conjure to its aid and finally had his way about it.

After casting about at this and that he finally settled upon the precarious and mobile existence of a train "butcher"—though whether he hawked his wares in prose, poetry or song, history does not state nor can Morton be so persuaded.

He was assigned to an express train running from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, at which point he had but about five minutes to get to the other end of the train yard and aboard the other express, New York bound, which he "worked" coming back. It was often a close call, particularly if his incoming train was at all late.

Morton developed the trick of sliding out of the baggage car door as the train entered the Springfield station, pulling his trunk of wares after him, and running as if the devil were in pursuit to the other end of the station with his trunk on a hand truck.

All went well for a time despite a station master with a perpetual grouch against train butchers who looked on the daily foot race with no kindly eye.

Come the day, however, when the train pulled into Springfield at a goodly clip. Morton got out safely but the

trunk got completely out of hand, sailed through the air, and landed with nearly the force of a coast defense shell square into a truck piled high with crates and crates of—eggs.

Compared to the net result all of Mack Sennett's custard pie classics pale to mediocrity. The truck, the trunk, the station platform—and Morton—were a swimming, gleaming, gluey sea of yellow and white.

With the passing years that dimmed the awful tragedy of the moment and left the comedy predominant, Downey has figured out that there were at least 15,000 eggs on that truck and that barring perhaps a dozen or so they were all very thoroughly broken—one might almost say scrambled.

**I**T WAS a moment for quick thinking and quicker action. The kid wiped his eyes clear, got a strangle-hold on the trunk, and set out for his train—figuring—and rightly, that in this particular instance discretion, and flight, was the better part of valor.

He did escape capture by the station master, but not that worthy's eagle eye. He was doomed—convicted and sentenced without trial—and it was many a long day before he dared set foot in that station again.

This was where some of the early

breaks went against him, for about this time the youngster began to have thoughts of using his voice for something other than a means of letting off surplus energy and pent up feelings.

Thus it was that one early summer day when life seemed gay and bright and full—and birds and trees and brooks and beaches sent out their siren calls to a myriad of pleasure seekers—and the day coaches were intolerably hot and stuffy and crowded—that Morton heard the call as well.

The call of the great outdoors seemed far more alluring than that of "Cig'rs—cig-ettes—candy—choongum" up and down the swaying, dirty, smelly aisles. Trouble was that Morton failed to comprehend that his boss might also feel the urge to take the day off.

Even so, how was he to know that the boss, who could hand himself a day off while mere "butchers" could not, would pick out the same amusement park which Downey had chosen as the scene of his straying?

Moreover, Morton had real reason for his choice and the boss had little. It was obviously unfair. Morton had learned

*(Continued on page 96)*



Lily Pons in the title rôle of "Mignon"

# Lily Pons

## Unspoiled

### Child of Fame

*Glory shines on obscure French Girl  
who becomes American Operatic  
and Radio Star*

By Lillian G. Genn

A BREATHLESS air of expectancy hung over the Metropolitan Opera House on January 3rd when its heavy gold curtains parted. A new and youthful coloratura soprano was to appear in the title rôle of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and it was said that at the dress rehearsal she had moved Gigli, the great tenor, by her singing. Naturally everyone was eager to know whether this could be merely a rumor.

Soon a slender, petite girl appeared. Her voice rose above the orchestra limpidly clear and beautiful, like that of a bell. Higher and higher it soared, until one had the feeling of being wafted upward by its spiritual-like tones. After the difficult "Mad Scene", which she sang in a higher key than had long been heard of, the young singer was greeted with tumultuous applause. Cries of "brava" were heard from every part of the house and she was recalled before the curtain more than thirty times.

The new star that had appeared in the musical firmament was, as music lovers now know, Lily Pons. At twenty-six she is a full fledged operatic singer. She has won the hearts of her audiences not only with her voice, but with her simple, unassuming manner and her charm.

There has been considerable speculation as to the history of her career. All kinds of stories have circulated, the chief one being that she had been a poor French girl who had been discovered in an obscure opera house.

Romantic as this tale is, it is completely overshadowed by the amazingly true one. Amazing because until five years ago, Lily Pons had never sung and had never dreamed of operatic heights. Her rise was a meteoric one, singularly devoid of the weary struggles and the heart-breaking disappointments that usually beset the path of an artist.

The story was told to the writer by Lily Pons and her Dutch husband, August Mesritz, when they were visited at their hotel apartment in New York. The young prima donna was resting on a sofa

prior to leaving for a concert tour. She is small and almost fragile looking, with large, sparkling eyes, and quick birdlike movements. While she understands English, she does not speak it. Her husband, though, is an able interpreter, since he has a perfect command of the language. He is a mature, cultured man, with a manner as friendly and as simple as his wife's.

LILY PONS quaintly apologized for not being able to converse in English. Her days, she explained, have been busy ones since her début. Rehearsals, practicing, shopping, singing at the opera and concerts, making victrola records, giving interviews, sitting for photographers, receiving distinguished visitors and getting in a proper amount of rest, completely take up her time. But, she promised, she would take a teacher in South America, where she was going for a few operatic performances, and when she returns here next season, she would be able to speak to her many new American friends in their language.

Lily was born in Cannes, the famous French resort on the Riviera. While there was no indication, when she was a child, that she would be a singer, yet she showed a talent for the piano and for the stage which augured an artistic career for her. Her parents were well-to-do French people, with a sincere interest in music and they were only too willing to cultivate their daughter's taste in that direction.

Lily had two younger sisters and it

was her greatest delight to play make-believe with them. In school and in church she never missed an opportunity to take part in plays. Even when she went to study at the Paris Conservatory of Music, she continued to be interested in amateur theatricals.

She graduated from the Conservatory at sixteen and decided to make piano her career. But she fell ill and the doctor advised her not to return to her music studies for two years. Lily was too active a person to remain idle for so long a period. She wanted to occupy herself with something. It happened that a friend of the family was the manager of a theatre in Paris and since he had seen Lily act, he offered her a place in his company. She remained there for two years playing ingenue rôles.

YET much as she loved the theatre, she was drawn back to her study of music. It seemed to give her more satisfaction than acting. She returned to Cannes with the intention of resuming her piano work. But that was the summer when August Mesritz, a Dutchman and resident of Paris, came to Cannes for his health. He was a lawyer, economist, writer and publisher of a newspaper. He had traveled to almost every part of the world and spoke several languages.

One evening his physician invited him to have dinner with some of his friends. Mr. Mesritz went with him to the home



LILY PONS, the young unknown whose thrilling voice roused lethargic New York critics to huzzahs in print. She remains simple and unaffected through showers of praise.

of the Pons family and there met Lily, who had just returned from Paris. He was at once enamored with this charming and talented young girl who shared his enthusiasm for art. A few months later they were married in Cannes. Little did Lily dream that the hand of Destiny was in that match, guiding her to the path of fame.

THE couple had a comfortable home and servants, and Lily spent much of her time shopping for pretty clothes. She had given up all thought of a musical career, but she continued to play the piano for pleasure.

One day, when she had been married about a year, Lily sang a few songs. Mr. Mesritz, who had been a music critic for his paper and who had heard many famous voices, was at once struck by the beautiful quality of his wife's voice.

"You have a lovely voice," he said. "You ought to study."

Lily was surprised at the suggestion. But managing the house took so little of her time and she was so bored with shopping, that she thought it would be nice to have another avocation. Her husband took her to a well-known teacher and when he heard her sing, he said: "Avocation? No, no. It must be your very life's vocation."

Under this teacher's instruction her voice developed marvelously. She then went to Alberti, in Paris, who is considered the greatest voice teacher in the world. After she had been studying for two years, she made her opera debut in *Lakme*, in a French opera house. Her musical education, her theatrical training, and her exceptional musical taste, combined with her unusual voice, at once made her a unique and outstanding artist. She sang in noted houses in France and in Belgium and in private audiences before royalty. Many impresarios offered her contracts to sing in various parts of Europe and South America. But Lily had her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—that gleaming goal of singers from every corner of the world.

Last year Alberti, her teacher, had some artists from the Metropolitan Opera Company at his studio. He told them of his gifted pupil and they asked to hear her. After her recital, they cabled to Gatti-Casazza, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and urged an audition for this young girl. Since the

retirement of Galli-Curci and Marion Talley from the opera, Gatti had been eager to find another coloratura soprano and he was therefore glad to invite Lily Pons to come for an audition.

Mr. Mesritz was unable to leave Paris at the time. So, alone, Lily boarded a steamer for America. She was very seasick and frightened all the way over and when she arrived here it took her two weeks to recover.

Finally she was ready for the audition. Gatti saw before him a small, slender girl, very pale and nervous. It was difficult to believe that she had been called "The Nightingale of the Riviera". But as soon as she began to sing, her qualms

dropped from her and she was in complete control of herself. She sang the arias "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto*, the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the "Bell Song" from *Lakme*.

There were about twenty people gathered in the dim auditorium of the Metropolitan, including several conductors, and singers and Gatti-Casazza. When she finished, there was silence in the vast house. Then:

"ARE you too tired to sing again?" asked Gatti.

"Not at all," Lily replied.

Gatti went to the telephone and called Otto Kahn, financier and head of the Metropolitan Opera Company, requesting that he come at once. When he arrived there, Lily sang her arias again.

Otto Kahn turned to Gatti and said: "Don't let her get away from us."

When Lily returned to Paris she had three contracts with her. One was for five years with the Metropolitan, the second for concert engagements, and the third for making victrola records. The next few months were busy ones for the young singer. She knew the operas in French and now had to learn them in Italian. She had never seen *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the opera in which she was to make her debut, and she had to create her own interpretation of the rôle. That it was an artistic and intelligent one, was proved the momentous day of her debut.

"Lily has a great sense of responsibility toward her work," said Mr. Mesritz. "When she returned from her debut, she took the score of *Lucia* to see whether she had done as well as she could."

"Success," put in the young prima donna, "is a one-night butterfly. You

have to capture it every night again."

"Yes," agreed her husband. "Lily wants to give the best of herself. The American public is very appreciative of fine music and it is a stimulus for her to work hard to improve herself. She gives up everything which may in any way hinder her progress in her art."

While the singer won success quickly, yet it has by no means been easy. She puts in long hours of hard work, and when she is not rehearsing or practising, she is reading books on literature, history, art or music. She goes frequently to the Museum of Art to study the paintings and to get ideas for her costumes. She designs them herself and the critics have said that they are "masterpieces of good taste".

Lily is fortunate in that she has married a man who shares her interests and who has been an encouraging influence in the development of her career. Art is their great love and bond. Indeed, one would have to seek far to find a more congenial and devoted couple.

Mr. Mesritz looks after his wife's increasing business affairs so that she can give her entire thought to her music. He also helps her to overcome those nerve-racking, tense periods that she faces before every performance and which usually make her ill. Once on the stage, though, the response of the audience helps her to forget her fears.

It is because she misses the personal touch of the audience that singing over the Radio terrifies her. The "mike" never gives her a chance to lose herself in her singing. It is a cold, indifferent stranger. Her fear of it, however, proved to be to her advantage. For at the time of her audition with the Metropolitan, she had another one at a broadcasting station and she was offered but a small contract. She refused it because she felt she could not sing over the Radio. Now the station has paid her many times that amount for her Radio recital. She has appeared on the Simmons and the R. C. A.-Victor programs.

LILY PONS has already sung in many cities of the country, so that she has had a good opportunity to see something of American life. She loves it here and hopes next season to establish a home of her own in New York.

Her phenomenal success has not changed her. She is a genuine, frank person, and her husband confided, with a twinkle in his eyes, that "her hats still fit".

With the pride of a little girl, the singer brought out a present which had been sent to her by an unknown admirer. The card was inscribed, "To a second Melba." On the fan was the signature of the great diva, Nellie Melba. May it not be significant that at a time when one of the most famous songbirds of the age passed away, her fan should be given to Lily Pons?



Signor Gatti-Casazza, whose praise is sparing, was enthusiastic over Lily Pons

# The Prodigy who Grew Up

*Toscha Seidel is one Child Genius who Fulfilled the Promise of Early Years—Columbia's Musical Director and "First Violin"*

By David Ewen

A LITTLE boy in sailor-suit, led by the hand by his mother, approached the great Leopold Auer at the Conservatory of Music at Petrograd. A violin-case, slung under his arm, told what his mission was; and something about those brilliant eyes, that shining intelligent face, seemed to confidentially reassure that this mission could not go unrealized. Would Dr. Leopold Auer—it was the mother speaking, in faltering accents—give her little boy an audition? Leopold Auer beckoned to the boy to come to him, and placed him upon his lap.

"What is your name, my boy?" Leopold Auer asked kindly, as he affectionately stroked the curly head.

The boy lifted his small pug-nose, and looked with his two bright blue eyes at the great teacher.

"My name is Toscha—Toscha Seidel, sir."

"How old are you?"

"I am ten years old, sir!"

"How long have you been playing the violin?"

Toscha looked at the master with surprise brightening his eyes; it was as though this were a most absurd question. "Why, sir, I've been playing all my life, sir!"

"And what can you play?"

Once again Toscha was to be surprised by the absurdity of the question.

"Why, sir, I can play everything!"

"Very well," Leopold Auer said finally, lowering the boy, "we shall hear what we shall hear. Will you play something for me, my boy?"

There was no nervousness or fear as Toscha opened his violin-case, tuned his violin and then placed it under his chin—nothing but a cool confidence and a reassuring faith in himself. He lifted his bow to the strings. He was playing the opening bars of the Brahms *D Major Concerto*! Now his fingers flew across the fingerboard with impeccable precision. From where did this lad procure such a glistening technique which magically inspired those tender fingers? From where did he procure that tone of silk—thin, delicate silk? From where did he procure a maturity, a depth, an intelligence in penetrating the profundities of so great a musical work? As Leopold Auer sat

there, his head in his hands, tears in his eyes, he realized that the answer to such questions was far beyond human powers.

"You are a genius, my boy," was all he said when the boy had finished his playing, "and I am proud and happy to be your teacher!"

From where had this boy come? He was born in Odessa, Russia. His mother,



Toscha Seidel and his violin

welcomed him with wide open arms!

Under Leopold Auer, Toscha matured. Native talent he already had; the entire violin repertoire was already well under the grasp of his chubby fingers. What he needed now was the gloss which Auer put upon all of his prodigies—that, and the maturity that comes only with years.

When Toscha was fifteen years old, he

was the full-fledged virtuoso.

Auer passed favorably upon him and said he was prepared to concertize. And so, in his fifteenth year,

Toscha began his first tour of Europe—and a tour of triumph it turned out to be!

Finally, he reached Christiania.

Norway, where his overwhelming success became converted into a rousing triumph. Each of his concerts was sold out far in advance. "Tosca"—for so his audiences called him—was the idol of the hour. The story goes that two gentlemen in evening dress met, one evening. "Are you going to hear the 'Tosca' of Puccini?" asked one of the other. "Oh no!" the other answered. "I'd much rather hear the 'Tosca' of Seidel!"

Simultaneous with Seidel's triumph in Christiania was the equally rousing success of another wizard of the fiddle, also a pupil of Auer—by name, Jascha Heifetz. All of musical Norway was now divided into two parts: there were those who still stoutly maintained that Seidel was God's greatest genius, and there were those who, at least, were skeptical after hearing Heifetz. The Queen herself was eager to solve this problem, and so she invited both prodigies to her palace for the purpose of judging for herself. They played the Bach Concerto for Two Violins, and separately each played a set of solos—and when they finished, the Queen was more perplexed than ever. "Every time I hear Jascha I am sure that he is superior, and then Toscha plays a solo and I am just where I was before!" And when, sometime afterwards, the Queen was asked which she really preferred—Jascha or Toscha—she answered simply: "Why, the one I hear last!"

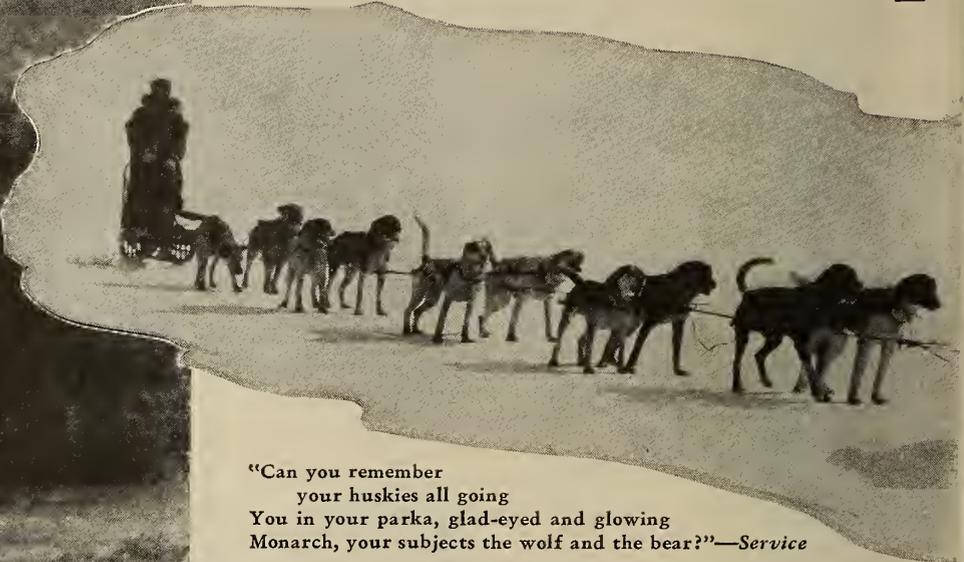
(Continued on page 87)

a school-teacher, and his father, a business man, realized almost immediately what Fate had entrusted into their hands. For the boy was born with a fiddle in his hand. At the age of two, the child delighted in plucking the strings of his uncle's violin, and piecing together little melodies; the following year, his first teacher, Max Fiedelman, began to give him his first regular instruction. But the boy seemed to learn his music instinctively. Both under Max Fiedelman and, shortly afterwards, at the Stern Conservatory of Music he learned with a rapidity and ease which terrified his teachers. They realized that there was only one teacher in Russia who could do justice to such a genius—the great Leopold Auer, foremost violin-teacher of the age. And the great Leopold Auer had

# From Dog Whip



Bob Crawford of the Arctic was tall, bronzed and sinewy. Guitar, pack, and powerful youth were his only assets.



"Can you remember  
your huskies all going  
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing  
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?"—Service

*Today Robert M. Crawford conducts a  
His Cutaway was a Caribou Parka, He a*

LATE evening of March twenty-sixth this year found me searching out the owner of a name—a name that came to me over the air from the lips of a Radio station announcer—a name that took me back to Alaska, within a hundred miles of the Arctic Circle—a name I had not heard since the year before the Great War.

Following the station announcer's lead, I found the Mutual Benefit Auditorium in Newark, New Jersey, brightly lighted. Music lovers of three cities filled the seats, and on the spacious stage were assembled the voices of the Newark Foundation Chorus, the Bach Singers Club of New York, the Barrington Girls' Choir and the Oratorio Society of Elizabeth.

From the throats of this great chorus came Johann Sebastian Bach's profound expression of eighteenth century religious emotionalism—"The Passion of Our Lord, according to St. Matthew," and on a raised dais, directing the music, stood Robert M. Crawford . . . so the program said.

Robert M. Crawford . . . the name

and slipped quietly into a rear seat. As the beautifully blended voices filled the hall, I sat back, closed my eyes, and pictured Bob Crawford as I had known him.

He was tall and bronzed, and sinewy with the flat muscles of youth. His hair was dark and unruly . . . his eyes clear and gray, and behind his high forehead there was stored a knowledge of trail wisdom and woodcraft that would have taxed the prowess of the best hunters in the neighboring Indian camps.

He was a typical "Sourdough Kid" . . . born within a hundred and fifty miles of the Arctic Circle, and knowing no other life than that which he saw on all sides as America's last frontier opened up under the hands of such pioneer families as the Crawfords.

The cutaway coat that he now wore was then a caribou calf parka . . . his patent leather shoes were the soft moosehide of native moccasins, and the hand that now wielded a conductor's baton was then swinging a whip over the backs of a team of slant eyed, pointed nosed malamute sled dogs. Those power-

ful arms, that were now beating out the measures of this stirring music were wrestling a sled over drifted trails.

I opened my eyes . . . feeling that I must be mistaken. The contrast was too great. I tried to retain the picture in my mind, but the magnificent music brought me back to the present, and only added to my doubt.

I tried to picture those wide shoulders swinging a paddle as a fragile canoe shot down the white water canyon of some nameless river . . . tried to visualize a hundred pound pack strapped to that broad back as a trail was being blazed through a country where the ring of White Man's axe had never before been heard. My uncertainty increased. Surely this couldn't be the man I sought! This master of beautiful music couldn't be the lad who had shared my youth in far off Alaska. Then, when he turned his head, I saw that it was, indeed, the same man.

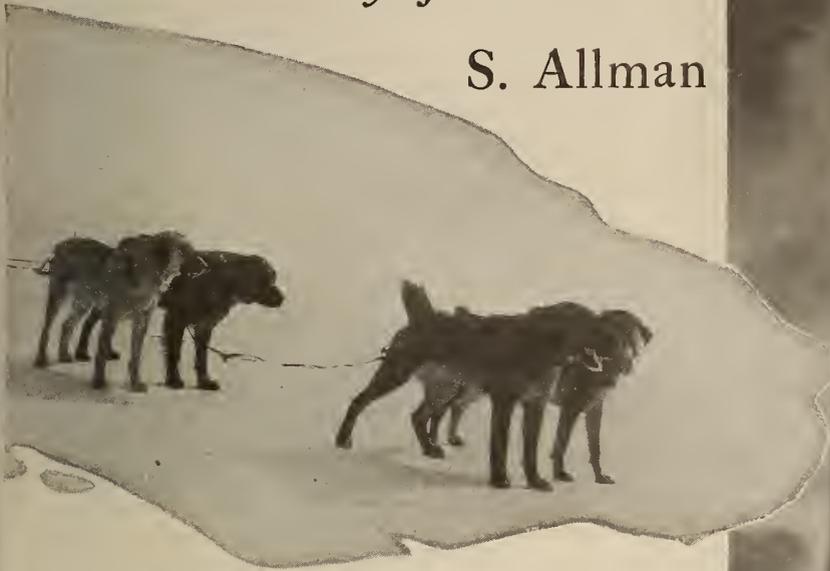
THERE was the same sharply chiseled profile. No mistaking that thick chest and lean waist. Broadcloth and starched linen failed to hide the impression of tremendous physical strength that I knew to be his.

Yes! Robert M. Crawford of the music world, and Bob Crawford of the

# to Baton

By Jack

S. Allman



## *Symphony Orchestra — Yesterday “Sourdough Kid” of Frontier, Alaska*

Arctic, are one and the same person. I impatiently awaited the end of the singing that I might renew a friendship broken fourteen years ago. And while waiting, I asked myself a question. I had long known of Bob's ambition along musical lines, but . . . “But by what possible association of circumstances could this change have taken place?”

As youngsters in the North our trails had often crossed and now I rehearsed what I knew of his early life.

HE was born in Dawson in 1899, when this roaring gold camp was making the third year of its turbulent history. Dawson . . . the Golconda of the North . . . the city of cabins and tents. The heart of the Klondyke, where fortunes were made over night, and in many instances spent almost as fast over the bars of the river front saloons. Saloons where a drunken entertainer might be heard reciting the, as yet, unpublished poems of a certain Robert W. Service, who weighed gold dust in a nearby bank.

When the news of rich paystreaks in the Tanana district came drifting up the Yukon River, the Crawford family joined the stampede and helped start the town of Fairbanks, and it was in this metropolis of central Alaska that little Bobby's con-

cert talents were first exploited.

Some of the older children in the camp would load their seven year old warbler on a hand sled and moving around among the gathered tents and cabins, would have him sing *In The Good Old Summer Time* (the only song he knew) while they passed a fur cap among the amused miners. Few failed to contribute, and when one remembers that twenty-five cents is the smallest coin we have up there, it looks as though Bobby's earnings might have been considerable for one of his tender years.

I recalled that Sam Crawford, an older brother, had the first phonograph in camp, and hour upon hour young Bob stood before the huge morning glory horn setting the raucous notes of the worn cylinders to the pitifully cheap tones of his mail order violin.

As soon as he decided that he was going to be a violinist he started taking lessons from one of those mysterious characters that one always encounters in frontier mining camps.

Some said that Vic Durand was a political exile. Others, who claimed to know, said that it was a woman and not



Robert M. Crawford is now director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra of 82 pieces and conductor of the New York Bach Singers Club.

the French government that had caused him to forsake a title and come into the North to lose himself. I knew him as a gentleman, a linguist and an artist, and as one who enjoyed sharing the hardships of a country in the throes of savage birth.

FOR three years Bob studied under Vic Durand, at the same time passing beyond the educational facilities offered by the Territory. About this time he found that a piano was as easy to master as a violin . . . his ambitions were divided. He compromised on music . . . music in all its multitudinous branches would be his career. He sat down and wrote the words and music to a song that he called *My Northland*. It was published and unofficially adopted by the sourdoughs of Alaska as their Territorial anthem.

Shortly after this I saw Bob Crawford for the last time before tonight. Let me tell you of that meeting.

The pale Arctic sun slanted its heatless rays down over the frozen landscape. Red, green and purple jewels flashed among the icicles that clung to the eaves of my little log cabin, and the smoke from the stove pipe spiraled straight up into the thin white light.

I COULD tell by the actions of my dogs that some one was coming in on the thin ribbon of trail that led off north a hundred miles to the Circle and the mighty Yukon.

"Mush, boys! Mush!"

The voice came to me faintly through the frozen silence. The biting forty below zero air nipped my ears as I raised the flaps of my cap, the better to hear. A musher was coming up the trail! Who? Where from? Would he have any fresh news?

Visitors are a welcome break in the monotony of long Alaskan winters. I hoped it might be a friend. He would stop with me. We'd have a great talk fest.

A white snow-shoe rabbit hopped into view, hesitated for a moment; his nervous, translucent ears erect.

"Mush, there, Brandy!"

The rabbit hurriedly disappeared as the crack of a whip split the crisp air. A team of seven malamutes swung around the bend, their tongues standing out like pieces of red flannel against the frost coated breath that clung to their gray breasts. They swung up to the door of my cabin.

"Hi, Jack!"

The tall lean musher on the handle bars of the long basket sled didn't have to throw back the wolferine trimmed hood of his skin parka for me to recognize him. I'd know that voice anywhere.

"Better anchor the sled and have a snack, Bob," I suggested. "Pot of moose stew on the stove."

"Won't have time, Jack, thanks." He melted the frost from his eyelashes with the heat of his bare hands before going on.

"I'm going through to Fairbanks," he added. "I want to get there for that Belgian Relief dance, tonight."

"You won't feel much like dancing after another thirty miles of this drifted trail," I pointed out.

"Perhaps not," he grinned. "But I won't be too tired to listen to the music."

We chatted for a few minutes, and then he was on his way, his whip cracking high over the backs of his dogs.

This was to be a big night in Fairbanks. The charity affair for the starving Bel-

gians had been advertised far and wide. All of the town's two thousand inhabitants would be there, as well as many from the surrounding creeks. There would be entertainment . . . dancing . . . music. Ah! Music! There was the magic word. It would take more than drifted trail to keep Bob Crawford away from music.

I doubt if I understood the gnawing hunger that sent my friend over that cold trail that wintery day. I do now, though. It was ambition. The same ambition that surmounted the handicap attendant to getting even a rudimentary musical education in a frontier so sparsely settled that an area one-fifth the size of the United States can only boast of a population of twenty-five thousand whites.

And that was fourteen years ago.

WHEN the singing finished I awakened to the fact that I was in Newark . . . not Alaska. I pressed my way through those of the audience who waited to congratulate Bob on the success and beauty of his oratorio. He recognized me and pressed my hand in the firm grip of friendship. The night was spent in chatting over old times.

As that same Robert W. Service of Dawson put it:

"We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,



It was in rush camps like this that Bob Crawford was raised.

Of men who played the game and lost or won;

Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,

Of camp-fire comfort when the day is done.

We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,

Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun; Of boat and tent, of hunting-trip enchanted

Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun; Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,

Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-locked:

The ice-gray dawn was pale upon our faces,

Yet still we filled the cup and still we talked."

I was to learn a lot more about Bob Crawford during those hours, but not only by dint of adroit questioning. The facts came out, piecemeal, that after I had left Alaska he had set his mind on a college education. The next thing was, of course, to get the where-with-all together.

About the time I left, the government started to build a railroad from salt water to Fairbanks. Contractors were recruited, as far as possible, from the trail blazers who had helped survey the route. Bob became a contractor . . . made some money and came out to enter Princeton, but after the first year funds ran short. Work in a Ford service station filled in the gaps for the ex-Alaskan musher.

Many men have worked their way through Princeton, but I wonder how many can look back on a name so deeply etched into student activities of such an enduring nature.

Crawford organized the Princeton Conservatory of Music with an enrolment of two hundred students. He started the Princeton University Orchestra, and for seven years has orchestrated and directed the music (written by under-grads) of the annual "Triangle" show. He was regular contributor to the *Princetonian*, and his rich baritone voice was in demand wherever close harmony was heard on or around the campus.

THEN Bob's French examination began to worry him. He made a sporting proposition to the professor. He agreed to put La Fontaine's fable, "*The Curé et le Mort*," (The Priest and the Corpse) to music as a symphonic poem for orchestra, in lieu of a thesis. The

French professor was evidently a good sport . . . he took Bob up, and today, the Princeton orchestra plays the piece as something of a school tradition. Needless to say, Bob passed his French class.

"But where did you get the necessary training to fit you for conducting such an organization as the Newark Symphony Orchestra of 82 pieces?" I asked him, boring another hole in the hard shell of his inherent modesty.

"Well, you know, Jack," he parried, "I only direct them over the air."

(Continued on page 92)



Eddy East (left) and Ralph Dumke. Combined weight 525 pounds.

# SISTERS *of the* SKILLET

*The Lowdown on those Two Intrepid "Female" Purveyors of Domestic Wisdom Revealed*

By

*Their Own Announcer*  
**Jean Paul King**

HELLO, Radio listeners. RADIO DIGEST has asked me to tell you a few things you don't know about those two very funny, funny fellows, Ed East and Ralph Dumke—or as you may know them better, The Sisters Of The Skillet.

Working with them as I do every day, except Sunday, in that padded cell in Studio C of the Chicago headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, this should be easy. Only one of two things can happen. The strain of preparing this article may kill me before I'm through or Eddie and Ralph may sue for slander and libel when it appears in print. But in either case it won't make much difference, so here goes.

You've all probably heard the Sisters of the Skillet on the NBC network and enjoyed them. Your 1500 or more enthusiastic letters every week prove it. And do the boys enjoy those letters? Daily when I arrive for the program I find them roaring with laughter over some new problem sent in for them to solve by a worried sister or over some new "dishwater poetry," as the poetic contributions have come to be known.

What do they look like? Well, Eddie

and Ralph are two good-looking young fellows in their early thirties who enjoy having a hearty laugh and who take great pleasure in passing it on to you, their listeners. You've heard the old saw "laugh and grow fat"—well, it certainly fits in this instance as the boys tip the beam at 260 pounds apiece. (Have you their picture?)

Both East and Dumke are experienced entertainers with many years of successful vaudeville appearances behind them. They are both sons of the Middle West; Ed East's advent in Bloomington, Indiana, is still mentioned in hushed tones, but Ralph Dumke's origin in South Bend, Indiana, isn't mentioned at all. High

school in their "good old home towns"—then college—Dumke gracing the halls of Notre Dame and East attending the University of Indiana—very temporarily.

The meeting of these two wise crackers makes an illuminating story. The time—a hot summer day; the place—Michigan City, a lake resort not far from Chicago. Being a hot summer day the beach was crowded with bathers. One of these, a flighty female, found herself out beyond the depth where her pink toes could touch good hard sand. She began to splash—to scream—to shriek—and finally to gurgle—filled nearly to the brim with cold, lake water. Two heroes came dashing to her aid. Two enormous heroes—two heroes no eye could miss. They reached the gal and towed her to shore—a frail and nearly submerged craft being piloted to port by two huge and efficient seagoing tugs.

As East and Dumke faced each other across the prostrate form of their salvage, an observer might have seen an identical expression on their faces. It was an expression which said, "Gosh all hemlock (slang, 1921), am I that big?" Without a doubt they were the two largest men

even seen in a pair of bathing suits.

Two years later they really met, show business bringing them together. Eddie was the shining luminary of a band playing in Indianapolis, doing all the singing and clowning as well as playing banjo. Many of the numbers which he was using to "wow" the Indiana folks were his own. He wrote them then as he does now. One day, Ralph, who also plays banjo, joined the band; the second day he and Eddie became acquainted and sang together; the third day they were working on a comedy skit and had decided to leave the band and try their luck in vaudeville. This was eight years ago, in 1923. They have been together ever since.

The summer of 1923 saw the creation of their vaudeville act and on Labor Day they headed for Chicago to meet "Their Future." They were booked on a junior circuit for a week's trial—at \$60—and at the end of the week they had impressed the bookers to such an extent that they were told they could continue working—for \$60. In the meantime, the head of the Chicago Orpheum office who had seen the act, sent for them and shortly after they were on their way to New York to sign a six year Keith-Orpheum contract. Quoting Ralph—"Those six years were the only ones we didn't have to worry—question mark."

SO FOR six years they toured the country; Keith in the East, Orpheum houses in the West. Probably many of you have seen their old stage act. If so, I know you haven't forgotten it. It was a fast, comedy-harmony act with both boys at the piano, Ed playing very little piano. (As today.) As Dumke says, "Ed knows three chords on the piano, but hasn't been able to place them in their proper relationship, and as I'm a banjo player, I can only see the black keys."

It was not until the time of the Mississippi flood disaster that they became interested in a microphone and as

Ed said "saw the handwriting on the wall for vaudeville, and rubbed it off." Sick of one night stands and "the road," East and Dumke found themselves in the devastated flood area where the situation was acute. People were starving and shelterless, so the boys organized relief benefits, gave midnight performances after their regular shows and as some of these relief benefits were broadcast by southern Radio stations which were co-operating, Eddie and Ralph had their first experience on the air.

THEIR second air appearance was over WJR, Detroit, where they were playing Publix time in the beautiful Fisher theatre. It was this appearance in front of the mikes which did much to decide them on a Radio career. Their final decision to leave vaudeville was caused by a fan letter written by a girl who watched for their appearance in Detroit each year and who, since their last visit, had become an invalid and a shut-in. She heard them over WJR and wrote, telling them she was "simply delighted" to hear them as she thought that pleasure was to be denied her since she could no longer visit

a theatre. She wrote "You don't know how much your merry chatter and clever songs have done to make my life more livable. Please tell me when I may hear you on the air again."

This human little letter showed the boys the possibilities of Radio; they realized how much larger their air audiences would be as compared to a theatre audience; they saw that their clowning could bring cheer to countless ill and shut-in persons and they became Radio converts. For years they had made it a point to appear in hospitals, penitentiaries and children's homes in cities which they visited, so they were fully able to realize the value of a good laugh as medicine.

