

Radio Digest

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 1

25 Cents



JESSICA DRAGONETTE, NBC, N. Y.

RADIO FANS
BALLOT FOR BEAUTY QUEEN

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares

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

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

Starting at the "tartar line," where teeth meet gums, the infection works *down* the roots; and often before it is recognized, pyorrhea becomes so deeply entrenched that all the skill of your dentist is called for to save your teeth and health.

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

Usually pyorrhea creeps on us unawares. Don't wait for those fearsome warnings, tenderness and bleeding gums. Once established, pyorrhea cannot be cured by Forhan's or any other toothpaste. That's why it is far wiser to protect and prevent *before* the trouble starts. See your dentist *now*, and visit him at least twice a year regularly.

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



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

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

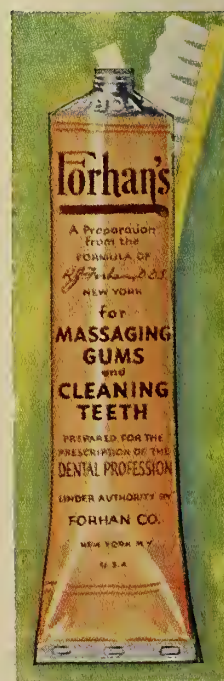
Guard the teeth you have

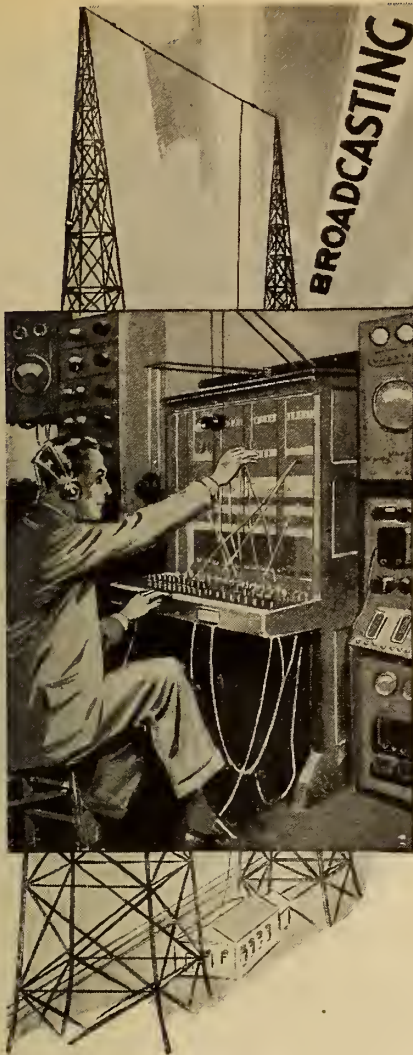
Countless people today are self-conscious and unhappy with false teeth. Don't risk the danger of losing *your* teeth. They are a priceless possession and deserve the finest care. Start with Forhan's today. It is as fine a dentifrice as money can buy. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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





BROADCASTING

TELEVISION

TALKING PICTURES

WIRELESS OPERATING

WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

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

Ten Weeks of Shop Training

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

TELEVISION and Talking Pictures

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

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

Free Employment Service to Students

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

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

Coyne Is 32 Years Old

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

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899
Coyne Electrical School
 500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 91-9H, Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
 Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 91-9H Chicago, Ill.
 Send me your Big Free Radio, Television and Talking Picture Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

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

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Associate Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor

RADIE HARRIS
and what she
knows about you, if
you're cinematic, she
writes and tells. You
hear her twice weekly,
KHJ, Los Angeles.



MARION HARRIS
(The Harrises
have this page.) Mar-
ion had a spot with
Walter Willtell
Winchell singing and
chatting, WABC,
New York.



**MADELEINE
LOEB**, author of
the latest radio novel,
Please Stand By. She
writes radio scripts
and also does a turn at
the mike at times.



HILDEGARDE,
one handle, that's
all; ain't no more.
German girl singing
her way around Amer-
ica. Is booked for a
series over the NBC
net.

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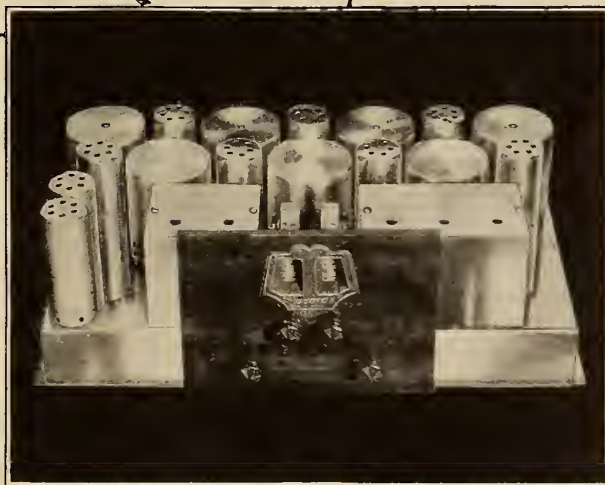
'Round the World Reception Every day, in all seasons

21 weeks, constant reception record from VK3ME proves SCOTT ALL-WAVE capable of tuning in clear 'round the earth regularly—every day, summer and winter.

FOR 21 weeks, a Scott All-Wave Receiver, located in Chicago has brought in, and recorded on disc, every broadcast from VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia. Each broadcast was received with perfect clarity and full volume—as the disc records decisively prove. Think of it! VK3ME, half way 'round the earth! Not just once in a while. Not just a freak happenstance. As this book goes to press, VK3ME is still being received with perfect regularity, and recorded. With a Scott All-Wave, you could get VK3ME and dozens of other foreign phone stations whenever you choose.

When the distance between Melbourne and Chicago is used as a radius, a circle drawn from Chicago as the center, includes practically the entire world. This establishes the range of the Scott All-Wave Receiver, and steady reception from all points north, south, east and west, at the extremes of the circle, PROVE the world-wide range of this remarkable instrument.

The reason for the greater range of the Scott All-Wave is the far greater amplification obtained in its intermediate stages. A new type of transformer, in which the primary is shielded from its secondary, provides such an enormous increase in gain per stage that the sensitivity of the receiver is more than adequate for world-wide reception, with the tubes operated below the noise level. Short Wave reception that is ordinarily attended with terrific interference, comes in clearly on the Scott All-Wave—and with beautiful, full, round, natural tone. Reception from VK3ME, from G5SW, Chelmsford, England, from 12RO, Rome and other



The Beautiful Chrome Plated Scott All-Wave Chassis

far off points, invariably has the quality and volume of a local station! Actually, in all truth, the Scott All-Wave gives 'round the world reception every day, in all seasons—between 15 and 550 meters.

FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. Rather, it is built in the laboratory, by laboratory experts and to laboratory standards. For that reason, we can make the most unusual guarantee ever made on a radio receiver. The Scott All-Wave is guaranteed for full five years against defective material or workmanship. Any part that fails within that time will be replaced FREE OF CHARGE.

Mail Coupon Today

Full particulars of the Scott All-Wave will be of immense interest to you. Get them now. Read all about the receiver that challenges the whole realm of radio to any kind of competitive test. The coupon below will bring them. Clip it—fill it in—mail it today.

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15-550 METER
SUPERHETERODYNE

CLIP—MAIL NOW

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4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D12, Chicago, Ill.

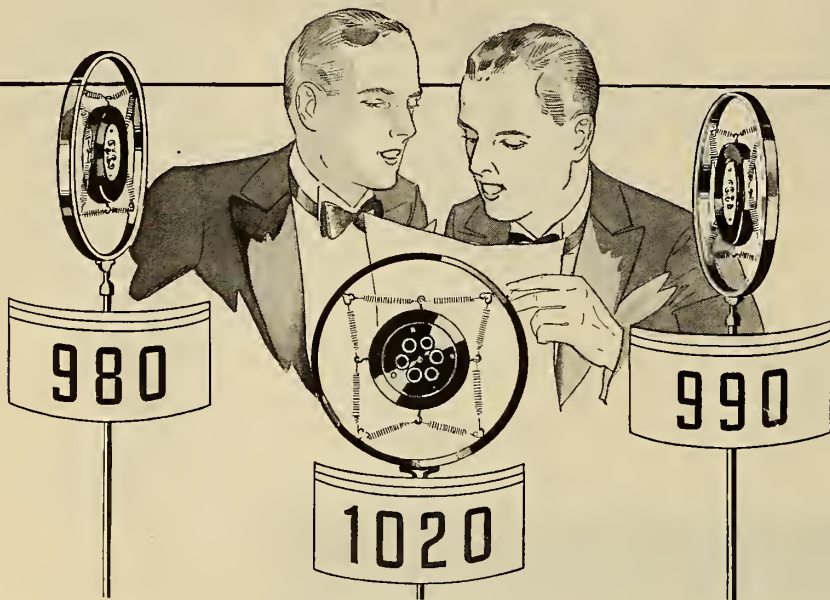
Send me full details of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name.....

Street.....

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

**THREE NUMBERS
TO REMEMBER WHEN
YOU'RE "tuning in"**



"Get a Westinghouse Radio Station!" A familiar request in countless households today. Words signifying confidence in Westinghouse radio technique . . . knowledge of what is really good radio entertainment!

Since the Harding election returns, broadcast by Westinghouse station KDKA, pioneer radio station of the world, the name Westinghouse has been a symbol of advancement in radio program personality. Three broadcasting headquarters, situated in the center of America's civilization, are within reach of everyone. And those who listen to Westinghouse stations continually hear the highest quality programs that radio has to offer. 980—990—1020 kilocycles! Remember them! Find them the next time you switch on the radio. You won't be disappointed.

WESTINGHOUSE • RADIO • STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA

990 kilocycles
Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

KDKA

980 kilocycles
Commercial Offices:
Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Wm. Penn

KYW-KFKX

1020 kilocycles
Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Bldg.
New York, N. Y., 50 E. 42nd St.

News, Views and Comment

By
Robert L. Kent

JUST returned from the convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Detroit. The meetings were devoted to a discussion of the problems of radio entertaining. These men got right down to business and plans are under way that should result in better programs in the future. In a ringing talk Frank W. Elliott, Central Broadcasting Association, chairman of the Ethics Committee, voiced the general sentiment of those present when he said: "The public comes first, the radio station second and your job third."

Listened in on an audition of a band at one of the large radio stations recently and was astounded at the lack of interest in arranging the artists so that they gave the best possible performance. This band is good—one of the best in the country and yet the chances of their eventually going on the air were minimized by the lack of preparation for the audition, which was "piped" to the powers that be.

And while we have the hammer out . . . here is another thought: Why do some broadcast sponsors ignore fine talent fighting for a chance to get on the air while they spend huge sums of money to build reputations for artists who lack the ability and stability to make good radio performers.

It has been suggested that we revise the listing of chain programs so that instead of chronological arrangement covering both chains for the entire month, we list the programs by types as well as by dates. For instance: List all dance music under that heading; dramatizations under that head, etc. What do you think? Drop us a postal card. It's your magazine and we want to make it the way the majority of our readers want it.

Interest in television is gaining momentum. NBC is going ahead with its plans for use of the tower of the Empire State Building, the tallest structure in the world. Columbia's television station, W2XAB, is in full swing with some excellent programs, ranging from crooning to prizefights. It's too bad there are so few to see and hear these programs—many of them compare favorably with all-sound broadcasts.

I will train you at home

to fill a **BIG PAY** Radio Job!



Here's Proof



\$100 a week

"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected they would be when I enrolled. They seldom fall under \$100 a week. If your course cost four or five times more I would still consider it a good investment."

E. E. WINBORNE
1267 W. 48th St.,
Norfolk, Va.



Jumped from \$35 to \$100 a week

"Before I entered Radio I was making \$35 a week. Last week I earned \$110 servicing and selling Radios. I owe my success to N. R. I. You started me off on the right foot."

J. A. VAUGHN
Grand Radio and Appliance Co.,
3107 S. Grand Boulevard,
St. Louis, Mo.



\$500 extra in 6 months

"In looking over my records I find I made \$500 from January to May in my spare time. My best week brought me \$107. I have only one regret regarding your course—I should have taken it long ago."

HOYT MOORE
R. R. 3, Box 919,
Indianapolis, Ind.,



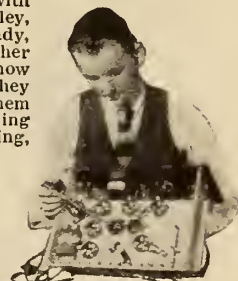
Our Own Home

Pioneer and World's Largest Home-Study Radio training organization devoted entirely to training men and young men for good jobs in the Radio industry. Our growth has paralleled Radio's growth. We occupy three hundred times as much floor space now as we did when organized in 1914.

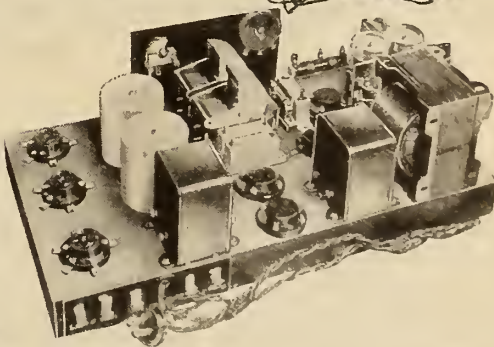


I will give you my new 8 OUTFITS of RADIO PARTS for practical Home Experiments

You can build over 100 circuits with these outfits. You build and experiment with the circuits used in Crosley, Atwater - Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and other popular sets. You learn how these sets work, why they work, how to make them work. This makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical.



Back view of Seven Tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency receiver—only one of many circuits you can build with my outfits.



I am doubling and tripling the salaries of many in one year and less. Find out about this quick way to



BIGGER PAY



FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. INR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your free book. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no salesman will call.

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

Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FAVORITE

Radio Star

Personally Autographed



Rudy Vallee

HAVE you a Radio Favorite? Would you like to have an intimate photograph of this artist or announcer? Personally Autographed? This is your opportunity! Act without delay. Take advantage of this offer and select from the list on the opposite page the name of the Radio Star whose autographed photo you want. For the first time Radio Digest makes it possible for its readers to obtain a **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED** Photo of an outstanding radio personality.



Kate Smith

You can obtain this **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** of your **FAVORITE RADIO ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER** by filling in the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page.

Read the requirements carefully.

You Save Money

THIS offer is open to *all* readers of Radio Digest who join our growing army of subscribers. This is easy medicine to take **BECAUSE YOU SAVE A DOLLAR BY SUBSCRIBING** and in addition you get the **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH**. The price of a single copy of Radio Digest is 25 cents, totaling

\$3.00 per year. **THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS ONLY TWO DOLLARS.**

Also Radio Digest is delivered directly to your home each month. No disappointments because your newsdealer is "sold out." No going out in bad weather to purchase a single copy from your newsdealer.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A YEAR'S subscription to Radio Digest together with the **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** makes an **IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**. If you want to take advantage of this Christmas offer fill in the coupon and we will send a special gift card to the person for whom the subscription is intended.

Mailing of this card will be so timed that it will reach the recipient of the gift subscription on Christmas Eve.

If you have a friend who enjoys the Radio your Christmas problem is solved, for you will increase his enjoyment of Radio Broadcasts by enrolling him as a subscriber to Radio Digest. Send in

Christmas Gift Subscriptions **EARLY** so that we may make the necessary arrangements to send the announcement of your gift.

All Subscribers Can Get a Photo

YOU may obtain an **AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** of your favorite **ARTIST** or **ANNOUNCER** simply by **RENEWING** your subscription **NOW** for another year, or—



Graham McNamee

Introduce Radio Digest to a friend. Send in a subscription and indicate on the coupon the name of the artist whose photo you want. The picture will be mailed either to you or your friend—whomever you designate.

WHICH

Radio Artist ? Radio Announcer

Do you prefer—Select from this list

Ben Alley
 Frank Anderson
 (The Ne'er-do-Well)
 Amos 'n' Andy
 Georgia Backus
 Don Ball
 Pat Barnes
 Andre Baruch
 Irene Beasley
 Ben Bernie
 George Beuchler
 Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
 Ford Bond
 William Brenton
 Brad Browne
 Henry Burbig
 Phillips Carlin
 Chuck, Ray and Gene
 Clara, Lu and Em
 Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
 Russ Columbo
 Phil Cook
 Jesse Crawford
 Bing Crosby

Louis Dean
 Vaughn de Leath
 Three Doctors
 Morton Downey
 Douglas Evans
 Fray & Braggiotti
 Gene and Glenn
 Irma Glenn
 Lois Havrilla
 Bill Hay
 "Doc." Herrold
 George Hicks
 Ted Husing
 Theo Karle
 Jean Paul King
 Frank Knight
 Landt Trio and White
 Ann Leaf
 Harriet Lee
 Little Jack Little
 Vincent Lopez
 Mary and Bob (of True Story)
 John Mayo
 Graham McNamee

Bill Munday
 Helen Nugent
 Ray Perkins
 Nellie Revell
 Freddie Rich
 Kenneth Roberts
 B. A. Rolfe
 David Ross
 Lanny Ross
 Singin' Sam
 Sanderson and Crumit
 Domenico Savino
 Toscha Seidel
 Sisters of the Skillet
 (East and Dumke)
 Kate Smith
 Vincent Sorey
 Carlyle Stevens
 Tastyeast Jesters
 Lowell Thomas
 Rudy Vallee
 James Wallington
 Ted Weems
 Serg't. "Doc." Wells
 Lew White
 Paul Whiteman
 Tony Wons
 Harry Von Zell

Fill in this Coupon NOW ---- This is a Limited Offer

RADIO DIGEST . . . 420 Lexington Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for \$2.00 (\$4.00 in Canada and foreign countries) to cover a year's subscription to Radio Digest. Please start with the (month).....issue.

Send PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO of (Artist or Announcer)

Name

Gift Subscription for

Street

Name

City, State

Street

City, State

NOTE: Subscription price for two years is \$3.00 and entitles you to select two PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS of your favorite ARTISTS or ANNOUNCERS.

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

BOOK literature is following much the same trend in radio that has marked the change in the character of your Radio Digest. At first all that was written seemed to deal only with the technical side of this great subject. The most important man on the Radio Digest staff seven or eight years ago was the skilled engineer who edited the technical pages. All the mail from readers concerned new circuits and requests for diagrams. Books about radio concerned summaries of experiments and theoretical problems.

Then modern business stepped in and organized factories to build radio sets better and cheaper than the amateur ever could hope to do. Technical interest waned. Hundreds of thousands and then millions of receivers were placed in the homes. Syndicated programs of superior talent and quality were organized. Single programs were featured nightly from coast to coast so that millions of people became interested in the personalities of the same group. Radio Digest found the tide of letters from readers had subsided from one element and swept high from another. The change was unmistakable. So the editorial contents changed from what was at first known mainly as a technical magazine to what is now called a "fan" magazine. Its thirty or more contemporary radio magazines who did not follow that tide to the new trend of interest, but remained technical in nature, have practically all vanished from the field.

* * *

AND so it seems appropriate to consider under Coming and Going the correlated changes that are taking place. We now find any number of radio books that sell to a popular market although they do not treat of technical subjects at all.

Peter Dixon is credited with the distinction of creating the first textbook on the art of writing script for broadcasting. The title of his book is *Radio Writing*. It definitely fixes a new technique. Mr. Dixon must be accepted as practical authority for he writes and acts in a skit that is broadcast daily through an NBC network. While Mr. Dixon's book tells you what to do and what not to do when writing for radio, it remained for Fred Smith of *Time Magazine* to write the new literary style into a novel. The novel came out last summer and was called *The Broadcast Murders*. Mr. Smith also created the program, *The March of Time*, which this writer considers the most clearly defined and distinctly radio masterpiece on the air. Both of these works are unique in character and establish a style of literature that never can be called anything else but radio.

Rupert Hughes has a radio novel in *Cosmopolitan*. It is the same Rupert Hughes in style. J. P. McAvoy's serial in *Collier's* shows the influence of the author's broadcast script writing more distinctly radio style than the Hughes story. In fact at the beginning McAvoy seemed so radically different that the continuity was a trifle blurred and hard to follow. There's a novel just off the press called *Please Stand By*, written by Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker, which resembles more the staccato style first apparent in the work of Fred Smith. Miss Loeb, we are informed, is an experienced radio script writer. She writes and she broadcasts. This collaborated story is stripped of non-essentials, although one would scarcely call it deep. The distinctive radio style holds you in suspense and

creates sketchy pictures with highlight flashes which may be filled in as your own imagination dictates.