Their first Radio contract was with WGN, Chicago, where they appeared for two years with a harmony act heard each evening. Realizing the value of an act which would appeal to women listeners, Eddie and Ralph conceived the idea of *Sisters of the Skillet*, a daily feature which enabled them to retain the singing part of their act and add to it patter and wisecracks from their stage shows. On November eleventh of last year the *Sisters of the Skillet* appeared as a feature of the National Broadcasting

Company and has proved to be one of the Chicago studio's most popular programs.



The Sisters of the Skillet in their bungle-aprons. Left, Miss Pet Plenty (Eddie East) and right, Miss Isabella Fryt (Ralph Dumke).

THE skit is fifteen minutes of fun, introduced and signed off by this "poor old broken-down Radio announcer" who has the robin's nest in his hair. The opening song, written by East, is the Housewives' Lament and the words are good enough to keep over your kitchen sink. Here they are—

"While your hearts are yearning  
And the toast is burning,  
Turn the roast and scrape the toast  
Before the boys come home.  
Onions keep on frying,  
Baby keeps on crying,  
Get the tub and rub and scrub;  
That's your home, sweet home."  
(Con. on page 95)

# Helen Keller's

## Radio

# Adventure

*World's Wonder Woman Although  
Blind and Deaf Enjoys Movies,  
Jazz and Broadway Crowds*

By Anne B. Lazar

IT WAS a blowy March day. Whirlwinds stirred up the sleepy dust and discarded papers from their winter's rest and did the spiral dance on every corner. Men's hats suddenly became animated and playful and disported themselves in front of hurrying autos, while ladies' skirts looked like umbrellas turned inside out on a storm-storm-stormy day.

The spirit of life could be restrained no longer. Miriam and I felt it in our very bones. It was grand to be alive and healthy—to be able to see the world's limitless treasures—to catch the slightest sign of song or melody in the city's multitudinous undertones, and to improvise a little tune so that we could be in harmony with the rest of things.

Oh, it was good to exist! Every fibre of our being was touched with the breath of life. We were awake with the newness and freshness.

And as Miriam and I were thus enjoying the freedom of being born again, we both suddenly stopped. Our thoughts swung immediately to the object of our errand.

We were both going to see Helen Keller—the wonder woman—Miriam Brown to sketch her in pencil and I—to interview her. Miriam is only sixteen—that golden age when happy visions have not yet been scarred by bitter experiences and when fascinating illusions have all of the essence of reality. She had just come from her art class at New York University with books under her arms, and a beret settled carelessly on a mass of dark brown hair.

As an interviewer of maturer years, I could not help but catch something of the

thrill that was hers in this first experience of sketching a famous person.

But something caught in our voices when we started talking about Miss Keller. It was with a feeling of awe and reverence as if we were approaching something holy, something savoring of the divine and not of this world.

We had just reached the studio. Upstairs everything was in a state of expectancy. Photographers were planting their cameras at acute, right and oblique angles—and scattered about was a variety of microphones.

Helen Keller had just had a thrilling adventure—an adventure in Radio. That was an event—and newspaper offices and photographers were busy broadcasting the news to the world.

She went to Washington with her teacher and her secretary, Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson—to broadcast for the Better Vision Institute—an organization devoted to the important task of protecting human sight.

The Washington studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System were crowded with curious spectators to witness this modern miracle—a woman broadcasting her voice—a voice she herself had never heard—to hundreds of thousands of eager listeners.

There was a deep suspense in the atmosphere—people held back their breath as if afraid to break the spell of the enchantment.

Miss Keller made her way through the dense gathering and finally reached the microphone. Her firm fingers swept quickly but carefully, so as not to miss a



Helen Keller as she was sketched during special interview for RADIO DIGEST

*Illustrated by Miriam D. Brown*

single detail, over the outlines of the instrument. Then, as her hand traced the mike's head, she exclaimed, "It looks like a big eye." Not ever having herself beheld an eye, the significance of her statement made us marvel at her aptitude for forming delightful comparisons from what the ordinary mortal would consider mere commonplaces.

At a glance we read the word, *Columbia*, which was printed vertically on the shield. But Miss Keller's indefatigable fingers had to trace the raised letters carefully to learn what we knew instantly and effortlessly.

Fingers—they are her eyes and ears—and the accuracy of her information indicates that they neither belittle nor magnify the things which she touches.

She had been keeping her fingers busily employed but in a few moments she was to speak. How would her voice sound to these anxious listeners? Could it possibly express in sound the words which she had for her message. Would she have mike fright? Oh, if she could only for a moment—just for that occasion—tear down the dark and dreary veil of deafness—to hear the sound of her voice so that she could be sure she could actually speak and be heard!

And what if she spoke—and nobody could hear her—just as she couldn't hear.

It would be unbearable—the silence on the air—those few minutes in which she would be going through the motions of speaking—but with no sound falling from her lips.

It must have been an anxious moment as she took over the microphone after having been introduced by both Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson.

**B**UT her fears were groundless. For as soon as she opened her lips—and although she herself was no witness to the sounds she was uttering—this is what the listeners in every part of the country heard Miss Keller say:

"I am happy to greet you all and to convey a thought which may help to bring greater happiness, comfort and efficiency to you in your daily tasks and recreation. For many years now my work has been aiding those who live in darkness and spreading the message of eye-care to those who are more fortunate.

"If you could meet as I have the hundreds of educated men and women who testify that they were grown up before they knew that it was faulty vision which kept them backward in school, and later in business, you would at once find out all there is to know about improving and conserving your sight. The ounce of prevention is worth many times the pound of cure. So I urge you to investigate at once the true condition of your eyes and those of your children. 'Guessing' or assuming that your vision is all that it should be is extremely foolish and may prove costly. Should glasses be found necessary, they should be worn unhesitatingly, because they are a positive asset and safeguard.

"Do what you can to enlighten your neighbors, especially those who are ignorant and impoverished. Conservation is true economy as well as a humane measure. Prevention of human misery is not an idle dream—do help yourself and help others, that we may all create saner social conditions and a healthier, happier humanity."

Miss Keller stepped away from the microphone. The reassuring handclasp of her friends made her happy. Then she had been heard—and those fears—she must never have them again. There was comfort in the thought that others could hear her voice even though she herself has never known its sound, except—through her wonderful fingers.

Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson cleared the way for Miss Keller through the gathering throngs to keep a luncheon engagement with the President and the First Lady of the Land at the White House, where they probably discussed the activities of the World Conference, either through lip-reading or through the manual alphabet—spelling sentences in Miss Keller's palms. Then they made a hurried tour through the historic places and points of interest in and around the

Capital and Mt. Vernon—and as usual Miss Keller had the time of her life.

After these few days at Washington—fraught with activity—Miss Keller had returned to New York and we were all expecting her at the Times Wide World Studio.

A note of keen expectancy dominated the hustle and bustle at the studio. Then all at once the busy motions ceased. Into the sudden hush a page announced Miss Helen Keller. What a personality! What a miracle of a human being! It was almost like a demonstration of the supernatural just to behold this marvelous woman. And yet there was a feeling that one would like to be of service to her—to help in some way.

She was neatly tailored in a green canton crepe dress. Her low cut patent leather shoes set off her slender ankles to advantage, and except for a slight inclination to expand a bit beyond the generally accepted standard of slimness and for a few streaks of gray hair among her rich brown wavy tresses, Helen Keller would not look over thirty-five. She has passed the fifty mark.

**A**FTER the first few moments of general introductions among those present, the cameras began to click, and Helen Keller went through the regular process of posing, Miriam in the meantime standing in the background with sketch block and pencil snatching every possible line of character for her sketch. Into this awed circle which seemed almost ceremonial in reverence there suddenly beamed a dash of color with the appearance of Sidney Franklin, renowned American matador.

He had just returned from Spain where he had settled a few public arguments with some mad bulls, but from his appearance we could see that he had the best of arguments. He didn't have a single scar—and well—as for Adonisian looks—I can't understand why those Spanish señoritas ever allowed Mr. Franklin to leave the country.

Mr. Franklin was introduced to Miss Keller. "Oh, I have read all about you," she said. "You must be very brave to fight all of those bulls, but you should be careful." She then placed her hands on his shoulders and felt of his muscles and remarked, "My, but you are very strong."

We could all see that Mr. Franklin doubtless sensed a greater thrill from this momentary meeting with gentle Miss Keller than he did from his ferocious conquests in the Spanish arena. He felt a little richer for the experience.

Finally Miriam and I were able to have a few minutes by ourselves with Miss Keller. The crowds were still around us and we were limited to only a very short interview.

**M**ISS KELLER sat erect in her chair. She has a dignified bearing but withal a tenderness about the expres-

sions around her face and the movements of her hands that betrayed little of her early sufferings. She hasn't that empty stare that most blind people seem to have. Her mind is so intensely active, her spirit so effervescent that expression forces its way even through her lightless eyes. You have the feeling of coming in contact with a great force when you meet Helen Keller—a power so vibrant that nothing could hold in leash the magnitude and beauty of her thoughts which escape through every movement of her body. One might as well try to build a wicker fence around Niagara or put the sun behind prison bars as for blindness and deafness to limit Helen Keller to the realm of darkness and despair.

Between her and Beethoven there is a great parallel. It is a well-known fact that this great composer wrote his greatest masterpieces when he was stone deaf. Music came to him not through the natural organs of hearing, but through deep draughts of inspiration of which he drank freely, and which he in turn gave to the world in his immortal compositions.

Helen Keller at the early age of two was stricken with a serious illness which robbed her of sight and hearing—the natural channels through which the universe pours its infinite bounties to mankind. With all means of communication shut off between her and the rest of the world, she presented a lonely and pitiful figure. The softness of her mother's voice was lost in the deep void that engulfed the young child. She could know her parents' love only through their gentle caresses and handclaps. Deprived of sight and hearing the problem of educating this handicapped child was a mighty one. Then her teacher, Mrs. Macy, at that time Anne Sullivan, came into her life. She needed a reserve of patience and perseverance for this child who was standing as if on a brink of another world, stretching out her hand for a sympathetic and discerning heart.

**T**HEN came the slow process of learning things by name through her fingers—from the cool water that ran through her fingers to the outlines of her dog. Through this system of education and with her companion, friend and teacher ever at her side to guide and help her, and with her own native intelligence, Miss Keller has come to be one of the most prominent figures of our day. Her mind leaps with amazing alacrity from one subject to another and she shows a surprising fund of general information.

To those of us who have the heaven-born privilege of being able to see with our eyes it is hard to imagine how Miss Keller can get such vivid pictures through her fingers. But her fingers have been to her what our eyes and ears are to us. We can hear the songs of the birds, the laughter of little children, the beautiful

(Continued on page 94)



HELEN KELLER listens to a savant's philosophy of life through her finger tips. She is shown here with Tagore, Indian Poet-Philosopher.

*Characters Direct from Life  
in the Raw, as Fate Has  
Cast them in a Spinning World  
Drama, Make up the Personnel  
of Beloved Mission Worker's  
Broadcast*

▼  
By Dorothy Thomas

**I**F YOU tune in any Sunday afternoon at 3:30 to WMCA you hear Tom Noonan, the "Bishop of Chinatown", broadcast his cheerful meetings from the old Chinese theater in New York's Bowery. You've probably just eaten a good dinner and you sit in a comfortable chair in a warm, cozy home. Well, Tom Noonan talks over the Radio to anyone who'll listen in, but the men and women who are habitués of his mission probably can't remember when they last had a good dinner or a warm and cozy home—if ever!

At Tom Noonan's Mission every creed, color and race are welcome. There's a feed and a flop for all and no questions asked. If charity is cold, it certainly is inquisitive. It's apt to be the custom, before a starving man is fed, to inquire into his ancestry, his morals and to discover if possible whether it is through any weakness or vice of his own that he has come to this pitiful pass. But Tom Noonan doesn't work that way. If the down-and-outer wants to talk, this practical Evangelist will listen and do what he can to help solve the problems—but he figures a man needs food and rest before he is ready for spiritual advice or help to a better life.

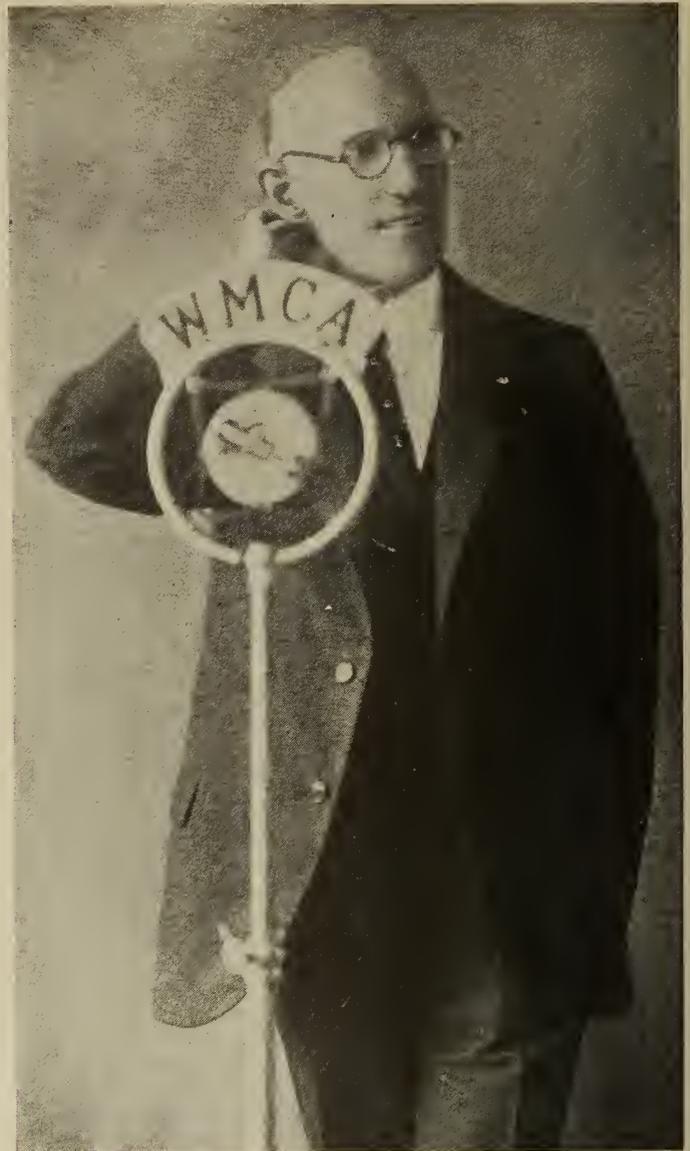
Who is Tom Noonan? Nearly everyone knows by this time, but in case you don't, I'll tell you that he came up from the gutters of the lower East Side, knew starvation and homelessness and all the bitter humiliations that are suffered today by the unfortunate men and women who come to him for aid. He had reached Sing Sing by the time he was seventeen and says he might still be making trips there or to other state hostleries, had it not been for Maud Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army. Working in the prisons, she not only preached the gospel to the inmates, but offered practical aid to them when they left prison. She gave Tom a job helping at a home for ex-convicts. From there he joined the staff of The Rescue Society—organized about thirty years ago by a

Tom Noonan—now, something past middle age, tall, lean, a quick smile, and humorous eyes.

group of people who believed that some effort should be made to uplift Chinatown—and for the past twenty-five years Tom Noonan has been its leading spirit. Now, something past middle age, he is a tall, lean man with a quick smile, agile movements, and humorous eyes. He has an office in the Bible House where he keeps four stenographers busy answering his fan mail—surely the strangest, most tragic and appealing fan mail any public character receives today.

"See that stack?" he asked, pointing to a white mountain on his desk. "They're mostly from people who're ashamed to stand in a bread line—people who've always had good jobs but are down and out today. I never knew such a depression as this one—I never had so many calls for help—especially from the white collar class."

Sitting there in his busy little office Tom Noonan told me tales that made me shudder—stories that made me scared and ashamed to ever spend another cent for taxis or beauty parlors or any sort of luxury—scared for myself and ashamed because so many people are without



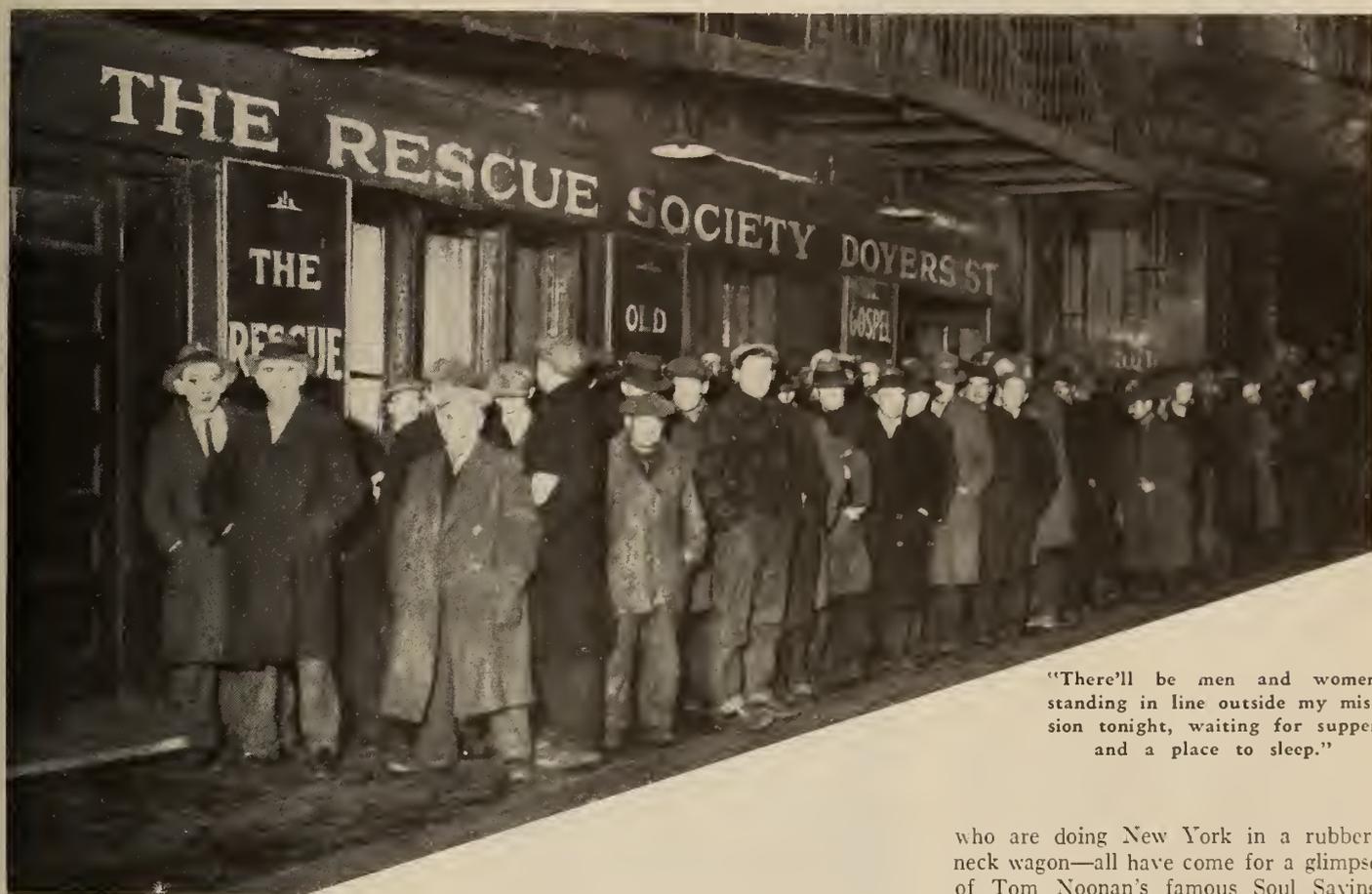
the bare necessities of life right now.

"There'll be men and women standing in line outside my Mission tonight waiting for supper and a place to sleep that have seen better days than any of the prosperous who sit up on the platform and put money in my collection plate."

Among those who seek his help are women who were once the toast of the town, men who held responsible positions in the business and financial world, a secretary to one of our presidents, a member of a well-known but decayed Southern family, a newspaper man—people who just couldn't get over this quicksand called life.

"**O**F COURSE there are the perpetual bums too," he admitted. "A certain percentage are just drifters—probably the inevitable leftovers of our present industrial system. They may be incompetent mentally or physically, they may be lazy or drunken or dopes—but anyway, here they are with no place to go and we've got to do the best we can for them."

# Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station



"There'll be men and women standing in line outside my mission tonight, waiting for supper and a place to sleep."

He told me about "Three Drink Harry"—whose name might embarrass someone in the Social Register, also of a district attorney from California who landed at the Mission after his wife had run away with his best friend, of ladies who trod the primrose path to be sidetracked to the streets and alleys and wharves until they landed in a "flop house" in the Bowery—a long way from where they started out to go! "Galloping Nell," "Hop Head Amy," "Singing Mary," "Chinatown Gertie" are just a few of the names some of these ladies go by.

"A lot of people only need temporary help—a job—a new way of looking at life—a helping hand over the dark places and they're ready to get back into their proper sphere in life. Sometimes boys get stranded in a strange city between jobs or promised money from home. I think the most helpless are the old men—chucked out of a job because they're past forty. There just is no place for most of them. Nothing but a bleak existence of bread lines, flop houses, park benches, Municipal Lodging Houses, hallways and maybe jails."

Such are the men and women who are sitting on the benches of the old Chinese theater when Tom Noonan broadcasts every Sunday afternoon. While you in your comfortable homes are listening in to the Evangelist's lively sallies, rousing hymns, requests for aid, his music and speakers, these others are gratefully looking toward this man who has been for so many years their friend. But instead of tuning in let's look in—

IT'S a rainy, warmish afternoon in dirty Doyers Street—that crooked cavern that winds though the lower East Side like a slimy snake. It's three o'clock and outside of a shabby old hall plastered with signs—"Rescue Mission," "If you haven't got a friend you'll find one here"—a line stretches itself halfway down the street. Women in sables, men in handsome ulsters—a very prosperous bread line, you think. And you're right. Half right. The people patiently standing out there in the rain are prosperous. They are big hardware men from Hackensack, debutantes from Westchester, clubwomen from Boston, Ladies' Aid Societies from Schenectady, tourists from the corn belt

who are doing New York in a rubber-neck wagon—all have come for a glimpse of Tom Noonan's famous Soul Saving Station.

This old Chinese theater that had been converted into a Tabernacle for the Lost is inconvenient to get at. It is much too small to hold the throngs who come there to be saved—or help others be saved as the case may be. It is badly ventilated, the heat and breath from many bodies fill the old building. But the dynamic Evangelist can pack the place to overflowing and make Park Avenue and prosperous suburbanites like it!

THE first floor is arranged like any hall for political or religious meetings—a large platform facing a line of benches and chairs. Tom Noonan and the churchly sit on the raised dais and the down-and-outers sit below on the benches. The meeting is opened with a prayer and Noonan's popular theme song, *There's a Rainbow Shining Somewhere*. Then like a genial, informal host at a night-club, he greets various friends who are either present in the hall or listening in over the Radio. He mentions the names of various Ladies' Auxiliaries and Girls' Friendly Clubs that are present.

(Continued on page 85)



At the age of twelve Freddie Rich, CBS batoneer, was pianist in a nickelodeon.

#### CONCLUSION

WHAT brings success in Radio? That's the question our untiring reporter, Ev Plummer asked himself. He came to the conclusion that *good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship do not necessarily mean success in Radio!* The important qualification for the would-be star is "X"—air "it".

Background and training don't mean a thing if the aspirant hasn't "X". Amos was a tobacco salesman, Andy laid brick for his father's construction company. Phillips Lord was a teacher, Roxy a department store clerk . . . many other revelations were made in last month's story.

BUT if you missed the first installment, you can start right now and read these bombshells about more of the air famous:—

YOU all know Jolly Bill Steinke of the "Jolly Bill and Jane" programs. Jolly Bill has been a New York newspaper cartoonist for years. Going to the studios to cartoon artists, he caught the mike bug by association, and success was fast in coming.

How about Baby Rose Marie (Mazzeppa)? Well, this talented young miss had Radio come to her along with vaudeville and the movies. She talked at nine months of age, won an amateur stage contest at two years, carried on regular conversation at thirty months, and at three years of age was before the footlights imitating Sophie Tucker in "hot mama" jazz numbers!

Big Brother Bob Emery divided time between studying at Tufts College and



Ruth Etting was wasting beauty backstage as costume designer. A chorus girl sick—Ruth filled in and her voice "clicked."

playing his ukulele at Station WGI, Medford, Mass., from 1922 to 1924. He developed the Big Brother Club idea at WGI, took it to WEEI, Boston, with him in 1925, and to NBC and a sponsor in September of last year.

Here's how several radactors entered the studios. Marcella Shields made her stage bow at four years of age and trouped as a vaudeville comedienne from then on to September, 1928, when she was given a Radio play role. Other bits followed and in June, 1929, she became a member of NBC's New York staff.

## Seventy Radio

# How They

*What Are You? Clerk—Stenographer—Really Repeats You too May Step from*

By Evans

George Frame (Matt Thompkins) Brown of Real Folks studied to be an architect, went to France for Uncle Sam, returned and studied theatrical architecture and stage settings, and was lured into accepting small parts in plays. He wrote a one act play that was produced, played stock for a season and from then on was an actor-playwright. He nibbled at Radio with a burlesque solo sketch, then was invited to become a regular Radio writer and actor. His creation of Real Folks made its bow for NBC in 1928.

Peter and Aline Berry Dixon, of *Raising Junior*, were newspaperman and stock company actress, married and hopeful. Peter became a publicity writer for NBC. Then he began to write radarios. "Raising Junior," the joint idea of the Dixons, was written by them as a result of watching their own young son. A sponsor liked it and asked the two to tryout for the leading parts of Junior's parents. They did, clicked, and are still clicking.

HERBERT POLESIE, accidentally fell into Radio as an early announcer of pioneer station KDKA. Raymond Knight, production director of KUKU and many other NBC dramatic programs, really studied for his present work. His master was Professor Baker of the famous "47 Workshop" at Harvard. Legitimate stage direction and production work preceded his being employed by NBC. Virginia Gardiner, trained to sing, paint, write poetry, compose songs, dance and act, applied to NBC for a singing audition. Her words requesting the trial brought her an audition as a Radio actress instead. It wasn't long until she was starred.

Another unusual entry into radacting

# Stars Tell

# Started

*Cowpuncher? Student? If History  
Obscurity to Fame as Did These Folk*

## E. Plummer

was made by David Owen, dramatic director of the CBS farm network. Owen was director of the North Shore Theatre Guild. One day Walter Preston, director of WBBM, called the guild to obtain the services of some actors. Owen talked to Preston. "By the way," Preston remarked, "you have a perfect voice yourself on the telephone. Why not try it on the microphone?" Owen did, and he's still in Radio.

Band leaders generally seem to have had clearly defined ambitions to be musicians in their heads. Few wandered about. As for their receiving microphone honors, good and novelty orchestras have always been in heavy demand at the studios or for remote pickups. Let's look over a few of the leaders.

**RUDY VALLEE** and Leonard Joy both attended college and paid the bill by playing in orchestras. Guy and Carmen Lombardo and Fred Kretzer started the Royal Canadians—3 pieces—in 1918, playing at a mothers' club meeting in London, Ontario. Wayne King, university graduate account, worked a year at figures before he switched to his saxophone hobby as a breadwinner. B. A. Rolfe for eight years threw his lot with the movies, and was alternately wealthy and broke, before he took a band to a New York restaurant. Art Kassel, trained in both music and art, went to war, and returned from France with a definite ambition to form an orchestra.

Frank Black, chemistry student and amateur musician, was persuaded to fill the vacant post of an ill pianist in the orchestra at a Summer hotel where he was vacationing. Harold Sanford wavered between electricity and music as a youth until a job paying \$1.50 nightly for play-



Said dad to Howard Barlow, "No long-haired musicians in my family!" He cut his hair but became a symphony conductor.

ing the violin decided him for the latter. Eugene Ormandy, Hungarian violinist, is a Roxy protege. Horace Heidt only took up orchestra playing in college in order to pay a hospital bill caused by a football injury. David Mendoza almost turned from music to medicine, but friends and family changed his mind. Freddie Rich's first job, at twelve, was pianist in a nickelodeon.

Wanderlust set Vincent Sorey to playing his violin all over South America and collecting folk tunes as he roamed. Except for a few unsuccessful months trying

Cartoons by  
Walter Van Arsdale



Muriel Wilson earned her keep and singing lessons as deputy collector of taxes.

to sell airplanes, Sorey kept to music. Ludwig Laurier very nearly became a druggist in Buffalo, N. Y.

**P**ARENTS would have denied us many noted directors. Paul Whiteman's concert singing family practically disowned him for starting a jazz band. Vincent Lopez' folks would have made him a priest, but the monastery's far seeing father director sided with Vincent. Howard Barlow's dad would have no "long-haired musicians" in his family, but he did, anyway, because of Howard's persistence. Channon Collinge, director of the Cathedral hour, was sent to a textile school by his English family who were prominent in the cotton business. Channon won a scholarship medal and composed a song. He sent both home, asked his parents to choose between the two, and the next month was enrolled in a musical conservatory. Incidentally, during his career, Collinge spent six years as a comic strip artist.

Among the fair sex who thrill you at the loud speaker, Jessica Dragonette climbed her first rung when she applied for a soprano role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle". Olive Palmer (Virginia Rae) was singing at five years of age and was a concert and opera success before the advent of Radio. Lois Bennett sang on the stage at the same age as Olive, and had her first chance when she was nineteen in a tour of vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Ruth Etting was cabaret

show costume designer in Chicago until she jokingly filled in a vacancy in the chorus one night. Local station singing helped to bring her to the attention of Paul Ash. Recording and the Follies followed. Vaughn De Leath, crooning contralto and "original Radio girl", won her title by singing from a "wireless room" atop a New York skyscraper in 1915, history shows. She crooned then and later in 1920 to keep from "blowing" tubes of the early transmitters costing \$110 each.

**M**ARY CHARLES, revue star and character impressionist, got into Radio by applying for an audition and doing better than 149 other aspirants tried out at the same time. Lillian Taiz, of CBS special productions, was "discovered" by at least five impresarios, including Leopold Stokowski and George Gershwin. Mary McCoy made her first public appearance at nine, and when Schumann-Heink made her golden jubilee tour four years ago, Mary was honored by being selected by the beloved Ernestine as her assisting artist. Operettas immediately sought her and Radio followed. Muriel Wilson had a hard struggle to train her voice, and to pay the bill, she worked as deputy collector of internal revenue. She's been with NBC so long she's forgotten how she started on the chain. Harriet Lee sold sheet music behind a Chicago store counter to pay her vocal teacher. A violinist friend accidentally learned she was studying voice and offered to take her to a broadcasting station. For years she broadcast in a girl duo and then Wendell Hall gave her the push that put her on CBS programs.

Ruth Lyon completed her college education in which she majored in French, and was seeking a job teaching the latter when friends convinced her that she should follow singing, her hobby. The Ponce Sisters, who are really sisters, were trained to sing by their mother. They laughed at friends who told them they "ought to go on the stage" but finally went to the studios for an audition which discovered their voices to be of excellent quality for Radio. Annette Hanshaw, who started singing at private parties, and finally was singing for four recording companies, was signed by CBS because of her phonograph fame.

The announcers came from more assorted occupations than perhaps any other branch of Radio entertainers, for there was no such "thing" as an announcer before Radio. Mr. Graham

McNamee was a salesman in the Central Northwest until he went to New York to finish his voice training. Applying to the young WEA for a job singing baritone, he was heard and given one as announcer instead. David Ross almost became a poet instead of an announcer, and broke into Radio one day by happening to be in the studios when something happened that left a hole in the program. He volunteered to do a dramatic reading, and his voice won him an immediate post as mikeraman.

Ted Husing was athlete, amateur boxer, boxing instructor for the U. S. Army, professional football and basketball player, furniture salesman, aviation instructor for the New York police force, gymnastics and Charleston dance instructor, and finally one of 609 other applicants for the job of announcer at old WJZ. John S. Young graduated from college and flipped a coin to see whether he would follow law or write the great American drama. Playwrighting won but his play couldn't find a producer. Disappointed Young tried out for Radio and here he is. Bill (W. G.) Hay was a successful vocal instructor

and piano merchant until roped into Radio announcing to fill out Radio programs at KFKX, in Nebraska. Then the fans wouldn't let him desert the mike. Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager", was drama critic, arctic explorer, seaman in Uncle Sam's navy and Radio magazine publisher before his magnetic Radio personality was discovered. Sen Kaney, one of KYW's first announcers, practically grew up with Radio.

What Louis A. Witten, guest announcer for CBS, did before Radio is not known to the writer, but it is common knowledge that he broke into it as announcer at a small station in Patchogue, L. I., some six years ago. Neel Ensen, of NBC, is an Ohio State University graduate who was taken under the wing of George Eastman, the music philanthropist, along with eleven other singers, in order to start an American Grand Opera Company. For a while he taught piano and voice in

Chicago, next he starred in an operetta, and finally in February, 1929, he went to New York for further musical study and to sing in many of the important churches. In May of that year he was granted an audition by NBC and was one of the first announcers to qualify

without previous Radio training of any sort. Kelvin Keech, who graduated as a chemical engineer who knew how to sing and play both the ukulele and mandolin, decided to make his living as an entertainer. After years of doing so, more or less, during which one of his high spots was teaching the Prince of Wales to strum a uke, he decided to try to break into NBC as a performer. He broke in all right, but as an announcer, a job he took half

seriously but at which he made good. Norman Brokenshire, ex-soldier and former mechanical draftsman, was sitting in a New York park reading the want-ad section of a newspaper when his eyes saw that WJZ was in need of an announcer, "experience not necessary". He and 499 other young men applied, but Brokenshire was selected.

Most of Radio's masculine stars of song trained for singing early in life, if not for the unheard of broadcast mike, but there are some exceptions and others with interesting pasts. Among these is Frank Luther, NBC tenor and member of the "Men About Town" quartet, who rode herd on the Kansas prairies until he was ordained as a minister. Then his marriage required more money than a minister's remuneration, so he took up professional singing. Theo Karle, CBS tenor, punched cows on his father's ranch until he was eighteen. Wilfred Glenn, NBC soloist and bass of the Revelers, was in Alaska with the salmon fleet as representative of a salmon packing company when the gold rush started. Lewis James, NBC tenor and another Reveler, failed by a point to become a cadet at West Point, so he became an engineer. This profession he continued until friends persuaded him to take up singing.

Billy Hughes thought he would be a wall street operator until Radio claimed him. Darl Bethmann, NBC baritone, worked in Pennsylvania steel mills to earn money with which to finance a musical education.

So, you will see, many of the present favorites of the dial had as commonplace beginnings as perhaps many of you who will be reading this article. None of them expected to be bigtimers in Radio. It just—happened.



Channon Collinge supported himself while studying music by commercial art work—he was good at that too.



Vincent Sorey wandered all over South America playing his fiddle, learning folk songs and singing for his supper.