* * *

EDUCATION on the Air is perhaps the most serious of recent radio books to reach the public. It does not deal with the engineering phases. This book, edited by Josephine H. MacLachy is published in co-operation by the Payne Fund, Ohio State University and Ohio Department of Education. While we are not in sympathy with some of the enterprises motivated by the Payne Fund we believe that this book, which is a compilation of many contributions by authoritative individuals is very important for everyone to read. It will especially interest those concerned with the evolution of modern broadcasting from sociological aspects. The book does not attempt to solve any of the great problems as how best to use radio to carry educational programs to the people but it certainly covers all the research and study that has been given to the subject. The significance of this book, the first of its kind, is summed up by W. W. Charters in the introduction when he says: "They (*the Institute proceedings*) are herewith presented in what is hoped to be the first volume of the proceedings of a series of annual institutes."

Radio in book form of today will now be found on a different shelf just as the new Radio Digest finds itself with a new community of readers whose interests are broader and more human in character.

Radio Village

IF ONLY Dean Gleason L. Archer had dared to speak to that woman he didn't know. . . . It was some weeks ago. He was taking the boat from Boston to be present for his regular weekly NBC broadcast on Laws That Safeguard Society when he saw her standing by the rail. She was pale. Her eyes were red and staring. "Trouble, trouble, trouble," thought the dean. His attention was distracted for a moment. He heard a splash. She had jumped overboard and was dead when they pulled her out of the water. If only he had spoken—

* * *

MISS Whenthemoon Comesover Themountain accepted an invitation to cross the Hudson and attend a special broadcast at WAAT a few days ago. Quite a gathering of Jersey folk was there to greet her. Some of the boys asked her questions and teased her over the mike but she just laughed and enjoyed it the same as everybody. Kate Smith is about the most popular girl in our village these days.

* * *

WONDER if you ever heard about Phil Dewey's girl who lived on a farm near Macy, Indiana? Phil lived on another farm 'bout half a mile from her. He was crazy about her but lacked courage to propose. They kept company fifteen years before he popped the question. That's how she comes to be Mrs. Dewey today. Phil is baritone with the Revelers and a handsome chap.

* * *

DID you look on pages 6 and 7? "Are you listenn'?"
H. P. B.

*The new
General Motors Radio Program*

"THE PARADE OF THE STATES"

TWO great forces bind the people of our continent together: transportation and communication. Of these the automobile typifies the first; the radio the second. It is therefore especially fitting that General Motors should devote its radio broadcasts to this new series of programs, designed to promote wider travel and better understanding. Every week through "The Parade of the States" a different state is visited, and for the first time radio draws back the curtain on the Panorama of America.

A large concert orchestra under the direction of Erno Rapee is heard presenting musical numbers suggestive of the state's history and development. The orchestra will be supplemented with special guest artists from week to week. A tribute to the state written by Bruce Barton is read by Charles Webster, noted radio actor. Graham McNamee is guest announcer as in the past.

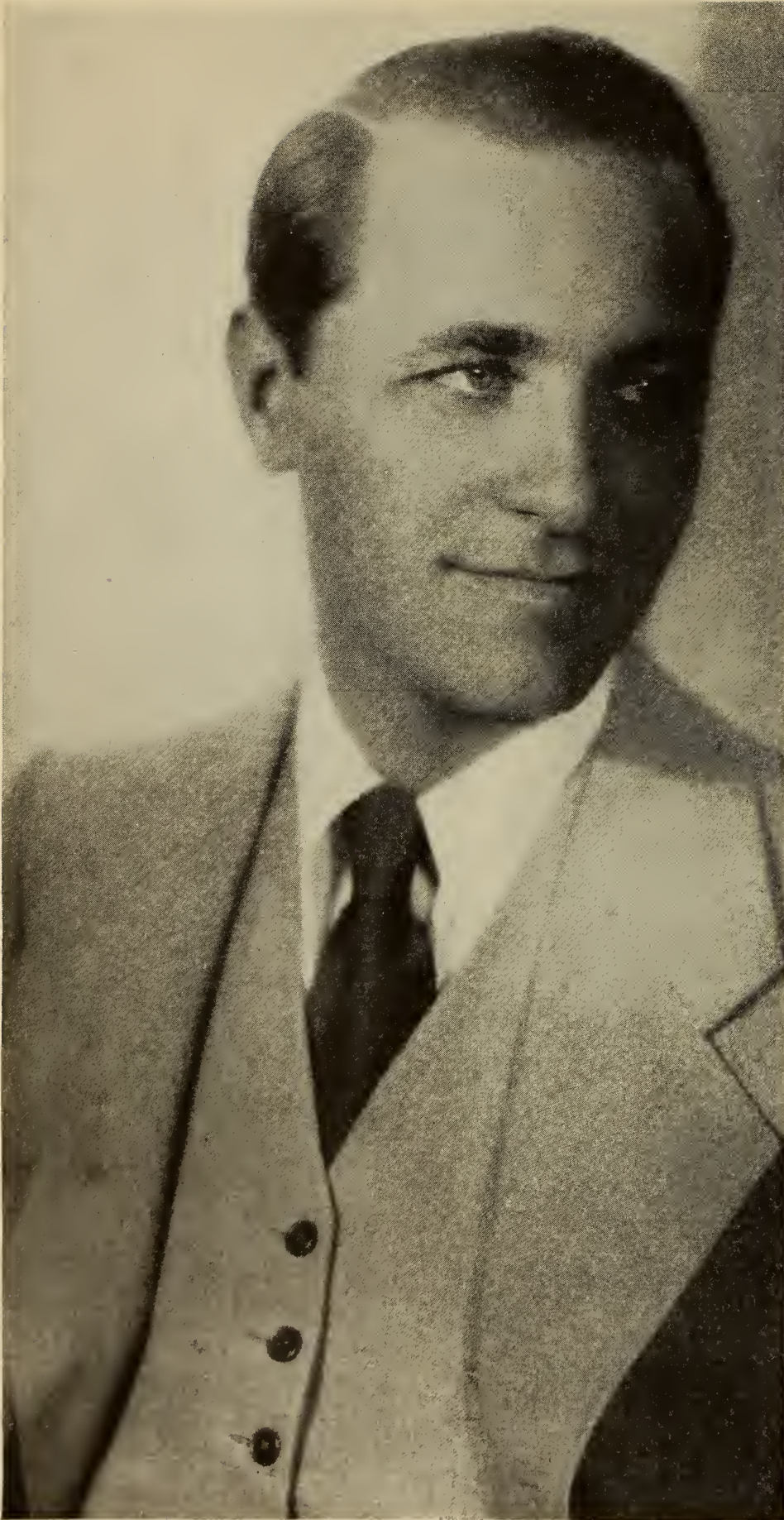
Copies of the state tributes, as they are broadcast, are available in scroll form suitable for framing, to anyone who may care to receive them.

For the next ten weeks the following states will be featured:

OHIO.....	December 7th	NEVADA	January 11th
GEORGIA	December 14th	FLORIDA.....	January 18th
MISSOURI.....	December 21st	ILLINOIS.....	January 25th
CALIFORNIA.....	December 28th	DELAWARE.....	February 1st
NEW YORK.....	January 4th	LOUISIANA.....	February 8th

*Every Monday evening at 9:30, E. S. T., over the
WEAF and N. B. C. coast to coast network, sponsored by*

GENERAL MOTORS



BORN down in the mesa country about El Paso Wayne King grew up in a region where the stars seem to come closer to the earth than anywhere else in the world. He has become famous as "The Waltz King of the Air" because of his characteristic interpretation of music in three-four time. He has written several song successes including Beautiful Love and The Waltz You Saved for Me.

Wayne King

"Most Conceited Person I Ever Knew"

Wayne King

*Writer Thinks Waltz King Successor to B. A. Rolfe
Has High Opinion of Himself and May Be Justified...
He Lives in a Mystic World and Hopes for Big Things*

By ANN STEWARD

*M*ANY auditions were held to find the right orchestras to carry on the brilliant fanfare created by B. A. Rolfe. That Wayne King was selected surprised many of his friends. His style is radically different, but there can be no question as to his popularity. Miss Steward's faculty for analyzing and understanding "the works" that make an artist the kind of a man he is has been well demonstrated in this article.

IT WOULD be a well nigh hopeless task and I had discounted all that from the start. To drive Wayne King into a corner for a personal analysis would just naturally demand almost superhuman endurance, tact and determination. I had the determination. Tact and endurance would have to meet the test.

Wayne King, they call him Waltz King in Chicago, now becomes a national figure since he has been signed on that Lucky Strike program. But he has been slaying feminine hearts right and left in the Midwest for the past two or three seasons. As an interviewer I have avoided him. He hates interviewers and Lord knows, we interviewers have enough trouble without going out to hunt for it. Besides it's much pleasanter to go places where they give you the glad hand of welcome, serve tea, caviar and ice cream.

But there was no dodging the Wayne King interview after he had been signed to follow "Bustet Adem" Rolfe, even if he did share the honors with Andy Sanella and Gus Arnheim. I know Destiny had Wayne by the hand. It could not be otherwise for he is a fine musician and has a personal charm that fairly makes you gasp.

He is a great favorite with WGN and KYW audiences. His path is strewn with roses from one swanky ballroom to another around the curve of the lake from Sheridan Park to Woodlawn. But why do they rave over him so? I know. He keeps them guessing. He is desirable but unconquerable. All the arts of women's wile have rolled from his iron armor like water off a duck's back. His heart wears an impenetrable mask. Coquettes turn first

to despair then to fury—and Wayne King, dauntless Knight of the Saxophone, laughs in gleeful freedom. A woman's slave? Huh, never!

But I had a deep seated conviction that this merry man had a soul and sallied forth to find it. They ushered me into his presence. After the amenities we settled down and I measured him in a chair about ten feet from mine. He leaned back in a mellow glow of light. His eye lids drooped a bit. He was relaxed although I fancied he was trying bravely to conceal the fact that he was either unutterably bored or was watching the words that came from his mouth that he didn't say the wrong thing that might get into print.

I pried gently and approached the more intimate questions as delicately as

I knew how. I learned about his boyhood. He had been orphaned while still very young and had been sent to a military school. From these earliest days he found himself shrouded in a definite veil of loneliness. He had fancies. His thoughts soared to a world of beauty and tranquility far above this mundane sphere. Music appealed to him tremendously. Wings of rhythm and harmony lifted him into a kind of ecstasy which determined him as a child to become a musician.

He joined the school orchestra and learned to play the clarinet, and that first day he sat with his mates in a concert was one that he confessed he never would forget. He liked study. He had a real thirst for more and more knowledge as to the why and wherefore of all things. After he had finished his preliminary training he immediately set himself for college and a degree. Didn't have any money but there was sure to be a way. He graduated from college. Still he had no practical preparation by which he hoped to make a living. In a short time he completed a business course and qualified as a certified public accountant. But this was not his goal.

THE problem of shelter and food was solved and he set apart eight hours a day to attend to that necessity. Wayne King, the boy, was now Wayne King the man. Where were those dreams, those celestial strains that had summoned him and pointed the way to His Career? He listened and they still were calling. Now there were new turrets and minarets to those airy castles. He had been hearing

greater and more wonderful music. And out of the galaxy of brass and wood, yes and sometimes gold and silver bodies of heavenly sound that paraded before his mental eye one stood sweet and lovely above them all. He fell in love with the saxophone.

WHY waste thought on women and wine when this transcendent creation could voice all that the human soul could conceive for expression? He married a saxophone. He had no teacher. After all a teacher would have been something of a third party. He had done his own wooing and he knew he would soon understand. Some of the roomers at the Y. M. C. A. hotel where he lived would rather have seen him less sentimental and more practical in the matter so he muffled his early pipings in the feathery bosom of his bed pillows. Soon those first little marital discords were smoothed away. He acquired the habit of talking words through the instrument. People marveled at this but it was only an outgrowth of his one and only true love finding its own expression.

Somehow in the dusky depths of this room I began to sense the fluttering shadowy existence of the world wherein this strange man moved and spent the hours of his true living. At times he spoke as in a trance and I leaned forward breathlessly to hear words that were barely audible from his lips. In my own heart I felt a flickering joy as of a child being led into a room whence all others had been excluded, a room filled with beautiful treasures wherein one must step on tip-toe and speak not above a whisper.

So I learned presently that the long black books with the dull red backs which had tided him across one phase of his life had folded themselves into bleak drab phantoms and floated away into the mists of memory. With his beloved saxophone he became a member of an orchestra. Intangibles were beginning to assume the forms of tangibles. Dreams were coming true. Wayne King became a minor note in the great ocean of music that floods the world at night.

But Destiny was not satisfied. One sad sweet strain was not enough to fulfill the dreams of youth so the young Knight, Oh yes, he had won his chevrons now, brought together certain kindred souls to play under his magic wand as the Wayne King dance orchestra. They specialized in a distinctive type of presentation. And that is how the name Waltz King came to be known.

Keyed to his pitch I asked him in the same tempo and volume as his own what he considered the peak of his future ambitions. The little words went

winging away to the world of his thoughts and soon the answer came sailing back. He hoped to become a creator and leader of some new kind of a symphonic orchestra. A symphony of perfection from melody that touched the masses of humanity—not the cold mathematical classics of the old masters. A master of a new kind of soul stirring music that could stand the test of time because it would touch those basic chords of all human understanding. The voice of yearning desire, sad reflections, bitter disappointment, mastering hope—spoken without words but by sheer blending of tones attuned to the heart strings of all mankind.

Through this moment of reverie I heard a motor horn, a door slam. The seance was ended. I felt as though I had been under hypnotic spell. The skin on my arms felt cold and shivery as though a window had blown open to be

WAYNE KING'S indifference to press stories was manifested when he suddenly vaulted into the sky from a Chicago flying field and didn't come down again until he landed in Denver. Few people even knew he had been learning to fly. He owns a five passenger ship in which he loves to travel at great heights detached from all worldly contacts.

followed by a dash of cold rain. I shrugged and settled back in my chair. Wayne King looked at me from the corner of his eye. He was seasoning a saxophone reed with his mouth. The trip to the dream world of Wayne King was over. I had caught a glimpse of the soul of the man as it lived beyond the veil of flesh and bone. Whether I have been able to impart anything of what I saw or felt to you, dear reader, is a question that can be answered only by yourself. The door was closed to me forever, now, although I still had questions to ask; and there was one that I did ask.

"Are you ever happy?" I knew it was too late to get a real answer. His eyes twinkled a bit as he replied:

"Yes, I am happy often—completely happy. Happiness comes when I am most melancholy. You see when a person is melancholy he is wishing for something with all his heart. In this state long enough a man eventually possesses that very thing for which he wishes—then he is happy. Then I am happy."

An Oracle! Make your own interpretation. Personally, judging it by a

literal interpretation, I consider the theory pure unalloyed bunk. I have known plenty of people who have wished for things they could never have if they lived a million years and kept on wishing every hour and minute of their lives.

What do I think of Wayne King? He has the most colossal conceit of any person I ever met? He may collect from a butterfly world but he is deep. His literary tastes are for serious books—tomes much too ponderous and philosophical to hold my undivided attention. I forgive him his conceit because he really believes that he is what he thinks he is—and who am I to say whether he is right or wrong? It is obvious he is rising head and shoulders above the general run of leaders. He can compose and has done some very fine things but that kind of fame is not in his scheme. He has just turned thirty. Where will he be next year, the year after that? Take my tip and watch him. It will be like a thrilling continued story of growing success.

FRANK BURKE of the Music Corporation of America contributes the following concise sketch of the Waltz King:

In 1927 orchestra first heard in radio broadcasts over KYW . . . romantic waltz music and his brilliant saxophone solos made orchestra overnight radio sensation . . . bushels of fan mail followed . . . mostly from women . . . many mash notes with requests for more romantic numbers . . . Wayne's orchestra became regular feature over KYW in 1929 and continued until April, 1931, when he began broadcasting over WGN . . . chain broadcasts have been many . . . first commercial over CBS in 1929 . . . next over NBC . . . now featured on a coast-to-coast commercial broadcast each Sunday for Lady Esther account . . . fan mail, mostly feminine handwriting, is tremendous . . . many times referred to as "The Idol of the Radio Networks. . ."

Last Christmas took his bandmen away from home for the Inter-Collegiate Ball on Christmas day at William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh . . . hated to deprive his boys of their Christmas festivities at home so arranged specially decorated private car for trip going and coming with all the holiday trimmings . . . played one-night stands last spring in response to requests . . . 25,000 persons danced to his music during four days at Duluth and leading newspaper acclaimed Wayne to be "The Perfect Maestro" . . . opened Netherlands Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, to greatest ballroom business of year . . . played to turn-away crowds at Schroeder Hotel, Mil-

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Following Gypsy Trail Tom Curtin Finds

WAR THRILLS

By Tom Curtin

Author of Land of the Deepening Shadow, The Edge of the Quicksands and The Tyranny of Power

SINCE I began dramatizing my adventures under the title of "Thrillers" for the National Broadcasting Company on a fifty-two station coast-to-coast hook-up late last August, many listener friends have asked me how I started adventuring.

I won't go back into earlier roving but will give Frank Edward Allen here the credit for starting me out on the high-powered adventure that was to bring me into the first fighting of the World War down on the Serbian border. Allen was the editor of Travel Magazine at the time and he finally agreed that I might come to New York to talk over my wild desire to go exploring for him.

Down on the boat I came from Boston and during my one full day with him on Manhattan we agreed that Europe had grown altogether too tame.

"Except the remote valleys of the Carpathians for some good first-hand gypsy stories!" he enthusiastically proposed.

We talked about my uncle Jeremiah Curtin, who had been a great source of inspiration to me since childhood. It was Jeremiah Curtin who brought "Quo Vadis" out of its Polish obscurity. He was undoubtedly the greatest linguist of all time. He could not only read and write, but could speak seventy odd languages and dialects including a number of Oriental tongues. Languages just grew on Uncle Jeremiah without effort, but I had to toil hard enough for mine. And so I armed myself with a Hungarian dictionary after considerable search in New York before taking the boat back for Boston to get ready for my lone journey into the land of the gypsies.

Perhaps Editor Allen wanted to

dissuade me at the last minute. "It's only fair to tell you," he cautioned, "that the only other man we sent down to the Carpathians to dig up gypsy stories died down there. And we've never heard exactly why."

Well, people die much nearer home than the Carpathians so I didn't see why



Tom Curtin as he appeared during war days. Lord Northcliffe said Tom Curtin had seen more of the World War than any other living person. He was war correspondent for London newspapers for two years behind the German lines. If his mission had been known he would have been instantly shot as was one of his comrades in a similar position.

I should give up the expedition for that reason. Anyway, Frank Edward Allen washed his hands of me by telling me to go into the Hungarian backlands and dig up my gypsies.

In elation I headed for the Fall River boat to return to Boston; and I wasn't on that boat five minutes before I was hard at work on some Hungarian research. Not out of the ship's library, but out of the ship's passengers. I spotted a dumpish figure in a very foreign brown suit with a suggestion of violet hue; and I became interested in the lad when I saw what a hard time he was having with the few words of English that he knew. Whereupon he and I agreed on German as a medium in which to exchange ideas, and I researched him until midnight.

It was his first day in New York, which he had entered by way of the steerage and Ellis Island. He was still staring-eyed at the wonders of the new world—and he was most reluctant to give any adverse comment to a native. However, I soon learned that he was disappointed that there were no flowers in the streets of New York, as in his home town. How he did festoon his birthplace with roses and lilies!

"Where is your home town?" I asked, my mind more on gypsies than flowers.

"Czernowitz," he answered laconically.

"Czernowitz?" . . . I had been very proud of my geography, and my trips to Vienna and Budapest, but that was a new one on me.

"Where is Czernowitz?" I was forced to ask.

"In the Bukowina," he replied with an air that seemed to indicate he had told everything, there wasn't any more.

"The Bukowina." It sounded



Hungarian troops secretly photographed by Curtin in early part of the war.

like a new breakfast food; yet here was a human being who said he had come from there. "Just where is the Bukowina?" I apologetically asked and gradually from him I discovered that it was the most distant province of Austria, tucked away in a corner where Rumania and Russia came together—and its capital was Czernowitz. Czernowitz—with "flowers in the streets." Czernowitz, that brought homesick tenderness into the voice of an immigrant lad, and a trace of a mist into his eyes as he talked to me about it.



They never dreamed they were being photographed for the enemy.

By midnight he had made Czernowitz a vividly real and beautiful place to me, though remote and picturesque with its mingling of races in the streets and its fascinating back country which was mysterious and unknown even to him. By the time we were pulling into Boston the next morning I had made up my mind. This round-faced, queerly dressed chap was going to my home town. All right, I'd go to his! I'd head for Czernowitz where homes were homes and not Manhattan skyscrapers; to Czernowitz where I'd walk through streets fragrant and bright-hued with flowers.

IT WAS not a month as I had expected but nearly a year before I walked in the streets of Czernowitz. And I'd have needed more than the imagination of a Jules Verne remotely to have pictured the circumstances under which I should walk those streets.