*Wuxtry!*

# Brokenshire

*Elected Mayor  
of Mirthquakers*

**T**HIS is Inside Story No. 1 on the "Making of a Radio Program." Written because Anxious Letter Writer and Mr. Vox Pop ask, "Do the Presidents of big business Corps. scratch their noodles and wonder, 'Will a soprano or a ventriloquist or an animal act sell more for us?'" Do they worry about what you like, Mr. Vox Pop? Of course.

You hear the Mirthquakers program now with Brother Brokenshire and Brother Macy. But only lately the Garcia Grande cigar company wondered what Mr. Vox Pop likes and staged a contest to let Mr. V. P. and the rest of the Public vote. Did the listeners like Norman Brokenshire as an announcer and M. C., or did they prefer him in bigger doses as Chief Entertainer? Everybody was invited to vote by mail.

The election was crooked, because every ballotteer was paid. One cigar was the bribe. But one party was as black as the other was burnt-corked, so neither demanded a legislative investigation.

Faster and faster came the votes! If all the mail ballots in the station mail bags had been piled end to end and the ink squeegeed out and used in a rain machine there wouldn't be any drought problem for the farmers. But the result was apparent from the first. Norman Brokenshire (right) won, hands down, with the second man on his ticket, Everett Macy, pulling another record-breaking vote.

Mr. G. Grande heaved a sigh of relief, put Norman and Everett to work in a padded, sound-proof studio where the gags would rebound harmlessly and the "Mirthquakers'" result can be heard via electrical transcriptions any day now via WOR in New York, WFBM in Indianapolis, or if that doesn't suit you, try WHK, Cleveland, WSTP, Minneapolis, or WFBR, Baltimore. Welcome back to Radio, Mr. Pioneer Brokenshire! We're glad to hear you again.

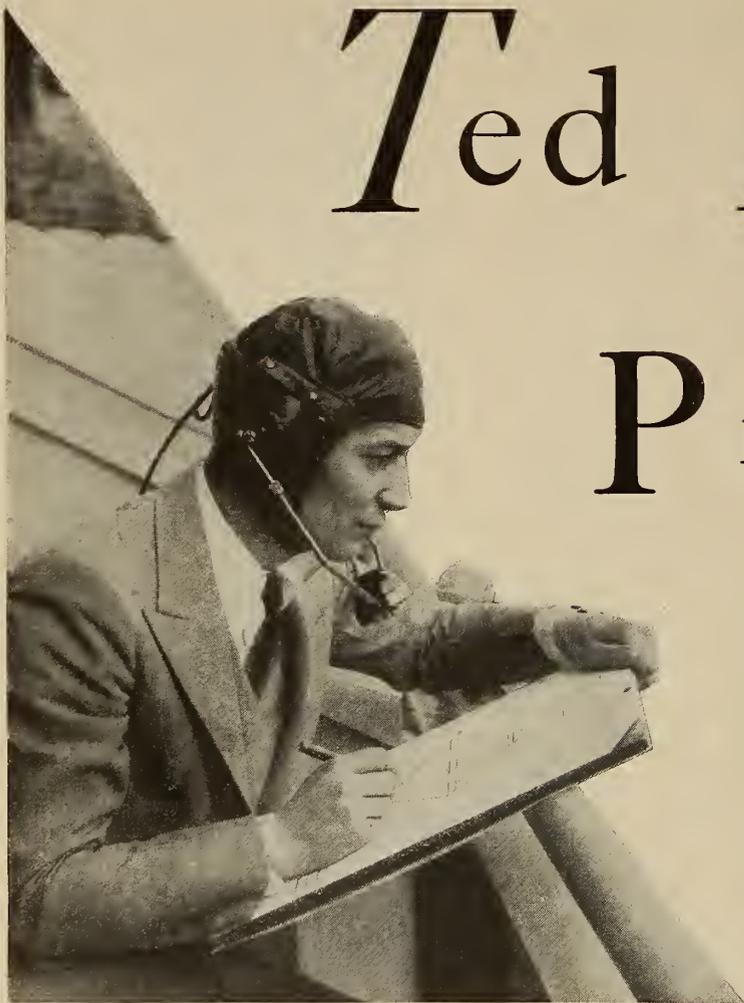


*Abe Lincoln Was a Rail Splitter  
but Norman Sweeps into Office on  
Reputation as a Side Splitter—  
Everett Macy (Left) Cleans up in  
Second Place on Ticket*



# Ted Husing

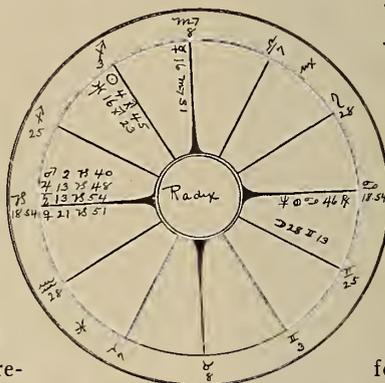
## May Become President



Here's a chart of the dusty diamond which to Ted is more thrilling than all your sparklers. With his eye on the ball, his pencil follows players in their course from base to base.

*If Blustery old Planet Mars isn't  
Talking through his Helmet, this  
Boy may Land in the White House!*

By  
Peggy  
Hull



**T**IPS from Ted Husing's horoscope.

*Don't* call him by his first name the first time you meet him.

*Don't* step up to him and slap him violently on the back to show how glad you are to see him.

*Don't* call him up at any old hour and invite him to a party just because you have met him a couple of times.

And don't think because I have given you these tips that Ted Husing is a snob, a highbrow, or an orchid. He is just darned exclusive, extremely conservative and abhors familiarity.

Where did I get my dope? Right out of the natal chart which you can see for yourself. That funny little curlycue at the center of the left side of the circle is the sign Capricorn and it is this sign with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus posited therein which makes Mr. Husing that way. He can't help it and as a matter of fact there is no reason why he should. Surely, in spite of his exclusiveness, he is one of the most beloved sports announcers on the air. It may be unusual for a man who goes in for all the outdoor sports to be formal and reserved, but after all, that expresses Ted Husing's personality. He is

unusual. Oh, so unusual!

From an astrological standpoint he has a remarkable horoscope. His Sun in Sagittarius gives him a jovial, genial disposition. A love for animals, horse races and sporting events of all kinds. The Sagittarians, or those having Sagittarius strongly posited in their charts are the people who really make the sporting world. The position of the Sun also makes it possible for him to talk about sports events with fluency and enthusiasm.

Uranus, the planet of invention and originality, also in the sign Sagittarius emphasizes this gift and augments it by giving him the ability to express himself in a novel way. He has a ready wit, an excellent memory and a gift for talking.

If it weren't for the cold and conservative and exclusive Capricorn on the horizon, Ted Husing would be an entirely different chap. He would wear flashy clothes, conspicuous jewelry and be the life of the party through the simple expedient of being the noisiest person present. But you all know that Ted Husing is just the opposite. Capricorn the sign of the Tenth house, the house of honor, of public position, of ambition,

of dignity, strongly influences the rays of the four planets on the horizon at birth.

It is very easy to be deceived by the informality of that first name, Ted. It is perfectly natural for everyone to assume that anyone with the name of Ted expects to be called "Ted" and nothing else. But it would be far more in keeping with his inner nature to speak of him, even after you have known him twenty years or more, as Theodore!

**T**HE Sun and Uranus in conjunction give him a public career. As long as he lives he will be before the public in some kind of work. Later on it may be politics. When he has reached middle age he will find his thoughts, ambitions and desires turning from the sporting world to the more substantial and constructive affairs of state, and if he ever goes in for public office he will make a popular and successful representative of the people.

At present he has a love of adventure, a longing for change, an ever present restlessness that makes it difficult for him to settle down in one spot. He likes

speed, excitement and sudden changes. Nothing gives him a greater kick than a telephone call to catch the next plane for the other side of the nation.

As long as he lives he will contact many people and from all walks of life. He will always attract many, many would-be friends. They will come from all walks of life and from all kinds and conditions. Everybody will like Ted Husing but Ted Husing will not like everybody. He will be known as a good fellow, generous, agreeable and pleasant to meet but his intimate circle of friends will be extremely small and carefully guarded. In other words he will have thousands of acquaintances and very, very few friends.

**T**HIS tendency is evidently a safeguard put up by Fate for Uranus in the eleventh house, house of friends, to prevent his undoing through friends. He could be held responsible for events over which he had no control but which involved persons close to himself, if he were the kind who mixed easily with all classes. Fortunately for himself and his future he is exclusive, for he'll never be tried for murder, or anything else unpleasant just because he was around when the event occurred, or after it had taken place, or because the actual murderer's hat was found in his apartment. And if you don't think people can get in a lot of trouble by having too many friends, or knowing too many persons whose ways and means of earning a living will not bear close scrutiny, just pause and recall the prominent men who were dragged into the Vivian Gordon murder case because they had been visitors at her apartment.

Mr. Husing's later years will bring him much more satisfaction than the present, although he is now in one of the best periods he will experience. His popularity will increase this year and continue on the upgrade for some time to come. This is a splendid time for him to make money, to take advantage of every opportunity which presents itself and to conserve his assets for the future.

This is his big earning era and he will be perfectly justified in adding a couple of zeros each time he makes a contract.

Mars in Capricorn gives him that strength of character which amazes so many who think, having met him a few times that they know him. He possesses



This is Ted Husing—but MR. Husing to you!

a peculiar quality of character which the casual or superficial observer never would suspect. On the surface he is friendly, almost, we might say, easily impressed. Or at least that is what you think. You might even say to yourself, here is a chap I can wind around my little finger. But try and do it. Beneath that pleasant, affable exterior is solid granite. Nothing under the sun will ever be able to make Ted Husing do or be something he doesn't want to be. Courage, indomitable courage, and will power are the two qualities which Mars strongly posited in Capricorn gives the people who receive its reflected rays. It also gives perseverance, well nigh inex-

haustible energy, and patience, so if you have ever wondered how Ted Husing was able to shake the alkali dust of Deming, N. Mex., from his shoes and land right in the middle of the "big time" in New York, there is your answer.

And here are some of the other things Mars in this position contributes to a horoscope. It arouses the esteem of the community and brings honors from public posts so who knows? Perhaps one of these days Mrs. Husing's little boy Ted will be the head man at the White House. Certainly if there is anything in astrology the natal chart would indicate nothing less than presidential material in Ted Husing.

**J**UPITER, the ruler of his horoscope is also posited in Capricorn. This makes him very ambitious, self-reliant and self controlled. It crystallizes the Martian influence and makes his strength of character stronger. He could manage a large corporation with great efficiency and success. This position of Jupiter is the stamp of honesty and integrity. If Mr. Husing was the head of a big bank it would never fail and neither would a depositor lose a penny in any institution for which he was responsible. Saturn, the ruler of Capricorn occupies almost the same degree with Jupiter. This tends to strengthen the splendid influences of the benefic planet Jupiter and to add to his determination and will power.

Whenever I see a chart with the planet Venus in Capricorn I always remember one of the first examples given me in Astrology. I was at the theater and Ann Pennington, the diminutive and lovely Ann who has been the darling of Broadway for several years, was twinkling

her pretty feet across the stage and occasionally giving us a delightful glimpse of a pair of dimpled knees. My companion who was well versed in astrology said, "Ann Pennington has Venus in Capricorn. That's why she has dimpled knees. Everyone with Venus in Capricorn has dimpled knees."

Mr. Husing has Venus in Capricorn but of course, I can't tell you whether he has lived up to this ancient rule of the stars or not.

His Moon in Gemini is significant. It is the one restless note in his whole horoscope. However, Mr. Husing is a fine example of one who controls his stars instead of being controlled by them.

# WMBC Broadcasts Buckley MURDER TRIAL



Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, prominent WMBC Radio announcer who is credited with the recall of Mayor Charles Bowles. He is also responsible for the closing up of the larger gambling houses in the vicinity of Detroit.

**T**HOUSANDS of persons have listened to murder trials in the courtrooms of this country, but never before have they been able to listen to a real one through the loud-speaker of their Radio set.

Radio station WMBC, one Michigan Broadcasting Company, of Detroit, has made history for itself and Radio broadcasting. WMBC is believed to be the first station ever to broadcast actual word for word description of a murder trial—that of the alleged killers of Gerald E. Buckley.

Known to thousands of Radio listeners as "Jerry", Buckley acted as announcer for WMBC, conducting a daily broadcast from 6:30 to 7 p.m. He was shot and killed on the morning of July 23rd, 1930 when three men entered the lobby of the hotel where the Radio station is located.

Investigation got under way, which resulted in the arrest of a number of suspects. The Grand Jury later indicted three men, Ted Pizzino, Angelo Livecchi and Joseph Bommarito, all of whom have police records. They were placed on trial February 25th, 1931. Testimony in the case was completed April 13th. Tuesday the 14th, WMBC was given permission by presiding Judge Edward J. Jeffries to broadcast the closing arguments of the defense, prosecution and the judge's charge to the jury.

Judge Edward J. Jeffries delivered a Radio address to his audience in the court-

room and the invisible audience of Radio, saying:

"The microphone or the Radio as a means of disseminating the details of a lawsuit probably found its first introduction in the murder trial of Gerald E. Buckley, slain Radio announcer of WMBC, Detroit." While this may be a new thing, it is thoroughly compatible and in policy with the law.

"I cannot conceive," Judge Jeffries added, "of anything more satisfactory than the broadcasting of not only the testimony, but the arguments of counsel and the charge of the court and the entire proceedings, so that people of this city, especially in as important a trial as the Buckley trial, should know what their jury is doing, what their officials are doing, what the officers of the court are doing; so that they too, at the end of a lawsuit, may be able to pass with some degree of accuracy, upon the outcome of the trial."

The facts developed in the trial showed that for several months, Buckley had been giving a daily digest of news, carrying on a crusade to rid the city of vice and racketeers, gaining for himself thousands of friends who were loud in

The grand jury, shown at the right, was composed of eight men and four women. The WMBC microphone in the foreground was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against racketeers and the minions of vice and crime.

their praise of his fearlessness. Later, he devoted more or less of his time securing positions for the unemployed.

Then came the movement for the recall of Mayor Charles Bowles.

Buckley severely criticized any public official who had not lived up to his promise and received various threats, both over the telephone and through the mails. He had exposed the larger gambling establishments which resulted in raids and padlocks. But still he carried on—the people were for him and the police praised him.

**C**ONFINING his criticisms later to Bowles, who had held office only six months, Buckley alleged that the former mayor had been in league with the underworld.

Then came the recall of the mayor.



**F**OR the first time in the history of American Radio, a real murder trial has been broadcast. Jerry Buckley, a friend of the poor and beloved Radio announcer, was slain by gunmen. Nothing was more fitting than that the accused be tried in "full hearing" of that great public which knew him in life

## By Ted Dawood

"The Arabian Knight" of WMBC



All photos courtesy of Detroit Times

These three gentlemen from left to right are Joseph Bommarito, Ted Pizzino and Angelo Livecchi, all of whom were accused of killing Buckley. However, all three were found "not guilty" after a jury had deliberated for more than 33 hours.

Upon his return to the studio from the City Hall, where Buckley had broadcast details of the election returns, the Radio announcer received a mysterious telephone call. A few minutes later he was seated in the lobby of the hotel. He heard newsboys crying out an extra. Purchasing a copy of a paper Buckley returned to the lobby and started reading an account of the recall election.

Several minutes had elapsed when the three gunmen entered through the side entrance of the hotel. One of the men was said to have opened fire at close range from behind, the shots taking effect in the Radio announcer's head. The other two gunmen walked around facing Buckley and poured a volley of lead into his body. Employees of the hotel, who heard the shots, disappeared. So did the killers.

In commenting on the Radio broadcast-

ing of the trial Judge Jeffries said, "Honest judges, honest lawyers, honest jurors, can have no objection to a broadcast of the testimony, the argument and the charge of the court. It is of public concern. It is not only of public concern but is highly beneficial in the protection to not only the state but to the defendants on trial.

**W**HEN the people of the city of Detroit are watching or listening, officials are more likely to be respectful in their conduct and more accurate in their statements.

"I want to say further that the sessions and proceedings of the Legislature of the state of Michigan as well as the Common Council of the city of Detroit should be broadcast, so that the people of the state

of Michigan and the city of Detroit would know first hand regarding the conduct of their public affairs."

In delivering his charge to the jury, Judge Jeffries gave orders to either bring in a verdict of "guilty in the first degree" or "not guilty." However, after 33 hours and 5 minutes' deliberation the jury, composed of eight men and four women returned a verdict of "not guilty", acquitting the three defendants.

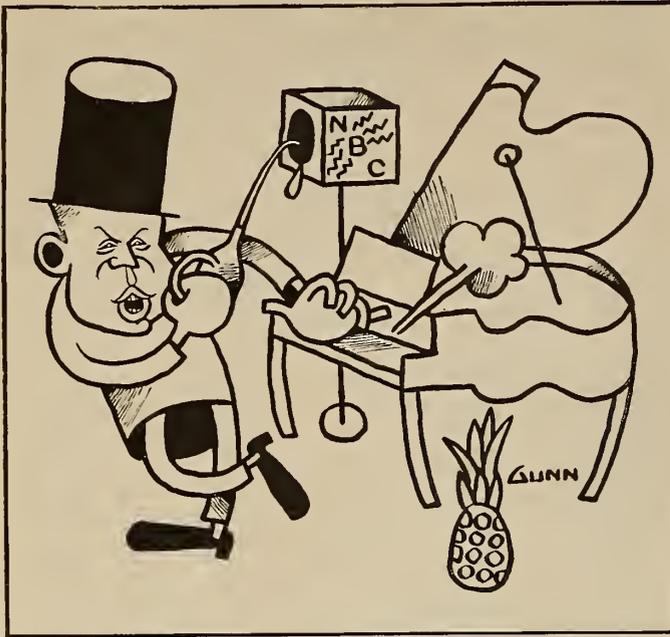
The foreman of the jury spoke through the microphone used by Buckley when he announced the verdict of "not guilty," for the WMBC microphone in the courtroom was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against vice conditions and racketeers. A new style "condenser" type of microphone was also used in the courtroom to pick up the voices of the defense, prosecution and judge.

Nothing was more fitting than that the men accused of the murder of "Jerry" Buckley be tried in full view of the public who knew and loved the announcer. It was a great achievement on the part of Radio Station WMBC, and listeners from all over the country sent in congratulations to the sponsors of the dramatic broadcast.

They expressed their thanks for the opportunity given them to pay last respects in a new fashion to the memory of "Jerry" Buckley. The general consensus of opinion, as shown in the letters, can be expressed in a few words—

Radio is a great thing, but—the mystery as to who killed "Jerry" Buckley, beloved Radio announcer, remains unsolved.





Ray Perkins, Clarence his Piano and Flossie the Oil Can

# Broadcaster O I L

*More Squirts and Smears from the  
NBC Lubricator who Lets Drip a  
Few Deep, Dark Radio Secrets*

**M**Y DEARS, you have no notion how difficult it is for an old dyed in the wool micro-phony like myself to open this thesis without chimes or an opening signature. You know what an opening signature is, don't you, a bright reader like you? It's a cute bit of musical fol de rol that precedes and identifies a program as smell does a cheese. Sometimes a whole festive board of directors of some prominent firm get to wrangling and snarling among themselves for days just because they can't agree on an opening signature.

It was that way with the editors when I suggested having one for this series. The managing editor had an aunt who loved zithers, so he wanted a zither. Then one of the associate editors thought we ought to have a mystery tenor wearing nothing but a silver gas-mask, singing "We're the voice of the Broadcastoril articles," only we couldn't find a word to rhyme with articles and anyway we were afraid of being sued by RKO because they've used the idea. RKO is related by merger to NBC, in fact it's one of NBC's rich relatives and it wouldn't pay me, as an NBC artist, to offend it. For awhile it looked as though we'd open each article with one of those rip-snorting, razzle dazzle flourishes of brass. You know—blow your hat off. Well, I and the editors got to thinking that people don't wear hats anyway as a rule while reading this type of magazine, so we dropped that idea.

We even got as far as engaging the band. It was a band of low frequencies, and we consulted Arthur Pryor about engaging it. The real reason why we abandoned the flourish in brass for our opening signature was because it was a full brass band and nobody felt equal to flourishing it. And besides, by purest coincidence, someone had fired the band

By Ray Perkins

*(Note to our readers: Kindly do not send insulting or disrespectful letters to the author of this series. The mere fact that you have paid a paltry 25c for this stylebook of studiodom hardly warrants unbridled license on your part. Do you want to hurt my feelings? Of course you don't. There, there now, dry your tears and we'll forget all about the four scurrilous invectives I received since last month's article.—R. P.)*

a week before we started this series. Even the bass drum was all lit up by a roaming candle, and had a picture painted on it of an Indian girl bending over a waterfall, which made a mighty pretty effect at night, I can tell you. That bass drum will be valuable when Television arrives. The drummer had got so expert that he could hit the drum, manufacturing the highest quality bombs, with or without striking the Indian girl where she bent over, depending on the mood of the audience and the requirements of the music.

**S**O THAT'S why we don't have an opening signature at the top of this essay, though why I should pour forth these intimate confidences to you who are perfect strangers, I cannot understand.

The signature I use in my Radio lectures as Prince of Pineapple is not the same as that with which I sign checks, there being no rubber in my programs, despite the tendency of Ed Strong, control engineer extraordinary, to snap back at me. When we started my programs, the sponsors (whose pineapples are the Hawaiian, not the Chicago variety) agreed that we should open merely with a chord-

in-G. The NBC for some time held out for G-and-a-half, but we beat them down. But alas for the best laid plans of mikes and men!

The very first time we went on the air, just as we were ready to give our Chord-in-G, Ted Jewett, announcer pineapple-apprentary to the Prince of Pineapple, got nervous and hollered "Good Morning Everybody." Then with a naughty toss of his head, quicker than you could say your prayers, assuming that you ever do, he was scampering through the opening announcement fast as his little tonsil would carry him. So we never used our Chord-in-G and if it's of any use to you you're welcome to it, because it's as good as new.

**F**OR a long time we followed the Parnassus trio on the air. Never mind wondering what Parnassus means. Neither do I. For heaven's sake, if you're going to take time out to figure out one little word, you'll lose the drift of this whole treatise and then how do you expect to get anything out of it? Any words you don't understand, just skip. Tush, child, what's one word in 1500? (Note to editor: that's just a rough estimate, but I'm sure there's more than enough.) Well anyway, the Parnassus Trio is made up of three of the best looking stringed instruments you ever saw, playing on girls.

For love interest they use two canaries named Dickey and Blue Boy, both tenors, who are paid to sing by piece work while the trio plays pieces. I'll never forget my embarrassment one day when I stopped to ask Dickey if he knew of a canary whom I could get to hatch an egg. Olga Serlis, head girl of the trio, insisted on giving me the bird. I've been given the bird by experts and I

*(Continued on page 85)*



Anita Page

'T<sup>e</sup>nSHUN! Guess ATT<sup>e</sup>n-  
tion would be the thing you'd be  
doing the most of, what, Dough-  
boy? Look at those lucky goose-  
steppers! O-kay, Colonel Anita  
(maybe she's a general)—and here's  
to you over the Musical Cocktail  
on the CBS from California.



## Lee Morse

DON'T blame this little lady if she seems to have a predilection to whoop a little now and then. She grew up next door to an Indian reservation in Idaho. Her well trained soprano voice can put a gold tip to a nice lady-like whoop. She's only five feet tall but packed sole to crown with the dynamic energy of her famous ancestor, Zach Taylor. Besides that she's a minister's daughter and her two brothers opposed each other in race for governorship of Tennessee. She sings on CBS programs from New York.

## Welcome Lewis Lew Conrad

SOMETIMES you may wonder how these two popular NBC stars manage to infuse so much sincerity and enthusiasm in their delightful croonsongs. But, now that you have seen this picture, you will understand. It is only fair to state, however, that the picture originally showed a microphone as a third party directly in front of Miss Lewis. When Mike, Welcome and Lew get their heads together your dial is immovable. Their fame reaches from coast to coast.



## Jesse Crawford

LIFE is just one key after another in the Royal Crawford family. What with being Poet of the Organ and everything at CBS poor Jesse must help eke out an existence by rhapsodizing short stories on a typewriter. His lovely wife serves tea as his fingers strum over the keys and Louis A. Witten scowls at the script he has produced.



## Andy Sannella

BIG time on the air at NBC-N. Y. is just an item in the life of Mr. Sannella who finds his greatest thrill at home in the attic where he talks with hams in Australia and Cape Town over his 150 watt transmitter. "Sax" the cat stands by to absorb any stray static.



## Ben Alley and Ann Leaf

IS BEN ALI an Arabian sheik? Mebbe so, but not our Ben Alley of CBS who lolls thus casually over the windshield of Little Organ Annie's organ. You know them—Ben of the tender and bewitching tenor voice and Miss Ann Leaf of the lyric pipes.

## Gloria Caruso

ENRICO CARUSO took to his grave the greatest tenor voice the world has ever known. But perhaps his little daughter, Gloria, may some day become similarly renowned. Here she is with her mother waiting to broadcast at WABC for the American Child Health Association.



## Ann and Phil Brae

THERE'S no use trying to account for the lure that lurks in a well oiled saxophone. Behold Ann and Phil Brae, who play the parts of a retired vaudeville team at CBS, N. Y., fooling these ducks into thinking they're canaries. The quacking chorus was heard from Maine to California.



## Colonel Coffee and Captain Bean

JAVA hear these two old sidesplitters at WTMJ, Milwaukee? Such predicaments! They wanted to adopt a baby. Then decided they would have to have a mamma for the baby. Colonel Coffee is negotiating with a matrimonial agency as we go to press. Who'll be Colonel Coffee's sugar and cream?





## Floyd Gibbons

HELLO everybody! Just got a cablegram from a little town up near the Arctic Circle in Siberia. Think I know about where it is but guess I'd better roll out the old world and take a look—yep, here it is, and I think we're going to get a lot of hot dispatches from this sector before another Sunday night comes around—Jimminy crickets, Floyd, hope we get to hear you every night again.

## Gertrude Lawrence

THIS English comedy star was one of the delightful entertainers on the Vitality Personality programs over the CBS a few evenings ago. Remember? If you saw her on the stage it may have been in *Charlot's Revue*, *Oh Kay*, *Treasure Girl* or *Candle Light*. Her voice was a Radio find.



## Georgia Backus Teddy Bergman

IT'S up and away if you try to keep all the dates mapped out for the boys and girls who put on the Henry George programs. They are supposed to be in a different city each Tuesday night—and with the aid of a good Stout pair of wings they are, thank the heavens!



## Adele Ronson

IT TAKES bone and sinew as well as laryngeal power to properly function into the iron throat of the microphone. So row, row, row, Miss Adele Ronson, and may your biceps bulge big enough to lift that spiked ashcan over on the other side of you. Mr. M. H. A., note the zeal of this little lady to be well worthy of the NBC dramatic staff.



## Alois Havrilla

WELL, well—and where are you going, Alois Havrilla, all dressed up in your feathered bonnet, fancy vest and velvet pantaloons? "Going to Czecho-Slovakia, sir," he said. That's where he was born. Click! And he was there via NBC microphone, talking to the home folks in their own language. He is just now getting his applause mail from Prague.

## Puzzle Man

THEY'RE putting puzzles on the chains now, but here's the man who started it. Elmer Hanson at KFJM, Grand Forks, N. D., casually dropped a few puzzles in the air and look what happened! Now he's puzzled to know how to get out from under such an avalanche of mail. Is your answer there?





## Glenn Sisters

MANY listeners write for information concerning the Glenn sisters at WLW. How do they look? Are they really sisters? The answer is, yes. Ruth is the red haired young mischief on the left. Katherine, with the light brown hair, smiles at you from the right. Both have blue eyes and they harmonize as well in appearance as vocally.



**H**ARDLY need to introduce you to Sally if you happened to see *Once in a Lifetime*. Besides her musical comedy fame she is well known to Radio audiences in all the major cities. The picture was sent to Radio Digest from WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia

Sally Phipps



## Rondoliers (right and below)

RADIO DIGEST takes special pride in presenting to you The KDKA Rondoliers and their director, Zoel Parenteau, who present a special Radio Digest program each week over this First Radio Broadcasting Station of all the World. Letters complimenting them have come from all three Americas.

## Arkansas Woodchopper (left)

FOR years and years Luther W. Ossenbrink, famous as the Arkansas Woodchopper, has been entertaining Radio listeners from WLS, Chicago. He's either guitar-ing in the Barn Dance or seconding fiddlers with his banjo. "Arkie" also calls off the old square dances.





Helen Nugent

LOVELY Helen Nugent is one of the most promising stars on the CBS staff in New York. She sings in five languages and she has what the directors call a perfect microphone voice, which equips her not only for Radio but for the talking pictures. You may have seen our recent Radiograph about Miss Nugent.



## Zeta Harrison

NATURE so designed this charming little lady that she fits in on any kind of a program at KPO, San Francisco. She can even do acrobatic dancing, but she prefers piloting the Children's Hour. She belongs to the KPO Dramatic Guild.



## David Rubinoff

THIS virile director is so radiant with energy and unceasing activity we can't even begin to give you an idea about it here, so just take a look across to the opposite page and read what a hard working interviewer has to say.

## *A Busy Day with*

# “Dynamic” Rubinoff

*“Hurry” He Prods the Slow Taxi-Driver—  
“R-r-r-rrr” Screech the Sirens of Motorcycle Cops who  
Escort the Batoneer from Theatre to Studio and Back*

By Harold E. Tillotson

**T**HE irresistible music of the youthful maestro David Rubinoff, emanates from the loud speakers in millions of homes every Sunday night. Many of those listening in have seen and heard Rubinoff in their favorite motion picture theatre. Many more, who have not had this opportunity, may now hear his music through the magic of Radio.

A “human dynamo” is this fellow Rubinoff. As we sit in our easy chair, listening to his programs, we give very little thought to the hours of work that he has spent in arranging his program.

The writer had been told of the unceasing energy that Rubinoff possessed. They even told us that he slept but six hours a day and spent the remainder of that time at hard, strenuous work.

Skeptical of these reports, we decided to pay a visit to the NBC studios and find out just how hard Rubinoff did work. Before we describe it, let us say that we are perfectly willing to go down on record as saying that David Rubinoff is one of the hardest-working individuals that we have ever seen. And so to the studio.

First of all, we telephoned NBC to find out the time of the Rubinoff rehearsal. We fell out of bed when we found that even though it was eight o'clock on Sunday morning, Rubinoff and his men had been at work since seven! Dressing hurriedly we ate breakfast on the run and arrived at the studio at exactly eight-thirty.

**W**E found Rubinoff, surrounded by a large group of musicians, dressed in an athletic sweater and sport trousers. We made particular note of the sweat-shirt that he wore underneath the sweater. But here he was standing in front of his men, his baton waving in the air, then tapping on his music rack,

then in the air again like a magician.

Another group of musicians entered the studio and took their places throughout the room. It was then that we first noticed that Rubinoff had merely been rehearsing the brass and reed sections of his orchestra. Upon inquiring the why and wherefore of this procedure we were informed by the drummer that Mr. Rubinoff always rehearsed each section of his orchestra individually. Well, here is a new one. We had never considered this method of rehearsing an orchestra. But it sounds logical doesn't it? By rehearsing in this manner, Rubinoff knows that each section can play its respective parts perfectly.

**T**HE maestro continued rehearsing each section separately until he had gone the rounds of the entire orchestra. He then tapped his baton on his music rack. I believe there were five taps. This evidently meant that every member of the orchestra was to join in on the next bit of rehearsing, for each and every one of them quickly took his place at his instrument. It was then that we could see the value of Rubinoff's idea of rehearsing the sections individually.

The entire orchestra swung into the first chord of the overture. All eyes were virtually glued upon their conductor.

Thus, did Rubinoff go through a final rehearsal for his evening Radio program.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, the maestro rushed over to us and invited us to lunch. Incidentally he told us that his time would be rather limited, but when we informed him that our time was his and not to let us interfere with his regular routine he grabbed us by the arm

and, with his other arm picked up his \$10,000 fiddle, and yours truly, Rubinoff and his violin were in a taxi the next minute darting

through the heavy traffic of Fifth Avenue. Rubinoff shouted to the driver, to hurry “I have twenty minutes to make my next overture at the theatre,” said the violinist, “and I have to change clothes.”

Arriving at the theatre, we found Al, Rubinoff's faithful valet, waiting with coat, trousers and shirt in his hands. The conductor changed quickly and rushed into the pit just as it was slowly raising. We scurried around through the side door and watched him conduct the overture. And, if we had thought Rubinoff was working his hardest in the studio, we were wrong. No sooner had the pit raised than he swung his magic baton and conducted his theatre orchestra with all the vim, vigor and vitality of a prize-fighter going through his training exercises.

The overture finished, Rubinoff suggested lunch. It was then two o'clock and we felt the need of nourishment. And perhaps at last we could sit down for a few minutes and talk quietly.

**B**ACK to the dressing room we hurried and Rubinoff grabbed his coat and we rushed across the street. To a fine, big restaurant where we could sit down for an hour or so and eat slowly and talk at leisure? No siree! Across the street—but not to a big restaurant. Into a sandwich shop we dived and, much to our surprise, we found that our orders had already been taken. Al, the valet, had ordered over the telephone.

Before the waiter was halfway through, Rubinoff was folding his napkin and lighting a cigar. Sensing our apparent distinction as a procrastinator we hurried through our meal and no sooner had we drained our coffee cup than Rubinoff said

*(Continued on page 80)*

# RADIOGRAPHS

*Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio*

*Family of New York's Great Key Stations*

By Rosemary Drachman

**T**HE story of William Paley, President of Columbia Broadcasting System, is the story of a young man who had a business and wanted to advertise it, and who ended up by buying the advertising medium and letting the business go. The business was the Congress Cigar Company, the advertising medium was the Columbia Broadcasting System.

William Paley's father was in the cigar business, and the boy had been studying tobacco from an early age. When he was only eighteen his father left him in charge of a just-started branch factory in Philadelphia. Young Paley weathered the difficulties of organization, a general strike among the workers, and soon had his branch producing as many cigars as his father's factory in Chicago.

For the next three years he studied at the University of Pennsylvania. Upon graduation he entered his father's business, as he thought, permanently.

But now advertising enters the picture. Radio was in its early stages. Mr. Paley knew very little about it, but it struck him that here was a new method for telling the world about Palina Cigars.

So impressed was he with the results of the Radio campaign that he decided to buy the organization which had made it. CBS at that time happened to be on the market. Mr. Paley bought it, took a three months' leave of absence from his cigar company, and planned to reorganize the Radio company in that time. He had every intention of going back into the tobacco business.

So much for the plans of mice and men. Mr. Paley, although he is still a director in his original company, has never gone back to active management. To him Radio brings a thrill and fascination that nothing else can.

CBS, which had sixteen stations when Mr. Paley bought it, now has seventy-seven. Its chief executive is particularly interested in the American School of the Air, and in international broadcasting. He feels that Radio is the greatest medium we have for the development of international goodwill. Although not a pacifist, he has all the energy of a missionary when it comes to ways and means

by which nations may be brought closer together.