It happened this way. After arriving in Hungary I decided to explore the gypsies in the southern wing of the Carpathians before moving North and East to Czernowitz. That was fortunate for it enabled Fate to pitch me down on the Serb Frontier to become mixed up with the first fighting of the World War. I had one dominating passion from that July night onwards—and that was to see first-hand everything possible in connection with that war. By early September I had formed an alliance with the one man whose money and power and backing could make this possible for me. That was

Lord Northcliffe, owner of the "Times" of London, the "Daily Mail" with its biggest circulation in the world, and other newspapers. He'd supply the guns if I'd go out and get the shells: that was the agreement.

Through a kaleidoscopic succession of months I moved before I entered Czernowitz late in the winter of 1915. Months filled for me with the Hindenberg Campaign in East Prussia, the retreat from Antwerp, the Battle for the Straits of Dover, two trips back into Germany with Daily Mail play-up series of articles following each. I

signed nothing for Northcliffe newspapers for more than two years in order to give me a free hand. Through an error my name appeared over one article I had written concerning the first of the Kitchener Army to reach France. It was signed by mistake in Northcliffe's "Evening News," and it nearly cost me my life in Germany. But that's a whole story in itself; so let me finish this one by telling you how I finally reached Czernowitz.

Robert Dunn of the New York Evening Post and I were becoming restless in Bucharest cafés waiting for Rumania to come into the war. We were the only two out-of-town correspondents in those parts. The Russian Minister over the punch bowls of half a dozen parties in different legations had promised to have Petrograd fit me out with a pass to join the South Russian Army, which had invaded the Bukowina, with Czernowitz long in its grasp.





Photographed by tiny concealed camera on streets of Berlin by Mr. Curtin.

Then came the calamity! For me as well as Russia. The South Army, under terrific pressure by Germany and Austria in order to keep Rumania out of the war, began to fall back in the Bukowina. My conscience told me that neither the Russian Staff, nor any other staff, would invite a war correspondent to see a retreating army perform. I hadn't plunged into the retreat from Antwerp because I had been invited to. And how a fool newspaper man does sometimes come face to face with vivid realities when he blunders on to a stage that has not been set for him. I talked this theory over with my new friend Bobby Dunn and found him in adventurous agreement.

Dunn and I went into a huddle and made up our minds that we were going to join that retreating army of the Tsar if we had to chase it out of Rumania into Russia. Our plotting and planning would make a book rather than a short magazine article. In fact Dunn devotes

the whole last part of his book called "Five Fronts" to that particular escapade.

Here are some of the high spots. Rumania was one of the tightest policed and tightest frontier-protected countries in Europe. Our idiotic plan was to dash out of Rumania between the lines of the retreating Russians and the advancing Austrians, be captured by the rear guard Russians, and then join forces with them. Our first necessity was to get a unique permit from Panaitescu, Chief of the Rumanian Secret Service, to pass back and forth across



Last dress parade in Hungary before donning service uniforms.

the northern frontier at will. The Prime Minister, the gifted Jonescu, fixed us up in this respect with the Secret Service.

The next step was to get some kind of a document to impress the Russians who captured us to take us before superior officers rather than kill us. To secure such a document we worked up a tremendous

compassion in our hearts for any Americans who might be in Czernowitz. Our intellects told us there were none, but we stuck to our hearts.

Then we took our hearts around to dear old Charley Vopika, our Legation Minister to Rumania. He had such a big heart himself that our hearts won his sympathy—even though his intellect, like ours, told him there could not possibly be any Americans in Czernowitz. His intellect further told him that since Czernowitz was across the line in Austria it properly came under the jurisdiction of Ambassador Penfield in Vienna, and diplomats must be diplomats.

But war changes all things, and since two battling armies were between Vienna and Czernowitz, Charles Vopika did the humane thing by giving us his authorization to seek out and render succor to any and all American citizens whom we might find in Czernowitz and vicinity. "Vicinity" meant deep into Russia, as far as Dunn and I were concerned. And then the big Legation seal with the American Eagle on a field of red was stamped into the document.

THE night train north out of Bucharest to the end of the railway line! Then a forty-mile journey across the Moldavian hill country with villages of thatch and wattle and mud to the frontier village of Marmornitza. Chapters I could write of the house in which we passed the night and the crossing of the boundary brook in the wintry dawn.

Where were the Russians? They had pulled in their outposts, we concluded, as we plodded the twelve-mile winding road toward Czernowitz. Then came the snowflakes on a ground already white, and through the snowflakes the frowning of artillery on the crests of hills. Dummy guns of wood, we saw, as we stalked up to them. Guns to hold up the advancing Austro-Hungarians a bit—who couldn't be far behind us. A sledge ride for the last five miles into this far-flung capital of the Bukowina

(Continued on page 91)



And these gypsies were the real quarry sought by the author when he left America for Czernowitz.

ANGELS RUSH

THERE'S a yarn behind this "Myrt and Marge" five-a-week act over the Columbia network—a yarn proving that those who rush in where angels fear to tread may not be so foolish after all.

Ask Myrt, she's the heroine of this "rushing in" story, and Myrt's mother didn't raise any foolish children.

Chicago is filled with radio experts. Some of them insist the Midwest metropolis is now the radio capital of the nation. In the past two years just about every one of these experts has conceived the Big Idea for Mr. Wrigley, the chewing gum and baseball king, for doesn't Mr. Wrigley discuss million dollar advertising contracts with as much nonchalance as you and I display in driving up to a filling station to order five gallons of common?

WITH most of these experts it wasn't the Big Idea, it was just another idea, an idea dying in the words, "I'll bet Mr. Wrigley would grab that, if he just knew about it." Others actually put the ideas on paper, and Mr. Wrigley's secretaries and advertising representatives probably received, and returned, as many scenarios as did the movie studios back in the days when the public fondly believed anyone could write and sell a motion picture, for a fabulous consideration.

For the accredited representatives of the networks who called on the Wrigley representatives at regular intervals the answer was always the same—"Show us a radio act that is different."

Such was the state of affairs for two long years—then along came Myrt.

Myrtle Vail is her full name, and as late as October, 1931, she didn't know a microphone from a mixing panel. Her professional knowledge concerned another world, floodlights, make-up, chorus rehearsals, the world backstage. Retired from that sphere where she had made her first appearance as a child actress, Miss Vail was sitting in her apartment one evening early in the aforementioned October, drawing her entertainment from the more recent stage, the radio receiver.



Marge

Troupers Myrt and By STEVE

Quite abruptly the idea struck. As abruptly the radio set was silenced. Pencils and paper appeared and Miss Vail set to work. For several years prior to her retirement she had written her own vaudeville sketches, so she knew something of the business of putting a brain child on paper.

At 3 a. m. the desk was strewn with penciled sheets of paper. At 4 a. m. the manuscript overflow had reached the floor. At 5 a. m. the apartment was a mess—but Myrt and Marge were on the fanciful stage. They were living there on those scribbled sheets of paper, laughing, wisecracking, crying, awaiting the curtain call.

At 6 a. m. a portable typewriter was pounding out the words in the Vail apartment, and at 7, and at 8—and

there stood Myrt and Marge, all dolled up in their street clothes. Neat pages, these; two completed episodes and the plot outline of a dozen more. Up to this point Myrt was just another one of those with "an idea Mr. Wrigley would grab, if he just knew about it." But here the similarity between Myrt and those others ends.

THE accepted manner in reaching millionaire manufacturers is to find someone who knows someone who knows said millionaire's secretary. Myrt hadn't heard about that method. Instead she gulped a cup of coffee,

IN—

Where High Pressure Salesmen Flopped — Sell \$1,000,000 Radio Program



Myrt

Marge Make Good TRUMBULL

hastily changed her attire, gathered her manuscript under her arm, walked to the curb, hailed a taxi and said—"Wrigley building!"

Maybe she had learned the trick in crashing the office of theatrical bookers, for it never occurred to anyone to question or halt the young woman with the very confident, I-belong-here-try-to-stop-me air who strode into the manufacturer's office and ordered herself announced to P. K. Wrigley, president of the company.

Of course a secretary came first, but Miss Vail was so confident she had the real idea that soon the secretary, accustomed to insistent persons though she

was, believed there might be something behind this particularly insistent person after all. The secretary disappeared for a moment into the inner office. When she re-appeared it was with those magic words—"Come in, Miss Vail."

MYRT will tell you that in the following hour she did the best job of acting of her career. She put on the entire script alone, taking all of the parts, Myrt, Marge, the giggling "chicks" of the chorus, the dumb "Patsy," all of them. And before the hour was half finished she had accomplished what scores of trained radio writers had tried in vain for two years to accomplish. That elusive, different something was there.

The sponsor was "sold." Myrt set out to round up the large supporting cast demanded by the script. Advertising representatives started work on the innumerable details associated with this going on the air business. The Columbia offices in Chicago were busy clearing time over a coast to coast chain of stations—7 to 7:15 p. m. E.S.T. in the east; 10:45 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. for the west.

Miss Vail selected Donna Damarel, with whom she has been associated in the theatre, as "Marge." For the most part the others in the cast are also drawn from those backstage days. Irene Wicker, Bess Johnson and Patricia Manners are the only names previously known

among radio listeners. Bobby Brown, veteran in Chicago microphone circles, is directing the productions.

Myrt's courage and unflinching persistence in working out and carrying through the minute details of her idea are worthy of commendation to many another. She wasn't satisfied with merely talking about what "could be done" she simply performed. It made no difference who had tried and failed.

As one Chicago wag remarked when informed a radio unknown had grabbed off the much sought Wrigley contract—"How does that song go, 'I Found a Million Dollar Contract, in a Five Cent Pack of Gum?'"

The 7 to 7:15 p. m. E. S. T. period goes to the following stations: WABC, W2NE, WOKO, WFBL, WGR, WEAN, WDRC, WNAC, WCAU, W3NAU, WJAS, WMAL WCAO WWVA, WADC, WKRC, WSPD, KMOX.

From 10:45 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. they broadcast over these stations: WBBM, WXYZ, KMBC, WLAP, WCCO, KLZ, KDYL, KHJ, KOIN, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KFBK.



Bonnie Blue

Has chased the blues of radio listeners-in to WBAP, Ft. Worth, Texas; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston. Has made life happier for Elks, Rotarians, Kiwanians and Lions in the Lone Star State. WBBM and WGN, Chicago also claim this Charming entertainer. And, Oh, yes, Miss Blue was one of the first Television girls—in 1929 at the Chicago Radio Show.

Poor Old Santa, He's Got

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Says Ambrose J. Weems

*Mysterious Hilda Drops Her Letters—
Funny Christmas for Radio Stars*

GREEN or white all indications point to a funny Christmas around the headquarters of the big chain broadcasting companies. It will be funnier if they get all the funny things they are asking for. But these are the days when a harassed humanity looks most hopefully toward the funny side of life and trusts for better things.

Tomorrow the unalimonied job divorcee must put on his hunting shoes and stalk another chance. In the meantime we have asked some of your favorite smile makers to give you a few Christmas thoughts.

First I strolled into the marble foyer of the National Broadcasting Company and climbed the golden stairs via elevator to the studio floors. Peering about I came to a sad and lonely looking man muttering to himself as he pattered over a new wind-making machine.

"Ambrose J. Weems!" I exclaimed.

"**N**ONE other," said he. "Pardon me if I continue with my research. I've got to find the lost chord that differentiates between spring-zypher-in-the-tree-tops and the fierce-wind-that-howls-down-the-chimney-the-night-before-Christmas. This is vitally important at this time of the year—but don't mind me just keep right on talking. I can hear you at the same time, I'm that way. I hear with one ear and think with the other."

"Oh certainly, I suppose one must think with something—"

"I doubt it. But don't let me interrupt you. You were saying something about Christmas, I believe. Yes, ycs,—what should be the Christmas anthem this year? Well, now, that's a real ques-

By Felix Flypaper



Ambrose J. Weems disguised as Raymond Knight, Gentleman about 711 Fifth Ave., where NBC keeps open house.

tion but in a shortwave radio communication with Santa Claus who summers in Warsaw—"

"Warsaw! I thought it was the North Pole—"

"Pardon my interruption. But is it not all the same? Warsaw is in Poland. Be broad minded, perhaps North Warsaw is in North Poland. Why quibble? But excuse me, you were asking—?"

"Is there any Santa Claus?"

"Yes and no."

"Thanks; I'm glad that's settled, I'll be going on—"

"Wait. You should have asked me to elucidate. I'm very busy just now. This

wind machine is showing signs of life. I fear a cyclone is brewing—pardon, please excuse my prohibition; I mean the hanky sails are set for a big blow. As I was about to say I'm very busy just now and it looks as though I am going to be busier. Fortunately I have here in my tunic (the contralto one) a paper which I have prepared to read to the Society for the Preservation of White Whiskers of which I have the honor to be president. My own snowy chin curtains, as you will observe, I am preserving for future use when I am less concerned with the ill winds that might blow through them from wind machines thereby creating static and other irritations."

Prof. Weems hurriedly snatched a paper from his tunic, handed it to me and then doubled over the wind machine winding it furiously. The paper follows:

Some Clauses on Santa Claus

By Ambrose J. Weems, alias K. U. Ku, alias Raymond Knight.

SANTA CLAUS is not a myth. He's a Mithter.

If you want to read any more, the president of this society will not be held responsible.

A year ago on Christmas Eve it was a cold and snowy night. I was at home snug and warm busily engaged in filling my stocking. After I got it on, I discovered a hole in the toe and peering out of the hole, in a rather quizzical manner, was Moe, my favorite toe. (I call them—Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe, etc.,—.) As I sat gazing sadly at Moe, I heard a crying outside my window. Some one was sobbing not like an adult,



His eyes glistened as he saw the bottle. Tears of gratitude rolled down his whiskers as I soaked his strong athletic foot.

but more like absobbing, Jr. "Ah" said I, "some little child has athlete's foot outside my domicile," and I rushed to the window, threw open the sash—and there huddled on the doorstep was a man.

One of my footmen ran out and assisted the huddled figure into the warmth of the living room where a cheery gas log was crackling in the fireplace. We seated him on a cracker box near the Early American hearth (By Hearth, Schaffner and Marx Brothers) and I brought out a big bottle.

His eyes glistened as he saw the bottle, and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes as I rubbed the liniment on his aching feet.

We took his overcoat off and one of the footmen went thru the pockets. As we unwound the muffler from around his neck, I recognized it as the muffler which had been missing from my car, but the man's condition was so pitiful that I said nothing about it. Next we unfastened the celluloid collar, loosened the collar buttons and—a long white beard popped out!

I fell forward in amazement. My footmen fell backward. (You see, we had had no rehearsal.) I stared at the old man and words sprang to my lips and crept up under my moustache.

"You—you—are—"

He nodded his head dumbly.

"Beatrice Fairfax," I said.

"No!" he shouted, "Santa Claus!"

HOW the footmen laughed. I blushed in confusion. "The drinks are on you," said Santa Claus. "They certainly are," I admitted. So the footmen took them and poured them over my head.

So Santa Claus and I settled down beside the gas log with a mug of foaming acidophilus milk, threw off all our restraint and our waistcoats and sat there like two old cronies.

"Here we are sitting like two old cronies," I remarked to Santa Claus.

"We certainly are," he chuckled—

(you try to chuckle that), "sitting here like two old cronies."

"There's only one cigar we can smoke then," I exclaimed.

"What's that?" he queried.

"Coronie—Coronie," I ejaculated.

The footmen all gave me their notices and I let them go, not I confess without a sigh of regret. They were old family retainers and had been with me nearly four weeks.

"Come," I said to Santa Claus, "tell me, what were you crying about just now outside my casement window?"

"Nobody believes in me any more," he gulped, with a gulp that reminded me of the Gulp of Mexico.

I STOOD up, drew myself to my full height with a pencil and a piece of paper, and said simply—"Santa, I believe in you."

"Yeah," he yeaahed, "People tell me you ain't quite bright."

Confidence restored in the old man, I threw another glance on the fireplace and the gas log flared up, momentarily illuminating the room and an old medieval manuscript on a nearby table. As it died down I said to the old man—"Santa, can you give me some message to the world, can you give me something to remember you by?" We sang this quietly for a few minutes and then I repeated my question. "Santa," I repeated, "let me take your message to the world, and then, then, they will believe you." Tears welled in his eyes. "Well, well, well," they seemed to say.

Seeing the advantage I had, I shot a question at him. "Tell me why rein-

deer have horns!" I shot. The shot hit the mark and in a trice he was on his knees before the smouldering gas log, pouring out the whole impassioned story.

"Once upon a time when I first got my reindeer they had no horns. They didn't need them because traffic wasn't as bad as it is today. Well, I had to build a stable for them thar deer and it came to me all of a sudden I could build a trophy room—you know what a trophy is?" he asked me.

"Atrophy is hardening of the arteries," I returned.

He ignored me and continued—"So I built my trophy room and hung up my guns and snowshoes on the walls but I didn't have any heads to hang up. You know what I mean by heads?"

"I had one this morning," I hazarded.

He ignored me and continued—"So I built the eight stables for my eight reindeers around the trophy room, and I cut eight holes in the walls, one into each stable. Then I trained the eight reindeer to stand in the eight stables and put their heads thru the eight holes in the walls, and so I had eight mounted deer heads all around the trophy room at no extra expense. Do you get me?"

"No," I said, "but the goblins'll, ef you don't watch out."

HE ignored me and continued—"But the deer had only two ears on their heads and they could pull back their heads at any time and leave a hole in the wall. You see if I had made them small enough so they couldn't get out, they couldn't of got in. That was my grandpa's idea—do you agree?"

"Well," I said, "I agree with your grandpa, but not with your grammar."

He ignored me and continued—"You see, it was very embarrassing for me to have one of the local Eskimos in to dinner, to take him into the trophy room, point to the wall and say, 'Now I shot this one in Siberia in 1899,' and then find I was pointing to an empty hole."

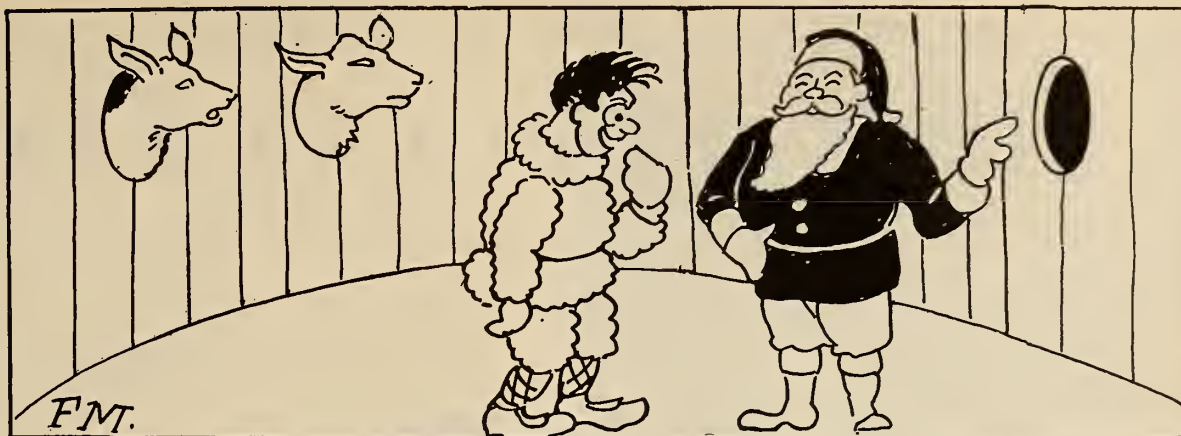
Christmas at Grandma Stoopnagle's

The Colonel Becomes Reminiscent and Harks Back to the Good Old Days when Grandma entertained—Her Zither concerts were so hot they cooked the turkey. All the ghastly details on page 48.

"See that big brute?"

"Ya-yaya-ya."

"Well I brung him down with one crack up Fleascratch canyon on the Great Levinsky Divide by Halsted street."



"Holes are usually empty, aren't they?" I parried.

He ignored me and continued—"So there I was. If the holes were too *small*, the reindeer couldn't get their heads *into* the frames, and if they were too *big*, they pulled them back at the wrong time. And there I was, on the two horns of a dilemma!"

"Perhaps you should have had the police frame them," I replied.

He ignored me and continued—"But Santa Claus was not to be foiled! I studied the situation and then—it came to me. You see *each deer presented the horns of a dilemma*, so I took the horns of each dilemma and fastened them on each reindeer's head and they couldn't pull them back! And that is why reindeers have horns today!"

I took his long white whiskers and tied him to his chair before the fireplace. Then, drawing a good deep breath, I blew the gas log out.

Before he ignored me, I ignored him.

Moe Also Athletic

THIS seemed to be the end of the treatise. I looked up and Prof. Weems was gurgling and gesticulating wildly as the wind machine uttered a series of curious rips as though the canvas drum was being torn in shreds.

"But—but—" I hesitated. "I don't see where this answers the question whether there is a Santa Claus or not. It doesn't say definitely whether he was asphyxiated or died of athlete's foot."

"Possibly you never heard of my prowess as an athlete," said Prof. Weems. He arose suddenly and advanced toward me brandishing the toe of a thick and well polished shoe. . .

At the bottom of the second flight I almost telescoped a long line of gay and chattering radio stars who were passing before the window of the chief of the Department for Christmas Wants. Concealing myself in an empty mailbag I

was smuggled into the room and deposited under the counter beneath the window. As I huddled there I heard each one tell the attendant what was wanted for his or her Christmas stocking. By the light of a pocket flash which I always carry in the end of my fountain pen I was able to write down the answers which were as follows:

Gertrude Berg, author and co-star of "The Goldbergs" sought Santa Claus to "deposit 100 scripts written in advance" in her Yuletide chiffons.

Jeff Sparks, NBC announcer, prayed for "a one way ticket to Tahiti."

Alice Joy, recent contralto addition to NBC's artist staff, wants a new concert grand piano and is willing to pay cartage to Santa Claus if she gets one. "I'll put the stocking into the piano instead," she added.

Sarah Jordan, heard on the Woman's Radio Review daily program, wants a "tiny house in the country—white—Cape Cod type—picket fence—and an electric range in the kitchen."

"What do I want in my Christmas

stocking?" chuckled Nellie Revell, voice of Radio Digest, whose weekly period of intimate studio gossip is heard over an NBC-WEAF network, "why I'd be satisfied with about forty new stations in my hook-up."

Paul Oliver, singer of love songs, wants a railroad engine in his stocking: Paul's ambition has always been to be a railroad engineer, and nothing he declares, would make his Christmas merrier than a nice little engine to run around his own backyard.

Gladys Rice, soprano, would "just love one of those little pekinese," and Marcella Shields, she of the baby voice on the Dutch Masters program, will be content with a pair of roller skates so she can get from her home in Forest Hills to the studio in time.

Ray Perkins would like two new high notes. "Not like my old one," he explains "Everybody knows about the old one. I want two new ones that I can surprise people with, including myself. And oh yes, I'd like a couple of curliques for my whistle like Morton Downey has and a new face for television."

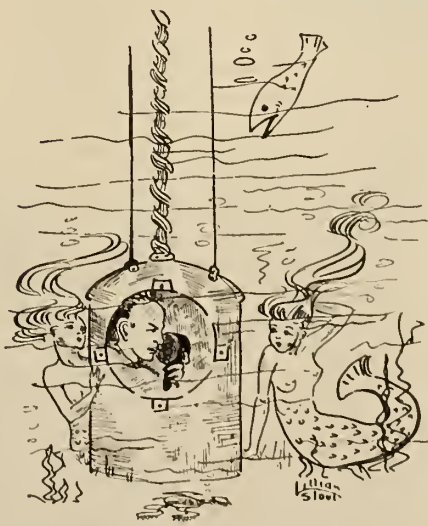
Erno Rapee wants bigger and better orchestras with himself as director.

Eunice Howard, actress, wants a playmate for "Egbert" her pet tortoise. He has been very lonesome since the death of "Lizzie" a year ago.

James Wallington, announcer, wants a good front lawn before his home at Freeport, L. I.—also wants lots more sleep than he is getting.

George Hicks, announcer, likes the U. S. Navy dirigible so well that he wants a miniature Akron for his private use.

Phil Cook, the one man army of voices, wants more voices to imitate.



Ted Husing says he wants to get some place where he won't have to send out Christmas cards and Miss Lillian Stout (with her tongue sticking out) says he should jump in the ocean. But she pictures him even there surrounded by some kind of belles, if not exactly Christmas bells.

AL SIMMONS, NBC dark-skinned hat check boy, says "any gifts gratefully received."

Lowell Thomas wants more and better Tall Stories.

Ross Gorman, versatile musician and the inventor of many variations of con-

(Continued on page 90)

Critics Declare Mills Brothers Quartet MOST POPULAR FIND

IT DOESN'T make any difference who you are, or what color of skin the good Lord gave you if you've got something new and pleasing as it comes through a radio receiver you are in demand. There is no bar sinister before the mike.

But Mother Mills wasn't entirely sure about this as she proudly surveyed her four big boys down in Cincinnati. She knew something about the show business. She knew a whole lot about harmony. And these four strapping black brothers were born with harmony all matched and bred in the bone for each other.

"You've got something there," said a friendly radio director to Mrs. Mills. "But you'd better take them to New York if you want them to get national recognition."

Goodness to gracious, how was she ever going to get those boys to New York. But she did. And one day they meandered into the Columbia Broadcasting System studios and humbly waited for an audition. Following is the story as Mr. Robert S. Taplinger related it to Radio Digest.

At first no one gave them any particular attention, and they stood around in the reception room of the 19th floor for more than a half-hour. The reception clerk thought they were applicants for jobs as porters, and they could have been except that one carried a small and shabby-looking guitar.

Finally, their presence was brought to the notice of Ralph Wonders, director of the artists division. They said they were the Mills brothers from Cincinnati. They also said they sang together. Wonders took them into a studio, and there they harmonized for him. But they did only one number—Wonders didn't wait to hear the second. He rushed them into a studio which was sending an orchestra audition to the private office of William S. Paley, President of Columbia.

"With your permission, Mr. Paley," Wonders said, "I'd like you to hear the Mills brothers." With that brief introduction he signaled to the somewhat startled boys to sing. They did, and so delighted was the executive with their unique vocal renditions that he sent word to Wonders to have them continue. And for more than an hour the

four went from one song to another, dozens of them altogether.

Three days later they were scheduled for their first broadcast. There was no advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print,



Just as you see the Mills brothers in this photograph, holding the mail order guitar (price \$6.25) is John, the oldest, age 21. Left to right, his brothers are Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Don, the baby, just 17. Not long ago they were hod-carrier, bootblack, greenhouse worker, and errand-runner in Cincinnati, now big chain stars.

THE Mills Brothers, the youthful Negro quartet that has overnight inspired applause from a nation-wide radio audience because of their harmonious melodies, seem to be far ahead in the race which will award them the coveted title "radio's most popular find in 1931." Unless a brilliant star peeks up from the radio horizon within the next eight weeks, the Mills Brothers will win the title.

They are endowed with ability and talent that other male quartets on the radio have never discovered. The Mills Brothers are a quartet and a vocal band.

The radio audience has been quick to detect something novel, something new, and natural talent that is worthy of success. The Mills Brothers, if properly directed, and they probably will be, because their mother came from Ohio to New York with them, are destined for great popularity at the microphone. No doubt they will be in demand for theatrical appearances. It's too bad television is not quite ready to empower the audience to look in on them. They entertain the New York area through WABC.—Orrin E. Dunlop, Jr. in *New York Times*.

other than the bare program listing, heralded their network debut. They went on the air "cold," but as soon as their program was half-way completed, those around the studios realized that here was the "hottest" outfit that had come to radio in many Washash moons.

And as soon as their fifteen-minute broadcast was over, the telephone switchboard was flooded with calls from listeners. "Who are they?" . . . "What kind of instruments do they use?" . . . "How do they make themselves sound like an orchestra?" . . . "Where are they from?" . . . "When can I hear them again?"

Veteran musicians and orchestra leaders refused to believe that with only their voices they could simulate such musical instruments as the tuba, clarinet, saxophone and trombone. Yet nothing but a guitar accompanied the singing of the Mills brothers.

Their success was immediate. Newspaper and listening public's comments stamped them as the fastest "click" in radio history.

They were scheduled for four broadcasts the following week, and definite proof of their literal overnight popularity occurred when a single program was cancelled for a speech of special importance. For forty-five minutes two hostesses were busily answering hundreds of calls with assurances that the Mills brothers would return to the air the following Monday.

The four youths, a bit bewildered by their sudden success in the big city, are really brothers, and only four years separate them. They are John, 21; Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Donald, 17. John is the bass, tuba and third trumpet—that's how they call themselves—and, in addition, plays their only instrument, the guitar. This guitar, incidentally is a mail order model and cost \$6.25, C. O. D.

Herbert plays, or rather sings, the second trumpet, saxophone and trombone. He is more reticent than the others, and usually remains in the background while the others, particularly Harry, do the talking. Harry does the first trumpet, baritone solos, and "licks"—vernacular for unusual hot intonations. He is stout, almost to fatness, but resents being addressed as "Fats" by the other three. He would rather be

(Continued on page 92)

DISCOVERY of the Street Singer

By H. Elliott Stuckel

UNCEASING is the search for new radio talent. Just as the big league baseball organizations are combing the country for outstanding talent in the smaller leagues and sand lot nines so the big chains are listening in all sections through the ears of their scouts who percolate into openings of new theatrical productions, night clubs, local stations, church choirs, and institutional musical organizations such as schools and universities.

Sometimes the audition boards overlook good bets who are right at their own doors. These are lost in the army of impossibles who come for a try-out, are heard, registered and forgotten. But a trained scout has an uncanny sense by which he detects the right note that will click with the majority of radio listeners.

Two or three instances have been known during the past few months when almost over-night hits have been discovered at small private house parties. Ed Wolf who has discovered and manages several radio personalities dropped in at a small social gathering near his home in New York early last summer. It was all very casual. He stood chatting with his host when somebody happened to think it was a good time for a song. A girl sat down at a piano in a far corner of the room and began to strum a grand opera air. A young man guest strolled over and joined in with the words.

Wolf stopped chatting and listened.

"Hey! Who's the sweet singer?" he demanded.

"Oh he's one of the boys, Arthur Tracy," replied the host. "But what do you mean 'street singer?'"

"I said 'sweet' not 'street'" laughed Wolf. "But that would be a dandy title for a radio artist. Think I'll have a

chat with him."

A few questions revealed that Tracy was just finishing a vaudeville tour, had formerly been in musical comedy, and wasn't particularly interested in radio.

"But there's no harm in taking a test," Wolf suggested.

"Oh probably not," said Tracy, "but I've always heard those auditions are rather farcical."

"Leave it to me," smiled the scout.

A few days later Tracy answered a phone call from Wolf and arranged to come down to the Columbia Broadcasting System studios for an audition. His appointment was for a period late in the afternoon.

All day long members of the studio staff who sit in judgment during auditions had been listening to would-be warblers, assorted dramatic readers, comic skit hoppers and what not. It was by no means an auspicious moment when Ed Wolf ushered in his find and introduced him as "The Street Singer."

The staff pianist ran through the introductory bars and the Street Singer hit his first dozen notes.

In a second the cloud of boredom rolled away. Faces

smiled. Glances of approval were exchanged.

"Say, this young fellow has some-



"I make my bow to a wow, Street Singer."



As you may imagine him.

thing fine and sweet."

"Let's hear some more. That may be the only thing he can do," suggested another.

So The Street Singer was asked to keep on singing until he had gone through quite a number of selections comprised of all varieties of song. The same quality was maintained throughout. Comment grew animated. He was asked if he would return for further auditions the next day. He agreed.

There was an air of expectancy the next morning when a dozen executives joined the regular audition committee to hear Ed Wolf's latest find. Tracy went through a program that was even more lengthy than his first one of the day before. At the conclusion he was asked if he would be willing to sign up for a trial period so that the radio

(Continued on page 92)

College for Homemakers

TO HEAR the great operatic voices of the world—the rich baritone of Lawrence Tibbett, the delightful soprano of Rosa Ponselle, the exquisite harmonies of the English Singers—singing the simple songs that everyone loves just as they would sing them in their own homes to entertain a group of their personal friends—that is the treat offered on a new series of programs sponsored by the General Electric Company over the Red Network as a regular Sunday afternoon feature. This same company is also inaugurating a group of morning programs under the title of "A College for Homemakers," describing the customs and habits of homemakers of other lands, featuring a different country at each presentation.



Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan opera star, who will be a featured soloist on the new General Electric "Song at Twilight" program.



Rosa Ponselle's soprano voice will be heard during the "Song at Twilight" broadcast on Sunday December 6th.



Grace Ellis

By Grace Ellis

"A VERITABLE college of the air for homemakers"—that's what one woman of my radio audience called the new Home Circle program of which the General Electric Company has invited me to be Directress. Of course, she was right in a way. It is like a college for homemakers, and with an advisory board made up of some of the most prominent women in the country. So I was truly flattered, especially when she went on to explain that she felt that "listening in" to the program was just like going to class again, it was so instructive and educational, and that it was ONE class that she never wanted to cut.

The Home Circle is one of two new broadcasting series the General Electric is inaugurating, which will be sent over the basic Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company and the entire supplemental list of stations. The other is a Sunday afternoon program, "A Song at Twilight" series that

will continue throughout the winter, when the world's greatest artists, people like Farrar and Jeritza and McCormack and Tibbett, will present songs that listeners would sing in their own homes.

SOMEHOW, tho, calling the Home Circle a college doesn't exactly express what I feel about it, nor the way I want my listeners to feel about it. A college makes it sound just a little *too* formal, and I don't want to make it stiff or formal at all.

"The women's club of the air" is what I would rather call it. I like to feel that the daily meetings of the General Electric Home Circle are really like a club, you know. A nice, friendly, homey sort of club where women from all over this great country of ours (for with more than 50 stations we do cover the whole country) can get together just as neighbors. We can't actually meet face to face, of course, but we can exchange ideas on all the hundreds of things that go into homemaking. And homemaking, to my mind, is the most important job a woman can have.

I think that, I suppose, because it has always been my job, at least since I got married. But I certainly never thought it would qualify me to direct a big radio program. "Why, you don't want ME!" was the first thing I said when the General Electric officials first suggested it to me. "I'm not famous. I'm not a radio personality. I'm just a wife and mother, like thousands of other women."

"That's exact—
(Continued on
page 88)



On December 20th, the English Singers will be the featured artists on the "Song at Twilight" program.



Jeanette Loff

AND here is another lovely lady of the stage whom the Nestlers have brought to the radio audience over the WJZ network. Miss Loff has won many friends as a motion picture star and it was in the making of talking pictures that she was discovered to have a good microphone voice. Her future therefore seems to be an assured success.

with **SHERLOCK**

A Midnight

By MARK

"OCT. 6.—Just 15-minutes of leisure before Sherlock Holmes (a radio broadcast.) All doors locked and all windows barred in anticipation of exciting time. Then we douse the lights and get deliciously frightened. Isn't it silly—two grown women with the mentality of children? When it's over we're too frightened to go to bed."

ABOVE is the second from the last item in the diary written by Miss Hedvig (Sammy) Samuelson before she herself and her companion were both mysteriously slain, their bodies hacked apart, packed into a trunk and started toward the Pacific to be buried beneath the waves.

No more grewsome case had ever confronted the great Sherlock Holmes in the mind of Conan Doyle, the author.

Discovery of the crime came through the keen observation of a station agent who had the courage and initiative to act on his suspicions when he saw a red trickle from a crack in the trunk and noticed that insects hovered about. All the horror of the Phoenix trunk murders soon became known to the whole world.

Owing to the diary entry unusual interest was manifest in the Sherlock Holmes program. How many others throughout the country were pulling down the blinds and turning out the lights as these two unfortunate women had done. Was this Sherlock Holmes of the air anything at all like the character he seemed to be? Just as I was considering ways and means of finding out the telephone rang and who should be at the other end but my old friend, John Skinner, a New York newspaper reporter.



Richard Gordon

"Certainly, I know Sherlock Holmes," he said. "His name is Dick Gordon, a gentleman, a scholar, and one of the finest fellows I ever knew. Detective? Ha, ha! Say, I'll get you up to one of his midnight

parties. You ought to know him—and we'll kill a few steaks at the witching hour, what say?"

"What say?" You know what I said to that. The invitation came a day or two later. I telephoned acceptance and was the first of a score of congenial souls to arrive at the NBC studios on Fifth avenue to attend the regular broadcast as a preliminary to the rendezvous that followed.

IDO not care to spoil any illusions you may have built up for yourself around the startling program by any minute description of what I saw. There is only this to say that Dick Gordon and Sherlock Holmes are two distinctly different personalities although they use the same body in this broadcast. When Gordon is Sherlock Holmes the person known as Gordon is a myth. The body is that of Holmes, lives, breathes, thinks, acts the character that you hear. But with the wave of the hand that signifies the program is ended and the mike is off then Sherlock Holmes is mysteriously dispersed into the shadows of the dimly lighted studio to hide there until the next broadcast the following week.

John brought Gordon over to the gang some of whom he had already met.

ALTHOUGH *Richard Gordon who plays the part of Sherlock Holmes in the NBC broadcast series seems to have such a shrewd understanding of criminology and often is consulted by authorities as to his theories considering real crimes he makes no false claims. It is all a show for him.*

This "midnight rendezvous" gives you a picture of Richard Gordon with the mask off. You find him a genial host in the Players Club and much candied walnuts prepared by his devoted wife, Emily Anne Wellman.

He stood in the center of the group, somewhat taller than average, broad shouldered, kindly smile wrinkles at corners of his eyes, skin dark and a little tanned, his hair wavy black. Clothes? I think they might be described as "semi-formal" if there is any such thing. At any rate he looked dressed up although my impression is he was not in full evening regalia.

We trundled off to the elevators and soon were splashing through a drizzling rain to the Players Club, a quiet old mansion in Grammercy Park sacred to the shelter of men only. The Players Club had in days of old been the residence of the great master actor, Edwin Booth. Paneled walls, high ceilings, old paintings, luxurious chairs—these we found as we were ushered into the lounge by our host. He told us something about Booth and the traditions of the place. Then he took us up to the third floor where he showed us the holy of holies, the very room and bed where the great actor had closed his eyes in the last scene for him on this earth. All had been meticulously preserved just as he had left it. A book lay open on the table where he had been reading it; nothing had been disturbed.

IMPRESSED and hushed we filed down the stairs to the main floor again and into the long dining room. Here all solemnity was cast aside. Servitors brought in heaps of delicious things to eat. Delicacies and knickknacks were placed about. This tryst with the great detective who made ladies shiver in fright from coast to coast had an auspicious beginning.

"Please try these sugared walnuts," he urged passing a heaped up plate of them. "They were prepared by Emily Anne, just especially for the occasion.

I should have known Emily Anne Wellman but John explained that she was Mrs. Gordon, an actress with many great successes to her record.

"And I'll just bet a million," said John, "she's up there in their home at

Rendezvous

HOLMES

QUEST

Stamford Connecticut imagining everything we are doing here where she is not allowed to come. You can tell—say try some more of these goodies. She fixes them better than anyone I ever knew.

“EMILY ANNE’S a little beauty too. Blonde, with a mind that gets you before you know what you are trying to say yourself. She bubbles over with life and vim. And you ought to sample some of her deep-dish apple pie. No doubt while it’s baking she is writing a broadcast sketch for Dick. Dick likes to fuss around in the kitchen with her. He’s great on making salads himself. But you know Emily Anne is a superb actress herself. She’s going back to the stage again soon for some character specialties similar to the acts performed by Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner.”

It was a long, leisurely dinner. Finally when the dishes were cleared away Dick introduced a magician. Standing up, or elbow to elbow at the table, this miracle worker performed tricks with cards that were simply unbelievable. He even had Sherlock Holmes stumped for deductions.

When the chatting became general I asked Skinner a few things about Dick who was expounding to some of those nearest him what a growing wonder Radio was becoming to him.

“Wait until he gets through and I’ll get him to tell you the dope himself. I know the history but it’s better coming from him,” said John Skinner. We turned to listen.

“Anyone who tells you he understands all about the technique of the microphone pick-up is either kidding himself or simply crazy,” said Dick. “I’m frank to say I consider every broadcast I make incomplete if I

Sherlock Holmes as you probably see him if you are one of the millions of fans who listen to this thrilling program.



haven’t learned something definite and new about the technique. The fine art of radio drama is just beginning to show. The possibilities of the future are simply beyond imagination. And I don’t mean television. For my part I’d rather let visible radio mature a while before taking it up too seriously. But the scope of our studio stage is almost unlimited as it now stands. Skill in producing a bit of sound over the microphone can set a complete stage in the mind’s eye almost instantly. A quick flash and that scene is shifted like a wink for another. How simple and yet how effective, for each listener dresses the stage according to his own fancy—”



Meet the Missus—Emily Anne Wellman.

“Pardon me, Dick,” John piped up, “but somebody just asked if you were English.”

“English? Heavens, no. However, it may interest you to know that my maternal grandfather was about to take the vows of celibacy in a monastery in Switzerland when he met my grandmother. She, I am told, was then about to enter a nunnery. Instead they fell in love with each other, ran away and got married. Later they came to America. She received License No. 1 as a practicing physician in New York.

“I remember as one of my earliest stage experiences. She was in the audience. I, on the stage, was in a scene where it appeared a hiding villain had marked me for his prey. Just as he was about to shoot there was a commotion below. Grandmother stood up and shouted. ‘Dick! Dick! Look out. There

he is behind that tree!’”