Columbia's President is a very shy man who dislikes interviews and shuns publicity of any kind. He has made one speech in his life and swears it will be his last.

He is a young man, not yet thirty. He does a tremendous amount of work without seeming to. He has already that ability which so often comes only with age—the ability to delegate authority. Results

are all that count with him. Methods he leaves entirely to the individual.

He never broadcasts. He says he is microphone-shy. He has written articles for such magazines as *Nation's Business*, the *Yale Review* and *Radio Revue* (now combined with *RADIO DIGEST*). His only hobbies are book collecting and the theatre.

He is a bachelor and lives at 480 Park Avenue.

As to the future of broadcasting and television, he refuses to make predictions.

## Lee Morse

*(A full page rotogravure picture of Lee Morse appears on page 34)*

**L**EE MORSE. Lee Morse, of the deep, sad voice. Red hair. Peaches and cream complexion. Five feet. One Hundred Pounds. Looks all of nineteen and a half. And yet she's been singing and acting, as she says, "for years and years and years."

Want to know her secret for keeping young and beautiful? No, it isn't any special kind of tonic, exercise, or face packs. Nothing so simple. Her recipe is more glamour, and by glamour she means change, excitement, interesting things to do, the expectancy of something thrilling just around the corner.

Certainly the road she has traveled in her own life has been glamorous enough—a road that has led her from an Idaho ranch, through vaudeville, stage and movie engagements, up to her present position as one of Columbia's featured artists.

"If it were possible to do it," says Miss Morse, "I should start the movement to put more glamour into people's lives, especially women's. Most women's days have such an awful sameness. That's the thing that ages them. It isn't the wearing out, it's the rusting out that traces in the wrinkles.

"And yet," she said with a little puzzled smile, "just how would you go about this bigger and better glamour movement. It's a thing that either happens or it doesn't happen. Take my own case. I might have spent my days on an Idaho ranch, but my father happened to take



William Paley



Floyd Gibbons

me on a visit to California. A theatre manager heard me sing, and put me on the Pantages Circuit. That was the beginning of the excitement, and there's been excitement ever since. Good breaks and bad breaks, but always something interesting."

Yet, even on an Idaho ranch I think Lee Morse would have had an adventurous life. She is that sort of person. Her mind strikes you as eager, and alert and sympathetic.

It is that sympathetic quality which is most evident in her singing. Her voice has a note of sadness, of wistfulness, which is hard to describe, but which is very appealing. Perhaps it is that combination of southern drawl and western twang. Her family came from Tennessee, but she was brought up in the west.

Her father was a minister, one of those pioneer missionary preachers. In those early days, in Idaho, little Lee would ride beside him as he made his calls. He taught her the tunes of some of the hymns, and they would sing them together. This teaching and the songs she learned from the cowboys made up her only formal musical education, which just goes to prove that in some cases a formal musical education isn't necessary. For Lee Morse has been leading lady with Raymond Hitchcock in *Hitchy-Koo* and was a featured singer in the first *Artists and Models*. She has made dozens of records, and although she now has an extraordinarily good diction, she says that

when she first started her record making she had to labor over her s's and t's and d's.

She loves Mexican tamales and hates shopping. "Oh, I like the result of shopping," she admits, "but the process bores me to death. I let it go till my wardrobe is in such a state that I literally haven't a thing to wear. Then I grit my teeth and drive myself to tour the shops. 'Spouse it goes back to my early training on the ranch. I spent too much time in overalls. Maybe some time the Radio companies will fix it so I can broadcast from that ranch. I'd like that."

Miss Morse's husband is Bob Downey, her accompanist. "Nice, steady person," she says of him—"just the kind I need." She has a young son who has already decided he wants to be a civil engineer, and who, despite his talented mother, can't sing a note.

You may hear her lovely deep voice over the WABC-Columbia network every Friday night on the Van Heusen Program.

## Peggy Hull

**S**HE'S a mere scrap of a person, is Peggy Hull, the astrological lady of *RADIO DIGEST* and who also gives such fascinating talks about her adventures in Mexico, China, France, and Siberia in the *RADIO DIGEST* programs over WMCA on Tuesday afternoons. She is addicted to saucy little nose veils and absurdly high heels and frilly feminine dresses. She doesn't look at all the sort of person to be a war correspondent.

Peggy thinks it is a case of heredity plus environment. Her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. A minister grandfather gave up the soft life of a rectory in Boston to go live a rough pioneer life among the Indians. Then at sixteen Peggy left the little farm in Kansas, where she was born, to work on a newspaper in Junction City, and Junction City was near Ft. Riley. It was then and there that Peggy learned to love the army.

At seventeen it was westward ho for Denver, where a \$15.00 a week job seemed large in her eyes. At nineteen it was again westward ho. This time to Honolulu.

She went to the editor of the paper. Said Peggy, "I want to give you the first women's page in the Hawaiian Islands." Just like that—short and definite. She got the job.

When, in 1914, the European war broke out, she came back to the United States, determined in some way or other to be a war correspondent, and report the greatest story of all time. No way materialized. In 1914 editors weren't sending girls to cover wars.

Peggy bided her time, joined the staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, took a little apartment with her mother. 1916. came a lovely June morning, the scent of roses just outside the window, the morning paper on the breakfast table, big



Peggy Hull

headlines, "Ohio National Guard Mobilized to be Sent to the Border."

And that was that. Overboard went her safe, comfortable, life in Cleveland. Peggy beat the Ohio National Guard to the Border.

The generals, colonels, majors, etc., who didn't die on the spot finally got used to having her around. She went on marches with the troops. She was nearly captured by Mexican bandits.

In all, she was a year on the border before she sailed for Europe as correspondent for the *El Paso Times*. She was in London four days after General Pershing. She saw the first American troops arrive in Paris.

Her first story was a short, simple one of some English people on the boat crossing from New York. It, of course, had to be censored. Sir Douglas Brownrigg, chief censor of the British Admiralty, took the trouble to write her a letter about her story. He wrote, "After thirty-five months of this war work, I want to say that I have enjoyed your story."

Peggy found out afterwards that it was the only letter of commendation that had ever come out of his office.

Before the war was over, Peggy came back to America, and was sent—this time fully accredited by the War Department, and the first and only woman to be so accredited—to Vladivostok to cover the movements of the American Troops in Siberia for the N. E. A. Syndicate.

(Continued on page 88)

# Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair

**R**ADIO broadcasters have been a little amused but not altogether surprised at the naiveté, not to say downright irritation displayed by certain members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association during its recent convention in New York. Some of the spokesmen seemed to be running around in a fog, unable to discern the facts or assert them. One thing stood out clearly: Statistics from their Radio committee showed that during 1930 some advertisers had cut their newspaper appropriations moderately, and increased their broadcast advertising appropriations substantially over the previous year.

There was a great deal of stamping around during which considerable stress was laid on the declaration that the newspapers had nurtured Radio through its infancy, feeding it to the public through long columns of "free publicity." And now the blame thing has turned and bit the hand that fed it!

Is it any wonder that broadcasters smile at such comment? The newspapers are not nurturing anything except their own well being. If they print anything about Radio it is not because they want to serve Radio but because they want to serve their readers who are interested in reading news about Radio. Occasionally you will find a newspaper running along on the momentum created by a virile founder which can tamper a little with the news and get away with it. But most newspapers consider it of first importance to get the news, be sure that it is right, and print it. Their threat to throw out Radio program listings except as paid advertising is just about as absurd as it would be to exclude sporting and financial pages because sports and financial institutions operate for commercial gain.

Nothing could be more vacuous than the whine about "free news" to the broadcasting stations. A "free news" flash on the air serves the same purpose as the advance "trailer" showing flashes of a forthcoming picture production at the theatre. The circulation manager is the man behind the "free news" because he is getting free advertising on the air. As a matter of fact broadcasters not infrequently beat the newspapers at their own game. They have been known to put certain news copy down on the editor's desk, gratis, before he could gather it from his own sources.

It is puerile for newspaper publishers to whimper around about Radio. They may be deceiving themselves, but certainly they are not fooling anybody else, least of all the broadcasters. And yet there is an awe, a smothered tread, when one dares to approach the sanctum of the newspaper in a spirit of criticism. Even the strongest broadcasters seem cowed by a long line of inhibitions—"be careful what you say about the newspapers, they can ruin you."

That's more bugaboo. Take them away from the influence of mob psychology at conventions and you will find newspaper publishers just as smart and intelligent as leaders in any other kind of business. And when it comes right down to dollars and cents a newspaper is thoroughly practical. In the first place the publishers have to sell the paper. To sell the paper they have to figure out what will be of the greatest

interest to the greatest number of possible readers in their circle of distribution. That's a matter requiring careful study and analysis. What do people talk about on the street corners, on the trains, in the restaurants—and in their homes? Some of the greatest publishers and editors have spent hours day after day wandering about just to eavesdrop on conversations. They seek first hand information about popular discussion.

Then there are certain things that obviously are very much on the public mind. For instance the enormous distribution of Radio receivers makes it obvious that a great many people are interested in Radio. Is there a way by which a newspaper can be of service to this great army of Radio listeners? Can it give them the news of the day as to what they can hear on their receivers for that day—in advance? It can. But the mere publisher says maybe he won't. If the publisher happens to be by instinct a real editor he'll see far enough ahead to follow his instinct and print the news so long as it is decent—and he won't even think of hooking somebody to kick in for the space it takes.

The debate between the newspaper publishers and the Radio broadcast interests takes too little account of the public concern in the matter. The publishers talk of putting the screws on sponsored broadcast programs by cutting them off from free notice and by calling on the Government to make them toe the line with respect to lottery practices.

But the situation is not so simple as these suggestions indicate. If the public wishes to know about these programs, newspapers will publish them since it is the function of newspapers to supply information the people demand. If some newspapers elect to pursue a different course the issue will be determined by popular vote reflected in circulation figures. . . . It is doubtful, however, that such a pass will be reached for it is by no means clear that any real conflict exists between newspapers and broadcast stations. The newspapers have sold less advertising space in the last twelve months or more, not so much because advertisers have preferred the broadcast medium but because general business has been poor; and the broadcast stations have sold more time to advertisers mainly because their medium is still in its first growth, a comparative novelty and still affected by dramatic interest. But relatively few large users of time in the air have reduced their space buying to pay the added bills, and fewer still believe that talk in the air is a substitute for the printed word. At best, with few exceptions, broadcast advertisers look upon the new medium as a means of stimulating newspaper and magazine advertising. To assume that it has any other effect is to assume that the printed page is in danger of losing its place in human life—a thing unthinkable.

**R**ADIO DIGEST has no axe to grind in this matter. Its chief interest is the service it can render to the listener. Perhaps it is less practical than the newspaper, because if Radio pages were abolished from the newspapers RADIO DIGEST would find many, many new readers. But fundamentally RADIO DIGEST is for the genuine welfare of the listener first. And the listener would be seriously inconvenienced if he could not check up his daily program in the family newspaper. In the long run we believe sincere adherence to our fundamental purpose as a magazine will prove to be the best policy. It may be too that nervous newspaper publishers will get over their heebie-jeebie hysterics and settle down to that good old axiom of service to the reader, look bold young Radio square in the eye and say, "put her there, son, you've growed up to be a man. God bless ye!"



Sour notes displease Rudy, so as crooners he strongly believes Amos and Andy would make good black-face comedians. Amos is on the left and Andy on the right of the "Tuneful Topics" author.

# Tuneful Topics

*There Should Be A Moonlight  
Saving Time*

NOTHING delights my eye more than to see that someone has really scratched his head to dig up something new in titles. Whether Harry Richman or Irving Kahal deserves the credit for this clever title and thought is beside the point—the fact is they have given us one of the most tuneful songs it has been my pleasure to talk about.

Coming out just at the time when we made our change from standard to daylight saving time, it is very appropriate, and will probably prove to be quite popular. Of course, nothing is selling in sheet music any more, but whether we can blame it on Radio, depression, or just general disinterest in sheet music, with the pianos remaining dust-covered, is beside the point; the fact is, nothing is selling, not even the hit songs. This will do as well as any of them, and unless I miss my guess you will hear a lot of it during the months of May and June.

It is extremely danceable, especially when played at about fifty seconds a chorus, which is about the best tempo for dancing, though not always the best for the song. There are some songs with the lyrics fitted to certain rhythms which, if not played slowly enough, cause the lyrics to sound extremely hurried, but this is

By RUDY  
VALLÈE

*Who Chooses For You the  
Ten "Song Hits of the Month"*

one that can be done quite brightly, and for that reason will probably prove quite popular with the dance bands, where many other songs have failed to suit the dance orchestras' needs.

It is published by Leo Feist.

*Poor Kid*

THE lyrics were written by L. Wolfe Gilbert, composer of *Ramona*, *O Katerina*, *My Sweet Adair*, *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee*, *My Little Dream Girl*, and a host of others, one of the old-timers of the song world who used to be featured in song contests opposite Irving Berlin at popular Coney Island eating and dancing places. He is a man who knows his songs and who is mainly responsible for the tremendous vogue of *The Peanut Vendor* and the rumba tempos themselves—this is his thought, and the lyric is done extremely well. Jesse Greer, composer of the melody of *Just*

*You, Just Me, Blondie, Freshie, Song of the Fool, Cheer Up, Good Times Are Coming*, and a score of others, fitted the melody to Gilbert's lyrics, and did a good job.

The song is really a "great piece of material", as the vaudeville writers and actors say, meaning that it is a great asset to the vaudevillian as he steps out in the spotlight, with a darkened stage, for a very sentimental type of song to pull at the heart-strings of the theatrical audience. How it will fare on the Radio and with the song-buying public at large is another question, but it is extremely musical and different, and should catch on to quite an extent.

One minute for the chorus is not any too much to allow the singer to enunciate every word perfectly and to linger on some of the phrases, which is one of the requisites for putting over this type of song, though I suppose most bands will hurry through it quite swiftly.

It is published by E. B. Marks, Inc.

*The Waltz You Saved For Me*

ONE of the most promising of the younger generation of band leaders, in fact, a boy who is often referred to as the "Personality Boy", and who has carved a niche for himself in the hearts of all Chicago people, both young and old, through his Radio and public dance hall work, is Wayne King. At the present time he is just completing his fourth year

at the beautiful Aragon Ballroom in Chicago.

Wayne has surrounded himself with a group of young boys, but unlike so many of the young bands his boys are all really "virtuosi", and when I use that very much-abused Italian term, I mean that they are really capable instrumentalists and vocalists, but added to that they put on practically a show by themselves. They do *The Three Musketeers* song with all the band lined up in front, very much like a male chorus in a musical comedy. Wayne secures all sorts of weird effects, from a lighting angle, a staging angle, and a dramatic angle, not to forget the comedy hokum stuff which is done so well by Ted Weems and Mal Hallett.

Wayne himself, one of the finest saxophonists in the country, plays a beautiful bass clarinet, but especially excels on his alto. His obbligatos are played in the Wiedoeft vein, and his embellishments and tone on the saxophone are something to marvel at. But aside from all these accomplishments at so youthful an age, he is a composer, and among the various songs that he has authored is this waltz, which has climbed steadily up the list of best sellers until it is second from the top in Chicago and fifth from the top in New York—*The Waltz You Saved For Me*.

I had the pleasure, during our visit to Chicago, to be Wayne's guest for an evening, and to have him go through a routine of their wonderful dance music for me. Especially was I impressed with this waltz, which I subsequently featured on my programs, and I hope that I can feel that I have helped bring it into popularity. I am sincerely hoping it will be a Number 1 song for the firm of Leo Feist, which will show New York that Rocco Vocco can pick them just as well in the "big city" as he did in Chicago.

It is a beautiful waltz, especially for the end of an evening's dance. The song is a particularly sentimental and tender one, and the title tells the story of *The Waltz You Saved for Me*.

### *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*

HERE is a song which personally I couldn't see when it first came out, but I have learned to like it and have been somewhat surprised to see it climb up in a short time. From the looks of things it will be the outstanding hit in a few more weeks.

You may be surprised when I tell you that we who sing songs "feel" certain songs, and cannot seem to "get the feel of" others. For example, you could hardly picture John McCormick singing *Walking My Baby Back Home*, although he could probably do it, and do justice to it; it is just not his type of song. Although I feel that I could do justice to *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, because of several bad renditions done in a sort

of "hotcha" way that were my first impressions of the song, I have an antipathy toward it.

Whether I like it or not, the song is certainly there, at least with the public that buys, because it is doing extremely well, and after all, that's all that matters.

It was written by two young men, Sydney Clare and Sam Stept, both well known to Tin Pan Alley; the former is especially well known to the RKO studios where he has been writing for the past year. Mr. Stept, partner of the firm of Green & Stept, together with Buddy Green, wrote *I'll Always Be In Love With You, That's My Weakness Now* and a list of other big hits.

It is sponsored by the house of Remick, one of the Warner Bros. song publishing group, and Joe Keit, its head, may take credit for having picked it. Keit has been picking songs for Remick for the last ten or twelve years, and has certainly picked a long roster of hits. He may take the bow again this time.

If we played it, I think we would give about fifty seconds to a chorus.

### *Wabash Moon*

LAST night, as one of those who contributed to the N.V.A. array of talent at its annual benefit, I felt the chills run up and down my spine as the gorgeous ensemble which the Columbia Broadcasting System turned out to accompany its array of singers, played as a cue for the entrance and exit of Morton Downey, the CBS featured Radio singer, this beautiful melody of *Wabash Moon*.

Morton himself is part-composer, and I am indeed happy, not only at his marvelous comeback into the field of theatricals and Radio, but that he has authored a Radio signature which is also one of the best sellers on songs today.

Morton is a real Connecticut Irishman, coming from a little town called Wallingford, just a short distance from New Haven. Several of my classmates at Yale were Wallingford boys, and from them I came to know a bit about Morton even before I met him. I can remember the days when he sat in the Leviathan Orchestra, waiting for his time to rise and sing in that beautiful Irish-quality voice of his. At times Morton's voice reminds me of a young choir boy's; its high notes are like those rich, childish voices of which the Vatican choir boasts.

For a time Morton seemed to be resting on his oars very quietly; then he began a period of sustaining programs over the Columbia Broadcasting System around the same time as the appearance of Amos 'n' Andy on the NBC chain. That Morton had something for Radio listeners is clearly evidenced by his quick rise to the big-money class, with Paramount Theatres paying him over five thousand dollars a week for his appearances. He is considered one of the greatest delineators of songs on the air today!

Although my own favorite of the air is Ben Alley, especially on his *Nocturne Hour* with Ann Leaf at the Wurlitzer organ, yet Morton, with his own type of voice, stands absolutely unrivaled in quality, pitch, diction, and personality. I think I enjoy him even more at his own night club at Delmonico's and nothing gave me such a wonderful, pleasurable surprise as when he went into an Irish song one evening at the club when I happened to be there dining and dancing. He is one of the most regular, clean-cut, and well-liked boys in our profession, and I am very proud of his friendship.

That he has made *Wabash Moon* single-handed was evidenced in the terrific reception he received when it was played last night, and later on when he sang it. I hope it sells a million copies for him.

It is a beautiful waltz, and is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

### *It Must Be True*

ON MY Fleischmann Hour from Rochester I went into a "rave" about the Victor record of this particular song as played by Gus Arnheim and his Coconut Grove Orchestra. From all reports that drift back to me, and from people that I know in California, Arnheim has the finest dance aggregation on the West Coast, and to my way of thinking, perhaps the finest in the entire world. This may sound like a rather broad statement, but I would be willing to back his organization against any other in any other part of the world. Although I have never seen them perform on the stage to see what they have in the way of showmanship, from a pure musical standpoint I feel that they are unexcelled.

Perhaps my great admiration for them is increased by the presence of Bing Crosby, formerly the lead in Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys", who, in my humble opinion, has the finest recording voice to which it has ever been my pleasure to listen. If he doesn't capture all the feminine hearts in America through his records, no one ever will. He has the most unique style of singing I have ever listened to since I used to enjoy the records of Charlie Kaley.

I have a few records put away in a fireproof record safe—records which I will some day treasure as antiques, and this record will be among them. From a standpoint of rhythm, sheer melody, instrumentation, orchestration, and vocal work, it is perfect!

The record has caused me to go wild over the song, and only last night I wired Arnheim asking him to send me his orchestration so that I can play it here one week at the Brooklyn Paramount, and in our small way try to bring out some of the wonderful effects he does on his Victor record.

The song is one of two hit songs published by Freed & Powers, a new firm

(Continued on page 86)

# GABALOGUE

*Nellie Revell's*

*HOWDY, friends, both old and new, I'm glad indeed to be with you, And if, perchance, my chats you like, I hope you'll let me thru the mike, Often come into your home, and tell of happenings where I roam, Of whom I see, and whom I know, of those you meet on Radio.*

I'VE just dodged in from Broadway. . . . And when I say dodged—I mean dodged. . . . Between the tabloid newspapers, and the traffic one surely has to watch his step these days. . . . A pedestrian starts to cross the street. . . . The lights suddenly change—and he finds himself knee-deep in Austin cars (I stepped on three coming over here). . . . And if it hadn't been for one of our much-maligned traffic squad, I wouldn't be here at all. . . . I guess the only way to get on the other side of the street is to be born there. . . .

While on my way home from a matinee today, my taxi got caught in the traffic. . . . Cars of every size, make and color were stalled for a block. . . . Impatient drivers began shooting backward and forward in an effort to find a way out. . . . Horns honking and screeching in every key, and drivers swearing in every language. . . . Presently, however, the blockade was broken and the stream of traffic was on its way. . . . I couldn't help but think how many of our troubles are just like traffic jams. . . .

We lose our jobs and think we will never find another. . . . That's a traffic jam. . . . We think we are sick and fear we never are going to get well. . . . That's another one. . . . But finally the blockade is cleared and again we gather the momentum of living. . . . Three or four squares farther on in life, the trouble doesn't seem nearly as serious as it once did. . . .

HOWEVER, since I became a verbal aerialist, I've learned that street crossings aren't the only places where you must watch your step. . . . Radio, for instance, is where you've got to watch your step also. . . . In one broadcast I happened to say that, owing to the lateness of the hour, I presumed most of my friends had retired. . . . You'd think I called

them bad names, or told a fib. . . . Letters, wires and phone calls poured in. . . . "What do you mean, your friends have gone to bed", they demanded. "Some of us are just getting up". . . . I all but had my mouth washed out with soap. . . . I'll never say that again.

It's amazing, though, the nooks and crevices that Radio penetrates. . . . I've had letters from towns that I never even heard of. . . .

Well, I was at the game Monday and saw the King of Swat, Babe Ruth, knock out those two homers. . . . While the crowd was cheering and going mad with joy at Babe's second clout in the eighth

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



Babe Ruth, King of Swat, and Nellie Revell, taken on her first appearance at a ball game after her long illness.

inning, I started thinking. . . . I was just wondering what that mob of hysterical fans would have done to me if they knew I had once refused their idol a meal. . . . And when he was hungry, too. . . .

Now, I maintain that I'm not a particularly hard-hearted person. . . . In fact, there are people who think I'm rather tender-hearted. . . . And it would be hard to make them believe that I ever refused a hungry man food. . . . but I did, and Babe Ruth was the hungry man. . . . But wait. . . . and don't shoot. . . . I can explain everything. . . .

The Babe and I were fellow patients at the same time and at the very same hospital some years ago. . . . The morning he was to be operated on he was pretty nervous. . . . And rather than wait in his own room dreading the ordeal he dropped in to mine. . . . While he was there, the nurse brought me my breakfast tray. . . . and on it were some luscious strawberries. . . . Babe hadn't eaten for 24 hours while getting in condition for the operation. . . . He spied the strawberries. . . . "Oh, please, Nellie", he pleaded, "let me have some of those berries; I'm nearly starved. . . . "Never", I answered, "Doctor King would kill us both, if you ate now". . . .

Poor Babe Ruth begged so hard I almost weakened. . . . Fortunately, the nurse came in at the right moment to take him away to another adventure. . . . But when I saw him hammer out those homers Monday, I forgave myself for my stony-heartedness some years ago. . . . Had I responded to his appeal for something to eat, the mighty batsmen might not have been here today to wallop in home runs when they are most needed.

GRANTLAND Rice is about the busiest man I know. . . . He is editor of the *American Golfer* magazine. . . . He writes a daily column of sport comment for the Bell Syndicate of newspapers, which goes to 85 papers, including the *New York Sun*. . . . He makes 26 short reel pictures a year on sporting themes, which are released through RKO-Pathe. . . . He contributes a weekly article to *Collier's Magazine*. . . .

(Continued on page 92)

THE EYES HAVE IT  
(Stars, Don't Be Afraid To Tell  
You're Married)

OUR untiring interviewer, Mr. Evans Plummer, who tells "How They Started" in this issue, asked all the big stars their opinion on this marriage question for April DIGEST. Half the stars said they believed the public should be told about a headliner's marital status, half said no. As for the public, well, the eyes have it, 'cause here's what "they" have to say:—

"SILENCE lends assent" we are told in an old adage. Generally men and women marry because they feel that the Great Master of Happiness, Love has entered. There should be no shame if it is true love. Is popularity such a menaced article that people must be deceived in order to hold it? Deceit doesn't last, but popularity will and does last longer if there are no hidden shallows into which the maker too often slides himself.

If I didn't care about Radio as a whole, from Walter Damrosch to the Time announcements, I'd take no interest in this subject. But the average fan feels these people are new friends. Then it is that he is interested in knowing about whether they have happy homes. But I feel the woman or man who lets knowledge of marriage interfere with enjoyment is a FOOL.—(Miss) Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

\* \* \*

SOME of my favorites are married, and that doesn't make any difference to me. Little Jack Little, Morton Downey, Ted Husing—they're all married.—Margaret A. Gimbert, Du Pont Ave., Newburgh, N. Y. . . . As for the crooners that are married, I like to think of them as crooning love songs to their wives and husbands as well as for the public's entertainment.—Wilma May Bitner, Ligonier, Pa. . . . In my opinion the listener is entitled to know all about the artists who are merely voices. There's no harm in it.—Vera A. Starkey, 1209 Starkweather Ave., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio. . . . Marriage is sacred, and because it is I think the stars should tell. It may save a lot of time and trouble, both for the stars and the listeners. Everyone hopes to reach the married stage some time or other and naturally one can take a fancy to one of the owners of the beautiful voices one hears. So I really think it would be wise to answer the simple question, "Are You Married?" and save disappointments.—Beulah A. Teich, Fresno, Cal. . . . I wouldn't care if Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo and his brothers were all married with fifteen children. Their music would have the same appeal to me. I say we like to know about their private lives for we feel nearer to them then.—Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 W. 14th St., Palatka, Fla.

\* \* \*

JUST TWO "NAYS" ON  
MARRIAGE

THE answer depends solely on the artist himself—whether he wishes publicity or not. But leaving that angle of the matter, allow me to take as example a certain beloved soprano; her songs are generally of the sentimental type and her voice is of unusual purity, tenderness and tonal perfection. As yet she is unmarried, and I know that untold thousands entertain the hope that she will remain so indefinitely. Her voice has built up an illusion—we know and think of her as ethereal. If she were to marry this would crumble the illusion. She has every right in the world to marry but do not publish it to the audience.

In the case of a team such as that of Sanderson and Crumit the knowledge of

# Voice of the

their marriage tends to enhance their popularity rather than lessen it. But all in all, I quite agree with Lucille Wall's opinions. As Collier's Love Story Girl she glows with romance, and I feel certain that many who hear her wish her to continue in this state of single-blessedness.—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit, Mich.

I say it is an artist's business to please his audience, that being his life work and bread and butter. Why should his home life enter into it? I certainly agree with Ben Alley. My favorites are Wilfred Glenn, Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbet, Elliot Shaw, Reinald Werrenrath. I do hope they are all happily married, but it's their business.—Edna E. Dell, 444 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

\* \* \*

'TENTION! DX FANS

LET'S get together everybody and start a "Digest Correspondence Club". I should like still more Radio friends. So won't some of you readers write to me? Prompt reply guaranteed. I have the names of some Radio enthusiasts I should like to pass on.—John M. Hilgers, Middleton, Wis. . . . I am writing to you in regard to my new eight tube set. I began dialing in October and in six months have received 240 stations:—216 in 38 states of the U. S., 11 in Mexico, 8 in Cuba, 4 in Canada, and one in the District of Columbia.—D. Anastasio, 8306 Panola St., New Orleans, La.

\* \* \*

IN READING the March issue I noticed many fine and rare DX records and I would like to add mine. I built a one-tube set four years ago and to date have logged seventy-three different stations on it. In 1929 I logged WENR, Chicago, from California! I have ninety per cent of my stations verified. All reception was on ear-phones and I challenge the world to beat my one tube set. Come on!—Bill Ray (age 19), 5811 College Ave., Oakland, Cal. . . . I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they receive and the programs on their local stations—or anything about Radio. I will gladly answer.—David Andrews, 293 Catherine St., N., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

\* \* \*

A MAYOR CONGRATULATES  
NELLIE REVELL

HUMOR that contains both real wit and philosophy is seldom expressed within understanding of the masses as well as the classes. This unusual condition has been achieved by Nellie Revell, who to my way of thinking, is becoming one of the outstanding Radio personalities. Over here we are so much interested in her weekly broadcast that I am violating one of my set rules not to write congratulatory letters.—John Pollock, Mayor, Borough of Leonia, New Jersey.

\* \* \*

PICKING THE  
PULCHRITUDINOUS

IN THE RADIO DIGEST Beauty Popularity Contest for April, I choose Miss Loyce Whiteman of KFWB and Miss Laura Lee

Berry of KGER as the two best "good lookers".—(Miss) Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl., S. W., Canton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

TO RADIO

NOW I am old and gray  
Do I sigh softly all the day  
And look with dimming eyes  
(In memory) back to the sunny past,  
And drop a tear now and then,  
Wishing I might live it again?  
Not any more—not me. At last,  
With head-set on, I shout with glee  
Once in a while, because that little Radio set  
Does so beguile each rapid hour—  
Or breathe in rapture when the power  
Of majestic music grand, swells forth,  
And lifts me in ecstasy to heights of joy  
supreme:

Or else I close my eyes and dream, and dream.

As old sweet melodies breeze softly by—  
That's how it is with me, why should I sigh?  
And I am lame—yet happy all the same  
My chief companions now, you know  
The multitudes by Radio.  
Now listless hours of yesterday  
Have taken wings and flown.  
Why should I sigh!

—Lettie Francis Bartlett,  
3814 Avenue D.,  
Council Bluffs, Ia.

\* \* \*

PUNK, ARE WE?

I THINK your magazine is punk. I live in Pittsburgh and as long as I have been getting it, I never saw anything in it about one of our stations. What's the matter? All I see is stuff about stations I never heard of. (*Ever see anything about KDKA?*—Editor.)—Jimmie Fagan, 121 Sixth St., Brad-dock, Pa.

\* \* \*

SEE IF WE CARE

IT IS a pleasure to return your special offer concerning the renewal for your publication. I wouldn't read the "boloney" you publish if it was the last reading matter left in the U. S.—Fred D. Emory, Board of Trade Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

\* \* \*

ANYWAY, WE'RE NOT JUNK!

PLEASE publish this reply to Mr. Pattee's letter:—I read your letter in RADIO DIGEST, and I venture to say I think you went too far in saying it is all junk. If you had one fourth as much brains in your head as the R. D. evidences by its reading matter, you would have too much to allow yourself to write such insulting letters.—Orrin L. Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, Mich.

\* \* \*

WELCOME TO THE FOLD!

A MONTH ago I had intended to write a letter of congratulation to a rival Radio magazine. By accident I discovered a far superior one—it was none other than the RADIO DIGEST. In my opinion your magazine is to the Radio listener what the telephone directory is to the business man.—Roland E. Dimler, 118 Patapsco Ave., Durdalk, Md.

# Listener

## TOO MUCH ADVERTISING ON THE AIR?

IF A manufacturer of a product wishes to place his advertisement he makes it as artistic as possible. While the reading matter for which the magazine has been purchased may be placed beside it, it is not tangled up in the text in such a way as to spoil any of the continuity of the story or article you read. Why then must we have announcers breaking in every fifteen minutes to tell of the wondrous wares they sell? It irritates the average listener. Offenders are the General Electric and Atwater Kent hours, both of which are otherwise splendid and unbeatable programs.

On the other hand the Interwoven Hour and Nestlé's and Gene and Glenn are not at all offensive. Because while the advertising is there it is in the form of news at the period break or of a clever song or talk at start and finish.

In your March issue some one asks about fading. In this district, which is about ten miles via air in a south-westerly direction from Philadelphia everyone is troubled, not with fading but distortion.—Leslie P. Sawn, 204 Thomson Ave., Paulsboro, N. J.

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## APPRECIATION OF RADIO PULPIT EDITORIAL

I MUST congratulate you on your editorial on the Radio pulpit. You have a very clear conception of what Radio listeners are looking for from the Radio pulpit. I have often wondered if the preachers and pastors who broadcast realize how we, the unseen congregation, read the voice and how easily we can read the depth of sincerity and spirituality of the speaker.

What I have said for the Radio pulpit applies also to the singers of sacred songs. The songs of Zion cannot be sung as they should be unless the spirit of Christ is felt by the singer.—Mrs. M. C. H. Symmonds, 20 Grand Ave., So., Galt, Ont., Canada.

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## WHAT KIND OF TALL STORY DO YOU MEAN?

IT IS easy to appreciate the difficulty with which sound effects are broadcast from the studio but when I read that "Over at the National Broadcasting Company, real machine guns are fired atop the Merchandise Mart" it seems to exceed the limit of my imagination. Doesn't that qualify for the Tall Story Club?—H. B. Gladish, 829 Foster St., Evanston, Ill.

Don't be such a Doubting Thomas, Mr. H. B.! Or do you mean it's a tall story because it happens in the penthouse studios?

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## HELP!

CAN anyone help me locate some old programs and data I want for my Jessica Dragonette scrap book? First: Old Philco programs listing light opera. Second: Photo of Dragonette in a Mozart costume (published in old program). Third: *Radio Revue* of January 1930 with article and costume picture.

I'm particularly interested in Mildred Martin's article on Jessica, in your April

issue. It gives a more intimate touch than anything I've found.—Carol de Grasse Wharton, Lebanon Court Apts., Overbrook, Pa.

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## R. D. MAKES "GOOD BRIDGE PRIZE"

I MUST tell you a joke. It seems that Bay City news dealers have been unable to supply the demand for R. D., but each promised to let us know when we could get one. Well, Saturday morning our bell started to ring and by night one had been delivered to us from every place we had inquired! Last evening friends dropped in to play bridge and as a special "grand prize" I offered a copy to each!—Mrs. R. M. L., Bay City, Mich.

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## ISN'T SHE GREEDY?

STATIONS are adhering more strictly to the rule of giving call letters every fifteen minutes. That's fine, but why can't call letters be given after each selection on a local program? It could easily be done on local programs and would take only a second for each announcement. One thing in the "good old days" of Radio: they wanted you to know what station you were hearing . . . If a program is changed to a different time, I think an announcement should be made so that the listener can hear it at the new hour.—Marian Canniff, 2112 S. Cedar St., Lansing, Mich.