We could well imagine the consternation that spread over that startled audience.

“There was quite a lot of family discussion,” he said later, “before it was decided to let me choose my own career. I had it all fixed up that I was to go to the Philippines for the navy. But when I got to New York from our home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, my uncle balked at the whole idea. I was not so husky at the time and he was afraid my health would give out and I’d never come back alive. He called up my father by long distance and put an end to the whole plan.

“SO that had to be wiped off the slate and I concluded the next best thing for me that I would like to do was to study to become an actor. Quite shortly thereafter I was enrolled as a student at the American Academy Dramatic Arts. Three student comrades joined me when we had graduated and we opened a studio in New York to impart what we had learned to others. We gathered in one pupil who paid us one dollar a week for instruction. My uncle paid the rent. For several weeks that one dollar fed us. We bought ‘meat for the dog’ for ten cents. With another dime we bought greens. We cooked them together and made soup. Sometimes we did bits of entertaining at a near-by cafe and were given bread for our reward.

“One by one we found niches for ourselves and eventually the little studio
(Continued on page 96)

It Took Lew White to

“ORGANIZE”

Natural Bridge

By Harold E. Tillotson

“PROFOUND! Wonderful! And yet—” The tourist was trying to express his impressions as he beheld the wonderful Natural Bridge in Virginia, as it spanned the roadway 217 feet above. “I hear that from others. It needs something to sort of touch it off don’t it?” exclaimed John Temple, manager and one of the owners of the property.

“I get the feeling that comes to me when I attend a great opera—you might say, a feeling of music confined. A peal from the Angelic Choir should come pouring out of those rocks,” the tourist continued.

“Now maybe you’ve hit it, my friend,” said Mr. Temple. “But it would have to be something big like a band. Of course we never could afford to keep a band around to complete the picture.”

“Bands are all right, sir; but I have a feeling that the deep resonant tones of a mighty organ would be more appropriate. They would fit in with the spectacle of majestic grandeur—”

“Like you hear on the radio. You’re right! You’re right! Lew White the organist we hear up New York-way over the radio.”

As a result of this casual conversation Mr. Temple shortly afterward made a visit to New York and called on

various recording artists including Mr. White in his Broadway studios. They discussed ways and means of making a special series of records to be played through powerful amplifiers stationed within the arch and at the approaches

built man a little shorter than average height, who greeted him with all the affable hospitality a visiting Virginian could hope for so far away from his own friendly home.

They went down the little deck stairs to the reception room and met some of the musicians who had been practicing in the studios. From there they passed

into the audition room where they could look through a small window, just as in a regular broadcasting station, and see another group of musicians—a complete orchestra in fact, actually broadcasting. The Lew White studios are wired directly to the National Broadcasting Company transmission system.

“Just excuse me for a minute, Colonel,” said Mr. White. “I have a solo in there in about five minutes. You can see me through the window at the console, on the other side of the studio. I’ll have

to be all set to cut in at my cue.”

John leaned back in the soft cushions and watched Lew slide into his seat before that amazing terrace of ivory and black which he called a console. Soon Lew’s fingers stretched over the keys and music sprayed into the room. It seemed incredible to John that he could not hear the organ direct for the notes were now pouring out of the amplifier

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Lew White at his studio organ

of this magnificent exhibit of Mother Nature’s architectural handiwork.

The Virginian found Mr. White a congenial host as well as an artist. Instead of a great big organ in a crowded Broadway cubicle he found a \$200,000 suite of a dozen rooms in the heart of the theatrical district. In a small but luxuriously appointed loft above the other studios and rooms he found the “master weaver of melody,” a medium

Dis - a - Dis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

REFINEMENT of studio technique has been Columbia's principal contribution to the advancement of television during the last month. Simplification has figured prominently in the various trends at W2XAB.

Various sized platforms are being used to bring into focus full length projection. A new three screen drop apparatus has been mounted on the ceiling of the studio and operates on tracks controlled from a far corner of the room.

Black, silver and white curtains, on rollers similar to shades, are mounted on the track and any of the backgrounds are thereby made immediately available for use in projection of any kind of television feature.

These new background screens replace the old type wooden standard with the cumbersome base and rollers. Since the standard only covered a three foot square above the subject's waistline, it was highly impractical for use in the projection of boxing matches, dancing exhibitions and the like. The new screen apparatus covers the entire focal length of the studio and a foot outside at both ends. The silver screen is the least used since it is only useful in rare instances. The blonde with the light dress will always require the black screen while the reverse is for the white screen and so on. Intermediate situations are usually taken care of by the silver drop.

USE of platforms is really nothing to talk about but when the platforms have to be designed mathematically to insure good full focus pictures, that is another story. The CBS special platforms are staggered in size so that certain groups when placed together gives certain heights, which have been found to be proper for full focus. Small orchestral groups and en-

sembles are set up upon these platforms. Various level platforms are utilized for dancing so that the television camera may be focused on the feet for closeup of special steps.

During the last month it has been noted at CBS that more and more of the talented people who could do nothing for radio sound broadcasting are making an attempt to pioneer for television. They realize fully that there is no remuneration in experimental tele-



With the aid of a small model, Lieut. Alferd J. Williams, U.S.N., demonstrates flying manouevers before television audience at W2XAB. Tom Truesdale is at right.

vision but they have CONFIDENCE of an early dawning of commercial visual broadcasting. They are smart people.

Among these is Tashamira. Tashamira, whose real name is Vera Milcinovic, is the famous modernist dancer whose New York performances have created much favorable comment by the press.

Tashamira has been presenting a series of dances over W2XAB which will be continued throughout the Winter. These have been seen at many distant points despite the fact that the

dances are projected at a distance of seven feet from the photo-electric cells. Tashamira performs on a small platform and in white costume. Black screens are utilized thus giving direct opposite contrast and making for a clear picture.

Another outstanding contribution to the advancement of the art is the superimposed images process introduced by Edgar Wallace, chief television engineer. His arrangement which has been described in newspapers throughout the country makes it possible to super-impose living images from our studio projector on moving scenes made on small glass slides or film. Working models are now being tested in the Columbia laboratory.

INTEREST has become so intense in the new science that showrooms on Broadway have installed visual receiving apparatus over which most of them pick up CBS television broadcasting and project it out toward the Great White Way for the benefit of the surging millions nightly.

Methods of indirect lighting have also been introduced into Columbia studio technique so that artists may have some light while performing. This is especially advantageous for the boxing exhibitions. Heretofore the only light the fighters could have was that provided by the flying spot.

Charcoal sketch programs have proven to be one of the most effective visual broadcasts. "Follies of Life" a feature presented by Lon Hanlon, prominent illustrator, is considered by many lookers-in to be one of the outstanding programs broadcast over W2XAB. Hanlon, who has a keen sense of humor, arranges each week a series of drawings that can be quickly changed by an artist's technique to designate

(Continued on page 80)

NBC CUTS A FIVE CANDLE

Cake

'Twas the Fifteenth of November in Twenty-six
Broadcasting Was Found in a Heck of a Fix—
So they forged the first links of a National chain
And gave the dear listeners good programs again

WITH the problem of television dominating the interest of the radio world, a group of leaders in the industry pause at this time of the year to survey the achievement of sound broadcasting during the last five years.

The National Broadcasting Company, pioneer nationwide broadcasting company which was organized primarily to save the radio industry from a chaos brought on by a horde of unregulated upstarts, will remember that though it is great in accomplishment, it is small in the span of its life. The organization that serves half the nation's population with entertainment and instructional broadcasting celebrates a birthday and cuts a cake with only five proudly sputtering candles in a studio high above Fifth Avenue's surging traffic.

Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the youthful company and moulder of its development, and other contributors take inventory of their work, and undoubtedly heave justifiable sighs of satisfaction as they contemplate the coast-to-coast networks consisting of an association of eighty-three of the nation's leading transmitters, with a supplementary branch across the St. Lawrence in Canada. They doubtless think of the more than \$25,000,000 gross business on this fifth year in which these associated stations share. They will think also of the greatly improved broadcast service and the development of greater programs—religious, educational, international rebroadcasts, special broadcast events, sports, varied entertainment. They proudly consider how international boundaries, natural barriers and distances have been eliminated for the radio receiving set owner.

They are remembering how radio has developed since the turn of the century

By Thomas Williams



Merlin H. Aylesworth

when in 1904 Valdimir Poulsen, a Danish engineer, first harnessed the Duddell Musical Arc to a transmitter and projected the human voice some distance through the air.

In 1915 the United States Navy conducted long-distance experiments during which the human voice, projected from Washington D. C., was heard in Paris and Hawaii. The World War gave radio telephony its next great impetus, hastening the development, engineers estimate, by ten years.

AFTER the war amateurs everywhere experimented with radio telegraphy and radio telephony broadcasting and receiving equipment and then one of them, Dr. Frank Conrad, assisted by C. W. Horn, now general engineer for NBC, startled the world by inaugurating the pioneer broadcasting station, KDKA, for the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburgh,

by broadcasting the results of the Harding presidential election November 2, 1920.

Immediately after this, other stations sprang up like mushrooms all over the country. Among the leaders were WJZ, the Westinghouse station at Newark, N. J., with a converted cloakroom as the first studio, and WEAJ established and operated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. These two soon headed the two flimsy networks which were welded solidly by the National Broadcasting Company several years later.

So rapidly were other stations founded that the operators of WEAJ, realizing that the available broadcast channels were limited and that the operation expenses were prohibitive for most applicants, suggested that these applicants buy time on the established units and thus share part of the operation costs and at the same time profit by the publicity thus derived from association with a strong and popular transmitter. Thus came the first sponsored program and the American system of the free agent, instead of government monopoly, was created with every one entitled to equal privileges on the air.

Up to 1926 broadcasting was merely a by-product of various business enterprises, chiefly radio manufacturing. As long as the novelty prevailed any sort of program on the air could justify itself but the listening public began to grumble loud and long for improved service in entertainment.

The existing system had reached its limit of service and needed to be supplanted by an improved and progressive agent capable of rescuing the industry from a chaotic condition that threatened the life of all radio business.

(Continued on page 89)

Listeners to Elect

Beauty Queen of American Radio

Readers of Radio Digest to choose most beautiful radio artist in America--Stations from coast to coast, Canada and Mexico represented in search for Queen of Beauty

RADIO DIGEST is seeking the beauty queen of American radio. And we are asking our readers to be the voters.

When we sent an announcement of our plan to radio stations throughout the country we were a bit skeptical that

tions had for some time been selecting artists with an eye to the possibilities of television, but we were amazed when the stations began to send in their entries of the most attractive girl artists at their respective stations. North, east, south and west, stations have sent us

entered their choice beauties. Canada and Mexico are represented. It is truly a continental campaign.

This is going to be one contest where the readers of a magazine will select the person who in their judgment should head the list of beauties. But before

Zone One

Edith M. Bowes, CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEA, New York City.
Rosalind Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.

Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York, City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

Zone Two

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.

Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBO, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

Zone Three

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYZ, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFVB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyver, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.

there would be very many feminine artists attractive enough to make this a real race of beauty for the coveted crown.

We knew, of course, that a few sta-

photographs. In the east, the two big chains, as well as the most powerful independent broadcast stations sent in photos. Several of the radio chains in the southwest and in the west also have

going further here are the details of the entire plan of campaign.

First: Radio Digest asked each radio station to send us the picture of its most beautiful girl. Each station was

limited to one entry, making it necessary for them to stage elimination contests to determine upon the artist who is to represent them. A chain of stations was permitted to enter either one artist to represent the entire chain or to enter an artist from each of the stations owned or controlled by the chain.

THUS, in the case of the National Broadcasting Company, there is an entry from WEA, WJZ, WMAQ, WENR and other of the stations which it owns. In the case of a chain of stations extending across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, one artist was entered for the entire chain.

There are more than thirty entries of beautiful girls and this represents several hundred stations.

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

The entries from the second zone will appear in the rotogravure section in January Radio Digest.

Entries from the third zone will have their pictures in the February Radio Digest.

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

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most

beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

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

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture

HAVE you looked at the beauties from Zone One in the first twelve pages of roto-gravure? Well, that's just a starter. Next month Zone Two will have an inning and you'll be dizzy trying to choose the most attractive girl from this bevy. Hold everything until you see the rest of the entries in this unique campaign. And don't forget that the girls of the Golden West (Zone three) have yet to be seen.

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

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

of any kind in the election of the queen.

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

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

This is without question the greatest contest ever staged by Radio Digest. For the first time the readers of a magazine will have the opportunity by popular vote of determining the selection of a beauty queen. There will be no committee of artists or so-called experts to make the selection. You will do that. You are the voters and what you do and how you vote will determine the selection. We only count the ballots you cast.

Do your part to make this election a huge success. Cast your ballots each month or hold them if you want to. But be careful that you don't hold them too long. We are enthusiastic about this search for beauty; the radio stations are all keyed up about it; each hoping that their entry will be the winner. Do your part to make the race a hot one.

REMEMBER the first group of entries—artists in zone one—appear in the first twelve pages of roto-gravure in this issue of Radio Digest. The entries from the other two zones will appear in the next two issues. The complete list of entries appears in this issue. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

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

1.

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

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

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

Voters Name

Street City, State

Edith M. Bowes



DEEP blue eyes and golden hair and a soprano voice that charms listeners at CNRH in the Nova Scotia Hotel, Halifax, a key station of the Canadian National Railways transcontinental network, extending from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.



Catherine Fields

AN accomplished musician is this young lady who entertains over WEAF and the NBC Red Network. She is a soprano soloist and plays the violin as a concert soloist and she is proud of the fact that she won a Juilliard scholarship for both.



A PIONEER of the air, whose popularity seems to grow with the passing of time. She is a dramatic artist and she may be heard on Collier's radio hour over WJZ and the NBC Blue Net. She is one of the busiest artists at NBC and appears before the mike in various programs.

Rosaline Greene



Estelle Happy

YES, that's her real name and she lives up to it at WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut. She is considered the most attractive performer of the year at that station.

Ethelyn Holt

FIVE feet four inches of blond beauty. Ethlyn is one of the reasons why the television studios at Columbia, W2XAB, are so popular.





Harriet
Lee

HER beautiful contralto voice is heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia net. She was declared Radio Queen at the recent Radio Fair in New York. Miss Lee represents the CBS in Radio Digest's search for the beauty queen of American radio.

Verna
Osborne


VERNA is one of the Moonbeam Girls of WOR and also soprano soloist with the Choir Invisible at that station. She won first place in the Atwater Kent contest in 1929; has achieved considerable success on the stage and expects soon to realize another ambition—to become an airplane pilot.





Mary O'Rourke

MARY is a specialist and the listener audience in New England dial WPAW at Providence, Rhode Island, to hear her sing blues numbers . . . imitations of Sophie Tucker, Ruth Etting, Al Jolson and other theatrical celebrities. And can she cook! Umm mm pies 'n' things. Her favorite hobby is sports—baseball, hockey and basketball. What a girl!



Lillian Parks

SHE receives more fan mail than any other artist at WCDA in lower New York. Lillian is less than five feet tall in high heeled shoes and is embarrassed when the mike is lowered for her. Outside of answering personally every fan letter she receives her chief activity is bringing cheer to shut-ins and visiting hospitals.



Christine
Perera

BLACK hair, black eyes, black eyelashes — Spanish soprano of Havana. Miss Perera sings at CMBT. One of these days you may hear her on one of the chains. She is studying English and New York is the Mecca of her dreams.

**Nina
Tonelli**

A NEWCOMER to Eastern airlines who made her Eastern debut at WLWL. She is a lyric coloratura soprano; protegee of Geraldine Farrar and appeared with the San Carlos Opera Company. Miss Tonelli established a record in the West by giving the entire performance of Blossom Time in a two and one-half hour radio program.





Mary
Williams

MARY, Mary, quite contrary? Don't let that red hair fool you. Look at those grey-blue eyes that seem to have the ghost of a smile buried deep and that quirky mouth. That's the real Mary. Ask anybody at WMCA, where this popular dramatic soprano has endeared herself to everybody at the station and with the dial twisters as well.

Remote Control from Jigget's, S. E.

HOWDY folks, Howdy, howdy. Hello everybody—and you too Mike. Hey! Hey! Looks like a swell evenin' ahead for us here at the Jiggets Dancatorium. And whatta night for fun. Snappy cold outside but cozy as a cricket by the hearth with the boys and girls here at the Jigget's Hippity-hop. Whoopee, there's my old friend Ferdie Snifflebeezer—whoa, steady there Ferd, old boy. And is he havin' fun! Hate to keep you waitin' for the band, folks, but they're all down stairs in the cellar havin' an argument whether the Jigget cider is really sweet or has just a touch of zest that makes the world go 'round. It's like a big club here. An' everybody seems to belong. Of course I'm just one of the guests myself an' I don't want to seem presumptuous but I'm sure the Jigget brothers will back me up if I say put on the old wadding and your ear muffs an' toddle over. Better stop in for the girl friend an' say will we have fun! It takes a little coin to keep the instruments oiled so better be prepared with a two spot when they pass the hat, or maybe they'll tag you at the door. Just wanted to remind you. Take no offense. One hates those embarrassments. Ah a little commotion from below. Here comes Yuba the Swede who traded his tuba for a piccolo. And he's been down there takin' part in that cider barrell debate. Why Yuba, you old silly. Well how was it? Sweet? No! Well, I declare, now ain't that tew bad. Oh, you mean it is all right. Well what do you mean? You don't have to whisper. So? So? Well I—and Gus stepped through the drum, you say. What did he have it down there for? Speak up, what? Oh, nobody knows. Folks, excuse me for stopping to gab with Yuba. I guess everything's ok now. They're all coming in and they look very musical. Now, will you look who's here—just blew in from the cold outdoors—Irene, all fluffy in a great big fur drift. Sweetest thing you ever saw. Irene! Irene! Don't you hear me calling you, come up here? Yeah, right here, an' sing that little song the—ah, why that Eskimo Love Song—I'll be waiting for you by the old igloo. Goin' to hear Irene sing now, folks, an' the band's all steamed up ready to shove off. The evenin's just starting folks. Room for a few more couples. All right Irene.



The Goofus Becomes Wayne King's Lucky Charm.

Goofy over Goofus

ON ANOTHER page Ann Steward tells you of her experience in trying to net the intangible Something that cavorts about the ventricles of a man's heart and makes him either a valiant hero or a darn fool. She picked for her clinic Mr. Wayne King whose sun is now looming over the national horizon. She did a neat job of it, we think; turned him inside out and he'll never look the same again. Offhand we'd say he's better stuff than we thought; but we'd never thought a devil of a lot one way or another about him anyway.

Imagine a man in his position learning to fly and making a grand hop from Chicago to Denver before the newspapers ever got a line of type on it! But this Goofus thing was funny. It seems they tried over and over again to catch it and put it on paper but it always eluded them. Other orchestras were yelping and demanding but just as they thought they had it by the tail with salt an inch thick it flittered into something else. "Give us Goofus," chorused the dancers. So the musicians went Goofus.

What is a Goofus? You couldn't call Wayne King or members of his orchestra Goofuses. But it had to be something. One of his admirers thought it might take substance and being and have a form something like the above. The Waltz King looks non-committal but not displeased. He probably thinks, "Well at last we've got you, Goofus. And is that the kind of a bird you turned out to be!"



"Come on Irene, tell the folks how the hot Eskimos make love. Sing that funny part where she tells him how she makes blubber pie, oh my, he'd sigh—and all that."

The Old Maestro Gives FAIR WARNING

*Wants His Foto to Be Lesson to All . . . Ask
Ben What Happened to Gene Tunney
. . . Mystery of the Iron Finger*

DEAR INDI:

AT LAST I have the picture of the Old Maestro I have been waiting for all these years and am sending it to you herewith. I hope you'll like it. I maintain that it is a very striking pose in spite of the fact that some of my friends declare there seems to be something missing. But it is virile and shows me off to good advantage.

So many people think that a violin player is nothing more than a fiddler—just another fiddler fiddling his way through life without getting into the heat of battle and knuckling down to hard realities. But I am different that way as you may see by this picture. Those two brawny dukes can swing something besides a frail little bow. You will remember the iron finger I showed to you and to all the world out there at Hollywood Gardens in Westchester last summer.

Do not forget to tell my dear radio friends that I earned that finger in bloody man-to-man combat. It was no mere thimble as some of my detractors have intimated. A weak fiddler am I? Let the man whose face stopped that steel riveted fist of mine tell you. Just look at those bulging biceps, that powerful right, especially. (Don't pay much attention to the left, please, because it doesn't do me full justice—although the forearm is nothing to be sneezed at with immunity—or should I say impunity?).



The Old Maestro is not given to idle boasting but after all one cannot refrain from refuting insinuations that a violin player is only just a fiddler. Here you see a fiddler without his bow and fiddle though I am told I should blush for also being without various other conventional accoutrements. But here you see a man's man stripped for action—a

he-battler out to defend his honor, his home and his nation. I say "nation" advisedly for if a man goes forth to battle he should then of all times show his true colors as I am doing here.

It has come to me that certain people (and let them beware for I know who they are and am giving warning here and now) have insinuated other motives for the display of the flag. They say that besides being a fiddler I am a showman and a psychologist; that Old Glory is there simply to arouse a cheer for me. (That's another dastardly lie and I stand ready to break another finger to prove it). What has psychology to do with it? Well the same miscreants say that if I should get into a fight I would kid myself into feeling I have the whole United States army and navy in back of me to see me through; and that furthermore they have even gone so far as to say I have strings attached to the flag so that I can at a moment's notice jerk it to any part of my anatomy which seems to be threatened,



believing that my antagonist would stop dead in his tracks before he would dare strike the nation's flag. And while he was hesitating, they say, I would take a coward's advantage and hit him with his defenses down. That is even worse than the insinuation that I had the bright idea that the mere sight of stars on the flag would make my antagonist think of what would happen if he should get a bust in the eye, thus arousing a fear complex making it easy for me to win.

I scarcely think it is necessary for me to deny to readers of Radio Digest, and especially the Indi-Gestians, that such despicable insinuations are utterly without foundation. I believe in a give-and-take philosophy, and in a case of fist-cuffs it is better to give than to receive, ha, ha!

After all the Old Maestro's torso deserves a bit of credit as a thing of manly pulchritude, don't you think? As I say, I detest boasting, but one must at times blow the horn as well as play the fiddle. At least that's what I say and I feel that I have a perfect right to say it. Note the erect figure, the broad Dempsey-like shoulders, the staunch foot placement, or "stanch" as



Above is a listener's idea of how the Dear Little Nitwits look

they say on the links. Pay no attention to the canard that I posed this picture as an advertisement for a garter concern—that's just another one of those infamous prevarications intended to reflect on my sacred honor and integrity.

I hope that all my defamers will see this picture and let it be a lesson to them. I have no malicious intentions toward anyone but should occasion require I want it to be perfectly understood I am prepared to act.

Just between us, ladies and gentlemen, and please don't repeat it, but I wonder if any of you have heard much about Gene Tunney doing any fighting lately? What I mean is, since the time I broke my finer in a little brawl that some of the papers have mentioned, I don't mind stating that Gene and I had a slight argument about that time and we haven't been seeing much of each other since. It seems he's through trying to settle disputes with his fists. If you are really my friends you can read between the lines—and I say again, I hope you like it.

Forever and forever yours,
BEN BERNIE
The Old Masterbilt

Nitwits as a Fan Fancies Them

DEAR INDI:

WITHOUT ever having seen any of the dear Little Nit-Wits I have drawn my idea as to how they look, just from hearing them over my radio. (The picture is shown above.) First in line at the left is Mrs. Van Rattletrap. I know I have seen people who talk just as she sounds to me. From my mental gallery of pictures of funny people I have met she usually beams around on everybody like that.

Now Snowball is fairly obvious. But you see him more often on the stage than you do in real life—at least that's my opinion as I see the type around here in Washington, D. C. Sandy McTavish has a pipe in his mouth the

way I see him, but he's always neat and well dressed for a Scotchman.

As for Brad Browne I've got him pictured as a real smart looking chap rather than a Nitwit. Very gallant, polite and invariably in evening dress (I wonder if he goes to bed with those clothes on). Prof. Musclebound—ooh! A hairy chested giant wearing a leopard skin and tossing half-ton weights around like a child plays with blocks. There's a chap I really want to study more because somehow I'm not at all sure whether he has hair on top of his head or not. I fancy it's either shaved off or he is simply bald. How do I get that impression? Don't ask me, I couldn't begin to tell you.

Aphrodite Godiva is nearest what I would call a real Nitwit—a silly little flapper, wonderful to behold but not very strong above the eyebrows. She's not so tall and is rather petulant, if you know what I mean. She likes to show off and tantalize the boys. I have a feeling she's a blonde but of course that's just an impression. She's certainly a good one to play the part and I wonder if she really looks at all like she sounds to me. Maybe she will write me if she sees this and send me her picture as she really looks, I wish she would. I'm just curious, that's all.

There are two more males in the sketch, Indi, and I am going to leave it to you to guess which is which from my idea of how they look. One is Succatash and the other is Gabriel Horn. I have identified them from the way they sound to me and it is up to you to identify them from the way they look to you in this picture. I am sure you have often heard them on the air.

Moka de Polka wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for her delivery. She sounds like the Old 848 steaming up the grade over Mulberry Mountain. Every time she sings I wonder if she is going to make it or will have to back down and get another running start.

I certainly enjoy the Nitwits and I hope I'll never see them because I want to think of them as I have drawn them in the picture. Of course I make exception to Aphrodite Godiva—if I'm wrong about her I'd like to know it.—J. L. DeWitt, Jr., 1731 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

P. S. I have missed the Nitwits for the past two weeks. Hope I'll be hearing them again, soon. J. L. D. W.



Colonel Stoopnagle disguised as Santa Claus brings gifts to some of Columbia's good little boys. From left — Jack Miller, Arthur Tracy and Bing Crosby

Christmas at Grandma STOOPNAGLE'S

By Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle

THERE'S a certain something about the yule-tide season that sort of gets under my skin. But before I go any further, don't you think that they should show the **backs** of taxi-drivers' heads on their license cards instead of the front? Nobody hardly ever sees them face-to-face. But after all, if we're going to talk about the Xmas (Christmas to you) season, let's get started on it and never mind the taxi-drivers.

As I look back upon my childhood, the thing that stands out most clearly **should** be, since this is a story of Christmas, the regular family gathering at good old Grandma Stoopnagle's. However, if the truth were known, I should confess that this outstanding memory is of a good licking I got with the back of a hairbrush on the back of a young Stoopnagle for squirting fizz-water down my brother Herman's pantleg during the soup course.

We children used to look forward to Christmas dinner at Grandma Stoopnagle's from December 26th until December 24th the next year,—that's how much we looked forward to it. And what a great kick Grandma used

to get out of preparing that meal! She'd call in the cook and say something like this: "Nasturtium, the children are coming for dinner tomorrow, as usual. Go out and fetch a whopping turkey and cook it." My, what a kick that dear old lady had out of getting up a Christmas dinner. And then Nasturtium would say: "And what else, Mrs. Stoopnagle?" and Grandma would say: "Oh, figure it out for yourself. What the deuce do you think I'm hiring you for?" And with that, Nasturtium would trip out of the living room, stumble over Beelsby, the butler, and slide into the kitchen on her—well, on her clean linoleum.

I won't say much more about that dinner except to tell you that it was eaten with a zest. In fact, my brother and I used forks and knives. They couldn't fool us! And afterwards wine was served, but of course not to us children. We snuck out in the pantry and grabbed off a couple of shots of rock and rye on the sly.

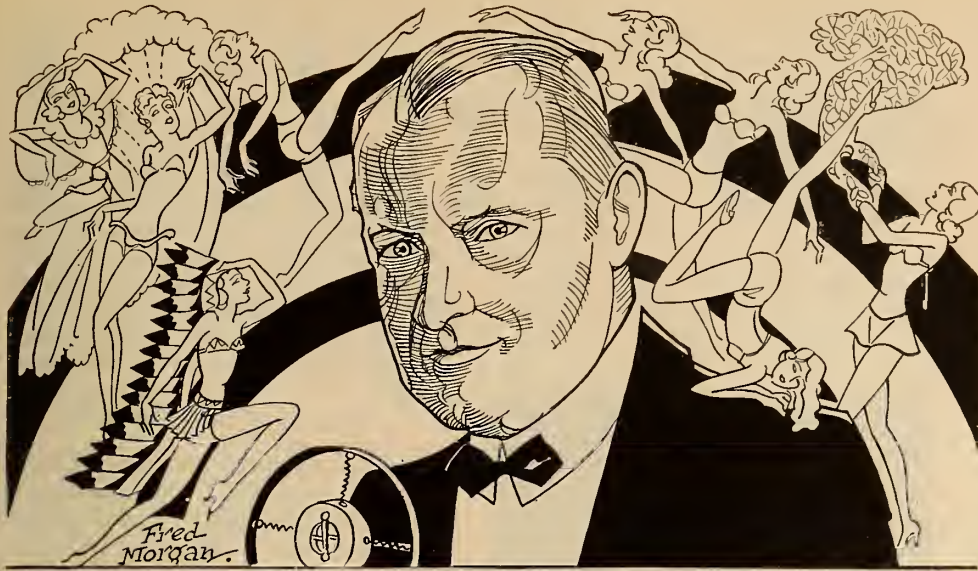
After the repast was over, Grandma would sit down at the zither and strike up a ragtime tune, to the strains of

which we would all meander into the living room, where what do you think was there? A great big dandy ever-green, resplendent in its tinsel and gretsal, flotsam and jetsam. Grandma herself, we were led to understand, cut down the pretty tree with her own axe. (Since then we have found that Grandma was just joking in her quaint way and that the truth of the matter was that Beelsby did it disguised as Grandma.) Around the base of the tree, neatly tossed in a great pile, were presents for all of us. Neckties, bits of chocolate fudge, collar-buttons, brazil nuts and all manner of surprise goodies. After circling the tree in a circle nineteen times, singing I HEAR A THRUSH AT EVE, we all dived into the pile of stuff at a shot from Grandma's howitzer and the fun was on.

In case it happens you're intrigued at all by this simple little story and want a bid to the next Christmas party, you might as well get the idea right out of your mind. Grandma Stoopnagle died.



TO GET onto the tuba you really have to get into it. Alex Horst at KOA is an old master at tuba tooting. Sometimes he plays two or three at one time. To play the bass and baritone at the same time he has to take off his coat and vest. But when he adds the tenor tuba then he takes off almost everything but his hat and shoes. The wooden shoes give a knobby effect.



There's a kick in the voice of Will Oakland as it comes over the air from WOR, Newark, and Lord knows, there's a reason. He sings from Terrace Garden in the center of things like this.

freshman who has been dunked in a horse trough becomes a dunkee.

* * *

Score 1 on Ted

Ted Husing announcing the Yale-Army game over CBS: "There goes the gun and the game is over, ending in a scoreless tie 6 to 6." Is my arithmetic wrong, or have they changed things since the good old days of the little red schoolhouse? Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th ave., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

A certain announcer who went from WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich. to WGN, Chicago and I heard him say from there "This is W-O-O-G-N, Chicago." Just a Slipcatcher, Lorraine Marie Gallant, 350 Diamond ave., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

I-X-L Ranch Listens

'Twas a lonely place, was the I-X-L
When winter snows came down
Things froze up, the roads blocked
Not a chance to get to town.
The Old Man bought a radio
And that sure makes things swell
For the lonesome days we know no more
The Big Town's close to I-X-L.

Each evening here at the ranch we hear
Every darn bit of the latest news—
Stars from all the Broadway plays,
Hot old jazz and the latest blues;
Then on Sunday we hear the sermon too
And the chant of the old church choir
Just wonderful what that radio can do
Different each night, we never tire.
—From David Francis Bolger, 620 W. Temple st., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Did you hear last night on the Lucky Strike program the announcer when he said, "That's Why Darkies Were Born

HITS « QUIPS « SLIPS

By **INDI-GEST**

Yes Man

BOSS: —
"Space? What do you mean more space? Do you think we're running a Ballyhoo or something?"

Indi:—"Yes sir."

Boss:—"That's news to me. How about some space in roto? Would that do?"

Indi:—"Yes sir."

* * *

Of course the Hiquislips didn't get in the other four pages just ahead of this but it all belongs to us Indi-Gestians just the same. Whee! So here we go for the Indi-Scribes.

* * *

A Pore Joke

Comes a letter from the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J. "Heard Ruth Jordan say to John Fogarty after he had finished a song on the Sunshine Hour, NBC, 'Thank you, Mr. Fogarty, and do you keep your pores clean?'" If that doesn't agitate your funny bone you'd better consult your doctor about it for the story comes from Adele McCullough, M.D.

Catch That Slip!

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

Hee, Haw!

Kathleen Nichols writes in from Michigan State College at Lansing and wants to know whether Doc Rockwell and Graham McNamee have come to any decision regarding the respective merits of dunking and crumbling. She wants to know because she thinks the next question to be decided should be whether a



It takes Virginia Gardner to put the ax to the bore. Death Valley Days is different, and you are on edge till the last villain bites the dust.

by special permission of the copyright owners?" Miss Bethia Pahnke, 200 Cannon ave., Kankakee, Ill.

* * *

Shucks!

Don't worry if your job is small
And rewards are few
Just remember that the great oak
Was once a nut like you.

So quoth Leila Eppley, 898 Seventh st., Wyandotte, Mich., and she says she heard it over WENR, Chicago.

* * *

Was It You?

Helen Roane, 106 Castro st., Norman, Okla., sends us the following poem, which draws the \$5 prize.

Advertiser's Ode to Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Skin deep, for I can see
Your rosy cheeks are of Princess Pat,
And Lucky Strikes have reduced your fat.

Thy lovely skin I love to touch
Is made by Milkweed Cream and such
As the Fleischmann's Yeast you eat so much.

Those tender lips, of Coty's red
Make others jealous, so 'tis said.
There are no circles 'neath your eyes,
For you're Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-wise.

Your fingertips with Cutex shine
And because of Pepsodent your teeth
look fine.

You hair is waved with La Gerardine,
And Crisco's used to give it sheen.
All in all, you're quite a queen!

* * *

Shocking!

Dear Indi: A radio announcer over WHO, Des Moines, does not know his Kipling. After he speaks glowingly of the Harvest Season he says he will quote a few lines from Kipling and he said: "The frost is on the corn and the pumpkin is in the shock." Geraldine Cleaver, Anita, Ia.

* * *

Estey and Niagra Nell

Last month we published a page prepared by Niagra Nell and Estey, two of our staunch and loyal Indi-Scribes. But they didn't want to be identified in connection with it. Since then Estey has called on us and we have had a long letter from Niagra Nell. Now it can be told. These two met through the Indi-Gest department. They live in different towns but they have become very close friends. Here is a bit from a letter from Niagra Nell:

Like Edna I'm ever so indebted to INDI for having forwarded her letter of a year ago to me. Our correspondence ever since then has been one of the big things in my life . . . and she has grown to mean more to me than any other friend whom I have met in

the usual manner. Through writing, I think that we have learned to know each other inside out, and far better than two people would ever get to know each other through personal contact. One often *writes* much more of one's true self than one would say.

And since getting so much that is worthwhile from Edna, and having enjoyed the privilege of knowing two invalids through the correspondence route . . . I've conceived the idea of a correspondence club of folks who are interested in radio . . . have many empty hours . . . and enjoy *friendly* contact with fellow-fans . . . well, to me it would be just ideal. But for the life of me I don't know how to go about such a procedure. Doubtless one would run into all sorts of snags . . . but that's life, what?

The two invalids I mention . . . one was "Auntie" of Syracuse, N. Y., perhaps you heard of her. She passed on last spring, and everyone at Columbia felt that going. Mr. Naftzger had asked me to write to her . . . and such a personality as she had!!! The sort one wonders why is often not spared to the living? Mr. Taylor asked me to write to the other invalid . . . a fan of his, whom he had never met . . . and this very afternoon I'm expecting to go out to Hamburg to really truly meet her. Radio is a new lease on life to her, and she does enjoy hearing from Edna and me.

So . . . if Radio Di has any invalid listeners tucked up it's sleeve, that could stand NN-ing . . . do give me their names and addresses. I love to write letters . . . and particularly radio ones!! And if they brighten up a few dull, drab lives . . . it is something worthwhile, isn't it?

Which reminds me: In ST's last letter she writes . . . "no, you're not the least bit like your letters—there's no reconciling the two—impossible." So you see . . . from one who has written to me for over a year, and met me at the end of it . . . NN is after all, just another Jeckyll-Hyde creature! But horrors! Which is which??????

Yours sincerely,
Niagra Nell,
Radio Raver.

* * *

God bless Niagra Nell. She practices what she preaches. The foregoing letter was followed by a double post script. The first told of her visit to the invalid lady in which she said: "Just back from Hamburg . . . and if you could but see the poor soul. Don't believe she ever will get out of bed again. And radio . . . it's absolutely the only diversion she has. The set is right beside her bed. She can tune it as she fancies. She dotes on letters, they're next in importance to her radio. Surely there must be hundreds of others who are in the same boat. She is so grateful for everything and she deplores complaints of people who are sour about the advertising."

The second postscript was just a line scribbled on the margin which said: "The aforementioned invalid is not a subscriber to Radio Di. She buys it by the month. Wherefore I enclose my check for her year's subscription. N. N."

Now Estey wrote a nice letter too but we're saving that up for next time. Let's get back to the Hiquislips again.

* * *

The Vamp

Heard over Station KMTR Breakfast Club program. A gentleman having just finished his vocal number, and the audience having applauded, the announcer was heard to say, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, that was *Just a Fool Who Loves.*" Miss Florence Rottner, 4915 Wadsworth st., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

During the Blue Monday Jamboree broadcast from KGO, San Francisco, I heard the following: A kind hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said, "What now, my little man?" The boy answered "Run like everything. That's what I'm going to do." Theron G. Cady, U. S. Veterans Hospital, Palo Alto, Calif.

* * *

Simply Slips

Though Webster all his life did seek
For each and every word
Announcers very often speak
Some Webster never heard.

I'm for the Mike-man, though he shakes
Tschaiskowsky into chow,
He only airs the same mistakes
That I make oft, and how!

—From Bertha Raffetto, 629 Lander st., Reno, Nevada.

* * *

I heard this over WXYX: "Why is a wife called the Mrs.? Because she misses her husband when he's out of an evening but she never misses him when she throws things at him." Sadie Stevens, R.F.D. No. 4, Belleville, Mich.

* * *

"Baby of Mine"

If I could radio Heaven,
To a dear little lad up there.
I'd know just where to find him,
Safe, in the Holy Mother's care.
That morn, when the Angels came for him,
They carried my grief-crazed plea,
Until I too, Crossed over the Bar,
Would she Mother my baby for me.

See, I was afraid he'd be lonely,
The dear little Heavenly guest.
I wondered if the Angels would sing him,

The songs he loved the best.
If I could radio Heaven,
I'd just sing *Ninety and Nine*,
Then he'd know, he was not forgotten,
That dear, blessed baby of mine.

—From Margaret L. Anderson, 530 Cloverdale rd., Montgomery, Ala.

Silhouettes

By CRAIG B. CRAIG

Adele Vasa

ADELE VASA—Truly of royal blood—descended directly from a King.

Concert and operatic soprano. Small girl, just five feet. Weighs but 120. Big brown eyes. Brown hair. Fair complexion with that smooth silky skin.

You've heard her sing. She's just as nice as her voice. One of radio's outstanding sweethearts. When she talks there is a lilt in her voice you can't miss.

Started five years ago, professionally, with Paramount Publix. Her first broadcast was over WEAJ with Roxy's Gang when they opened the new theatre.

She'll never forget that first night. Goose pimples as big as goose eggs stood out all over her. She was scared stiff. Even now she's nervous before a broadcast. Lots of rehearsals necessary.

Gets plenty of fan mail and plenty of kick out of it. Answers most of it. Many of the letters are marriage proposals. Most of these from young boys. They're too late. She's married. Married to a big shot in radio too.

HAS done lots of travelling. Been around the world. Likes Berlin best on the other side and New York over here. Every diversion you want can be found here in Gabby Gotham.

Descended directly from Gustavus Vasa, founder of the Vasa line of Kings. The first King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus and his descendants ruled for many years Sweden, Denmark and Norway. The last two countries having become independent of comparatively recent years.

Most of her clothes are blues and reds, or those combining these colors. Blue is her favorite color.—Her car is that color too—it's a Rolls-Royce.

Believes there is no better exercise



Adele Vasa

than a stiff game of tennis. She's rather good at it too.—Reads a lot. Romantic stories. Particularly fond of good biographies.

Tires of New York night life. Seen

THE author of this series which *Radio Digest* has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the *Financial Digest*.

it all. It's too strenuous and not worth the grind. Very much overrated. Alright as a novelty but not as a steady diet.

Plays piano but likes violin best—soulful. She's a soulful person. For instance the end of the day makes her sad.—She likes storms. Their power makes you realize what an infinitesimal part you play in the general scheme of things.

Doesn't prepare any special dish, but relishes shell food and can eat shore dinners till the cows come home. Drinks quantities of milk. Smokes occasionally. Not as a habit but rather that those who do may be at ease.