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## BOOSTING THE LOCAL STATIONS

WHY didn't you print my letter boosting WPEN? If you have not destroyed the letter I would like to see it in next issue. (Sorry, Irene, we don't seem to have received it—Editor.)—Irene Bourgeois, Phila., Pa. . . . Have you heard the good news? Station WLEX in Lexington is being moved to Squantum and will go on the air with new call letters, WAAB. It will serve as alternate key station with WNAC and will be the eighth station of the Yankee network.—Grosvenor Calkins, Jr., Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass.

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HAVEN'T seen my Favorite station, WTIC, mentioned (*Oh, where have you been? See May Pages 49, 76, 77; Apr. 71; Mar. 71; Feb. 39, 72; Jan. 68!*) The announcers; the Dance director, Norman Cloutier; Jane Dillon, impersonator; Mr. Christian Kriens, Musical Director—their programs are a treat. No I am not connected with WTIC, but am an ardent fan.—Ruth Spooner Taylor (Mrs. H. E.), Kensington, Conn. . . . WENR takes the cake as the best user of the ether in my opinion. As long as they are on, I'll be all for them. *Who is with me?*—Stuart E. Sheill, Glen Ellyn, Ill. . . . Am very glad to see the R. D. giving well deserved space to Bill Simmons and his California Cowboys of Oakland Station KROW. If any one ever deserved praise it's Bill.—Luella Hampton, 2515-24th St., San Francisco, Cal. . . . Couldn't we have a little more news of the mid-west stations—WLW—the Chicago sta-

tions, WHAS, etc. (*Watch Betty McGee's stories and Natalie Giddings' stories—Editor.*) May I say that your magazine is very interesting and enjoyable?—Mrs. Ben Jenkins, 1226 So. 8th St., Terre Haute, Ind. . . . I'd like to say a good word for WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. This station has what I call a perfect announcer. I've never caught his name, but one man on their staff has the most soothing voice I have ever heard.—Marie P., Brenham, Tex.

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## BATTLE OF THE BLUES

(SEVERAL months ago the RADIO DIGEST published an article entitled "The Battle of the Blues".)

R. D. discussed quite long ago, a simple thing I know,

Yet it has puzzled me since the first day  
It's "Whom do you prefer to hear upon your Radio

Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

I'm getting so "regusted" I don't know what I'm about,

The thing gets harder every passing day.  
I guess I'll hire "Snoop and Peep" to ferret this thing out . . .

"Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

To tell the absolute truth, I like all of them, and I also like Coon-Sanders orchestra, Denny's, Bernie's and all the rest. So the Lombardo, Osborne and Vallee fans who have been sharpening their carving knives can put them down again, and the fans of other orchestras may do the same.—Janet Prescott, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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## ECHOES FROM THE STATIONS

MAY I take this opportunity of stating to you my sincere thanks for the picture and write-up published in the February issue. It was almost impossible to procure copies of this particular issue—they apparently were sold out before they arrived in this locality.—Frank Anderson (The Ne'er Do Well), Station KROW, Oakland, Cal. . . . I was very much pleased to see the picture of the Woten children in the rotogravure section of the March issue.—John P. de Pagter, WNAX, Yankton, S. Dak.

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## IDA MAKES V.O.L. THIS TIME —GET OUT THE GOAT

HAVE bought RADIO DIGEST since last July and like it very much. Of course I enjoy some articles more than others—the ones I like being Marcella, V.O.L., Radiographs and the rotogravure section. I have written to V.O.L. before, but it didn't do any good. Had I written to the four winds perhaps it would have been better. (*See what she gets for being fresh—Come on V.O.L. members, get out the goat and give her a real good initiation.*)

By the way, Ray Perkins' "Broadcaster Oil" in April was a humdinger. And I was certainly pleased to read more of Virginia Gardiner, also in April, for she is a very good dramatic star.—Ida A. Martin, 15 First Ave., Huntington Station, Long Island, N. Y.

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## MORE, MORE LETTERS, WE CRY

HOW can we make a magazine to suit you unless you tell us what you like? For instance how do the new full page pictures appeal to you? Which of our authors are your favorites? What air stars do you want to read about? What do you think on some of the questions this month's V.O.L.'ites put up to you? Go to it, Reader, these pages are yours—simply write, "V.O.L." at RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

# MARCELLA

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

**J**EFF SPARKS in the NBC ranks of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* gave Toddles and myself the key to the city the other day but the durned thing didn't fit. So we had to climb up through the fire escape. Toddles didn't think it looked very dignified but we had to get in. Hal Kemp was waiting for us and we simply could not be late. We finally reached the NBC studios, Toddles quite out of breath, and ran right into our dear friend Hal. He is exactly six and a half feet tall and



Hal Kemp

is rather thin. We were received in the real southern manner—a mixture of hospitality, cordiality and a big broad smile. Hal was born in Marion, Alabama, 26 years ago—which makes *him* 26, of course, and he got his training in the Boy's Military Band in one of the Military Academies down South, when he was twelve. He was graduated from the University of California in '26. While he was a freshman at college he had his own band of eight pieces—called the Caroline Club Orchestra. He got his Radio start at WMCA four years ago and in 1926 joined the NBC staff, where he has been ever since. Hal weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes and is single. He intends to enjoy the rest of his existence on this earth as a bachelor—although he admitted that it was rather *tough* on him with so many pretty girls sauntering in and out of the studios every day.

Chatted awhile with Norman Brokenshire the other day. Had just returned from Florida and could tell from his voice, almost, that he was all tanned up with southern sunshine. He is vacationing at the moment and can be heard only on recorded programs and in talkie travelogues. In the fall he plans to announce the Radio Follies program.

Redferne Hollinshead, celebrated Radio, concert and operatic tenor, has just returned from a very successful tour through Canada. He is known in the Dominion as the John McCormack of Canada. At the present time he is enjoying a much-needed rest at his home in

Yonkers. Had luncheon with Mrs. Hollinshead the other day and she said that Radio listeners who used to tune in on the Majestic Hour every Sunday night when "Holly" sang on that program, are still writing to him and urging him to waft his beautiful melodies over the air again. Mr. Hollinshead, by the way, is a direct descendant of Hollinshead, the historian, whose chronicles Shakespeare immortalized in his plays. . . .

My dear Mrs. L. M. and Louise Bock I'll let you in on a secret about Pat Flanagan. I got it straight from Ruth Betz of WBBM. Pat was christened *Carroll* some thirty and odd years ago in Clinton, Ioway-y. Right then and there as he lay in his crib with the big toe of his left foot in his mouth, he declared in the Intelligible Tongue of the Grand Order of Infants, "Nothing doing on Carroll. It's Pat for me." And Pat he is to his friends and Radio audience. Measurements: Six feet tall—lean: Avoirdupois: 170 lbs. Married? Went and did it last June. Graduate of Grinnell College, fought with 132nd Infantry in France, was initiated as announcer over WOC, and now enjoys overwhelming popularity at WBBM.



Pat Flanagan

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**O**NCE each week, Mrs. Columbia Broadcasting System washes the faces of her dear boy announcers, scrubs them behind the ears, brushes back their hair and waves them a sweet farewell from the twenty-second floor of their little thatched skyscraper as she sees them scampering off to Dr. Vizetelly. The Dr. is the editor of Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary and is acting as private tutor to the boys in the all important matter of pronunciation. Ted Husing and David Ross, the Dr. reported to their parent, had some difficulty with the simple "Rzeczyzcyany"; Bob Longstreet got a little twisted on "Srinivasa", and many fell down completely on "Mnemosyne". Awful life, *ain't* it! . . . .

Ever since the untimely passing of Al Carney, I've been importuned on all sides to publish his picture. None is available

and the only one in existence is in the hands of his family and they refuse to part with it. Al breathed his last on January 14th and his death is a great loss to his friends and the many thousands who loved his organ music over WCFL, Chicago. Sorry about the picture, Mrs. Sharp. . . .

Jimmie Merrell, a good announcer who at the present moment is *at leisure* accuses me thus: "Being an appreciative reader of your *colyum* I have often observed that you have a soft spot for foot-loose announcers. It occurred to me that you might have a voluminous file filled with letters from eager station officials who desire the services of such and kind program and studio directors and station managers. My experience qualifies me for any of the above positions." Well, Jimmie, I haven't got that kind of a file exactly. My file is filled with good wishes and I hope that some station which is searching for the services you can give will espy these few words and say "Mr. Merrell, you're hired!". . . .

Writes Mrs. Empson of Portland, "Tell us what you can about Jack Caldwell at KVOO, Tulsa, and get his picture. He's wonderful." And Virginia Brown of Tulsa wants pictures of KVOO's announcers. Sorry, my dears, but here's the verdict from Roy Duffy, Studio Director of KVOO. "Regret inability to supply material requested in your letter. Our announcers are somewhat camera shy. As soon as we can run them down and get their pictures we'll send the desired material." Understand perfectly, Mr. Duffy, just how these dauntless announcers from the wild and oily West feel when they have to face the terrible birdie in the camera. . . .

"Give us a photo of Oliver Smith," requests Hugh McConaghy of Philadelphia. Presto! Here it is. He made his first public appearance at the age of 3; that is, the people came around from miles to his home just to hear him sing. When he was five his parents moved to St. Louis and it was here that he got his first training in music. At ten he was the outstanding soprano in that city—I think that this breaks most of the records of the prodigies. In Washington for a while he was soloist at the



Oliver Smith



Vincent Lopez

famous "Church of the Presidents." Later he appeared in the Paris Grand Opera, Opera Comique, and the Chicago Civic Opera. Has been on Radio for four years. . . .

Jinny Peters, you're a dear for waiting patiently

these many months. And here's your reward at last. Vincent Lopez! And it would take pages to tell everything about him. First of all he is in the "over 30" class. Brooklyn, N. Y., claims him as its own true son. He doesn't smoke and hasn't taken a drink since last spring. Is a perfect host. Reads all of his fan mail, smells all of the flowers his feminine listeners send him and eats the home-made candy he gets. Neckties run into the hundreds. Has an enormous wardrobe and can change from sports clothes to dinner jacket and take a shave to boot in six minutes. Manicures daily. Studied for the priesthood, but the call of music was too much for him so he left the seminary and launched forth on his career as a musician. A few weeks ago he made a record dash from the Club Leviathan R. K. O. program, on which he was a guest artist, to the St. Regis Hotel where his own program was to follow immediately—but he did it. Hope you passed the old exams with flying colors, Jinny and write me some of your nice letters, won't you. Jean Goldkett and the Dictators to follow soon. By the way Vincent Lopez is not married. However I wanted to be sure, so I called up Mr. Thomas of NBC who knows all sorts of things and I asked very chirpingly, "I have an idea that Mr. Lopez is not married. In the first place he spends money very freely, in the second place, he gulps his food down very hastily, and in the third place"—at this, Mr. Thomas, just like a man, interrupted and said very knowingly, "In the first place, haven't you heard of married men who spend money lavishly—although not on their wives; in the second place. . . ." Oh, what's the use. You can't argue with men anyway. They always want to get the last word. . . .

"Couldn't we have a picture of 'John' who plays in the Seth Parker program every Sunday night?"

writes Marian Ladd of Henrietta, N. Y. Here he is and he's none other than Richard Maxwell. The other programs on which he appears are: Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing on Thursday; Rodeheaver, Wednesday; and Pilgrims



Richard Maxwell



Wade Arnold

Sunday afternoon. Mr. Maxwell appeared in such successful stage productions as *Music Box Revue* and *The Lady in Ermine*. He tired of the theatre and tried his hand at real estate in Mansfield, Ohio, but as that field was not so promising he accepted some concert engagements and then began his mike appearances. He has three degrees, A. B., M. A., and Ph. B., and he wears a Phi Beta Kappa Key which he won at Kenyon College.

WADE ARNOLD, blond, slim, good-looking young man was busy feeding type to press releases up in the Press Relations Department of the NBC when I saw him last summer. Since then he has become Radio playwright producing those interesting episodes of college life portrayed in the *Campus*, sometimes called *Dick Trevor Freshmen*. . . .

NBC and CBS, dear B. McL, are not engaged in any exchange mart with regard to talent. It is only when the artists are hired by sponsors that they can appear on either chain—as, for instance, Lowell Thomas and the Literary Digest. But otherwise the two networks never exchange talent. Georgia Backus' photo appears on page 59 of the May issue and she is also presented with the Nitwit group in the March number. . . .

What with young summer and trees and bees and hornets—this is a good time to know your birds. And we have bagged one for you, Miss M. Walkes of Winnipeg. The *Oriole of the Air* on KFAB is Harriet Cruise Kemmer who has been with that station since 1924. And as for the Don Hall Rose Trio formerly with WLW they have taken bag and baggage over to NBC according to WLW's publicity director. . . .

Attention! March! Count the NBC announcers, Peggy of Erie, as they go by. Ready, one-two-three—go: Alwyn Bach, Ford Bond, Phillips Carlin, Howard M. Clancy, Milton Cross, Neel Enslin, Bennett Grauer, Alois Havrilla, George Hicks, Edward Jewett. Step in line there: Kelvin Keech, Patrick Kelly, Ezra McIntosh. And you there, oh beg pardon, it's Graham McNamee, Curt Peterson, Howard Petrie, Marley Sherris. Now, Jeff Sparks, whose predilection for blondes places a gap between him and Harold Sparks of KFJF. Edward Thorgerson, Charles Tramont, James Wallington and John S. Young. Chicago NBC reports its announcers to be William Kephart, Jean Paul King, Ted Pearson, A. W. "Sen" Kaney and—Wallace Butterworth. And here's for the President's Cabinet of announcers over in the District of Columbia: Herluf Provensen, William Abernathy, Arthur Godfrey, S. P. K. Lewis and George F. Roos. Thanks, boys, you may now relax and go on your way

MARGARET STARR, former organist of WTMJ, Milwaukee, was in Chicago

from the last report and not doing anything Radioically speaking, M. M. of Neenah. Dear Margaret Figer, I've been scouting all over these months trying to locate Jimmy Green for you. And here at last, VOLLIE, my side-kick receives a letter from Bob of Louisville. Bob writes: "Jimmy Green is right here in our own Brown Hotel, Louisville, Ky., and has been here for almost a month. He broadcasts on an average of twice daily over our local station WHAS. I cannot say how long he will remain as the orchestras here hop around like the proverbial hen on a hot griddle." Thanks, Bob, for the info. I'm pilfering your letter from the V. O. L. and hope you'll forgive me. And what do you mean, Bob, by reflecting on the hints Radio Digest runs for housewives. I can see, you're not married, or you'd see lots of room for improvement in your better half. There's nothing like knowing how to fry an egg without breaking the yolk. The result aside from being appetizing is artistic. I know the Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest very well and I know that she has nothing but the loftiest of motives when she suggests a new curtain on the kitchen window or two drops more vinegar in the Russian dressing. So do give the women a chance, Bob, please.

"It isn't possible to tell you how much I enjoy your pages—I read every word, Now—won't you please print something or rather everything about Smith Ballew. He's wonderful," writes Marion Brenton. Well, Marion, t'other day I thithered over to Saltzman's Restaurant in the heart of this great city and over a cup of *tay*, Smith Ballew and I solved all of the world problems. He says that he'd much rather not be an orchestra leader. He'd like to be a big business executive and go out to dinner instead of having to work while others ate and wine and danced. He's only 28 and was born in Palestine, Texas. He's six feet five, has brown hair and green eyes. He spends most of his time recording for Columbia and Brunswick. And my dears, just as I was going to broach the very delicate question if he was married, I looked at my watch, just to discover that I had two minutes to keep my appointment with Nat Shilkret.

Mr. Shilkret looks just like a poet. His face is thin and sensitive and is lit up by mirthful little wrinkles playing around his eyes and the corner of his mouth. His work is music and his hobby is music. And there just



Smith Ballew



Nat Shilkret



Louis Kaufman

isn't anything else that interests him. He is never too busy to give advice and encouragement to your struggling musicians and will go out of his way to help anyone who shows signs of musical talent. When he was seven he played clarinet solos in a seventy-piece boys' orchestra, and at sixteen he was active assistant to Walter Damrosch. His taste runs to bow ties but when I saw him he wore the regular cravat. . . .

Louis L. Kaufman is the senior announcer of KDKA, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world. With his pleasant baritone voice, graceful bearing and gracious manner, he qualifies well as the nation's emissary of the air. He came to KDKA six years ago and quickly gained wide popularity. Was educated at Penn State College and intended to take up educational work but was thrown into the announcing field quite accidentally. . . .

Jack Shannon of the inimitable *Gossipers*, formerly on NBC, and Helene Handin of the *Troupers* shared their original wealth of talent at a charity ball the other day at the New Yorker Hotel. Harry Hirshfield was master of ceremonies and altogether we had a perfectly gorgeous time. Even now there is still a twitch in Marcella's legs as a reminder of her continuous dancing through the night. Oh, ugh, ouch.

And now the story is out. The chorus of sentimental sighs one hears around Los Angeles these days gets its impulse from none other than Robert Swan, Chief Announcer of KHJ. It's just terrible for husbands these days when they come home and find their wives with that far-away look in their eyes—but what can you do about it? Mr. Swan can't help it if his voice affects people like that. Right down beneath that manly breast of his he's not a sheik. He's an idealist, sincere, honest and all that. He's thirty, has a wife and little daughter. Tall, slender, dark hair and navy blue eyes. After the last program every night, Mr. Swan tucks the station very carefully and tenderly into bed.

Mrs. G. B. of Ashfield, Mass., wants a photo of Paul Lucas. And here he is, my dear. He launched forth on his career in Radio as a Radio Editor. George Malcolm-Smith, Director of Publicity over WTIC's way, says that Paul Lucas is boss to six other announcers and that he makes an awfully amiable boss. Is married and he and his wife do lots of entertaining. Lucas writes his own continuities and each week he presents an intimate chat entitled *Behind the Scenes* in which studio gossip is broadcast.

Chatter: Pictures of most NBC announcers have appeared in Radio Digest. V. V. of Moores. And "those 'as 'aven't"



Robert Swan



Paul Lucas

will be published pretty soon. Sorry Thelma Golden, but John McGovern is just as shy of the photographer as he is of the dentist. Not a single picture of him in sight. Mrs. P. S. L., how could you? Why it just seems as if WJZ and WABC have been getting all the lucky breaks these past few months. And the only April 1930 copy we have is for our files. . . .

Lanny Ross is not on any other program, E. M. Post. He seems to be quite busy as the Troubadour of the Moon. Waring's Pennsylvanians are now appearing in *The New Yorkers*, a Broadway production. Maurie Sherman broadcasts over a Chicago station and Ted Weems can be heard over CBS. All of this for the benefit of Gladys. Virginia Walsh will find a picture of Joe O'Toole on page 73 of the April issue.

\* \* \*

**W**RITES Gene P. Laffler, "In your article about Ted Weems on page 65 of the February issue you stated that Ted Weems was the composer. I believe that should you glance over the music you will find the composer to be none other than Phil Baxter." When I received your letter Gene, I was quite upset, because one thing that Marcella wouldn't like to do is to rob Phil to pay Ted. So Toddles and I put on our Easter bonnets and made straight for Weems' office. Mr. Zugsmith, his press representative, received us with a great deal of gusto and said he was sorry that there was any misunderstanding about the writing of *Piccolo Pete*. Phil Baxter, he admitted, wrote the original tune and sent it to Ted Weems to be whipped into shape. And certain parts were rewritten by Ted and his personal arranger, Joe Haymes, and then and there the orchestration was made for it that has become so famous. His name does not appear on the music sheets because that was his own wish. So I guess that clears up any little misunderstanding, Gene, doesn't it? Mr. Zugsmith promised to help me out with any little thing.

Just as we are going to press, Carl T. Nunan of KPO, San Francisco, wired Marcella of the unexpected death of Virginia Sedberry who recently became the wife of William H. Hancock. This Radio romance which started in the KPO's studios a year ago had been kept secret until the wedding knot was tied some weeks ago. Their married life



Mr. and Mrs. Hancock

promised to be a happy one for they had everything in common. To have been so suddenly separated from his young wife was a great shock to Mr. Hancock and I am sure that his unflinching courage will help him through this sad trial. . . .

Uncle Doty Hobart promises to tear off the masks of most Radio stars whose personalities are concealed by very unassuming names. So Margaret of Irondequoit and Mrs. Blundau of Salina, you'd better keep out an eagle eye for something about Cheerio. Al and Pete are not the Sisters of the Skillet, Margaret. The rotund figures of the S.O.S. appear in the front of this magazine. Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit are presented in the October issue of our Radio Digest. . . .



Everett Kemp

And here, my dear Ruth Adams and Agnes is the sage of Happy Hollow—Uncle Ezry, or as he is known in actual life, Everett Kemp. He's the man with a million dollar laugh all right, and I can wager that that laugh of his has been worth more to him than a million is to some people we know. Until 1929 Uncle Ezry was the leading attraction on the Redpath Lyceum and Chautauqua circuit, but now he has retired to the old rickety chair from which he expounds his homely philosophy.



H. E. Warner

Henry Edward Warner is the most modest Radio entertainer going. He refuses to allow any publicity to be given about him unless the editors of RADIO DIGEST actually think that he is doing something worth while. So the other day when dear Genevieve Cain of WCAO sent us Mr. Warner's picture, our Managing Editor, Associate Editors, Advisory Editor, Indi-Gest, Marcella and our Technical Editor all sat down to have a conference and to determine if Mr. Warner's work was of sufficient importance to have a place in the sun—I mean in this column. And with one assent, we voted "yes". "Uncle Ed" is poet, journalist, song-writer, lecturer, and Radio artist. When he's not any of these he plays "Uncle Ed" to thousands of Maryland children.

Tom Stedman of WCHI came in the other day to bid farewell to Radio Digest Gang including your own Marcella and Toddles. He's going to Europe to conquer everything in sight—queues in China, the King's 'Orses in H'England and the monarchy in Spain. Looks like he's going to be mighty busy.

\* \* \*

**M**ARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.



Six rhythm-making University of Texas boys . . . Steve Gardner's Hoakum Kings, who broadcast from San Antonio's KTSA.

## South Has New Network

**A**FTER seventy years, Dixie has finally seceded from the Union, without a Civil War. It's only a partial cleavage, however, and was reached amicably. A sub-network of the Columbia Broadcasting System has been established, with WBT, at Charlotte, N. C., as the key station, supplying programs to nine of the foremost broadcasters of the South. The new "Dixie Network" will bring tunes and melodies characteristic of the South and dear to the heart of every man born below the Mason and Dixon line.

Delving back into past history, it is interesting to note that Earle J. Gluck, now general manager of WBT and the Dixie Network, was one of the pioneers who assembled the first Radio station of the South. Donnell O'Connor, program director of WBT and the network, is another old-timer; he has been in



Flapper's heaven—one girl and six men! Joan Mars, soprano and the cast of the Dixie Network's "Musical Memoirs" hour from WBT.

Charlotte several years and New York fans will remember him in early days at WHAM and WOKT, Rochester, N. Y.

The associated stations besides WBT are KLRA, Little Rock, Ark.; WWNC, Asheville, N. C.; WBRC, Birmingham, Ala.; WDOD, Chattanooga, TN; WNOX, Knoxville, WLAC, Nashville, and WERC, Memphis, Tenn.; WGST, Atlanta, Ga., and WDSU, New Orleans, La. Additional stations will take special programs, while, of course, many of the stations' features will still originate with WABC in New York.

Some of the favorite special features of the Southern network are Owen Ogborn and his Wurlitzer Organ on Sunday, Pete Laudeman and His Playmates, on Wednesdays, and the Modernists on Thursdays with their special arrangements of popular tunes. The "Musical Memoirs" hour is another Thursday network feature, one which has been heard before and acclaimed on the national network.

\* \* \*

**B**IRTHDAY celebration . . . not long Nashville's WLAC celebrated its fourth anniversary. A fan sent in a beautifully decorated cake which would have done credit to any king's pastry cook. Two "broadcasting towers" were erected on top, made of spun sugar, with "WLAC" in frosting suspended between the towers on a "Radio wave". It was addressed to William Perry and Herman Grizzard, tenor-announcer, F. C. Sowell, Jr., Production Manager. Tim Sanders, Commercial Director, wanted to cut the cake into fifteen minute periods and sell them, but was finally persuaded not to do so.

## Canada on Parade

**A** NEW nation-wide program for Canadian listeners is on the air on Friday nights. The artists who will "parade" each Friday night before the Dominion will include the General Motors concert orchestra, the All-Canadian singers, guest artists and singers, and dramatic stars. Because the presentations over 25 stations will be made by means of electrical transcriptions, opera stars from France will be presented, singing in their native language to the great interest of many French Canadians. Rupert Lucas, popular announcer, will "do the honors".

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most novel and humanitarian programs on the air today is CHML's "Sanatorium program" . . . a whole hour each Saturday morning in which requests from invalids receive attention. The "network" of sanatoria has dubbed itself the "Double Red-cross Network" and includes institutions in Ontario and even in New York State.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Dutch Masters, one of the most popular programs on the Columbia Broadcasting System, is still going strong. Jack Smart, the masculine member of the Mr. and Mrs. team, gives atmosphere to the program in his rôle of Peter Zorn. The program offers sparkling entertainment to Radio listeners.

# Chain Gang Chatter

*From the Big Studios*

*By Jean Dubois*



SHE came to New York just three years ago with only \$18.00 in her handbag but with much ambition in her make-up—Eliena Kazanova, violinist of Columbia's "Around the Samovar". And only the other night there were festivities in her honor! They were not held around the teapot, but in a swanky New York night club, The Russian Art Restaurant, where Eliena and her violin are favorite entertainers. Celebrities of Radiodom were there to partake of the hospitality offered by Mr. Herbert of the *New York Times*, who sponsored the reception. Eliena has black eyes, black hair and, of course, a dash of Russian temperament and fire which are reflected in her stirring rendition of Russian and Gypsy melodies.

\* \* \*

ADVERTISERS can think up good names! The newest is the "Kitchen-Tested Twins" for Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden, whose piano dueting has been known to listeners since their early days with Roxy's Gang. Ohmann is the son of a Swedish minister and a classical pianist of no mean fame . . . accompanist at one time to Reinald Werrenrath . . . but neither ministerial heritage nor musical

education could subdue his sense of humor. Once when he was solo organist in a church he opened the program with *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. Arden, the serious minded twin, met him when both were making recordings for a phonograph company and they occupied neighboring cubicles. First they tried teaming up at one piano, but legs, arms and fingers became tangled and now they prefer two synchronized grands.

\* \* \*

IT WAS only yesterday that the telephone operator rushed in to me all out of breath to find out if it was true that Little Jack Little had been killed by gangsters and that he was an ex-racketeer. She showed me a newspaper picture of a shifty-looking fellow with the caption "Taken for Ride . . . John Little, Long Island racketeer who was shot to death." I was able to assure her that the unattractive rogue was not Little Jack, whose real name, by the way, is John *Leonard*.



Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden pop up again in Radio circles as the piano duet on the Gold Medal Hour.

He adopted Little when he teamed with a vaudevillian named Small. Did you know a special mike has been built for Little Jack and the other crooning pianists? It is a regular mike with a long curved arm that has a cup-like arrangement at the end. Mike is placed in back of the piano and the arm curves around in front to reach the singer's mouth.

\* \* \*

ONE woman among 110 men—and she doesn't even make the most of her opportunity! That's because Steffy Goldner, harpist of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and sole female member, is happily married—to Eugene Ormandy, CBS baton wielder and noted musician. Miss Goldner (or Mrs. Ormandy) is young, attractive, has curly brown hair and bright eyes and is singularly modest for a woman who has attained a position many men would envy.

\* \* \*

FRANK KNIGHT is the man whom listeners confuse with Raymond Knight. But with last names the resemblance ends. Raymond is one of NBC'S prime funsters and couldn't be serious if a firing squad lined him up against a wall. Frank has a sense of humor, but his rich, cultured voice is more the sort to be drafted for things like announcing on the Philharmonic Symphony Hour and such high-forehead programs. He was born in Newfoundland, went to war when he was just twenty and came back not very anxious to return to the small town of St. John's. Tried to become a doctor at MacGill University but felt the allure of the stage. From there to Radio dramatics and announcing at WABC was only a short step.



All the members of the "Samovar" ensemble turned out in full force and bright Russian regalia the other night for a party in honor of Eliena Kazanova, their violinist.

# “Buckeye” Briefs

*A Page of News About  
Ohio Broadcasters*



Alice Van Sickle, 86 years young, active newspaper woman who broadcasts regularly over WIAU, Columbus.

**A**LICE VAN SICKLE will be 86 her next birthday, but she's still an active reporter and newspaper woman, oldest at her work in this country. And she gives weekly Radio talks over WIAU, Columbus, Ohio . . . to, of all people, men confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. She can remember when, just out of school, she helped her father set up his editorials on the Stephen Douglas debates—before the Civil War. And when, soon after, she started her career as a small-town newspaper correspondent.

Thirty years ago she was ready to give up, when she realized that all she was losing was will power. It wasn't impairment of physical efficiency—but lack of interest in getting ahead. That realized, and conquered, she went to work again with renewed vigor. Her voice is strong and her philosophy of life, strong and interesting to the Radio audience.

\* \* \*

**A**T THE other end of the age scale from Miss Van Sickle is Cliff Adams, who, though he's only twenty-three, is chief announcer at WKRC in Cincinnati. Three years ago he joined the station staff and has grown in popularity ever since. Oh, yes—for one year he took dramatic parts with the Stuart Walker Repertory theatre, and his hobby is giving dramatic readings.

\* \* \*

**“K**EEP OUT—all who would remain single”. They're going to hang that sign up in the WLW studios, because ten staff members have wed in the last seven months. The latest applicants for licenses were Edward A. Byron, production manager of the Cincinnati station, and Gertrude Dooley, a leading lady of

the Crosley theatre. And just three days before. John L. Clark, general manager, took to have and to hold the former Miss Elvira Giersdorf, a recording, vaudeville and stage star.

\* \* \*

**J**UST ten years ago “8xJ” started regular programs from the campus of Ohio State University with a market report broadcast. Today WEAO, successor to 8xJ, is considered a leader

in educational broadcasting. Much of the credit for its success in recent years has been due to the leadership of Director Robert C. Higgy, who is now president of the National Committee on Education by Radio. Ann Charles is program manager and musical director, and many faculty and student members of Ohio State are heard regularly on programs.

\* \* \*

**D**ANCE MUSICALLY speaking, Griff Morris and his Clevelanders are running away with the town. This clever

group is heard through WJAY and since they have been on the air—a little over a year—they can't find time enough to fill all the engagements offered them. Griff himself; Jimmy Ague, the crooner, and Art Young, arranger, are the stars of the ensemble.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Friendly Station of Cleveland, WGAR, has turned aggressor in a war . . . to determine the broadcaster with the staff of tallest announcers. They claim the palm, for the midgets of their group of four are Fred Borgerhoff and Steve Cisler, who come up to the six-feet-and-one-half-inch mark on the measuring stick. Next step up is Fred Ripley, six-feet-and-two-inches, and last of the four is Bernie Strang, who beats Fred by another half inch. Their only complaint is that they are getting hunch-backed bending over to mikes adjusted for artists shorter than they are.

Steve Cisler, by the way, is the lad who worked his way through college by announcing at WLS, and many a fair feminine listener rued the day when Steve traveled from Chicago to Cleveland, out of her set's receiving radius.



Twenty-four feet, five and a half inches of announcers, all of whom are over six feet tall. Fred Borgerhoff, left, Fred Ripley, next, then Bernie Strang and Steve Cisler, all of WGAR.

# Mid-West "Folk Tales"

By

BETTY MCGEE

Chicago Correspondent

THEY tell this tale of heroic poise over at KYW. One night recently when Phil Stewart was reading the news flashes the mike that the orchestra was using on the far side of the studio went dead. Phil, with rare resourcefulness, picked up the mike through which he was broadcasting, walked across the studio with the mike under his arm, all the while continuing with the news flashes and never missing a comma or a proper inflection. . . .

And another thing about Phil Stewart. He is getting a little tired of being known merely as "the announcer with the voice like Billy Hay's". Incidentally, Bill Hay's recent operation for appendicitis was followed up by a similar operation on Phil Stewart . . . Anyway, Phil decided that he was going to do something that the famous Amos 'n' Andy announcer hadn't done so he took to writing songs, one of which is *The Night That You Were Mine*, probably familiar to KYW listeners. The sequel to this venture on Phil's part was a warning to all embryo song writers which appeared on the KYW bulletin board in the form of a bona fide check for 15c made out to Fred Rose, well known popular song writer—this his royalty on a recent song . . . It's interesting to compare this royalty check with the one for \$4700 which Fred received some ten years ago as a part of the royalties on *Honest and Truly*. But

times for the song writer certainly are changing.

\* \* \*

ITEM—Because Ben Bernie, the "old Maestro" who mingles his wisecracks with the melodies of his orchestra, has developed such a wide national following his time on the Columbia Broadcasting System has been doubled. In addition to his local broadcasts over WBBM, Bernie is now "fed" to the CBS chain each Monday, 10:30 to 11 P.M. and each Thursday, 10 to 10:30 P.M.

Donnie Mack, who directs the "Musical Masters" heard over WJJD, has been before the public musically since he was

twelve years old. He has the distinction to be the first to broadcast the Vibraphone and Vibra-harp in Chicago. His style of playing the Vibra-harp has been sought after to such an extent that he has been called upon by the manufacturers of the Vibra-harp, the J. C. Deagan Co. of Chicago, to write an instruction course for the instrument. Mr. Mack was on the KYW staff for four years, was soloist at the NBC studios, WMAQ, WBBM, and a staff soloist at WGN. He has been with WJJD for the past four years.

\* \* \*

WHENEVER he plays *The Peanut Vender*, Ralph Waldo Emerson, pioneer WLS organist, recalls his boyhood days in Liberal, Kansas. At the tender age of 11, Ralph had his first job, which consisted of handling the peanut vending machine and playing the piano in a Liberal confectionery store.

Charles W. Hamp, originator of the one-man Radio program and who is now said to be the highest salaried microphone "single" in the world, is now in our city at WBBM. Hamp abandoned his rôle as the "Early Bird" over a coast-to-coast NBC network to return to his former sponsor, Dr. Strasska's Toothpaste.

\* \* \*

WALTER PONTIUS, golden voiced WGN tenor, just missed entering the diplomatic circle. That is, while working with Harvey M. Watts, an editor  
(Continued on page 95)



Smile, Lady, smile! Grace Jane Prince (top) pretty and amiable WJJD staff member, plays a triple rôle there—soprano, pianist and organist. . . . Russ Wildey and Johnny Van (left to right, above) are known as WIBO's Two Piano Songsters. Do their own arranging, play the piano and harmonize vocally like nobody's business. . . . Al Carsello (left) settles down as accordion player now with Rex Maupin's Aces of the Air after cross-country treks in vaudeville.