Just lies around for relaxation. Whistles slightly while lounging around. Slightly because she can't do any better.

Goes to bed about midnight. Up at eight sharp.—Has no pajamas. Thinks they're the bunk. Wears nighties. Sleeps on her left side. Very still.

Traffic delays annoy her. Something ought to be done about it. Gets along with cops alright, because she never argues with them. Think what you want but don't say it, as far as they are concerned. It saves time and fines.

Regardless of what others may think, she thinks Newark, N. J., is one great place. The answer being that she was born and raised there. All the credit for her success goes to one Adele Vasa. She pulled a lone oar.

Has a preference for tall men who have lots of personality. Sincerity is their best quality and should be deeply imbedded.

Woman's greatest natural charm lies in a glorious head of hair. They should give it lots of attention to keep it in the pink of condition. Moreover believes in the liberal use of cosmetics for the enhancement of woman's beauty. She herself uses only lipstick.

According to her, radio is as near perfection now as possible. Television will be the next constructive move. Better continuities in the present programs would help.

Her big embarrassing moment occurred once while playing in Atlanta. (Continued on page 87)

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

What Will Radio Do to Our Language?

WHAT influence does radio have on the nationally spoken language? Will our sectional dialects disappear? How does our English compare today with what it was five or ten years ago?

These are questions that come up as a result of the annual presentation of the diction award by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Just as we go to press we are informed that the 1931 medal has been presented to John Holbrook of the National Broadcasting Company at New York.

This is the third medal presented to announcers at 711 Fifth avenue, New York. Can it be possible that this particular locale has really manifested a superior sort of English? We do not have the data by which the awarding committee came to its decision. We do know that young Holbrook—he is only 25—was born in Boston, has lived in Mexico and finished school at Bishops College School in Lennoxville, Que., in 1926.

Hamlin Garland, chairman of the academy's radio committee, in presenting the medal said Holbrook's voice combined the best "English english and American english." He spoke highly of the winner's "taste, pronunciation, grace and authority in the use of words."

"In making our third award," said Mr. Garland, "we have found a decision more difficult for the reason that the general level of announcers has risen."

He declared further that the Anglo-American standardization of English speech by the microphone and the talking screen could not be stopped. "The question which concerns us is whether this standardization is proceeding along the right lines," he said, "The radio is even now the chief educative factor in this process. If standards are to be universally adopted, it is important that they should be fine."

It appears that our best "American english" is located on Fifth avenue, although honorable mention was given to David Ross, whose diction is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System microphones on Madison avenue, a block to the east. William Abernathy, announcer at Washington, D. C., and Sen Kaney, announcer at Chicago, were also given honorable mention.

Doubtless every announcer in America will be interested in this award. Every announcer will study the diction of Mr. Holbrook and the two previous Fifth avenue winners, Milton J. Cross and Alwyn Bach. Complaints have already been made that some announcers succeed by imitating others. If all the other announcers fall into the Fifth avenue style, and the listeners follow the style of the announcers will the standardization of our American English be strictly Fifth avenue?

What will become of our delightful Jawa drawl, our down East, our Southwest and our Western style? Will local pride keep them alive or will the younger generation consider it smart to speak "Fifthavenese?"

And this process of language standardization is feeling the touch of radio in other countries and other languages.

"Radio will in time polish off local dialects and at the same time make the common language richer in words, and the use of those words better understood," says Professor Otto von Friesen of the University of Upsala, Sweden in a recent interview. Professor von Friesen is an internationally known linguist and a member of the Swedish Academy which annually picks the winner of the Nobel prize in literature. In Sweden it is a studied purpose to broadcast talks by representatives of all dialects, and, if anything, to foster the use of local dialects. However, this will not deter the broader use of the national language, according to the theory of Professor von Friesen. Forgotten words and words used only in local dialects will be restored to general use.

The same effect is felt in Germany where it is claimed that the German stage had hitherto wielded the greatest influence in common use of the national language.

Big Drive on Eastern Front

EVER since the Columbia Broadcasting System scooped all the newspapers in the country with its on-the-spot narration of the Columbus prison fire the guns of some of the daily newspapers have been bearing toward the line of broadcasting. Open hostility broke out at the newspaper publishers' convention last summer. Small newspapers have been sniping through their editorial columns throughout the country. Except from the standpoint of the advertiser and the public (the two most important parties) a status of "competitive media" has now been reached which augurs little good for anyone.

Meanwhile radio has become so beloved and popular throughout the country, "making the whole world kin," that an open and above-board campaign against it could not react very favorably. In certain quarters, however, every weakness of radio has been eagerly seized upon and exploited to the limit. Radio news has been gradually squeezed out of position. Logical identification of program lists has been curtailed to the annoyance of both reader and the broadcaster.

Perhaps the first open skirmish along a definitely drawn line was related in Radio Digest recently. It involved the broadcast of a murder trial in Los Angeles in which there was a wide public interest. Microphones were placed in the courtroom. The local newspapers brought pressure to bear, according to the broadcasters, and the microphones were ordered out by the judge who forgot to be impartial. They were set up in an adjacent room and again were compelled to move. They were set up again just outside the courthouse—and the first traditions of newscasting were established.

The Western Front has been fairly active ever since.

It was not until the morning of November 12th that the Eastern Front suddenly burst into flame. Mike Porter who conducted a radio column in the New York Journal opened

(Continued on page 86)

G A B A L O G U E



Samuel Goldwyn and Ronald Colman, welcome Nellie Revell to Filmland.

HOWDY, friends. Here's where I join the rapidly increasing ranks of the debunkers. Everybody, it seems, is debunking something or other these days, so I guess I've got to toss my Eugenie in the ring, too. It's all because a lady in Schenectady wants to know about the Wild West days of John White, NBC's Lonesome Cowboy of "Frontier Days." To start with, Miss Schenectady, John White is neither a cowboy . . . nor is he lonesome. (I must admit, though, that he certainly sounds that way over the radio . . . when he strums his guitar and sings those plaintive ballads of the Western trails.)

However, John White can claim to be a synthetic cowboy. He once spent a summer on a "dude ranch," in Arizona, but the nearest he ever came to milking a cow, was to open a can of condensed milk. And he never rounded up a steer in his life . . . without somebody gave him a wrong steer. Moreover, the Lonesome Cowboy doesn't even look like a cowboy. He's a dapper, smooth-shaven "city feller" type of man still in his twenties. What's more, instead of spurs, he wears spats.

WHITE is a native of Washington, D. C. He spent most of his life in the Capitol and after being graduated from the University of Maryland, worked as sports writer on a

Washington newspaper. In the summer of 1926, he got his first sight of a cowboy when he went to visit his brother's "dude ranch" in Arizona. These bona fide prairie hounds taught White a number of frontier ballads dating back to the days of Buffalo Bill and Billy the Kid. White came back East with a collection of these melodies . . . also some spurs and a cowboy suit which he donned when he sang at social gatherings. It wasn't long before he applied to the New York studios of NBC for an audition. He clicked . . . and thus was born the Lonesome Cowboy.

I realize that the task of pricking illusions is a thankless one . . . but while I'm in the debunking business, candor compels me to break down and confess that George Frame Brown is a native of Seattle, Washington. Which is just about as far from the scene of his rural sketches as you could possibly go without a passport. And he never saw New England, or the people he so capably portrays until he was 25 years old.

Mr. Brown originally intended being an architect and studied at the University of Washington. The war broke out and he was one of the first 20,000 American troops to set foot in France. When he returned to the States, young Brown became a designer of stage scenery and decorations. It was this association with the theatre that shaped his entire career. He played a small character bit in a play and his career of crime was launched. Oddly enough, George Frame Brown got into the radio while appearing in a play that

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.

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

ridiculed the radio. It was "The Man-hatters," produced in New York. Parts of the satire were broadcast and Mr. Brown enjoyed the experience so much that he was "sold" on radio then and there. He spent several summers at Cape Cod and knows personally the characters in "Real Folks." His success as Mayor Matt Thompkins, is now radio history.

MR. BROWN is 35 years of age, is not married, and lives in a penthouse on top of a hotel in midtown New York. He is five feet ten and a half inches in height, weighs about 175 pounds and is an excellent swimmer. He shamelessly admits to having starved in Bryant Park . . . been a night porter in a Fifth avenue building . . . exaggerates a great deal, but believes everything he tells you . . . remembers everything he reads, but forgets where he put his hat . . . and his favorite trick is pretending he's asleep while he listens to what people are saying.

Well, now that you've met Mr. Brown, the Mayor of Thompkins Corners, let's turn to his cabinet . . . before the meeting is adjourned. Virginia Farmer, who plays Matt's wife and also the part of Grandmother Overbrook, is of slight build and looks a lot like you imagine she would from her radio part. That is, not like the grandmother, but like the wife. She is married to Lewis Leverette, an actor. And she is playing on Broadway in "The House of Connelly."

Elsie Mae Gordon plays Mrs. Bessie

(Continued on page 96)

WHO'S AFRAID?!

SO..... (name deleted, Editor) of Hickman, Ky., was riled because an article about Morton Downey appeared in Radio Digest, instead of Vallee. Now isn't that just too bad! Well, old girl, you're one of that selfish greedy kind that thinks only of yourself and never mind anyone else! Others pay the same price for this magazine thinking they will read something about their favorites same as you, or perhaps you borrow somebody else's when they're through! If you're so crazy about Rudy, why don't you save all your money and buy this magazine's publishing concern, or if not start a radio book with only Rudy as your theme and maybe your sale will be even greater than Radio Digest? And Mr. Editor, I also would like to see pictures of the announcers in the roto section, if possible, of your interesting book, of George Beuchler, Frank Knight and Louis Dean. Do you think you can do me this favor? Or, will you just please a few of your readers and continue publishing Vallee who does not happen to be the only pebble on the beach. I wonder if you will have enough backbone to publish this entire letter in Radio Digest. I guess not, you're afraid. (But not so afraid as you were to sign your name to it.)—A Reader, Huntington, L. I.

* * *

OH, DOCTOR!

I PURCHASED the Radio Digest for the first time and found it very interesting with the exception of *Tuneful Topics*, written by one Rudy Vallee. I regret to say that this article disgusted me more than anything I ever read. How an article of its caliber, can be published is beyond reason. I counted twenty-five grammatical errors and I possibly missed that many more. The wording conveys very little meaning, and how anyone can misuse and abuse the English language the way Rudy Vallee has, and be a Yale graduate is one grand puzzle. I have listened to Vallee's programs over the radio, and after hearing him attempt to speak and sing I am not greatly surprised that his literary efforts should be such failures.—Leland Bradney, Ph.D., 7130 Jeffery Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

SAVE A DOLLAR, VIRGINIA

ENJOY your magazine so much that I wouldn't miss a copy for anything. You have given us many fine articles on our favorite radio stars especially Rudy Vallee. Now won't you give us one on his Connecticut Yankees including Manny Lowy who isn't with him just now because of illness? There may be lots of people who don't want to know that their favorites are married, but there are also lots of us who do. While I'm writing, may I add two more requests? First, can't Nellie Revell increase her time on the radio? Her programs are so interesting but oh, so short. Second, set a regular date for publication. I never know just when to look for it and you can imagine my disappointment on sometimes finding the stores all sold out.—Too, let's have a contest to see just who is R. D.'s favorite orchestra leader.—Virginia Aylesworth, 1118-10th Street, Huntington, W. Va.

* * *

WE'RE WILLING LADY

H. H. V. says about 99% are chain in the October issue. Maybe not 99% but haven't you folks in New York ever heard of Nebraska, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Missouri and Kansas? They seldom are in the Digest. I wonder why? Please tell

Voice of the

something and show pictures—in general give WJAG, Norfolk, WAAW, Omaha, WOW, Omaha, KOIL, Council Bluffs and KFAB, Lincoln. And who wants Who's Who? We all do! You learn a little about so many that way. I hope we have it in soon again. Radio Digest is dandy, but come West!—Frances Cherry, 605 Logan, Wayne, Neb.

* * *

'T WAS IN NOVEMBER R. D.

WE three Musketeers aren't to be sated by Marcella's thumb-nail sketch of Lew Conrad. He deserves more than that. We should like to see him featured in a full-sized article of the marvelous type that you have given to many other radio artists. And in the meantime, here's to the continued success of Radio Digest and our friend, Lew Conrad!—Musketeer No. 1, 6555 South Mozart Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

BING BURNS HIM UP

I AM trusting this letter may find its way to the V. O. L. page, as other attempts have failed. I have always believed in each one for his own taste, but as I read more each month of those wishing even more about Rudy, when I am more than fed up on him as it is, and reading more V. O. L. letters on other subjects, rather than waste so much space raving over Rudy who I fail to find has anything which should cause all the good breaks he received. Both his orchestra and singing, aren't to be considered when thinking of real music. Incidentally, Wayne King and Jack Denny are far ahead of him and many others and regarding Bing Crosby, he is a subject which burns me up. Why he should draw so much applause, I can't conceive unless it is caused by the loud harsh tones which he sends forth, lacking everything that a real musical voice should possess. To link his name with Russ Columbo's, would be like comparing a drum to the sweet tones of a violin. Mr. Columbo surely does possess those qualities which can impress his listeners deeply.—C. M. Crosby, Amesbury, Mass.

* * *

DON'T ALL RUSH!

WILL you please publish this for the sake of some avid Vallee fan? I have collected a few items of interest concerning the golden crooner and also some pictures, not very many, but I thought they might appeal to one of his fans. I will be glad to send them to the first person who writes to me for them. It seems a pity to throw these things away, all things considered. Don't blame my lack of interest entirely on Rudy's marriage. I was becoming sated even before that event by the monotonous type of songs he sang. I can stand just so many torch songs and love-sick ballads and slow fox trots, but enough's enough. But whatever his shortcomings, there are two qualities he possesses which I shall always admire. The first is his beautiful diction, and the second is his singing voice which is unmatched anywhere for pure sweetness of

tone.—Jamie F. Hess, 315 Jacob Street, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

NOW FOR SOME BALM

THIS is just a line to ask you if you land in the pages of V. O. L. once, is that the last you can? You published the first poem I sent. It was an acrostic of Rudy Vallee's name, and it appeared in your July issue. I am sending another acrostic. This time of Bing Crosby.

B-ing, bing. How this child did shoot
I-ndians. We can't dispute
N-oting how that nickname's stuck
G-uess it must have brought him luck.

C-ritically we listen to
R-ising singers. All but few
O-ffer us what Rudy does.
S-till he sets the world a-buzz.
B-ing I know will go quite far,
Y-es a new and shining star.

—Eldora Bruning, 57 Lincoln Road,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I AM a reader of Radio Digest and have been reading it since Mr. Vallee started writing *Tuneful Topics*. I enjoy reading the magazine very much. It tells you all about radio. I think radio is one of the most wonderful inventions, and now television is on its way. I think Mr. Vallee has the best orchestra on the air. I wish it could be made possible for him to be on more often. I think he is a wonderful person. He has such a clear voice that when he sings and talks over the air you can understand every word he says. I hope Mr. Vallee will have success for many more years in his work.—Catherine Finigan, 1004 S. 12th St., Fort Smith, Ark.

* * *

DOLLY LIKES FAY

YOU brought this letter on yourself, so don't blame me. You said, "Don't let your ideas get stale—air them," didn't you? Well, here are mine. First and foremost, why don't you do as Mary Kane and Lucile Graham of Glen Head, N. Y. suggested—put Rudy Vallee's picture on the cover. We'd all love that, and you would profit, too. Look at the great number of magazines you'd sell. We are getting tired of women on the cover. They're not so hot. Let's have Rudy. Who's with me? I guess you realize by this time I'm for Rudy, first, last and always. And as for his marriage knocking him out with me, not on your life. I am one (and there are countless others), I am 17, not an old maid, who likes him more, if possible. And I like Fay also, so there! In my opinion there isn't anything Rudy can't do. He's the best orchestra leader the best saxophone player, the best crooner, the best looking, and by a long shot, the best man there ever was. I am ready for all arguments.—Dolly, 4567 Page Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

JUST received my copy of the September issue of Radio Digest. The most interesting section in it was "The Voice of the Listener." Of course, Rudy Vallee is always interesting, and he told about the

Listener

songs of the month in a very nice way. If some people think that Rudy is not very popular since he got married, they should read the Radio Digest. Don't let any scandals enter the Radio Digest. I hope we soon have an interview or an article about Rudy and his beautiful wife.—Mary Hanlon, 417 Kingsboro St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

IT'S great to read the Voice of the Listener and find that there are still many admirers of Rudy since his marriage. I'm glad to see that he has some true fans and not just silly fickle ones. Anyone interested in joining the Vallee Enthusiasts which is a club organized to boost Rudy, just write to me and I will send your name to the president of the club.—Agatha Filyssellis, 215 East Walnut Street, Long Beach, N. Y.

* * *

THE WHOLE SIMPHIS FAMILY

THIS is my first letter to your very fine, interesting Digest. I enjoy it immensely as do the other members of my family—my wife and seven children who are all over 18 years of age. I would like to know why it is that so many of the columnists on the New York papers and magazines are so anxious and so eager for Rudy Vallee to lose his popularity. It is getting quite boring. It is the battle cry of N. Y. columnists. That is all you read in the papers since the boy got married. They are hounding him all the time. After three years of night club work and six shows a day, working night and day, why can't a man get married and be happy. He sure made a lot of people happy with his fine broadcasts. If he does lose some of his popularity it will only be some silly flappers who don't know any better. This is a tribute from my family.—P. S. Simphis, Hampton Market, Albany, N. Y.

* * *

SEE SEPTEMBER R. D.

IN ONE of your magazines you asked what was wrong that you had no kicks from "helpful critics." So here's one for you. Why never have a picture of, or tell us anything about Coon-Sanders and *always* have a picture of the most disgustingly, egotistical entertainer on the air (Rudy Vallee in case you don't know who I mean. I really wouldn't mind that so much if you would give Coon-Sanders' fans—and they are many—a break too.—M. M. S., Box 336, Crookston, Minn.

* * *

WANTS A RUDY PAGE

I HAVE been reading the new issue of Radio Digest and realizing that Rudy's Corner is so very very inadequate—so little space for so many Rudy admirers to occupy, I'm going to take the liberty of suggesting a Vallee page devoted exclusively to news of Rudy and letters from his fans. I should be honored if you would accept my voluntary services to provide just such a page every month. As the president of one of his clubs, I have been putting out a weekly newspaper consisting of two sheets of news which we send to all Rudy fans all over the country. I am sure you would have the undying gratitude of all Vallee

admirers if you inaugurated such a feature.—Dorothy Yosnow, 446 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

CALL FOR MR. PERKINS!

REFERRING to the article on page 4 of the Summer Issue on Scandals and Divorees, please do not put either of them in Radio Digest. That is one magazine that is clean of such literature—now—so please do not spoil it. I'm sure we can live without hearing whether our favorite artist or announcer is divorced or not. That won't make us laugh and I'm sure many of the listeners will agree with me in that line. Rather put in more of Broadcaster Oil by Ray Perkins and Sisters of the Skillet by Jean Paul King along with what you have. That will be a fine cure for homesickness and make it more interesting. I always look forward to Radio Digest each month.—Beulah A. Teiek, Fresno, Cal. I have been buying Radio Digest for one year now and certainly think it's the best magazine on the market. Every month that I get it, it seems to become better. Don't you ever put any scandal in the Radio Digest or you will ruin it. I agree with Mary Krane and Lucille Graham of New York about putting more articles and pictures of Rudy Vallee in this magazine. Here's hoping I get in the column. Three cheers for Radio Digest.—Margaret Welsh, 1053 9th Street, Lorain, Ohio.

* * *

THE GOAT! THE VOL-GOAT!

DOES a letter to you make me a member of the V. O. L.? If so I'm mighty glad to be a member for I think you have the best little magazine going. I'm very much interested in all Radioland and its people and I always enjoy reading about them all. You really have some of the grandest articles. The thing that gives me the biggest kick, however, is the way you talk about my favorite—of course, you've guessed it—Rudy Vallee. So many of the papers and magazines seem to think they have to knock him because the girls like him. How do they get that way. From the looks of his "Corner" however, which is the biggest in comparison to any other stars you wouldn't have much chance to knock him without being squealed the next month. And by the way, here is an invitation to any out of town Rudy Fans who want some information. If you're thinking of forming a fan club, any of you, perhaps I might be able to think up some suggestions for you, as I know of the work of lots of the other clubs. Once again, hurrah for Radio Digest. Long may it be the best radio magazine afloat.—(Her name must have been lost in the mails—so we'll call her a Rudy Fan), address is 2601 Farragut Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

VOLCOME TO V. O. L.