# Wedding Bells on the Coast

By

DR. RALPH L. POWER

*Pacific Coast Correspondent*

**T**HERE'S a "reason why" for the glad note in the voice of Jerry Kilgore, announcer in the San Francisco studios of NBC. The reason is his new partner, the former Miss Helen Altomari of Hollywood, now Mrs. Kilgore. They were married in St. Paul's Church in San Francisco, with Cecil Underwood, NBC announcer, acting as best man and Helen O'Neill, NBC producer, as bridesmaid. They tried to escape would-be celebrators of the occasion, but the picture on this page shows how ill they succeeded.

And add to Cupid's victims this station scramble. Kenneth Niles, master of ceremonies on KHJ's Hallelujah Hour, wed Nadja Vladanova, lovely young Russian violinist of KNX. While not long ago Elvia Allman of KHJ married Wesley Tourtellotte, the KNX organist. Ken and Elvia work on the same programs at KHJ, but who ever said propinquity breeds romance?

Fourth on the recent crop of ceremonies was that of John Tofolli, NBC Pacific net accordionist. He was married in Richmond, Cal., and the whole town turned out for the occasion. He was born in Italy, but came to these shores as a boy. Holds a graduate pharmacist's license and degree from the U. of California, but can make more money in Radio!

\* \* \*

**B**UD OVERBECK, new addition to KFVB's baritone staff, first began to get the singing bug when appearing in a

student operetta at the Hollywood high school. Later he was one of the soloists in the glee club at the University of Missouri. Before finishing the course he decided the stage was the thing and joined a vaudeville vocal group known as *Three Bad Boys*.

In the course of time the trio got back to Hollywood and, since the talkies were just beginning to break out, they made a four minute short for Vitaphone . . . but it took four weeks to do it. Now Bud blossoms forth as one of KFVB's best dressed baritones and, as such, won't even associate with tenors.

Up in the wide open spaces of the great Northwest, Fred Hartley diligently pounds away at the mallets on KHQ's prize xylo-

phone, although he can play three or four string instruments whenever he has the time and inclination. Married, and with one young son, his hobby is making special music arrangements and in composing light, fluffy pieces for concert ensembles.

KPO's cute little blues exponent, Helen Stone, is pretty much up in the air these days. Not that she is at all ritzy, but because she is an aviatrix, has a private pilot's ticket and hopes some of these days to get a full fledged transport pilot's berth.

\* \* \*

**W**HAT is this thing called Radio, chanted Ray Nealan. But that was long, long ago. When he was discharged from the army in 1918, he began to follow music as a career, and when public broadcast began to function as such he sang from the old Telegraph Hill station in 'Frisco and from the old KFRC seven years ago.

Now he is with KFRC regularly as a soloist and as second tenor with the Buccaneers male quartet. A native son, out where such individuals are rare, he is not only a resident of the golden state but was born in San Francisco and has lived there all his life.

\* \* \*

**C**HESTER MARKERT, who began his Radio career as an organist at (Continued on page 89)



My word! If it isn't a monocle in "Bilgy's" eye. Do you always wear it for the Happy Go Lucky Hour, Monroe Upton? . . . One of the coast weddings (above). Jerry Kilgore the groom, at left, trying to escape, has hidden his bride in the car. "Big Bill" Andrews and Helen O'Neill of NBC are cutting off his retreat. . . . KFVB's Kay Van Riper (right) leads a busy life these days with publicity, continuity and book-reviewing on the air taking up most of her time.



# Ahoy, Club

General view of Club Leviathan from balcony.



Special feature with view of balcony in background.

**W**ORD artists and experts in the science of acoustics have become so efficient in the draping of Radio scenery with graphic descriptions and simulated sounds that we find ourselves projected into all kinds of realistic situations in the course of an evening of assorted programs.

But there is nothing more vivid and real than the RKO Theatre of the Air as you hear it from the Club Leviathan in New York. It is convincing because it is genuine. The program is actually staged aboard the great American liner as she snugs into her berth at the foot of Forty-sixth street.

I have attended two of these affairs. Fancy yourself with me at a table within reaching distance of the fair lady who sits at the rail at the left. We are on a small balcony (the sailors may have an-

# Leviathan!

By Mark  
Quest

*RKO Pilots Listeners Merrily over  
Bounding Air Waves on Ocean Liner*



that encircles the smooth, gleaming dancing floor.

The tables are all occupied with gay, chattering folk—beautiful women of the stage and their proud escorts. The walls are paneled with ivory, silver and gold. The suffused light of changing tints adds to the glamorous atmosphere. And now it is 10:30, the hour of the broadcast. The lights dim as in the theatre, murmurs are hushed into silence. The master of ceremonies proclaims the occasion to those comparative few who are present and to the rest of you among the hundreds of thousands who are listening across the continent and to those others who are aboard other ships far out to sea.

Famous RKO stars are announced. Some of them sing, others are interviewed—and all the while there is a breezy banter carried on by the master of ceremonies. Harry Richman, William Hanley, Vincent Lopez, and then Lita Chaplin, Dorothy Stone, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Irene Dunne, Tom Kennedy—and a score of others appear in the spot as all attention is paid to the ubiquitous microphone. The rest of us who sit at the tables are only incidental background to the great, innumerable audience circled far and beyond the tiny beacon of light that rims this room and even the good ship Leviathan.

From left: Giuseppe Di Benedetto, Giovanni Martini, Dolores Cassinelli and G. W. Johnstone. RKO-NBC notables on board Conte Grande, another ship broadcast program.

other name for it, but I don't know what it is any more than you do). Eight or ten small tables are set behind us. The front of the balcony opens into a great ball room. On the opposite side there are other tables.

Below the balcony in the center, as shown here, you see the orchestra which plays for the guests who dance after the broadcast. During the broadcast the orchestra is spread out over the dance floor and the microphones and solo numbers are presented in the far end of the room, the space partially hidden by the two ladies in white who stand chatting there in front of us.

Below us at the left there is a parked off section on the floor level that extends to the entrance, where you see an usher receiving a lady and gentleman just coming in. You can see a similar parquet on the opposite side of the room. Back of and above the row of front tables that face into the room is a terrace. It is just high enough so that the guests at the tables there may look over the heads of those who sit next to the promenade



# Cues for

By

Emily  
Post

Who broadcasts regularly over the CBS

*THE June Bride of 1931 is not any different fundamentally from the bride of grandmother's day. Love is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, and the bride of today steps up to the altar with the same visions of a glorious future that the prehistoric maiden must have had some millions of years ago. Today she holds in her arms calla lilies instead of the customary lilies of the valley*



# Cupid's Captives

*Should a Bride-to-be Kiss Her Fiancé in Public?  
Oh, my no! Says Prominent Authority on Etiquette*

THESE days we must give undivided attention to the answering of questions about weddings! So that we shall not neglect any phase of this important subject, let us begin with the engagement. The first step in the direction of wedding preparations is, of course, the discovery made by him and by you that without each other there could be no future for either of you, and you decide to marry. This being the case, it is time for him to tell your father or your mother—or whoever is your nearest relative—how he proposes—or you together propose—to manage the financial side of a home for two, that is, unless such arrangements concern only yourselves. But even so, he should at the first possible moment go to your father, or whoever is the head of your family and tell him (or her) how things stand between you, and what your plans are.

Let us in any case say that your father approves—in short, you are officially engaged. It is likely that before talking with your father, John has told his own parents that you promised to marry him—and it is possible if (as one person wrote me) you and your father are especially devoted you will have broken the news by saying, "John is coming to see you tomorrow!" Or perhaps you at once told your mother. Whether you tell one or both of your parents before John does, is not a question of etiquette, but entirely a question of the relationship between your parents and you.

YOU know of course that confiding in your immediate families has nothing to do with the announcement of your engagement to the public at large. Nor is there any rule as to when an engagement should be announced. You may tell everybody at once or you may keep it a secret for years. It is solely a question of personal decision—sometimes a difficult one. For instance, if the date of the wedding be in the indefinite future, the quite serious point to solve is whether it is wiser to take the world into your confidence months, or perhaps years, before you can be married, or to wait until the day can be set. On the one hand it is pleasant to have everyone know you are engaged,

you are asked everywhere together, and you can frankly prefer each other's company, and in countless ways your situation is made smooth. On the other hand, if your engagement is likely to run into years, the unending question: "When are you going to be married?"—especially when you have no idea of the answer—becomes increasingly distressful as weeks and months pass by.

TRUE, anyway you take it, a too long engagement is an unsettled, distracting state of existence suggestive of waiting on a station platform for a train that is delayed for no one knows how long! The ideal situation is when the engagement may be announced almost immediately, and the wedding takes place within a few months after that. Let us say then, that your wedding is near enough to consider the announcement of your engagement in detail. Four or five days before the day of the announcement, you and John each write letters to your own friends and to the cousins, uncles and aunts who have not known about it from the beginning. Engraved or printed announcements of an engagement are socially taboo. In best society, notes announcing an engagement are always written by hand and the outline is practically the same. You, for instance, write to an aunt or a school friend, that you want her to be among the first to know, that you are engaged to John Bright and that the news is to be announced on such a day and please not to tell anyone until then. Of course, if nearest friends and relatives live nearby, they are told personally by you or by him, or by you both together. It is always proper that *he* go with *you* to see your relatives and friends—even if they are strangers to him. But you may not be taken by him to see his family or his friends, unless they have themselves invited you. Of course, if certain members of his family are intimate friends of yours, you would more than likely go together and tell them your news. Or if a member of his family (whom you do not know) is an invalid, it would be proper for you to go with him to see her if the invalid has asked you to.

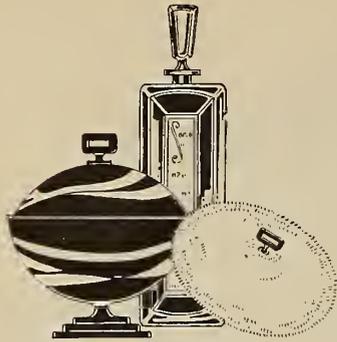
I'd like to make a rather important point on the subject of when a girl may

or may not be taken about by her fiancé, because it is one of the really awkward situations that a newly engaged girl meets. Absent-minded or unknowing women are inclined to say, "John, bring your fiancée to see me!". His only answer sounds priggish, and yet he must say, "I'd like to very much—if you'll invite her." Whereupon the unperceiving woman thinks, "How silly John's priggishness about bringing the girl he's engaged to see me". And yet John was helpless. From the point of view of etiquette, a well-bred girl is not taken—even by her fiancé—to the house of a stranger, without an actual invitation or other courtesy having been shown her.

If Mrs. Older put it this way, "John dear, please ask your fiancée if she won't waive formality and come in for tea on Sunday?", it would seem rather ungracious on your part not to go. And in fact, you would most probably go. And in this day of telephones, it would take Mrs. Older but a moment to send a message of invitation, and not many moments more, to write a few lines on a sheet of notepaper, which would have been graciously courteous.

PROPERLY, of course, all of John's family and friends call on you, either at once, or at latest, on the day of the announcement! It's about time that we came to the details of this. As a matter of fact, according to the very best taste, no actual announcement is made except by the notes beforehand. In a city of size and when the people concerned are prominent socially, the announcement is given to the society editor of the papers. On the afternoon or evening of this day, your mother perhaps gives a tea, or a supper or a dinner or a small dance. If it has been announced in the paper everyone knows. Otherwise, the intimate friends who have been told in advance, tell others who congratulate them, and still others notice that you and John are constantly having your hands shaken, ask what it means, or see for themselves and join the line of well wishers. If notes have not been written, or the news printed, it would be quite proper for your father to make the announcement by proposing

*(Continued on page 92)*



The Ancient and  
Accepted Order of  
**CRAMMERS**

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin  
heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

**A**ND ancient and accepted it is—this practice of cramming. Collegians are not its only members—not by any means. The Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers includes initiates from every walk of life.

Not all the members of this order admit their membership. As a matter of fact, not all of them are aware that they are members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. But even those who are unaware of their membership become more active at this time of the year. Letters from them pour in to me every day:

"I'm to be married on the fifteenth of June and I simply must do something to improve my appearance before that time. I have been so busy with social activities that I am simply a wreck. Tell me something to do which will improve my appearance as soon as possible."

"Now that my spring cleaning is done, I want to start spring cleaning myself. You have no idea how dreadful I look. My daughter will be graduated on the twenty-first of June and I want to fix up my skin before I attend her commencement exercises."

And this from an acknowledged crammer:

"Talk about a schoolgirl complexion—mine just isn't. If I'm to do credit to the role of sweet girl graduate two weeks hence, I'll have to do some cramming. I've always been pretty successful in cramming for examinations, so I think I should be able to do some satisfactory cramming for beauty, too, don't you?"

Cramming for beauty—all these members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. And all of them, apparently, have just as much faith in the efficacy of the procedure as the optimistic campus co-ed.

Collegiate cramming is as much an institution as the institutions where it is practiced. Cramming for an examination usually means sitting up all night and crowding enough facts into the mind to answer the questions given in a certain specific test. By cramming, lackadaisical students do sometimes manage a passing grade in a course. Whether or not the information they acquire in this way stays in their minds and is of any ultimate value to them is another thing entirely.

Indubitably regular attention to daily

assignments would make cramming unnecessary and in time obsolete in our halls of learning. Certainly students would get more real benefit from their courses if they did eschew the line of last minute only concentration.

And the same reasoning applies to cramming for beauty. The Beauty Consultant can give women advice which, if followed, will clear up ordinary skin defects for a wedding, a graduation, or whatever the special event may be. To do any lasting good, the advice must be followed regularly and consistently.

**T**HE student who is graduated *magna cum laude* is seldom, if ever, a crammer. The beauty neophyte who includes cramming in her curriculum is seldom, if ever, elected to the Phi Beta Kappa ranks of pulchritude.

Have you never seen the woman who apparently has discovered a fountain of youth? I think you have—we all know at least one—a woman who stands out from other women because of her beauty and distinction. But have you ever analyzed this woman? Do you know why she seems to possess the elixir of eternal youth?

The most fascinating woman in your acquaintance, you will find, is not in the ranks of the crammers. She has achieved her position not by chance, but by design . . . not by last minute cramming, but by regular attention to her self-imposed assignments in the course of beauty. If you examine her carefully, you may discover that her features are not so regular as you thought—her clothes no smarter than yours. But you can be sure that your feminine ideal has a skin which is smooth, lovely, and radiant.

The crammers buy exquisite and becoming clothes and wonder afterwards why they fall short of the smartness they had in mind. The *elegante* is consistently chic and lovely. What is her secret? It is a simple one and within the reach of every woman. She has a skin

which is clear and flawless, and her clothes are more effective for this reason.

Skin, you see, is the alpha and omega of beauty. It is the first thing people notice about you. If you would be smart—if you would be attractive—you must resign your membership in the fraternity of crammers and care for your skin with ceaseless and unremitting diligence.

**A**FTER all, anything worth doing is worth doing well. Cramming is at best an emergency measure. It carries its own boomerang. Take the prospective bride for instance. An attractive appearance on her wedding day—unless it is sustained—will not guarantee the success of her marriage. Consider the mother who wants to look well at her daughter's commencement exercises. It is possible for her to appear on her daughter's campus in an improved guise, of course, but she will not do herself or her daughter justice unless she retains this appearance for longer than a commencement week. And the college girl herself will not make adequate use of her four years' training for life unless she utilizes the self-discipline which regular attention to daily assignments—be they Greek or Beauty—requires. The sweet girl graduate who will make a name for herself—in a career or marriage—is not a crammer. Few worth while people are.

The crammers have their day, yes, but it is of necessity a pitifully short day. It is for them, I think, that the modern expression, poignant though colloquial, was written—"they don't retain." At any rate, this phrase may well stand as the epitaph for the members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers.

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Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor

# FASHION Formulas

*Self-expression for Summer Modes is Decried by Prominent Stylists—*

*Cotton Frocks Command Place in Women's Wardrobes*

By RUTH WITSON

THE time has come for individuality in clothes, and milady need no longer quiver for fear someone will copy the lovely ensembles and interesting effects she has been able to create. Every woman wants to look different, and the couturiers who start the fashion top spinning have declared themselves in favor of a fad for self-expression. They believe in green eyes and red hair, they smile at deep blue personalities, they laugh aloud with joy at the sight of the woman whose poise and bearing remind them of royal purple. The physical make-up and characteristics of every woman are the basis of an idea for a new costume. And these style arbiters don't keep their discoveries to themselves; they want to tell everyone about them. The important thing is, they are really doing that very thing.

Each Wednesday night the popular Peter Pan Forecasts present over the Columbia network a series of the outstanding stylists of the world to tell American women how to express their personalities in their clothes. They give the last word in fashion and suggest how it may be best adapted to express a mood or suggest a temperament.

THIS group of broadcasts was opened with a talk from Paris, by Captain Edward Molyneux, world famous designer, who suggested gay cheerful colors for the spring and summer seasons as an advance fashion note.

He said, "Patterned chiffons and georgette, which remind one of a garden full of flowers, should have a place in every feminine wardrobe. They give freshness and variety and will be smart all through the summer.

"Another note of cheer will be contributed by evening gowns," Molyneux added, "because women who have pretty ankles will be able to show them once again. I have designed dresses for dancing that end two or three inches above

the ankle. Others reach the instep, and, for more formal occasions, there will still be the evening gown that just touches the ground. Women in this way, will be able to wear the length of dress which suits their own individual types."

In a later Peter Pan broadcast, Patricia L. Ballard, fashion expert, stressed

the modified silhouette as a style trend. "The Paris couturiers realize," Miss Ballard said, "that American women are going to be practical minded about their clothes this season, so they are discarding picturesque extremes for simpler, more wearable designs. Flares are being restrained, in fact they have a very strong rival in pleats, which give the required fullness but a straighter outline. Waistlines are no longer arbitrarily placed, but are adjusted to the figure of the wearer. Skirt lengths, though definitely longer, do not adhere to any hard and fast rules, but are determined by height and becomingness.

"THERE are many ways of achieving this individuality," she continued. "Fashions this year have affinities. One fabric allies itself to another, every dress takes a jacket for its mate; the shorter sleeve is united to the longer glove, while color, charmingly fickle, finds its most perfect state in not one, but three alliances. So this is the season to indulge yourself in an extravagant bit of color. The note of contrast is a gay scarf, or the subtle introduction of color in the sash of an evening frock, or a combination of colors in the frock itself, gives the discriminating woman a chance for originality.

"Every woman aspires to be well dressed," Miss Ballard commented, "and this season affords her this exceptional opportunity at a very reasonable cost. For among the many lovely fabrics which interpret our new fashions, cottons are one of the most accepted. The favor shown them in Palm Beach confirms impressions that with the arrival of summer we will indeed be very cotton-conscious. This is the first season that cottons have been versatile enough to cover all the occasions of the day. They serve for tennis and golf, they go to the seashore,

(Continued on page 95)



An evening frock of white organdie featuring four scalloped skirt tiers

Out of the AIR

# HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

While many people are anxious to see television developed and are counting days (months or years) until it arrives Indi-Gest is strongly in favor of forgetting all about it. It will curtail too many of our major industries.

The first industry it will hit and practically exterminate will be that of the explorers who go off into Africa and Lapland and other places where people wear no clothes at all or queer costumes. How do I come to that conclusion? Well, the other day I saw in Indi's favorite paper a note saying that a department store buyer had bought some dresses by television. First thing you know Paris will be televising styles to the Congo and the beauties of the veldt and Darkest Africa will be wearing accordion pleats instead of grass plaits and except for color they'll look just like ladies of Paris, France, or Paris, Ohio. There won't be any sense in taking pictures of them and

## A VEGETABLE COURTSHIP

A potato went out on a mash,  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's pie for me," observed the  
squash,  
And all the beets turned red.

"Go 'way," the onion wept and cried,  
Your love I cannot be;  
The pumpkin is your lawful bride  
You cantaloupe with me."

"Oh, give me one cress," the tuber  
prayed,  
"Then my cherryished bride you'll be;  
You're not the only skinny maid  
That's currant now with me."

Don't turnip your nose at me,  
You know you can be beet;  
You think that yam just a sap,  
But I can be very sweet.

I'll give you a string o' beans  
Full eighteen carrots fine;  
So you can rice above your lot  
As soon as you are mine.

And as the wily tuber spoke  
He grasped the rueful prize;  
And giving her an artichoke,  
Devoured her with his eyes.  
—Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.

all the photographers will be jobless.

The next industry that will be hard hit will be the matrimonial agencies. Ladies and gents will demand peeps by television of the prospects with whom they carry on hopeful and marriage-inclined correspondences. The shocks will probably be so great that they won't meet their bills and the matrimonial bureaus will all go out of business.

Warden Lawes of Sing Sing says lonesome convicts are the best customers of those bureaus. They write passionate love letters to single ladies, giving the prison's street address. Imagine the disappointment when the recipients see their romantic heroes televised in stripes!

And Indi-Gest's job will be jeopardized! I believe 75% of my popularity is due to the mystery with which I have surrounded myself. Ladies think I am a handsome Romeo, gentlemen think of me as a fair Juliet. When television and telephonivision comes, any fan will be able to call me up and see whether I wear pants or skirts and shoot rubberbands at me on his or her home receiver.

## A LESSON FOR LIARS

From WTMJ:—  
An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars". He advised his hearers to read in advance, Mark, seventeenth chapter.

The next night he arose and said, "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I should like to know how many read the chapter I suggested."

A hundred hands went up. "Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark!"—Mildred S. Olsen, 3014 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Weber and Fields:—  
Meyer (selling life insurance):  
Do you know, Mike, that every time I breathe someone dies?  
Mike: Vell, vy don't you gargle?  
—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

## Cash for Humor!

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

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

## ASK THE WORM—HE KNOWS

Professor Abe Lincoln Jackson was drilling the class in English.

"Erastus, give me a sentence showing the proper use of the words, 'debate' and 'detail.'"

Erastus, after much head scratching: "De fishwum am debate what nobody kaint tell de head fum detail.—Willison Barrett, Box 951, Rusk, Tex.

## CURRENT SONGS

Watt'll I Do?

Ampere The Ball

Let me Coil You Sweetheart

Volt Go Ohm Until Morning

—Wm. Patterson, Crown Point, Ind.

## NOT SUCH A GOOD NECKER

The Interwoven Pair:

Billy Jones: I see Mr. Smith died from a broken neck.

Ernie Hare: Why I thought all he had was a wrenched back.

Billy Jones: He did, but his wife rubbed it with whiskey, and he broke his neck trying to lick it off.—Edgar Dieden, 3217 N. 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.



The little man with a big voice makes a heroic impression—on the air!

## MY WISH

If I send a gracious thought  
Winging on its way,  
If I win a friend or two  
By what I write or say,  
If I help some weary soul  
To consolation find,  
If I make the children  
laugh  
When wishing to be kind,  
If I give new hope and  
cheer  
By the verse I pen,  
I shall write from day to  
day,  
And try and try again.

—*Belle C. Critchett, 1515  
Montana St., El Paso, Tex.*

All joking aside, the au-  
thor of the lines above has  
put into words Indi-Gest's  
own inarticulate wish. If  
I can even make one cor-  
ner of your mouth crinkle  
up the tiniest bit in a smile  
I will feel happy!

## AS LONG AS IT WASN'T HER CALF

WEN.R Minstrels:—

A boy from the city called on a country  
girl. As they strolled through the pas-  
tures they passed a cow and a baby calf  
rubbing noses.

City Boy: Oh, isn't that sweet? I wish  
I could do that.

Country Girl: Well you can if you want  
to, it is my brother's calf.—*Etta Fitz-  
gerald, 1615 S. 12th St., Birmingham.*

## WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

Everybody has a different answer to  
that query. But here are some of the  
definitions reported to Indi-Gest from  
the West Coast, where Dr. Seth Maker  
conducted a contest on KJR, KEX and  
KGA to find the answer:—

Love is a pain you can't locate.

Love is a funny thing  
It wiggles like a lizard  
And wraps itself around your heart.  
And nibbles on your gizzard.

Love is a little brook that runs up  
against a da(m)n.

## AIR LINES FROM BUG SCUFFLE

The village gossip sez: Annie Brown,  
Colonel Brown's old maid daughter who  
hankers to get married, is ticket seller  
at our local movie temple, Dreamland.  
Anna is real religious and having a  
Radio in the lobby, tunes in on all re-  
vival services. Yesterday Anna was  
surrounded by advertisements for the  
current picture, "Oh, For a Man", and  
she never did ketch on to why so many



### MORNING CALISTHENICS

Announcer: One, two, three . . . put  
some PEP in it. Touch the FLOOR.

patrons went in grinning. The Radio  
was singing: "God Will Take Care of  
YOU!"—*Anne Lee Funk, 3421 Rosedale,  
Dallas, Tex.*

### OH, CAN THE CHATTER

A farmer, asked what he intended doing  
with an enormous peach crop, replied:  
"Well, we eat what we can and what we  
can't we can."

"We do the same thing, brother,"  
said his questioner, a business man.  
"We sell what we can sell and what we  
can't sell we cancel."—*Lucien Thomas  
54373, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio.*

### RECORD

Some men start in at the bottom  
And work their way to the top,  
They are the wizards 'old man fate'  
Just doesn't know how to stop;

And others may start at the bottom,  
But regardless of how they try—  
Simply stay where they started,  
And watch the world go by;

Still others, our 'silver-spoon babies',  
Start in where the going is nice.  
Some stick there, while others slip  
backward,  
Depending on fate's loaded dice;

But I've made a record performance  
Which is bringing me great renown.  
I started in right at the bottom,  
And I'm rapidly working down!

—*E. E. Mann, 611 Greenwood Ave.,  
Birmingham, Mich.*

## A TELEVISION KISS

You're content before your  
fireside  
To listen (O, what bliss!)  
To your sweetheart's voice  
o'er Radio,  
A word you must not  
miss.

You now can hear her  
laughter  
For many, many miles;  
The next thing, I am think-  
ing,  
You will even see her  
smiles.

But one thing I will wager  
And that one thing is  
this,  
You'll never be contented  
With a television kiss.

—*Bertha E. Meredith, 1100  
N. Reed St., Little Rock,  
Ark.*

'Tis true . . . kisses by tele-  
vision will not be popular,  
but how about socks in the  
eye and spankings?

## SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

**HICCOUGH ON A NATIONAL  
SCALE**—CBS announcer on Van Heu-  
sen program: "Ladies and gentlemen,  
this program has come to you over a  
coast to coast 'hick-up' . . . err, er,  
I mean 'hook-up.'" An epidemic of in-  
digestion?—*Etta Fitzgerald, 1615 S. 12th  
St., Birmingham, Ala.*

**ROYALTY BELITTLED**—By the  
Hon. Mr. Kauffman (speaking in place  
of the King of Siam) over Columbia:  
"It is unfortunate that His Majesty the  
King of Siam is unable to appear before  
this microscope today." But then, he  
does weigh less than 100 pounds and is  
shorter than his Queen!—*Clara D.  
Lange, 2007 Marquette, Davenport, Ia.*

**NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?**—It  
was near the close of the Tabernacle  
Hour, a KTAP religious feature—  
Preacher: "And the wicked and unjust  
shall be cut off."

(Without further notice the an-  
nouncer cuts the program.) Announcer:  
"We continue with the Annanac Hour."  
—*Charles F. Harris, 537 Roosevelt Ave.,  
San Antonio, Tex.*

**NO GOOD A'TALL, A'TALL**—It was 2  
A.M. and WKBF was broadcasting night  
club festivities. Announcer shouted  
above the din, "There will next be  
played a group of three numbers—  
*Why Was I Born?—For No Good Rea-  
son At All—and, You Said It!*" I  
thought it was a wisecrack, but the  
orchestra played those numbers.—*Mor-  
ris J. Shoyer, 916 S. Fourth St., Phila-  
delphia, Pa.*

# Dial Hounds

By Charles J. Gilchrist

*Secretary of the  
Chicago Daily News DX Club*

**T**HE game of hunting the ether for far away and little known broadcasting stations came to life again last winter with a bang. Probably the first factor which tempted Radio fans to dial twisting once again was the launching of a new Mexican station, XED, in Reynosa, just across the Rio Grande on the Texas border.

This station came on the air last fall for the first time with such super power that it was heard in all parts of the country. Fans got a real thrill out of hearing the call letters of a station in another country. Then they went to work and developed some expert tuning on far away and little known stations.

The game of DXing revived with all the vigor which had impelled it in former years. To be sure, the long distance fans were not reporting the extremely far distant spots which used to be heard but which are now almost impossible since the United States stations have come to cover practically the entire band of broadcasting. With so many stations in this country and with the high power now being used, some of these spots cannot be found.

However, as the winter developed reports were received from such distant spots as Japan, France, Germany, Central and South America, Australia, Honolulu, Porto Rico, Alaska, and Great Britain. The national networks have done their bit to stimulate DXing by re-broadcasting programs from foreign parts, such as the talk of Pope Pius from Vatican City and the English Steeplechase. From these programs literally thousands of fans developed the DX bug.

Another factor which has done much to bring back international reception has been the general increase of power in all the leading countries. At least two of the German stations are now on with 75,000 watts and one of them in Stuttgart has been heard several times. Then Russia has been boosting its power until it now plans to come on the air with half a million watts in the near future. These Russians are not brought in but the newspaper stories of their continued growth in power have kept DX fans interested, awaiting the time when they will come in to this country easily.

Last winter was particularly good for

long distance work. In fact it seems to have been as good as any of the old years back in 1925 and before. Even another reason has been brought forward for this. It is that the sun spots have a distinct affect on broadcasting and are supposed to be at their best for Radio conditions this year. Whether or not this is true is a matter for the scientists to thresh out.

The world is just as full of thrilling Radio catches as the seas are of fish.



Charles J. Gilchrist

And the two games, DXing and fishing are very similar. The fisherman sinks his hook into the waters, hoping and using all his skill to hook the particular kind of fish he seeks. The DXer becomes expert with his dials and uses his talent in trying to hear around the world. Neither can know beforehand what will happen and in that uncertainty is another of the kicks of the games.

Time was when a Chicagoan picked up Kenya Colony, in Nairobi, Africa. The station, 7LO, used both short and long waves and works with the British Broadcasting Company networks in London. Another DX thrill came to the writer when a Royal Mounted Police officer on duty in the wilds of Canada wrote down to join the Chicago Daily News DX Club, having heard one of the weekly broadcasts over WMAQ. The letter had been dated more than six months before

it arrived. And it had been dated more than four months before it ever reached a post office.

**T**HE spot from which the officer picked up the broadcast was well within the Arctic circle at a little bay not even shown on any save the largest maps. Apparently it had been held up a third of a year by ice and snow before it could reach the post office some hundred miles away. It took still more time to reach civilization and quick transportation.

A good world log such as the one sent out by the Department of Commerce shows stations in queer spots all around the globe. There is EAR5 in Las Palmas, Canary Islands on 1071 kilocycles, and two stations in Cairo, although if you write the Egyptian officials they will answer that broadcasting is barred in that country and there are no stations on the air.

Both Casablanca and Rabat in Morocco are on the air, as are Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban in the Union of South Africa. The Fiji Islands have a broadcasting station at Suva and a Radio telephone depot which is listed without wave, location or anything else but the words "frequently broadcasting".

Singapore, British Malaya; Colombo, Ceylon; Istanbul, Turkey, Reykjavik, Iceland; Tallin, Estonia; Caracas, Venezuela; Bogota, Colombia, and Tegucigalpa, Honduras are some of the other queer spots of the world which live on the Radio map.

There is a station, VAS, at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, whose sole purpose is to inform fishermen preparing to embark for the Grand Banks of weather conditions and the prices they may expect for their catches. This is found almost every morning at about 2 a.m., CST.

J. Agusty in San Juan, Porto Rico, has done more to make his city known than any association of commerce or travel bureau could. He has done it by staging special DX programs for American listeners at regular intervals during the winter. These programs, which end up about daylight, usually on Sunday mornings, have been heard each time with very good volume and quality by mid-west fans as well as those in the east. He has answered literally thousands of letters and sent out great quantities of verifications to those Radio fans who could tell him just what his station had been broadcasting and just when it was broadcast.

Two others who are rapidly making their particular spots on the globe well known to Radio are in Central America. One is Amando Cespedes Marin, owner and operator of NRH in Heredia, Costa Rica, a very popular DX call.

With such possibilities it is little wonder that the modern knight of the road turns to Radio as his magic carpet.

*(Another DX story next month.)*



Sunday

MORNING MUSICALS—Emery

9:00 a.m.—8:00 WABC W2XE WHEC WGR 6:00 WLBZ WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WCAO WTAR WNC WBT WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC WISN WFBM KFJH KMOX WMAX WJAZ KFH KJFP KRLL KTRH WMT KDYL

NEAPOLITAN DAYS— 11:00 a.m.—10:00 WJAZ WTAG WDAF WOC WHO KGO WPI KOA WBC WMG WBP WBA WBC WMC KFSO WENR

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST— 12:30 p.m.—11:30 WABC W2XE WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRC WORC WPG WHP WML WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK WNC WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD WISN WWOV WCCO KSCJ WMT KMBG KLRA WDAY KFJH KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY

LITTLE JACK LITTLE— 1:30 p.m.—12:30 WJZ WREN KFAB WJR WJAR WLW WJR

GYPSY TRAIL—Emery Deutch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist. 1:30 p.m.—12:30 WABC W2XE WFB WHEC WGR WDRC WORC WPG WHP WJAS WML WTAR WISN WTAQ WCCO WMT KMBG WKJF KLZ CFTB

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE— 2:00 p.m.—1:00 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC GFCF WOC KYW WHO WOV

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE— Dr. Daniel A. Poling. 3:00 p.m.—2:00 WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WREN KFAB WRVA WJAZ WIOD WFAA KVOO WOA WFLA WSN KGW WPTF KGO KOA KSTP WEEC WMC WSB KJLC KMO KIQ WSB WPI WGAR WTMJ KSL WDX WSAI WSM WDAY

SYMPHONIC HOUR— with TOSCHA SEIDEL, Violinist. 3:00 p.m.—1:00 WABC W2XE WFB WJAZ WHEC WKBW WEAN WJAS WCAU W3XAU WHP WTAR WLBZ WML WCAO WKBN WDBJ WADC WTAO WSPD WJAZ WNYC WNYC WBCM WISN WDOD WBRC WDSU WMAQ WTAQ WFBM WGL KLRA WCCO KSCJ WMT WJLC WREC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC CKGW WOV WDF WSAI WVIC

SWIFT GARDEN PARTY— 3:30 p.m.—2:30 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC CKGW WOV WDF WSAI WVIC

CATHEDRAL HOUR— 4:00 p.m.—3:00 WLBZ WJAZ WBL WJAZ WOC WPA WJAZ WCAU WHP WML WCAO WTAR WDBJ WKC WKBN WNC WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC WLAO WBRC WFBM WGL WJLC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN— 4:00 p.m.—3:00 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC CKGW WOV WDF WSAI WVIC

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE— 5:00 p.m.—4:00 WABC W2XE WFB WJAZ WHEC WKBW WEAN WJAS WCAU W3XAU WHP WTAR WLBZ WML WCAO WKBN WDBJ WKC WKBN WNC WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC WLAO WBRC WFBM WGL WJLC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

DAVEY HOUR— 5:00 p.m.—4:00 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. Comedy songs and patter. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em. Leave it to these Super politicians to disentangle international problems. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Irons out frets, frowns and wrinkles. (Daily ex. Sun.)

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. Voices across the ocean.

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Silk hat, piano and dash of pineapple with broadcaster oil—program potion for the weary. (Thurs. and Fri.)

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little who gets the big hand when he sets himself down to that pi-ner.

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two typical New England merchants in back-store chatter. Stock consists of pins, potatoes, carrots and curtains. (Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat.)

3:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel. Famous violinist draws human tones from his fiddle.

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Reports news brevities in Literary Digest Radio column. (Daily ex. Sunday)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier dispenses songs with real Parisian flavor from the Chase and Sanborn fountain.

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy—Now, Amos, is yoh oh is yoh ain't—and Bill Hay shaking with mirth in the background. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A palatable program with a mixture of everything.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey. Accompanied by Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. Man of many thrills shares his world adventures.

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangline Adams, astrologer, links your fate to the stars. A Forhan's presentation. (Mon. and Wed.)

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent. Talent par excellence!

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. A humorous series of sketches by J. P. McEvoy, portraying embarrassing moments for Pa. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. America's own poet. Detroit Symphony Orchestra directed by Victor Kolar on Graham-Paige program.

8:00 & 11:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Creolo Military Band. Puts life into your bones. Only 20 words of advertising. But don't count—you may find more. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History. A National Dairy Production.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée—the velvet toned crooner and his Connecticut Yankees. (Thurs.) (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ)

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parkers.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crumit. Two stage stars gone Radio—nothing like it say Julia and Frank on Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. 9:00 p.m. on WJZ)

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour. Brings to mike celebrated opera stars, and charges you nothing but a dial twist.

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, inimitable master of ceremonies—the voice with the school girl complexion. (Wed. and Sat.)

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra with its slow tempo.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and orchestra directed by Frank Black.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

SWEETHEART HOUR—

5:30 p.m. 4:30 WABC W2XE WFB WKBW WBC WDRC WNAC WCAU WHP WML WCAO WTAR WDBJ WKC WKBN WNC WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC WLAO WBRC WFBM WGL WJLC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 WABC W2XE WFB WGR WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 WJZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.

8:00 p.m. 7:00 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 WJZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.

9:00 p.m. 8:00 WABC W2XE WFB WJAZ WHEC WKBW WEAN WJAS WCAU W3XAU WHP WTAR WLBZ WML WCAO WKBN WDBJ WKC WKBN WNC WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC WLAO WBRC WFBM WGL WJLC WJAZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m. 8:15 WJAZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

9:30 p.m. 8:30 WJZ WRC WJZ WBL KOA WJAZ WLBZ WBN WTAM KSD WJZ WDAF WEEI WLIT WCAE KOA KSD WJLC



Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA-
Robert Burns Panatela Program-
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS-
Vaughn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
WCAE WTAM WLIT WFBM

EMPIRE BUILDERS-
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WKV WHAM

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
FROM CHICAGO-
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRS
WNAO WORC WPG WCAU

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHES-
TRA-
12:00 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRS
WNAO WCAU W3XAU WCAO

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON-
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WKA WHAM
KDKA WKY WKB WSM

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET-
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK KFAB CKGW KOA

POND'S-
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WJZ WBZ WCB WVEI

ADVENTURES IN WORDS-Dr. Frank
H. Vizetelly.
5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15
WABC W2XE WFB WGR
WDRS WFAN WHP WKBW

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE
BROADCAST SERIES-
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHFC WDRS
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASH-
INGTON TONIGHT-Frederic Wil-
liam Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WCB WDRS
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES-
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WESH WGY WBEN WTIC

PAUL WHITEAMEN'S PAINT MEN-
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WTMJ WJR WLV

FLORSHEIM FROLIC-
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFB WCBW
WGY WJZ WKB WSM

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE-
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WTAG W2XE WFB WCBW
WBEN WCBW WRC WDRS

HENRY GEORGE-
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFB WGR
WEAN WDRS WNAO WCAU

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS-
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCBS WFI WRC WGY

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFB WHFC
WKBW WEAN WNAO WCAU

DEATH VALLEY DAYS-
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WKY WREN
KWK WBZ WBZA WHAM

GRAYBAR'S-Mr. and Mrs.-
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFB WHFC
WKBW WEAN WNAO WCAU

RICHE CRAIG, JR.-Blue Ribbon
Malt Jester.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFB WGR
WEAN WDRS WNAO WCAU

PARAMOUNT PUBLX RADIO PLAY-
HOUSE-
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFB WHFC
WMAK WKBW WGR WLBZ

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS
ORCHESTRA-
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW
WDRS WORC WCAU W3XAU

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING ED-
WARD ORCHESTRA FROM TO-
RONTO-
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFB WHFC
WKBW WDRS WORC WPG

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE-
HOLD PERIOD.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WIBO KDKA
KWK WREN WJZ WSMB

BEN AND HELEN-
11:45 a.m. 10:15 8:15 6:00
WLBZ WEAN WDRS WNAO
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA-
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WHAM WREN KFAB
WRC CKGW KSTP WJAX

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO
PRESS"-
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WDRS WFAN
WDBJ WADC WNBC WBT

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS-(Katter-
man & Mitchell)
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WJZ WGAR WENR WHAM

BOSCUIL MOMENTS WITH MME.
ALDA-Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHING-
TON"-William Hard.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

LISTERINE PROGRAM-Bobby Jones,
golf chats.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEA WTIC WEEI WTAG
WCBS WLIT WRC WBEN

MOBILOIL CONCERT-
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCBW
WTAG WLIT WRC WLBZ

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL
-Raymond Paige's Orchestra.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFB WGR
WEAN WDRS WNAO WCAU

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT-
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFB WKBW
WEAN WDRS WNAO WCAU

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM-
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCBS WLIT WRC WGY

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR-
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN WLV KYW

PALMOLIVE HOUR-
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCBW WLIT WRC

ARABESQUE-Desert Play.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFB WKBW
WDRS WORC WPG WFBM

VITALITY PERSONALITIES-
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW
WDRS WORC WPG WFBM

PETER PAN FOLIOS-
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFB WKBW
WEAN WDRS WNAO WCAU

COCA COLA PROGRAM-
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC KTRH
WTAG WCBW WLIT WRC

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORA-
TION PROGRAM-
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WFB WKBW

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"-
Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL
CANADIANS-
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFB WKBW

FIVE ARTS-Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW

ART GILLHAM-
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFB WCBW
WHP WLBW WMA WTAQ

BEN SUNSHINE PROGRAM-
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN

MID - WEEK FEDERATION HYMN
SING-
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WBO WWJ

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA-
Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBL

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN-
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFB WGR
WEAN WNAO WCB WCAU

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI CKGW WRC

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad

Browne and Al Llewelyn.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRG WNC WCAU W3XAU

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—

Dramatized Tales of Mystery.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRG WNC W3XAU

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WJG WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW WKY WTMJ WRC

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRG WNC WCAU

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRG WNC WRC WPG

RADIO ROUNDUP—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC WCAO WFBM K TSA
W2XE WJAR WGL K LZ

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRG WNC

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WCKY WIBO

EMILY POST—

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRG WNC WCAU

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-

TURES—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRG WNC WRC WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RADIO GUILD—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KGO
CKGW WPTF WJAX K TAR

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRG WHP WLBW WMAL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRG
WFAN WHP WJAS WLBW

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAR WWJ WLIT
WBCN WCAE KGW WENR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR
WTAG WESH WLIT WRC

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
KYW WREN KSTP WRC

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WRC KPRC

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRG WNC WCAU

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WFAN
WAP WLWB W TAR WDBJ

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WHAM WREN WIBO
WGR KGO

VALSPEAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WLIT WRC WGY WBN

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring

Weber and Fields—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Organ.

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WGR WRC
WPC WFN WHP WJA

THE SILVER FLUTE—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WESH WGY WCAE
WSAI KSD WDAF WJAR

FULLER MAN—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW

MARY CHARLES—With Nat Brust-

loff's Orchestra.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd

Gibbons.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG

SATURDAY DOMINO ORCHESTRA—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBQL
WHAM KDKA WGR WJR

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—

10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WNC WKBW
WBBM WKK WXYZ WIBC

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WBBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRG WNC

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL

CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WEAN
WDRG WNC WRC WPG

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES
National Broadcasting Company
CFCF...1030 WENR...870
CKGW...960 WFAA...800
KDKA...980 WFI...560

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR-
CHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEL WTIC WGR

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM WMC KDKA
WJAX WRC WREN KPRC

Saturday
SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Ru-
dolph Blazek, Director
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30

Friday

Saturday



# WJ R

IN THE GOLDEN  
TOWER OF THE  
FISHER BUILDING  
• DETROIT



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Tune in right in the center of the dial—and leave it there. Throw your switch at 6:00 a. m. and start 19 hours of the most complete entertainment on the air. Music—melody—educational features—shopping news—markets—everything the modern woman is interested in from beauty culture to travel news. Starting with the "Night Watchman," ole Jack Douglas, personalities and entertainment are offered in stimulating variation throughout the day.

Amos 'n' Andy lead off on evening entertainment of the highest standard in broadcasting—an evening for men and women alike. And you may leave your dials set for the next day—assured of the continuance of high quality entertainment.

### WJ R • THE GOOD WILL STATION

5000 Watts • Cleared Channel • 400 Metres

LEO J. FITZPATRICK, *Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.*



# AMERICA'S PREMIER REGIONAL STATION

*New York*

*New York*

# WMCA

570 K.C.

100% MODULATION

500 WATTS



The WMCA Little Theatre of the Air

## NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically every event—every happening that is of interest to New Yorkers. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.

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INC. 1697 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Thorough coverage at moderate rates . . . . . perfect transmission throughout city and suburbs . . . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities. . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.



Broadcasting in the New York Manner



The Airline to the New York Market

Table with columns: Kilo-Meters cycles Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes stations like XET Monterrey, N. L., Mexico; KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (day); KUSD Vermillion, S. D. (day); etc.

Table with columns: Kilo-Meters cycles Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes stations like KMMJ Clay Center, Neb.; CKM Havana, Cuba; CHYC Montreal, P. Q.; etc.

Table with columns: Kilo-Meters cycles Watts, Call Signal, Location. Includes stations like WOBU Charleston, W. Va.; CKUA Edmonton, Alta.; KKKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (day); etc.

Television Stations Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Table with columns: Lines per Picture, Power (Watts), Call Signal, Location. Includes stations like W2XCR New York, N. Y.; W3XK Wheaton, Md.; W2XCD Passaic, N. J.; etc.

RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find \$3.00 in payment for my subscription for one year.

Name ..... Date .....

Street ..... City, State .....

# Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station

(Continued from page 23)

compliments a member of a Men's Bible Class on the good-looking lady who is with him, wisecracks good-humoredly and makes everybody like it.

"Well, folks, here's a letter from a lady in Massachusetts who wants a leg for her husband—now, don't laugh—she wants a leg for her husband so he can go to work—get a job—a fellow with one leg can't possibly get a job—now can he? I wonder if something can't be done for that poor woman whose husband only has one leg?"

Letters are read from lonely shut-ins all over the country who are listening in and are no doubt made happy by the cheery voice of this broadcaster from Chinatown. A blind man from up in Vermont has requested a certain poem, a woman in South Carolina writes if she only had a sewing machine she could earn some money, a couple from Iowa telephone in their greetings from their Golden Wedding Anniversary and the lively Tom is quick to send them back his wishes for good luck and a long life. He conducts a sort of column to the lovelorn, he's a mother's helper, a missing persons' bureau, mender of broken hearts—through his Radio broadcasts he can locate anything from a lost son to a collar button. An old newspaper man writes he's listening in somewhere up in Massachusetts and Tom has a friendly word for him. An Exterminating Specialist from Weehawken sends his greetings and Tom has the hall roaring with laughter as he wisecracks about this profession. A little girl had a dime for ice cream but she decides she'd rather send the dime to the Mission in Chinatown for which Tom thanks and praises her. A young boy prayed every day for a job, promising God he'd give his first week's salary to the Rescue Mission if he ever got one. The Mission got his first week's salary. A fireman up in the Bronx risked his life to save a child and Tom praises him over the Radio for his good deed.

Now up the aisle comes hurrying an usher with a telephone message for the Evangelist. He reads it, grins and speaking into the little iron Mike announces—

"Here I have a leg already for the lady's husband up in Massachusetts. Mrs. — of Newark has offered to send the money for the leg! We thank you, Mrs. —"

A hymn is sung—so contagious in melody and with Tom Noonan's rhythmic gestures that everybody has to sing.

"Two more legs for the lady's husband up in Massachusetts. Fine and dandy, folks—that's quick work all right!"

With the hand-clasping and back-slapping there's a good show too. You get celebrities from the theatrical, social,

political—and criminal world to address you. Not long ago Nora Bayes spoke, another day a well-known rabbi, some weeks ago Harry Haines—famous character of the underworld in the time of Big Boss Tweed. Harry is a lusty Irishman whose looks belie his sixty-odd years. He was a successful crook until dope and then religion got him. Mother Mendelbaum—a famous fence of the nineties who began as the humble keeper of a pawnshop and died with five million dollars in the bank—tried to save him both from dope and religion—but listen in next time he speaks from his Mission and he'll tell you what Tom Noonan has done for him. Besides the talent endorsed by the public, Tom Noonan is glad to give beginners a hand—men's quartets from some remote church—a trombone player who brings tears to your eyes with "Way Down Upon the Swanee River"—anyone who'll stand on his feet and sing or talk can have his chance at Tom Noonan's exciting and surprising Sunday afternoon broadcasts.

"The boys," as he affectionately calls the more unfortunate of his guests, enjoy the show as much as those who sit on the platform or tune in from their homes. They're glad to get music and good cheer along with "the feed and the flop."

After the Mass Meetings the visitors go on to their comfortable homes and "the boys" (the Women's Mission is at 10 Mott Street) file down into the basement—bare and scrupulously clean—where they are given a hot supper and a place to sleep and any other assistance Tom Noonan and his staff can give them in the way of a job or advice. Even the ushers were once like the boy Tom Noonan and like these broken men who come for help so that they know the Black ways and are better fitted to give a helping hand.

The men eat silently—there is no pushing and shoving—all is order.

"You get docile like that after you've been cold and hungry and homeless long enough," one of the ushers explained to me. He stopped and spoke kindly to one of the men. "That one's seen better days," he said, turning to me. "He hung around outside for days before he had the nerve to come in. It's the old fellows like that I feel sorry for—there just ain't a place for them anywhere ever. Nobody wants an old man."

Shabby and unshaven as he was, the man he had spoken to didn't look to me over fifty!

They were a shabby, unshaven lot in Tom Noonan's basement that rainy Sunday—Japanese, Negro, Jewish, Gentile—you'd have learned something about geography if you knew where every mother's son of them came from. You'd

have learned something too about bad breaks, and ill health and tragedy and perhaps even something about the economic depression!

It's a sort of continued serial—the broadcast from the Cathedral of the Underworld. It's like a social club or the corner grocery—only a great deal kinder.

If you listen in long enough you get to wait eagerly to find out if the woman from Maine is going to get that sewing machine she needs to help support her family, or if the man from Indiana will get his spectacles or the little boy from up in New York State his crutches. And if you're sitting up on the platform in the old Chinese theater listening to Tom Noonan send out his appeals for help, you hold your breath wondering how long before a telephone message will respond to that appeal. You might even catch the contagion of helping someone less fortunate than yourself!

## Broadcaster Oil

(Continued from page 32)

want to come right out and say that I will take no nonsense from a mere wee slip of a girl, piano player or no.

Do you know what I did to Olga then? Don't guess, let me tell you. Well first I cleared my throat gently, like Evangeline Adams, only I did it standing still, whereas Miss Adams does it in passing. Then I deliberately turned on my heel and walked off in various directions. Well, my dears, that marked a turning point in my career, because I've been a heel turner ever since. I can now turn on my heel as they do in true confession stories and if you think it's easy, just try it is all I've got to say.

I'm inventing a patent ball bearing heel of patent leather that will enable YOU to turn on your heel and get somewhere socially. Only first I have to finish up inventing my laughing kimono. It's a garment designed to facilitate sleeve-laughing-up. Take our hostesses at NBC (Note to Columbia Broadcasting System: do you boys have gorgeous women for hostesses? We do. At any rate we should get together and discuss this.) Most of our hostesses don't even wear sleeves, so naturally they don't amount to much as sleeve-laugh-uppers. But my, oh my, have they got talent in other directions, our hostesses! Most of them went to Finishing Schools, and can finish almost anything you might try to start. Of course I don't speak Finnish myself, but they *are* a wonderful race of people, the Finns. Why in the South Sea Islands they eat halibut fins and all and think nothing of it. So am I.

In closing I would like to point out that there are certain restrictions in writing for broadcast purposes. These are relaxed to some extent in writing for print. For instance over the air you're not allowed to say damn. But here I can say it. Look: Damn.

Ain't I a nassy had mans?

# Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 54)

with headquarters in Los Angeles, and branch offices here and in all the main cities in the country. Arthur Freed, co-writer with Nacio Herb Brown of *Pagan Love Song*, *Broadway Melody*, *Doll Dance*, *Singing in the Rain* and so many other hits, is the financial backer and writer for the firm; Powers, one of the best-liked contact men and professional managers in the music industry, is the other partner.

They have two songs which are growing in popularity every day—*It Must Be True* and *I Surrender, Dear*. Although *It Must Be True* is handicapped by its similarity to so many other titles, such as *Can It Be True* and so forth, it is climbing through daily. *I Surrender, Dear*, being a bit sensational in title and thought, much akin to *Body and Soul*, is heard more often on the Radio. *It Must Be True* is one of these short choruses, like *My Ideal*, and is adapted to the schottische type of tempo, which can be best understood after hearing it played that way.

It has a lovely lyric and a lovely melody. It is authored by Arnheim himself, Gordon Clifford, and Harry Barris, who was one of Bing Crosby's partners in crime in the "Three Rhythm Boys".

## Faithfully Yours

THERE seems to be a vogue for titles in the correspondence salutation vein—*Kindly Remit, To Whom It May Concern*, and now *Faithfully Yours*. This song has been picked as the hit of the week by the Campbell Hour, which is a signal victory for it just at its outset. They have rarely been wrong in their selection. Many men have to pass on it before the song is featured in that daily plug.

That the song is there, there is little doubt. Everyone in and out of the profession has reassured Phil Kornheiser that at last he has his much-needed hit, and I sincerely hope the public feels the same way about it. Phil has chosen one of the most beautiful covers I have ever seen on any song; it is bound to attract attention to the song, and inside the covers there is unquestionably a hit with a hit melody. If the bands do not rush it through too fast, play it the way it should be played, you will hear a lot of it.

I would suggest that it be played at fifty seconds to the chorus in order to do justice to it. It was written by a trio whose names alone guarantee a good song; Ted Snyder is one of the greatest writers and publishers, the first to give Irving Berlin a break; James Brockman, whose name I can recall on songs ever since I first took notice of names on songs, and Abe Lyman, one of the most charming and capable of West Coast leaders.

## In A Cafe On The Road To Calais

ALTHOUGH I am a little late in commenting on this particular song, I feel it is never too late to talk about a really good song. It was written by three boys who wrote *On a Balcony in Spain*.

I think they have done a good job with an extremely dangerous type of song. A road at best is a dangerous thing to describe, and the "road to Calais" which might be, as far as the average lay American mind knows, any place anywhere—well, I think that the boys had a great deal of nerve in writing this type of song. In fact, when they first approached me with it I thought they were crazy!

If the song succeeds, I think it will be on its very lilting melody, as it lends itself extremely well to dancapation, i. e., the tickling of the feet, although most bands rush through it as though they were going to a fire. In fact, I have been extremely amazed at hearing some of the vocalists trying to keep up with the band in singing it.

There is one line near the end which absolutely must be taken very rubato, otherwise it means nothing.

Similarly as in the case of the publishing of *The River St. Marie*, there is a French verse underneath the English. I have not looked at it very carefully, though I intend some time to try singing it in the patois of Calais itself.

This is the Red Star Music Co.'s nearest approach to a hit since *I'm In the Market For You*, and I sincerely hope they make it.

As I said up above, on account of this one line, namely, "Was I the only one you gave your precious kisses to?" the whole song must be slowed down or the singer must race when he gets to this particular phrase. Very often I either change the wording or the notation, or deliberately fight the band in tempo on that particular phrase, but this is often bad as it gives the impression that the whole song is hurried, and at best does not help the vocal rendition of it. So the wisest thing is, as in the case of a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, to slow the whole composition down for the weakest phrase in the song.

## Ho Hum

LARRY SPIER is the capable mentor of the Famous Music Co., writer, composer, picker par excellence of song hits. Larry may take the bow for most of Chevalier's songs, *Out of Nowhere*, *Baby's Birthday Party*, in fact almost everything the Famous Music Co. has had since its organization. Personally I think he is one of the keenest psychologists in

the music profession, and I pay that tribute to him very sincerely, with no ulterior motive.

Famous Music is one of the few firms which had a successful year during the past one of extreme depression and bad sales. While in Rochester he sent me a group of four or five songs, but chief among them was this little spring fever tonic called *Ho Hum*, written by Ed Heyman, the boy who worked with Johnny Green on *Body and Soul*, *Out of Nowhere*, and who gave me the beautiful lyric of *Then I'll Be Reminded of You* for the last song in my picture.

His collaborator is none other than the young girl who seems to be a most prolific young lady, although a newcomer to Tin Pan Alley, Miss Dana Suesse, who already has *Whistling in the Dark* to her credit, and whose name will soon be as famous as Irving Berlin's if she keeps up.

It is a typical spring type of song, dealing with the end of the winter season, the yawning of the individual as he sings the song and tells about various things which he and a girl are looking forward to on beautiful spring nights.

The Lombardos are riding the devil out of the song, with the rest of us close behind them. I think it is done best the way the Lombardos themselves play it, allowing between forty-five and fifty seconds for the chorus. Coming out just at the right time of the year, it should be one of our most popular songs. If not from a standpoint of sales, it already is from a standpoint of records and Radio.

## Have You Forgotten?

IT ONLY goes to show that one can never tell what is going to happen when one writes anything of a classical nature. It may start out as a classic and end up as a popular song whistled and sung by the masses. Such is the story of *Have You Forgotten?*

Nat Shilkret collaborated with the young lady just mentioned—Miss Suesse—in an idyll called *Syncopated Love Song*, minus lyrics. Just what it was intended for I do not know; it remained for Leo Robin to write the lyrics for the most delightful part of the piece, and to call it *Have You Forgotten?* Although it still has its classical flavor, there is something very fascinating about it, just as there is about the most beautiful part of the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

One hears a lot of it on the air. Bands play it if no one else does. They realize it is good music and quite different.

Since, like *You Brought a New Kind of Love To Me*, there are a lot of triplets and quarters written in triplets, it is quite essential that the whole composition be slowed down that these triplets may not be made to sound absurd. I think this is one number that the average band realizes must of necessity be played slowly.

We do it at about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Harms, Inc.

## The Prodigy Who Grew Up

(Continued from page 13)

The European triumphs continued for two more years, and then Leopold Auer felt that his pupil was, at last, ready for America. And so, in 1918, a mere boy—too small for his evening suit—with his romantic shock of black curly hair hanging over his forehead, he made his first appearance at Carnegie Hall. Now more than ever was there magic in those unerring fingers; now more than ever was his bow smooth; now more than ever was there an infinite variety to that polished style of his. Toscha conquered America as completely as he had conquered Europe. With that first concert of his he was judged to be one of the great violin-virtuosi of the age.

From that time on, his life became an endless series of concert-tours—and an endless series of triumphs everywhere. Last year, he reached a new peak in his career. The Radio had conquered America. Seidel, realizing the tremendous scope of the Radio, associated himself with the new field, as advisory director and as performer for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Today, he is Radio's outstanding fiddler: the magic violin of Toscha Seidel is being heard once a week from one corner of the country to the other in a series of programs illustrating the growth and development of violin music. Few, there are, in the whole world who are so well equipped for so prodigious a task and who could accomplish it so gracefully and artistically as the incomparable Toscha!

Toscha Seidel is thirty-one years old, and the thirteen years he has been in America have wrought a great change in him. Those of us who remember him when he made his sensational debut, remember him as a romantic looking boy who, in appearance, dress, behaviour, immediately suggested the musician. Today, however, there is nothing but that picturesque name of his to hint at his profession. He is short, stocky, and generally well-dressed. His once picturesque shock of curly hair has now been smoothly levelled and evened into a neat hair-comb; even his once delicious Russian accent is rapidly disappearing. Everything about him—the way he behaves, the way he talks to you, even his viewpoint—suggests the American business man, rather than the musician.

He lives in a private home at Pelham Manor, with his charming wife, a home completely fitted out with music-rooms, a ping-pong room, a bridge-room. For Toscha is not only a devoted musician; he is equally enthusiastic over contract-bridge and over ping-pong. More recently, the latter game has come to the fore in the list of his preferences. At that, Toscha is far better at ping-pong playing than he is at contract-bridge—although he does play bridge with skill.

And so, just as likely as not, there may be a heated ping-pong game at the Seidel home during the evenings. Only recently, another ping-pong enthusiast—Mr. Jascha Heifetz—was up at the Seidel home to challenge Toscha. "We could never find out which of us two is the better fiddler," Jascha told Toscha laughingly. "At least we can learn which of us two is the better ping-pong player!" The game was a very heated one, but—if you are really eager to know—it was Jascha who emerged as the winner.

Toscha rises methodically every morning punctually at 7:30, and then he drives down to the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He is at his office all day, attending to the vast amount of work which he, as the musical advisor of the System, must complete; at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, too, Toscha does all of his practising these days. For, although Toscha is the consummate artist, he still practises a good many hours every day. The officials, therefore, generally have very little trouble in locating Toscha when they need him; nor do they have any need of asking anyone where he is. They merely prick their ears to catch the sound of a violin, and then they follow that sound until it leads them straight to Toscha.

His favourite pet is Hector, a one-hundred seventy pound dog, who is an all-important member of the Seidel household. His favourite dish is *crepe suzette*, a dessert which, because it is a mixture with cognac, cannot be procured in this country—Toscha, therefore, looks forward to each of his European trips as the time when he can gorge himself with his delicacy. His musical tastes are most orthodox—Brahms, Beethoven and Mozart are his favourite composers; his favourite piece of music is the Brahms Violin Concerto. He does not think very highly of jazz as a form of musical expression, although he does enjoy listening to it.

Toscha, generally speaking, does not care for night life. He would much rather spend a peaceful evening at home with his wife, with Hector, and in the company of agreeable friends,—and indulging in his few preferred pastimes. The pleasures of European trips have long ago palled for him. He is not interested in luxury. Toscha, as a matter of fact, is one of those very rare individuals who believe that their present existence is the best of all possible existences and who have no aspirations or ambitions other than to continue their present pleasant mode of living. Except for one—namely that Hector should some day have a companion in the form of Toscha Seidel, Jr.

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The day you enroll I will show you ten ways to make money doing easy work to be found in every neighborhood. Tell you how to do the jobs, how to get them and what to charge. G. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made \$935 in his spare time while studying.

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# Radiographs

(Continued from page 51)

In Siberia she wore her military uniform with the correspondent's "C" on her arm. She endured hardships with the men. Often she was hungry, often cold. Once when going from one outpost to another she was pursued by bandits and wolves. More than once there was a machine gun battle just outside her window.

All this seems like a very bare outline of Peggy's amazing career. You may hear her adventure tales if you listen in to the RADIO DIGEST programs. Or you may soon read them in her book which she is getting ready for publication.

And where will Peggy go next? Who knows? But it would be hard to keep her away from another war.

## Floyd Gibbons

"IT'S the breaks." A lot of people say they count more than talent in this world. Well, Floyd Gibbons has both—talent and the breaks. And what breaks!

Remember back in 1915 the Johnson-Willard fight? The Chicago *Tribune* sent Gibbons to the border to cover it. The fight did not come off, but just across the line General Pancho Villa started to stage some fights of his own. Not such a bad story for a young newspaper man wanting to get ahead.

Remember 1916 and Pershing in pursuit of Villa? Gibbons was with Pershing. Lucky again, you see. For in 1917 Gibbons was in France with the American Expeditionary Force, and the commander of that force, as everyone knows, was

that same John J. Pershing.

Before Gibbons ever got to France there was his incredible luck of being torpedoed on the "Laconia." Being blown up in mid-ocean by a German submarine, might not be considered lucky by many, but if you were a reporter and lived to tell the tale, then you would be lucky.

He lost an eye in Belleau Wood, while creeping across a machine gun-swept field to the aid of a wounded comrade. Nothing lucky about that, you say. Still, if one is going to lose an eye, it's quite the best way to lose it, going to the rescue of a comrade. So, one gets the Croix de Guerre with palms, a citation from General Petain. Afterwards one can write a literary classic, "How It Feels To Be Shot." (In his war book, *And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight*.) Also if one does have to lose a portion of one's anatomy an eye is the easiest thing to part with. Losing an arm or a leg would be much more crippling. With an eye gone, one wears a white patch and is unforgettably picturesque.

I first knew him in Morocco, where I was doing some free lance writing for American newspapers.

In September of 1925 the Spanish fleet was bombarding Abdel Krim's capital, Ajdir, in the bay of Alhucemas. Gibbons was one of the seventeen other correspondents—Spanish, German, Portuguese, English—aboard the Spanish troopship, "Escolano." I was on the "Escolano" also, and can give a first hand account of the Gibbons luck at that time.

It seemed that the Spanish government had provided for the comfort of the press, luxurious staterooms in the section of the boat devoted to the officers. It had furnished them interpreters to explain operations. It gave them afternoon tea. It served hors d'oeuvres and liqueurs at dinner. It had provided everything, in fact, except that one thing all important to a newspaperman—means of communication with his paper.

At first the correspondents had been patient. They had acknowledged they couldn't use the Radio before the attack and so let Abdel Krim know of our whereabouts—though how a fleet of seventy-five ships could escape notice, I don't know—but with the landing made, with the Spanish flag flying from the top of Cape Moor, they began to demand facilities for sending out their despatches, or at least to be allowed boats to Ceuta, Gibraltar or Malaga.

"The world waits," they cried desperately in Spanish, German, and English, crowding around the commanding major.

And the major, unmoved, said perhaps "tomorrow after tomorrow," he didn't quite know how, he didn't quite know when, communications would be established and the news could go out.

The correspondents raged in helpless fury. That is, sixteen of them raged. The seventeenth, Floyd Gibbons, late one night, was sitting alone on the deck. It seemed that his customary luck had deserted him. Here he and his story were in the middle of the Mediterranean with no means of getting either off that boat. But just then a little launch nosed up against the "Escolano" to deliver a message. In a second Gibbons was down the gangplank and aboard her. Yes, she was going to Malaga.

In Malaga he put his story on the cables, and took one of the daily passenger boats to Melilla. There still remained the problem of how to get back to the Spanish fleet at Alhucemas. But Gibbons' luck come to the rescue! *Abra-cadabra*, a French battleship, was in the harbor. Gibbons happened to know the commander of it. It took him back to the Spanish fleet and the bombardment.

One more incident—a small one.

In Washington once I was driving in a taxi with him down to the Albee building. After the taxi had gone he discovered he'd left his gloves on the seat. Now any ordinary mortal would have never seen those gloves again. But the very next day in a totally different part of the city, as he was crossing the street in front of a waiting line of automobiles, a taxi driver stuck his head out of a car, yelled, "Hey, chief, got something for you," and handed out the gloves.

Do you wonder that once when he cabled his paper that he was in Pisa, the prompt answer came back: "Stay in Pisa. That tower has been leaning for six hundred years. It will probably fall while you're there."

## In BOSTON The New Hotel MANGER

At North Station  
Direct Entrance from B.&M. Depot

A Tower of Hospitality  
500 ROOMS

Each Room equipped with Tub and Shower ▼ Built-in Radio Speaker (Three Station Service) ▼ Tickless Electric Clock ▼ Servidor ▼ Circulating Ice Water ▼ French Telephone ▼ Full Length Mirror. ▼

New England's Most Modernly Equipped  
and Perfectly Appointed Hotel

Rooms are exquisitely decorated and beautifully furnished. Attractive Dining Room and Unique Coffee Shop, Oyster Bar and Soda Fountain offer wide variety of food and service.

### RATES

ROOM & BATH, FOR ONE - \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00  
ROOM & BATH, FOR TWO - \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00

No Higher Rates

Write for Descriptive Literature,  
Hotel Manger, North Station, Boston, Mass.



## "Dynamic" Rubinoff

(Continued from page 49)

he must get back to the theatre for an afternoon rehearsal. By this time rehearsals were just about getting bore-some to a mere scribbler.

In the theatre again, Rubinoff invited us to come down to the rehearsal rooms for a "few minutes" while he arranged his theatre program and did some work on his next week's Radio program. In between snatches of work, in the two hours we spent in the rehearsal room, he managed to tell something about himself.

He was born in the little Russian town of Grodna. Before he was five years old he showed musical aptitude, but the only instrument the family owned was a balalaika. Imagine little David and the big balalaika! But his small fingers must have been able to create melody, for one day the music-master of the town heard him strumming and offered to teach him violin-playing free of charge. For the equivalent of three dollars in American money, Dave's mother bought him a violin and the lessons began. He had to travel four or five miles for his lesson—often through snow and sleet. His home was cold, dark and lonesome. He practiced when his fingers were chilled to the bone and he was hungry. Those lean days, under the oppression of the czar are set to music in the minor melody that runs through the Russian music he composed in later years.

For four years he studied diligently and won, as a reward, a scholarship to the Royal Musical Conservatory at Warsaw. Then—study in Berlin, Vienna, and finally, the New World, when he was but fifteen years old. More study—then his talent won recognition and he became an orchestra leader.

How did he enter the Radio world? He says he owes it to his friend, Rudy Vallée. Rubinoff is director of the orchestra at the Brooklyn Paramount, where Rudy appears when he isn't out on tour. Rudy arranged for an audition at NBC . . . Rubinoff clicked and he was signed up as orchestral director of the Chase and Sanborn Hour.

After two hours of answering our questions and working on two programs, the maestro suddenly rushed out to conduct his mid-afternoon overture in the theatre.

Then came a long interview with the arrangers, after which Rubinoff suggested another cup of coffee. We visited the same place, ate just about the same food, and Rubinoff rushed back to the theatre for his final afternoon overture.

The minute he was finished with this we ran down stairs, jumped in an automobile and, behind two motorcycle cops with their sirens screaming, we were whisked through traffic to the NBC studios.

Rubinoff then went on the air. The program, lasting a full hour, was one of

the finest that we had ever witnessed. There was Rubinoff, in all his glory, in front of his enormous orchestra, first waving his magic baton over them, then playing his inimitable violin solos.

Emerging from the studio, Rubinoff turned to us and said: "My greatest thrill while broadcasting is to think of all the people listening in. I can almost see them sitting by their Radios. While I am accustomed to a theatre audience, my imagination produces my Radio audiences. I hope that each and every one of those people listening in enjoyed my music."

But do you think that this finished the day? It did not. The mounted policemen were there to meet us when we came out of the studio and back through the thick traffic we went. The theatre again and the final overture of the day. When this was finished we looked at our watch and eleven o'clock was only a few minutes off. We must hurry home and to bed as an early appointment in the morning necessitated our arising at eight.

Rubinoff said he would drop us off in Manhattan, as he was going to the Astor to appear at a Benefit performance. What, another appearance? Why it would be long after midnight before he could "hit the hay!" The maestro said that he would try and get away from the Astor by one at least, as he had a rehearsal at seven-thirty in the morning!

And right then and there we said *Bon Soir*. And now we know why they call him "Dynamic Rubinoff" and, though Rubinoff is a mighty fine fellow and all that, we are not so anxious to spend another day with him and try and keep up with his pace.

## Wedding Bells on the Coast

(Continued from page 65)

KMOX, St. Louis, gets back on the air again after an absence of two or three years. Now resident organist for a Los Angeles mortuary, he is doing a daily program through KMTR.

When a dark eyed youngster was born to the family Alvarez in far-off northern Spain they named him Luis and picked out a mechanical career for the lad. But the opera offered more reward than any machine shop, so he toured most of the continent as a tenor in Italian opera. He finally came to the States and to Los Angeles. Now heard often over KECA.

## SONG WRITERS



**Don't Fail To Read**  
"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. Write Today.

R. D. Newcomer Associates,  
1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



## In the Great Shops of COYNE

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

### Jobs Leading to Salaries of \$60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating, BIG Pay Jobs!

### No Books -- No Lessons All Actual Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We teach you by ACTUAL WORK on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. And because we cut out useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks' time.

## TELEVISION Is Now Here!

And TELEVISION is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field! Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment.

## Talking Pictures A Big Field

Talking Pictures, and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Learn at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

## Earn As You Learn

You get Free Employment Service for Life. And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll help you get it. Coyne is 32 years old. Coyne Training is tested—You can find out everything absolutely free. JUST MAIL the Coupon for My BIG FREE BOOK.

H. C. LEWIS President  
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. A1-9N, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

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

# Mr. Jones Tunes In!

*Lemuel Is Taught a Lesson in Economy  
and Makes a Quick Decision*

*By Robert L. Kent*

LEMUEL JONES was sore—mad clean through, in fact—and he didn't give a whoop who knew it. Now when anything irked Lem he was prone to say a word or two about it—sometimes a whole flock of words. And this happened to be one of the times when he found plenty to say.

"And," he continued, squarely facing Ann, his wife, "I don't think much of a set that always has something wrong with it." Lem, you see, had started talking some minutes before and he was now thoroughly warmed up, so to speak, and he was full of his subject, if one can be full of such a thing as radio. "No," he carried on, banging the arm of his easy chair for emphasis, "I simply can't become enthusiastic about that set. Three times this week it has gone dead and just when there was something on the air I really wanted to hear. If it was some mushy, uninteresting program the darn thing would work fine, but—oh, well what's the use."

"But, Lem," protested Ann, who was placidly doing a bit of darning and at the same time listening unperturbed to Lem, "you know that set is pretty old. We have had it several years now and it has had rough usage, what with the children and all tuning in every day. We have used it every day, from the first thing in the morning until we turn out the lights to go to bed. It simply can't last forever."

"Why, Ann, how you talk," retorted Lem, moving impatiently in his chair. "That set is not so very old. When you mentioned children, though, you told the whole story. Those kids use the radio like it was a-ah . . ."

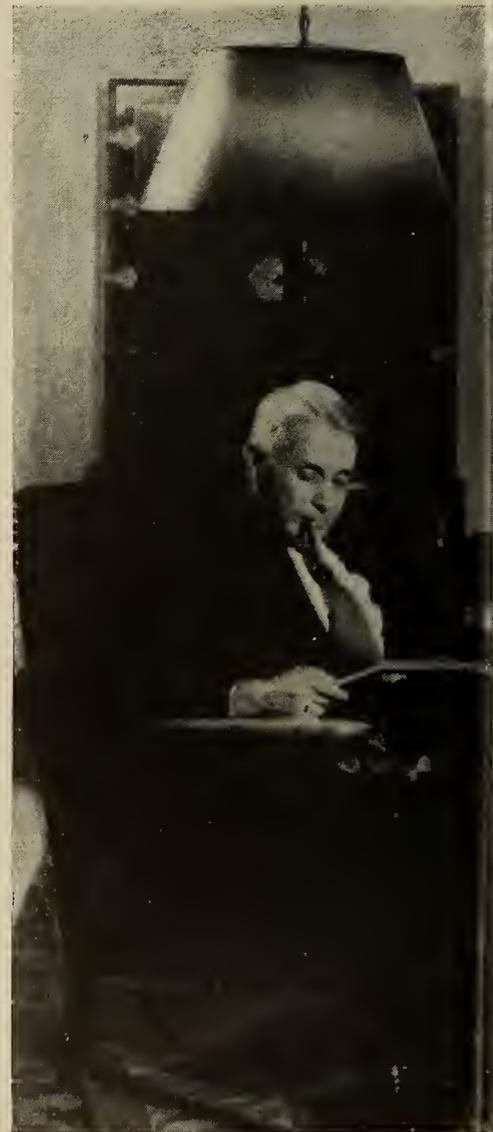
"Lemuel Jones don't you dare to blame the children simply because



Merlin H. Aylesworth  
*President, National Broadcasting Co.*

BROADCAST programs have reached a point of perfection undreamed of a few years ago. Millions of dollars have been spent by the broadcast companies for equipment and facilities designed to perfect the transmission of programs. Millions more have been spent to bring before the microphone the greatest artists of our times. The broadcasters may justly claim that they have brought radio transmission to a point where the listener may expect fidelity of reception provided he has a radio receiving set in his home that is capable of reproducing without distortion what is transmitted. The modern radio receiver will accomplish this. Antiquated radios (including tubes) in homes are the chief factor in unsatisfactory reception. No matter how entertaining a program may be; no matter how well music or speech may be transmitted through the ether, unless the radio set in the home delivers what we send, the radio listener may be likened to the theatre patron who sits in the last row back of a post.

that radio refuses to go on forever. You know as well as I do that it has outlived its usefulness. Why, it's getting to be an antique and the service man is here practically all the time. You just said he has been here three times this week and the money



spent for repairs would practically pay for a new radio."

Lem jumped up from his chair. He was really excited now. Ann had suggested buying a new set three months previously and in the interim had suggested action on a number of occasions.

"There you go again, Ann, always harping about a new radio. You know we can't afford it. Times are pretty hard and we must economize. That set, I repeat, is not too old to give good results and by jingo I don't see the sense of spending a pile of money when it isn't necessary."

"Economize!" exclaimed Ann. "You just get a pencil and paper and figure out how much we have spent to keep this radio in halfway good shape. Each time the service man comes he charges us a dollar and a half and when he tinkers the price is

higher. Economy! Don't you talk. Why you don't know the meaning of the word. This week alone I have paid the service man six dollars. Is that economy? You just figure our service charges during the last three months and you will see where real economy lies. And besides," continued Ann, determined to have her say, "these new radios are wonderful. They're lovely, the cabinets I mean, and the tone makes ours sound like



William S. Paley

*President, Columbia Broadcasting System*

**R**ADIO entertainment and instruction have become a salient part of the average American's cultural diet. A nation-wide audience, however, is not merely a cause for pride; it is a tremendous responsibility. The knowledge that microphones lead to millions is a challenge to originality and to every imaginable form of talent—the presentations bringing celebrities of stage, screen and recordings to homes where they heretofore had been strangers. The new blending with the best of what has gone before has kept radio vitality alive and the audience conversant with every phase of modern entertainment. Whatever the individual taste—whether it be for the Philharmonic Symphony or melodic jazz—radio of today is equipped to satisfy it. Lack of a radio constitutes a definite deprivation. An up-to-date receiving set for up-to-date programs belongs in every home; without it the listener cannot possibly obtain maximum enjoyment from the wealth of entertainment that is broadcast.

beating on a dishpan. And you can tune in on ever so many more stations." Ann had stopped knitting and she was a little breathless from talking.

No matter how good a man may be in an argument a woman can usually stop him, and Lem was no exception to the rule. He was beaten and he knew it, so, wisely, he said nothing. Instead, he reached for the evening paper and retreated behind it. He was doing some serious thinking, however, and while Ann continued her darning he turned the pages of the paper until he reached the radio programs and advertisements. As usual he noticed the programs that were featured that evening as being the most worth while. There was the Happy Go Lucky Orchestra, news comments by the great world traveler, Tom Lowel, and later in the evening a championship prizefight. Lem was unhappy. Of all nights for a radio to go dead it had to be the night of the prizefight. He had been looking forward to that for weeks. "Darn radio," he muttered half under his breath. "Worthless trash." His thoughts rambled on. There was much truth in what Ann had said. The radio had been costing them considerable for service and to make matters worse even then it could not be depended upon to give satisfactory performance. Lem's glance strayed over to the next page—a page filled with radio advertising. "By George, the prices are not so high," he murmured, "and the terms are reasonable. Hang it all, we'll have to get a new set soon and it may as well be now, I suppose.

"Oh, Ann."

"Yes, Lem."

"You know, dear, I've been thinking it over and perhaps we ought to buy a new radio." Ann's eyes twinkled. "But, Lem, darling you know we can't afford it. Times are hard and we must economize."

"Now, Ann, be reasonable. Don't rag me. I've admitted I was wrong. Shall we order a new radio tomorrow. What do you say? Some fine ones are advertised in this paper" . . . and Ann and Lem had a glorious time deciding.

*Next month Lem gets into another peck of trouble. Be sure to read about the Million Dollar Program that caused this typical Radio listener to tear his hair in anguish.—Editor.*



*Courtesy RCA-Victor Co.*



## Sometimes WE are surprised

**B**UT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation (*without surprise*), no matter what the guest wants.

### Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's only United... The Roosevelt  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. .... The Benjamin Franklin  
SEATTLE, WASH. .... The Olympic  
WORCESTER, MASS. .... The Bancroft  
NEWARK, N. J. .... The Robert Treat  
PATERSON, N. J. .... The Alexander Hamilton  
TRENTON, N. J. .... The Stacy-Trent  
HARRISBURG, PA. .... The Penn-Harris  
ALBANY, N. Y. .... The Ten Eyck  
SYRACUSE, N. Y. .... The Onondaga  
ROCHESTER, N. Y. .... The Seneca  
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. .... The Niagara  
ERIE, PA. .... The Lawrence  
AKRON, OHIO .... The Portage  
FLINT, MICH. .... The Durant  
KANSAS CITY, MO. .... The President  
TUCSON, ARIZ. .... El Conquistador  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. .... The St. Francis  
SHREVEPORT, LA. .... The Washington-Youree  
NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Roosevelt  
NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Bienville  
TORONTO, ONT. .... The King Edward  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. .... The Clifton  
WINDSOR, ONT. .... The Prince Edward  
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring



## Cues for Cupid's Captives

(Continued from page 69)

a toast to his daughter and son-in-law to be.

On the subject of the presents that a man may make to his fiancée, a rich man who is marrying a girl who is poor, may give her jewels or almost anything he chooses that is for her adornment, but he may not give her anything that can be called maintenance! He may not give her clothes or pay her rent—even pay for the wedding. On the other hand if a man has a modest salary out of which he is trying to save in order that they may be married, a girl would prove herself a not very promising helpmeet were she to encourage him to spend his savings on flowers and gifts to her.

The detail that is of greatest concern to etiquette—or to good taste—since they mean the same, is the behaviour of the engaged couple in public. Conspicuous demonstrations of affection such as kissing and snuggling and whispering in public is entirely outside the pale of proper conduct. To be sure, they might hold hands in a movie, and one expects their attention absorbed in each other, but the behaviour that they should strive for is to appear as nearly as possible like brother and sister who are obviously sympathetic and devoted. This is an ideal attitude to keep in mind, because it perfectly includes loyal devotion, interest and sympathy, yet at the same time it avoids every suggestion of love-making in public. Remember that good taste never approves of any public display of intimate feelings or emotions and that instinctive reserve is one of the hallmarks of the thoroughbred.

(Copyright Procter & Gamble)

## From Dog Whip to Baton

(Continued from page 16)

"I know, but how come you're a symphony conductor?" I insist.

"Well," he admitted, "I once composed a symphonic suite for orchestra, called *Les Etoiles*. Walter Damrosch heard it and recommended me for a scholarship that gave me three years of study under Andre Bloch, at Fontainebleau, France."

It subsequently developed, in our conversation, that three years of the best instruction in composition was not all he brought back from Fontainebleau—it seems that he met the charming and talented Mrs. Crawford while she was also a student there.

A fine tribute to his vocal accom-

plishments is manifested in the prominence of the baritone solo parts he sings each year with the Bach Choir on their annual Bethlehem Pilgrimage.

For a man thirty-one years old, Bob Crawford has climbed high on the ladder of musical fame, yet his ambition is not one whit lessened. He intends to get to the top, and my prediction is that he will. His vitality is tremendous and his steel nerves, that received their early training facing daily dangers, are as taut as the strings of his beloved grand piano.

He is always on the go. So much so that he sometimes uses an airplane—which by the way has been his hobby ever since he got his aviator's license three years ago. His life is a merry-go-round of rehearsals, concerts, broadcasts and composition work. Regular duties may be listed as Conductor of the Newark Music Foundation Chorus, Air Director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra, Conductor of the Bach Singers Club of New York, and last, but not least, singing a little pink bundle known as "Skippy" Crawford to sleep. It isn't every youngster that can have a concert baritone sing his lullaby for him.

And that is what talent, coupled with ambition, will do for a man who was once a dog musher. The next time you hear that beautiful music setting of Thos. A. Daly's *Romany Rye* just remember that it was written by a true, though truant, Alaskan... Robert M. Crawford.

## Gabalogue

(Continued from page 55)

Mr. Rice brings personages of note to the studio and puts them on the air.

Many humorous episodes take place in which the Radio audience doesn't share. . . . For example, one night Mr. Rice had a very shy and timid golf professional up before the mike. . . . He shivered when Mr. Rice invited him to the studio, and declared that he could never go through with it. . . . But once he got started he was at perfect ease, and as clear and outspoken in his comment as Graham McNamee himself. . . . On the other hand, a few weeks later, Mr. Rice had another star in another sport on his program. . . . This man had won several championships before admiring crowds. . . . Yet he was suddenly overcome by microphone fright and collapsed! . . .

Ring Lardner obliged once. . . . and only once. . . . Mr. Rice wanted him for a second appearance. . . . He reminded the author that the program lasted only five minutes. . . . "Yes, I know that," wrote Mr. Lardner, "and I also know I was in bed two days afterwards. . . . and haven't really got over it yet". . . .

Mr. Rice was born in Murfreesborough, Tenn., in 1880. . . . He was graduated from Vanderbilt University, class of 1901. . . . He began his newspaper career in Nashville, Tenn., writing sports, and later went to New York to *The Tribune*. . . .

### "GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List of descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-R. Detroit, Mich.

STATE CHAMPIONS

THE election is over . . . the last ballot has been counted, and the most popular stations in each state of the union have been chosen by popular acclaim. Readers had an opportunity to vote for their four favorite stations in their home states.

Each station has been presented with a handsome medallion. Here's the line-up:

- ALABAMA
  - 1 WAFB Birmingham
  - 2 WBRC Birmingham
  - 3 WKBC Birmingham
  - 4 WSFA Montgomery
- ALASKA
  - 1 KGBU Ketchikan
  - 2 KFIU Juneau
- ARIZONA
  - 1 KGAR Tucson
  - 2 KTAR Phoenix
  - 3 KVOA Tucson
- ARKANSAS
  - 1 KTHS Hot Springs
  - 2 KGHI Little Rock
  - 3 KLRA Little Rock
  - 4 KGJF Little Rock
- CALIFORNIA
  - 1 KROW Oakland
  - 2 KFRG San Francisco
  - 3 KFOX Long Beach
  - 4 KPO San Francisco
- COLORADO
  - 1 KOA Denver
  - 2 KLZ Denver
  - 3 KFEL Denver
  - 4 KFXE Denver
- CONNECTICUT
  - 1 WTIC Hartford
- DELAWARE
  - 1 WDEL Wilmington
- DIST. OF COLUMBIA
  - 1 WMAL Washington
  - 2 WRC Washington
  - 3 WOL Washington
- FLORIDA
  - 1 WFLA Clearwater
  - 2 WSUN St. Petersburg
  - 3 WJAX Jacksonville
  - 4 WMBR Tampa
- GEORGIA
  - 1 WSB Atlanta
  - 2 WTFI Toccoa
  - 3 WMAZ Macon
  - 4 WTOG Savannah
- HAWAII
  - 1 KGU Honolulu
- IDAHO
  - 1 KIDO Boise
  - 2 KTFI Twin Falls
- ILLINOIS
  - 1 WENR Chicago
  - 2 WMAQ Chicago
  - 3 WGN Chicago
  - 4 WLS Chicago
- INDIANA
  - 1 WOWO Ft. Wayne
  - 2 WFBI Indianapolis
  - 3 WSBT South Bend
  - 4 WKBF Indianapolis
- IOWA
  - 1 WOI Ames
  - 2 WHO Des Moines
  - 3 WMT Waterloo
  - 4 KFNF Shenandoah
- KANSAS
  - 1 KFH Wichita
  - 2 KFKB Milford
  - 3 WREN Lawrence
  - 4 WIBW Topeka
- KENTUCKY
  - 1 WHAS Louisville
  - 2 WKCY Covington
  - 3 WFIW Hopkinsville
- LOUISIANA
  - 1 WSMB New Orleans
  - 2 WDSU New Orleans
  - 3 WJBO New Orleans
  - 4 WWL New Orleans
- MAINE
  - 1 WCSH Portland
  - 2 WLBZ Bangor
- MARYLAND
  - 1 WCAO Baltimore
  - 2 WBAL Baltimore
- MASSACHUSETTS
  - 1 WBZ Springfield
  - 2 WORC Worcester
  - 3 WBZA Boston
  - 4 WNAC Boston
- MICHIGAN
  - 1 WJR Detroit
  - 2 WWJ Detroit
  - 3 WXYZ Detroit
  - 4 WBCM Detroit
- MISSISSIPPI
  - 1 WJDX Jackson
  - 2 WCOC Meridian
  - 3 WQBC Vicksburg
- MINNESOTA
  - 1 WCCO Minneapolis
  - 2 KSTP St. Paul
  - 3 WDGJ Minneapolis
  - 4 WRHM Minneapolis
- MISSOURI
  - 1 WDAF Kansas City
  - 2 KMOMO St. Louis
  - 3 WIL St. Louis
  - 4 KFEQ St. Joseph
- NEBRASKA
  - 1 WJAG Norfolk
  - 2 WAAW Omaha
  - 3 KGBZ York
  - 4 WOW Omaha
- NEW JERSEY
  - 1 WAAM Newark
  - 2 WPG Atlantic City
  - 3 WCAP Ashbury Park
- NEW MEXICO
  - 1 KOB State College
  - 2 KGGM Albuquerque
- NEW YORK
  - 1 WHAM Rochester
  - 2 WEAJ New York
  - 3 WABC New York
  - 4 WBEN Buffalo
- NORTH CAROLINA
  - 1 WBT Charlotte
  - 2 WPTF Raleigh
  - 3 WSJS Winston Salem
  - 4 WWNC Asheville
- NORTH DAKOTA
  - 1 KFJR Bismark
  - 2 WDAY Fargo
  - 3 KGCU Mandan
  - 4 KLPM Minot
- OHIO
  - 1 WTAM Cleveland
  - 2 WLV Cincinnati
  - 3 WYU Columbus
  - 4 WHK Cleveland
- OKLAHOMA
  - 1 KVOO Tulsa
  - 2 WKY Oklahoma City
  - 3 KGGF So. Coffeyville
  - 4 KFJF Oklahoma City
- OREGON
  - 1 KOAC Corvallis
  - 2 KOIN Portland
  - 3 KEX Portland
  - 4 KTBR Portland
- PENNSYLVANIA
  - 1 WPEN Philadelphia
  - 2 WCAU Philadelphia
  - 3 WFI Philadelphia
  - 4 WRAX Philadelphia
- RHODE ISLAND
  - 1 WJAR Providence
  - 2 WEAN Providence
  - 3 WLSI Cranston
- SOUTH CAROLINA
  - 1 WCSC Charleston
  - 2 WIS Columbia
- SOUTH DAKOTA
  - 1 WNAX Yankton
  - 2 KSOO Sioux Falls
  - 3 KGFX Pierre
  - 4 KGDY Huron
- TENNESSEE
  - 1 WSM Nashville
  - 2 WLAC Nashville
  - 3 WDOD Chattanooga
  - 4 WMC Memphis
- TEXAS
  - 1 WFAA Dallas
  - 2 WBAP Ft. Worth
  - 3 WOAI San Antonio
  - 4 KTSA San Antonio
- UTAH
  - 1 KDYL Salt Lake City
  - 2 KSL Salt Lake City
- VERMONT
  - 1 WSYB Rutland
- VIRGINIA
  - 1 WRVA Richmond
  - 2 WTAR Norfolk
  - 3 WGH Newport News
  - 4 WJSV Mt. Vernon Hills
- WASHINGTON
  - 1 KJR Seattle
  - 2 KOMO Seattle
  - 3 KGA Spokane
  - 4 KIIQ Spokane
- WEST VIRGINIA
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## Helen Keller's Radio Adventures

(Continued from page 20)

music that comes to us through the Radio—we can get these sounds through our ears—but Helen Keller has had to hear with her fingers. And into those sensitive fingers and palms have been spelled words contained in thousands of books, fascinating descriptions of events and conversations with the greatest persons of today.

I asked her what her biggest moment was and she said, "When I was able to utter my first phrase, 'I am not dumb any more'. It was like entering a new life—like gaining a freedom for which I had been struggling for many dark years. It was like the sudden removal of a gigantic barrier against which I had been vainly beating to make room for everything that cried within me for expression.

"I think my next greatest experience was my meeting with Professor Einstein. I felt of his head and when I did this it was as if I had suddenly come upon a new universe—a spiritual universe."

Miss Keller spoke very clearly, carefully and slowly, and all of my questions were spelled into her hands by her other companion, Miss Thompson, an energetic woman whose scintillating personality would brighten up any dark corner.

Miss Keller's first trip in an aeroplane was another experience that she has stored away in the abundance of her memories. "The plane rose higher and higher until we lost the odors of the earth. Then we soared over the tops of the buildings—and finally we felt ourselves at home with the clouds."

Her manner of expression is poetic and

has no taint of the platitudes which find their way in the best of conversations. Her favorite poets are Keats, Shelley, Swinburne and Wadsworth, and of her trip to London she said that she enjoyed the voyage in spite of the heavy storm which lasted several days. "And I was very happy to put my feet on English soil—for I realized that it was the land of my favorite poets and the country from which our Pilgrim fathers came.

"What do you think of the younger generation?" I asked. "Do you agree with some of the religious leaders that they are heading for wastefulness and destruction?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "The youth of today is the hope of the world. Its freshness and force are opening up new opportunities for the development of nations. Its buoyancy and optimism are foundations for a greater faith and understanding."

At this I looked towards Miriam Brown who was quietly sketching away in a corner. She said nothing, but I interpreted her expression to mean, "Now, that's the first intelligent attitude that has yet been expressed with regard to the young boys and girls."

Those who have read Miss Keller's book, *The Story of My Life*, will recall the incident that led to her understanding of the word "love." She writes, "I remember the morning when I first asked the meaning of the word 'love'. This was years ago before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden . . . and brought them to my teacher, Miss Sullivan. She tried to kiss me; but at that time I did not like to have anyone to kiss me except my mother. Then Miss Sullivan put her arm gently around me and spelled into my

hand the words, 'I love you, Helen.'"

"What is love?" I asked.

"Miss Sullivan drew me closer to her and said, 'It is here', pointing to her heart. But still I could not understand."

Miss Sullivan persevered for many weeks and one day she said, "Do you know, Helen, that without love you could not be happy and you would not want to play."

And then like a shaft of light that penetrates the thick darkness the word, "love" took on a new meaning for this little deaf, dumb and blind girl. That was some forty years ago.

Today Miss Keller's keen intellect has mastered the most abstract subjects and discusses them with great facility.

Miss Keller enjoys music, she goes to the movies, and likes to jostle in Broadway crowds. She enjoys the organ because she says it is so like the voice—human and appealing. She listens to the Radio by placing her fingers on the receiver and in this way the sound waves are transmitted to her.

Her home in Long Island is far from a dreary place. It bristles with activity. Parties are held on the slightest provocation, Miss Keller's dogs are eternally romping about their beloved mistress and there are no wasted moments.

Time is a very precious element to Helen Keller. No minutes are allowed to slip by. There are always things ahead that must be done and most of her time is spent in writing letters and in reading.

During the interview as Miss Keller was speaking, I must confess the tears were streaming down my cheeks. And those who were around us and who were listening to our conversation also had moist eyes. We could not hold back the tears. No one could who understood in the slightest how the chains of blindness and deafness had tried to hold back this woman from the rest of the world.

Our hearts welled up with admiration for this great woman who rose above the tragedy that has made pitiful wrecks of so many human lives.

Her imagination has been the spark which has lighted up so many of her human experiences, and in a way she is able better to preserve her ideals in their sublimity and chastity than are we whose eyes are continually faced with images that would shatter every temple reared in an hour of solitude.

Miss Keller's life is an indication of man's potentialities. Handicapped by the loss of two vital human faculties, she has accomplished more perhaps than any woman who is in possession of them. The secret is that her capacities are fully awake and there is not a dormant quality in her make-up.

Miriam and I left Miss Keller with an inspiration that made our steps light and our hearts happier—with a feeling that all's still well in the world and that indomitable courage, an unfaltering will and an innate sense of beauty can make up for any lost physical senses.

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## Fashion Formulas

(Continued from page 71)

they come to town in tailored suits, and for formal occasions, they appear in crisp versions of organdie or soft eyelet batiste. They adapt themselves beautifully to fashion's new mood. They are youthful, practical and comfortable."

When Winifred J. Ovitte of *Women's Wear* talked she called attention to two style novelties.

"Petticoats," Mrs. Ovitte declared, "were thought to be gone forever—but here they are, swishing and ruffled as though they had been taken out of the attic, and with a nice naughty flavor of grandmother's days. In taffeta or crepe or with lingerie or lace ruffles, they appear under spring frocks and summer evening gowns. Why not? There is plenty of room under the full skirts.

"Now, the question goes around," Mrs. Ovitte said, "as to whether or not you would or wouldn't wear evening pajamas? They are really evening gowns with a divided skirt. Paris couturiers have made them in lovely filmy fabrics, some of them veiled discreetly, others draped so as to give almost a pantalette effect. Since we ski in trousers, ride in them, sun bathe in them, swim in them, bridge in them, sleep in them—why shouldn't we dance in them?"

## Sisters of the Skillet

(Continued from page 18)

Then follow "Hints to Housewives" by the boys who brag, "When Better Household Hints are Hinted, We Will be the Hinters." Next come answers to domestic problems sent in by Sisters all over the United States. These come in at the rate of 1500 a week, and as nearly every letter contains a problem they have plenty of questions to answer.

Here is an example of a typical letter from Newton, Kansas, "our home town".

Dear Eddie and Ralph  
Care Sisters of the Skillet  
NBC, Chicago

We are having a great deal of trouble at our house because we are all forgetful. Our basement lights are on a switch at the top of the stairs and by the time we climb them we cannot remember whether the lights are on or off. As a result our light bills are terrific. What can we do? You have helped thousands of others, now help us.

A Sister of the Skillet in Distress

Says Ralph, after reading this, "A Sister of the Skillet in Distress"—I thought she was in Newton, Kansas. Eddie explains that a Sister could be in distress and Kansas at the same time—

Here is a typical solution of the problem.

RALPH: Well, what she needs is something to jog her memory, so why don't she just nail a board across the top of the stairs and then every time that she comes upstairs she will hit her head on the board and that means, "Lights on!" EDDIE: A simpler thing to do would be to replace all the floors over the basement with glass. Then you see she could always look down through the glass and see whether the lights are on or off.

RALPH: That's a great idea. And there's an advantage in that for she could fill the basement with water and have a goldfish farm. And it would give her the effect of being in a glass bottomed boat.

I might mention also the two ladies who appear in these programs—Miss Isabella Fryit, the domestic science expert, and Miss Pet Plenty, the love authority. Or in private life Messrs. Dumke and East.

As you may imagine all these laughs and comedy don't just happen. Eddie and Ralph have a studio where they put in many hours of real work on their skits. They personally read all their mail and say that most of their inspirations and laughs come directly.

Ed East told me that he had scarcely any appetite recently. Said that all he could eat at a meal was three steaks, rare and smothered in pork chops. Ralph added dolefully, "And all he gives me is a carrot."

When I asked them why they didn't try the eighteen day diet, I received a scornful look and a "Huh, we did. Ate the whole eighteen days' worth in two, and so came to the conclusion that a man can drive an ice wagon all his life and not learn to skate."

## Mid-West "Folk Tales"

(Continued from page 64)

on the Philadelphia Press, Pontius was offered a job as secretary to him when he was appointed consul to Hull, England. An agreement was made that Pontius should go to England shortly after Watts arrived at Hull. The new consul wrote back to Pontius that college graduates were getting \$3 a week running street cars, so he decided to stay in America.

Even then he did not know he could sing and it was not until after he had married his girlhood sweetheart that he became interested in being a concert tenor. Pontius says he owes all his success in his profession to his wife. . . . After singing in the camps during the World War, Pontius became known as the "John McCormack of the Moving Picture Theatre," and toured the United States.



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Occupation

# Morton Downey

(Continued from page 9)

where he could pick up an honest penny or two with his voice. Why should the boss have to have a particular weakness for the pigs' knuckles in the identical place?

But however it might have been—so it was—and the boss failed utterly and miserably to appreciate the worthiness of his minion's ambitions just as thoroughly as the station master had failed to see comedy in the eggs.

So there was a sudden and precipitous end to train "butchering" for our young hero.

There followed more casting about and some singing, until one day, probably through acquaintances he had scraped up on trains, he landed a job as manicurist and masseur to a donkey engine in New Haven. The engine liked Morton at first, and Morton liked the engine to the end, but he developed an undownable desire to see how fast the darned thing would go. This annoyed several people and things, including both the engine and the boss, so Morton bade farewell to what was left of the engine.

The next phase was not so eventful, nor even so profitable, though time was found for an occasional job of singing—minor vaudeville engagements and this and that—but the vocation of the moment became the selling of phonographs to the public.

AS THE most obvious prospects, and the easiest, he picked on his friends and many acquaintances. Many of them bought his talking machines all right, but only a few seemed prepared to pay for them. In fact it became increasingly and painfully evident that they either would not, or could not, pay their bills. All this failed to look very profitable to Morton after he had figured up the red side of the ledger and found it impossible to make t'other come anywhere near it. So he turned to insurance—but that even his friends would not buy.

Now all this does not take so long in the telling, but the years of Downey had meanwhile been mounting regardless and he was just about to break from teens to twenties.

Today, when one sits down of an evening to enjoy the really pleasant, and as supper clubs go, refined atmosphere of the Club Delmonico, more familiarly known as "Morton Downey's Club Delmonico" and to revel in the verve and freshness, the spontaneity, the really unstudied wit of the entertainment that follows upon Downey's taking his cue—yes, indeed—it is hard to picture in the pleasant, well-groomed and impeccably clad host, the lad who a few short years ago could not even get a steady job as

a song plugger, who was leading a hand to mouth existence singing when and where he could—and for what he could get.

Here he is—proprietor of the only remaining supper club in New York City where formal dress is still *de rigueur* in fact, of the only bonafide supper club, for they call the rest of them "night clubs" now, and rightly, for the doings in many would never bear the light of day. And he is getting away with it—the club is an outstanding success in a city of fly-by-nights.

But that is getting way ahead of the story again.

There he was, just another voice that did not click—waiting for a break. Among his friends he numbered a Congressman of no little influence in New York's theatrical district. He brought that influence into play in his frantic fight to land that song plugging job.

He went to a producer and publisher armed with a potent letter from friend Congressman, calculated to open most any door to most anybody.

Did he land? He did not! They wouldn't even listen to his voice. In fact, hardly let him inside the door. Told him they had so many song pluggers, as it was, they were using them for window washers and porters.

---

*STILL under thirty Morton Downey has seen a great deal of life. He has been through most of the vicissitudes that come in the ordinary allotted years of threescore and ten. But now he is on the crest. His tide is high. How did he get there? How can anyone get there? You will be inspired by the second chapter of this man's life which will appear in the July RADIO DIGEST.*

---

BUT hark—hardly more than the other day it was, that that selfsame publisher sought out Morton Downey and nearly on bended knee asked him would he please be so kind as to sing a certain song in the club and on his Radio broadcasts, and would he do so he would be eternally in his (Downey's) debt.

Downey, however, has songs of his own

now, chief among them being *Wabash Moon*, which is selling faster than publishers can print it or recorders press it. The writing of this number is rather a romance in itself, but of that more anon. Suffice it to say for the present that any time Morton takes it into his head to trip out to Indiana they will mobilize the National Guard in his honor and hand him the state, with the Wabash thrown in, on a platter.

To digress for a moment, that incident of the song publisher who turned Morton down cold a few years ago serves admirably to illustrate a peculiar sidelight of the Downey character.

There will be others, both funny and fascinating, before the tale of Morton Downey is fully told, but here be it known that like the well-known Indian he never forgets a good deed and never forgives a bad one.

Not that he harbors any malice or ill feeling in the latter case—for that sort of thing seems rather far removed from the makeup of Morton. But he bides his time, waiting for a break just as he once waited for a break to public favor and acclaim, until the time when he can cancel the debt in his own good-natured and often prankish way.

ONE of the richest anecdotes in this category is that built around the foibles of an English steward on the Leviathan—and that brings us up to the point where mischance was left behind for a time, where the fickle goddess deigned not only to smile but to show signs of beaming broadly.

Morton found himself aboard the S. S. Leviathan on her historic trial trip before it was put into transatlantic service for the U. S. Shipping Board. The passenger list was made up of millionaires, the elite of political Washington, outstanding newspaper writers, and a host of others who were prominent in many spheres.

Almost before he knew it Downey found himself setting out to sea in this company and that of the Paul Whiteman organization. He sang his head off nearly. They liked it—from the millionaires on up. Several of them became interested in the clear-eyed, chunky, very likeable youth, and life began to look rosy indeed.

(Next month Mr. Richards will continue his story of Morton Downey in other spheres and better times. Among other things he will paint word pictures of Downey as he found him in his home, and of his beautiful wife, Barbara Bennet. Don't miss the next installment of this thrilling biography.)



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