THIS is the first time I'm writing to you because I'd like to join the Voice of the Listener. The main reason is I'd like you to put a picture of Pit and Pat of WOR Minstrels in one of your issues. I'd sure like to see what they look like. I

wouldn't miss them for anything in the world. They beat Amos 'n' Andy by a mile. Your magazine is the best of them all. All these people who write in about Radio Digest not being good, are crazy.—Peter Chovan, 1719 Columbia Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

CHEERS FOR KDLR

I HOPE you will not think I am taking too much of a liberty in writing a comment in your magazine, but I enjoy reading it from cover to cover. We frequently read a great deal about the talented ladies and gentlemen, also announcers, etc. for the larger stations, but not very much about the smaller ones. But in my estimation a smaller one needs a cheer, I would like to say, "Three Cheers for KDLR, Devils Lake, North Dakota. Whoever the manager is he deserves great credit for the programs we receive. Also a cheer for Mr. Bert Wicke with his cheery ready wit as an announcer for KDLR."—M. M., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

* * *

LONG MAY EARL LIVE

WHERE are all you Earl Burnett fans? Now here is an orchestra with more than the usual ability. The theme which identifies them, *The Hour of Parting*, ushers in a period of sparkling, rhythmic dance melodies at WGN. With the vocal talent of such stars as (All-American Quarterback) Jesse Kirkpatrick, the orchestra has established itself firmly in the hearts of radio fans everywhere. The Chicago Tribune Station can well be proud of this musical aggregation from the coast, playing nightly from the Blackhawk Restaurant. Let the name of Earl Burnett stand out in praise on the pages of V. O. L. and give us some pictures of them, please. How about it fans? And remember, you can hear them every Sunday afternoon as the Yeast Foamers.—A. & M. K., Utica, Ill.

* * *

WHO WRITES WHOM?

I AM greatly interested in the different types of radio programs and how the stations estimate what the public wants. I am not interested in beauty hints or crooners, for example, but I realize that if a certain percentage of the public wants these they are entitled to have them. I would like to see a tabulated estimate of the public's appreciation of radio programs. In choosing examples for this, it would be necessary to pick items which have the save volume of audience—that is, examples from the great broadcasting chain programs. How many letters come in after a Rudy Vallee broadcast? How many after a Paul Whiteman program? What response does the public make to a Houbigant program, Pryor's Band or the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra? What response is there to the singing of Redfern Hollinshead as compared with Russ Columbo? What response does Sophie Breslau get from her Sunday audiences? If the making up of programs is governed by analysis of fan mail, is this a fair test? Is it not possible that the people who like Rudy Vallee's program are more likely to write letters than those who appreciate a concert by Reinald Werrenrath? In Canada we are seriously considering changing our broadcasting system. If advertisers who control programs do not meet with more public approval this privilege is likely to be taken away from them. On the other hand state controlled programs will be subject to political influence. If preferences expressed in letters to stations are basis for program making would it not be well

for stations to invite such letters.—Harold H. Metcalfe, 246 Desmarchais Blvd., Verdun, P. Q.

* * *

DXERS ALWAYS WELCOME HERE

I HAVE just finished reading the September issue and think it was just great. How about some articles on Short Wave transmission. Let me explain my real reason for writing. Many of your readers write in about their DX-ing. Well, here is a chance for them to join a real DX Radio Club. There are two departments to this club. Short Wave and Regular Wave. Anyone wishing to become a member can write to me and a membership card will be sent absolutely free.—Jack Geiger, 38 West 29th Street, Bayonne, N. J.—Just a few words in regard to DX. Have been DX-ing since March 1931 and to date have logged 201 stations with 41 verified and 30 in process. Will answer any letter received. Wishing for a bigger and better DX Department. (Turned your letter over to Marcella)—J. R. Pruett, Shelby, N. C.

* * *

XER NO. 2—VILLA ACUNA

On Sunday evening, October 11, while listening in on my radio I tuned in a station of what I would say was 740 kilocycles. It was not clear to any perfection and I found difficulty in distinguishing the call letters which seemed to be XER. I did, however, hear the announcer say that it was "The Sunshine Station between the Nations." In your October issue of Radio Digest, XER is listed as 650 kilocycles and its location as Mexico City. Thanking you in advance for your trouble in securing for me this information and pledging my vote for Radio Digest every time.—J. L. McCarthy, 211 Park Street, St. Peterboro, Ont., Canada.

* * *

R. D. DX FAN IN N. Z.

I AM in receipt of a letter from A. Greening, Inglewood, Taranaki, New Zealand. Mr. Greening states that he has heard about my DXing and would like to hear about DXing in this country. Undoubtedly it was taken from the June issue of your magazine. Hope other DXers will also write Mr. Greening.—D. Anastasio, 8306 Panola Street, New Orleans, La.

* * *

NOT QUITE "PERFECT"

ON October 29th, WLW's announcer for the Southern Singers, Arthur Ainsworth, announced the song, *When You Come to the End of the Day* coming from the pen of the celebrated Carrie Jacobs Bond. The author of this song is Frank Wesphal, orchestra director and composer. Have taken Radio Digest for two years and have never missed an issue. Surely do enjoy Radio Digest from cover to cover.—Mrs. Frank A. Hoagland, Swayzee, Ind.

* * *

MAY WISHES COME TRUE

I HAVE before me the Summer Number of the Radio Digest. I enjoyed the sketch of Little Jack Little. Isn't it strange how the early struggles blossom out into lovely flowers as one approaches wealth and popularity. Every knock is a boost. If Rudy Vallee had never had the grapefruit episode, many would not have known so much about him. Glad that Rudy writes. That is the way to be a writer. Write about your own work. Now about the big wave grab. I like it best the way I found it just a year ago. I am very partial to certain stations and don't want them turned off. I don't think it best to have the for-

eign people regulate the radio and take away our Rudy. Even the advertising can be made interesting. Wishing our dear radio success and Radio Digest many million new subscribers.—Mrs. Charlotte B. Leasure, State Hospital, Moline, Ill.

* * *

SASKATCHEWAN SPEAKS

WHERE are the artists and authors gone who can write songs worth while? Of all the slushy soft sentimental nothingness in the way of songs that we get at the present time. Brainless stuff like —*I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do*—same words repeated over and over again (probably the author did not have the brain power to compose more) and this sung in that sickening whine called "crooning." Rudy Vallee may have his admirers but here is one who would be glad if he and his kind were never heard again.—A Lover of Music, Melville, Sask.

* * *

DARTMOUTH, NOT YALE

TALK about "boners." To quote from your article, "McNamee Recalls Grid Thrills" appearing in your October issue, page 95: "Marsters, however, was injured, his playing career ended, and Yale sent in Longnecker in the fourth quarter as a final hope. Deep in his own territory, he prepared to pass and slipped on his knee, but successfully shot a spiral to Hoot Ellis, the fastest man on the field. Many Dartmouth men tried catching him but none succeeded. The final score, Yale, 16, and Dartmouth 12." How can you let a thing like that get by you? If my memory has not failed me, the late "Tommy" Longnecker was a Dartmouth substitute quarterback and was sent in in the last minutes of that game amid the rain and mud with instructions to pass. He did so but slipped on one knee, the pass being far short, was intercepted by the ever-present Hoot Ellis at Yale. It seems as if the late Tommy Longnecker who was killed in an automobile accident this summer was misunderstood and unjustly criticized enough without being called a Yale man. This is really surprising, too, coming from a man who is supposed to know as much as McNamee. I trust this will be corrected out of respect to Dartmouth's little quarterback, Dartmouth, Yale and all others concerned.—David H. Steven, 30 Roger Avenue, W. Concord, N. H.

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SOME BOUQUETS FOR RADIO DIGEST

THE Radio Digest is sure one good Radio Magazine. I don't know how you would improve it. However, I do agree with James H. Harrison of Texas in wishing you would start the "Who's Who in Broadcasting." You can't have too many pictures. When it comes to DXing, especially late at night, the few stations on the air won't give call letters. I have listened several times as long as 45 minutes waiting for call letters and then have to give up. I wish the guilty announcers would read this and remember to give call letters after each number. I like for announcers to give their own names too. About this Wave Grab, what can the listening public do about it? We sure don't want the plan they have in England. I wish you would tell us through the Radio Digest in plain words what we can do to prevent such a plan. (Write to your Senator and Congressman.) I'm a shut-in and an ardent radio fan and have read the Radio Digest for three years.—Clarence Swafford, Pratt, Kans.

NEW FOUND FRIEND

THROUGH one rising radio artist I've heard of your magazine. Today I bought my first copy, and can't get over what I've missed. I enjoyed it very much and read everything in it. I like the column of Voice of the Listener very much. Some people have the nerve of writing in stating the magazine is bunk. How do they get that way. What other magazine is there to bring you any closer to the radio world. I boost Radio Digest. I like Marcella's column, Coming and Going, and the first thing I turn to is Gabalogue. I will be impatient for my next copy. More power to Radio Digest.—Marie Ross, 1229 Sec Avenue, Coraopolis, Pa.

* * *

RUDY'S PROMISED IT

YOUR magazine is great, especially this issue. Couldn't you find a little space to give to the boys in Rudy's band—say a small picture of each one with it a short article told by himself? I have read so many remarks on his article "Night Clubs" I should like to read it. Is there any way I could get a back number containing it? (Yes a few of February, 1931 copies are available.) Think Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, also that sweet child, "Martha" Downey just so much "hooley." Like your magazine motto. If you can't say anything good about a person, say nothing at all. (Your request about Ben Sutter has been turned over to Marcella.) Oh yes, and I want to know where Manny Lowy, violinist with the original Yankees is. Has he ever recovered? Here's for every success to you.—A Constant Reader, The Plaza, St. Charles Place and Pacific Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

I PURCHASED my first copy of Radio Digest this month and must say it is what I've been looking for, for these many months. Why don't announcers give the names of theme songs? The Chase and Sanborn and Maxwell House Coffee programs have the saddest, most haunting theme songs I've ever heard, but I do not know their titles. The article about Ted Husing in the October issue was great. Here's a big bouquet to him.—Leta Lee, Clear Lake, Iowa.—Allow me to congratulate you upon issuing such a fine magazine. There is nothing on the market today can equal Radio Digest in pleasing its many readers. May I ask that you some time in the future print a picture and little story about Helen Janke who has been on the Hymn Sing program for several weeks.—Mrs. J. C. H.—Have read Radio Digest for several months now. I like it because it's so personal—so direct and so homey, if you see what I mean. Especially enjoy reading the V. O. L. Appreciated the picture and write-up of Bing Crosby very much. Also the one of Rudy Vallee and the "Mrs." Hurry up some more stories and pictures of Bing Crosby, please. Here's a faithful reader hoping Radio Digest will grow fatter and fatter.—Margaret Wear, San Antonio, Texas.

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BATTLE OF THE BLUES

AS WE have not been constant readers of Radio Digest during the past, we have no way of knowing whether you've ever done a radiograph about our favorite, Will Osborne in one of the past issues of Radio Digest. From now on, we will read Radio Digest every month, because we want to know more about him. (Photo of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne in Oct., 1930, Radio Digest.) Jean Anderson, 623 East 141st Street, Bronx, N. Y.

Station Parade

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

Choristers Featured at WJAX Jacksonville

THE Whiddon Choristers are one of the most popular features in the Southeast with radio listeners. The program is broadcast each Friday night at 8:30 p. m. over WJAX, Jacksonville, Florida, and during the half-hour broadcast nothing but the old time sacred hymns are sung. The Choristers have been on the air for the past two years and their singing has drawn thousands of letters from listeners throughout the country. Judging their mail from Pennsylvania, radio fans in this section of the country are particularly fond of sacred music.

The members of the Choristers are the pick of the finest voices in Jacksonville. Billy Williams, tenor, is choir director of the Riverside Park Methodist church and also soloist at the Jewish Temple; Mrs. Berte Long Knocke, contralto is soloist at the First Baptist Church and former concert singer of Chicago; Joseph Schreiber, bass, is choir director of the Church of the Immaculate Conception (Catholic) and also bass soloist at the Jewish Temple; and Mrs. Jack Briggs, is soprano soloist at the Riverside Park Methodist church and a former choir director. The accompanist is Mrs. C. H. Lake, organist,

who has played at some of the principal churches in Jacksonville and Carlton Robinson, vibraharp soloist, also

plays the chimes on the programs of the Choristers. Outstanding violinists and other instrumental soloists are used from time to time on the program.

The Choristers use nothing but the old time hymns although the singers have all sung oratorios, difficult anthems and other important works. They find that the simple hymns with their tuneful harmony strike a responsive chord in the hearts of their listeners. They have frequent requests for such familiar numbers as "Old Rugged Cross," "In the Garden," "When They Ring the Golden Bells," "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" and others of a similar vein.

A small portable organ is used in all of the broadcasts and it registers well over the radio.

The Choristers present the hymns of all denominations and frequently devote a large portion of their program singing the hymns of some particular faith such as, Christian Science, Baptist, Catholic, Methodist, Jewish, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Christian, Latter Day Saints and other churches.

*Welcome
Back
WFIW!*

Dear Digest:

I FEEL sure that many listeners throughout our territory will be in-



Betty Ryan, of the station staff at WTIC gets a big earful from the tuba of "Tiny" Berman, bass player of the Connecticut station's dance band, the Merry Madcaps.



A group of the boys who make the air waves merry with their dance harmonies over WLBW.

terested in knowing that our station, WFIW, will return to the air on the 15th of November after being silent since the 28th day of July, when our plant was completely destroyed by fire. Our new plant will consist of the finest and most up-to-date equipment that can be bought.

We have a feature that we carry on our station that received between 350,000 and 400,000 letters during last fall. This feature is known as—Hiram Skrunch and His Happy Family From Gobblers Knob. This feature brought mail to our station from all over the U. S., Canada, Cuba, Mexico and as far as New Zealand. It consists of an old time string band with announcements in country dialect. This feature will no doubt be one of the most popular on our station this fall.

HARRY McTIGUE,
Acting Manager, WFIW,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Three cheers for the comeback! And watch out for "shorts" in the future—or how did it start, anyway?

A New Radio Personality Arrives

A YOUNG man on station WNBR, Memphis, Tenn., has been broadcasting there slightly better than a year. His program is called "Jack Frost and His Magic Carpet." His real name is George L. Ransom. Holding an anniversary party recently in the ball room of the hotel where the studios are located, some fifteen hundred admirers of the program turned out in force to see what it was all about. They had a very enthusiastic evening during a special broadcast. All this is beating around the bush, the real story is that Jack Frost himself has just joined the rank of fathers. He had contemplated naming the offspring Jack Frost Ransom but has discovered he will have to call the child Jean instead.

In The American Manner

W DZ makes a practice of starting its Sunday morning programs with a rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner." In case you're not fan enough to realize it, this Tuscola Illinois station is one of the oldest on the air, having been broadcasting since 1921.

Meet "Neighbor Wes" and "Nancy Lee" at KFLV

WES. W. WILCOX, baritone soloist of concert and recital stage, writer critic, and announcer, is general manager for KFLV in Rockford, Illinois. Wilcox is featured in regular week-day broadcasts of *Poet's Corner*, poetry and song; *Farm Flashes*, educational and timely talks to the farmers in the character of NEIGHBOR WES; and *Twilight Vespers*, old favor-

ite hymns and the reading of favored Scriptural passages.

Another popular member of the KFLV family member is Ethel B. Fisher, who as "Nancy Lee," each morning conducts one of the most interesting and beneficial Homemaker's Club programs on the air today. Possessed with a wealth of radio personality, and charm, a voice of inspiring quality, excellent diction, and a load of real recipes and household hints for each and every broadcast, Ethel is deserving of a place on the honor roll of conductresses of women's programs throughout the country.

A Rare Combination-- Talent and Executive

NOT only is Miss Katherine McIntyre gifted with musical talents bordering on genius but she also has unusual qualifications as an executive and business woman. It is seldom indeed that these two qualities are found in one individual, but leave it to Miss McIntyre to be different. Yes, it's her innate desire for the original that has been the contributing factor in her rise from "just another fiddler" to the executive in charge of all programs originating from the studios of Station KMOX the Voice of St. Louis.

Miss McIntyre began the study of music at the age of five at the old Horner Institute of Music in Kansas City Missouri, where she attracted so much attention that at the age of 16 she was taken on a concert tour which lasted for about five years, in which time she visited every state in the union and played in most of the large cities in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Miss McIntyre lived in Europe for over two years studying and making personal appearances in the larger cities of the old continent. One day in Vienna she heard that KMOX was to be organized, and right then and there came



Hello, everybody! I'm Patricia Lou Pope. My dad, "Bill" Pope is WLBW's manager and sports announcer. Folks tell me he's a mighty good one, and while I'm not one to brag, I believe they're right!

the decision to enter the field of radio broadcasting. Quickly she sailed for home and came to St. Louis to become a staff violinist of KMOX the voice of St. Louis.

Her career as a staff artist was short lived for the Managers of KMOX saw in this lady possibilities that were more valuable to them than her musical talents. So Katherine was made studio director, a position of responsibility which required real executive ability.

Soon came the "break" that gave Katherine her big opportunity. George Junkin who was then program director of KMOX resigned and went to his home back East. Katherine was the logical person to succeed him and she was instantly appointed as program director, a position she has since held. Under her direction many new and highly entertaining programs have been created, both local and national. It is she who is responsible for the musical portion of the "Voice of St. Louis Program" which is broadcast for a full hour every Sunday morning at 10:30 over the coast to coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Nightingale of the Southwest"

THE place to take the true measure of a man is not the street corner or the amen-corner, nor the Forum or the field, but at his fireside, with the men and women who associate with him daily, and know the innermost secrets of his heart. To his intimates he lays aside his mask and you may learn just what he is, by what his every day associates think of him.

And this is true in every profession, in every walk of life. If his daily associates rejoice at his coming to the office or place of business, if they are glad to see him, and happy and contented in his presence, you may bet he's gold all through.

And by this same token have the radio artists at KFH, Wichita, Kans.,



Born in Australia, of Spanish parentage, Senora Rita Cavaliery, is one of KDKA's foremost radio personalities.

and the radio fans over the Southwest, throughout KFH's territory, placed their stamp of approval, their love and appreciation on Sue Fulton, program director, and announcer of the ladies matinee of the station.

When Sue Fulton returned from Chicago where she goes each summer for a two months musical course in the Chicago Musical college, she found her

office, and the entire station blocked with flowers from fans, not only in Wichita, but throughout her radio territory.

But the big surprise came the next day, just 15 minutes before she was to go on the air for her matinee program. The artists of the station, with whom she had been in daily contact in her work, assembled in the studio, with a special program, all for Sue.

The program opened with an original song, a parody, perhaps, which was sung by Jack Owens, to accompaniment of the piano, played by Miss Ethel Buck, piano, Russel Low on violin following an announcement by manager J. Leslie Fox which told to the fans of the Southwest that Sue Fulton was home again, and ready to go on the air.

The thing that took Sue off her feet, was her life story, told by Kent Eubank, who puts on a program of old time stories each day.

And this is the story Eubank told:

"A few short years ago a proud mother took her little eight year old daughter by the hand, and they wandered down the lane to the little Brown church in the vale, where the little girl was to sing her first song in public.

"Eight years later, at the age of 16, that same little girl, with her mother, strolled into the First Methodist church in Wichita, and when the choir started the song, she joined in the singing from a seat far back in the audience.

"Mrs. Walter Scott Priest, the choir leader, recognized the young voice as something out of the ordinary—something wonderful. The little girl, wrapped up in her song, was oblivious of her surroundings.

"Mrs. Priest left her choir, came back in the audience, sought out the singer, and to her surprise found only a little girl, with dangling curls, whose voice was untutored and untrained, but as sweet and gentle as the winds that sing through the fields of corn.

"That night the little country girl with the dangling curls sat in the choir of the biggest church she had ever seen



Here are the Whiddon Choristers, whose Friday evening programs of sacred songs are popular with WJAX listeners. From left to right: Joseph Schreiber, bass; Mrs. Jack Briggs, soprano; Carlton Robinson, vibraharp and chimes; Mrs. C. H. Lake, organist; Billy Williams, tenor and Mrs. Berte Long Knocke, contralto.



The Sod Busters played hokey from WNAX one day last summer and went to the circus. This is what happened! From left to right we have: Rufus, Uncle Ezra Hawkins, The Shepherd, Zeb and Eph!

and charmed the large congregation with her melody, and without knowing what she had done, more than that she was singing with the crowd, a thing she dearly loved to do.

"A few years later this same little girl married the man of her choice, and although he possessed little of this world's goods, he possessed a heart as true and beautiful as the voice of the woman he took as a wife. He realized that her voice needed training, and although sometimes the wolf howled around the door, Sue wanted to give up her lessons to make the burden of a livelihood easier for the man she loved, he encouraged her, and pointed to the days when she would be a wonderful singer and lead the church choir and sing in public concerts. But her husband, even in his wildest dreams, never realized what was in store for the little girl he had taken to his bosom, and that her audience and admirers would some day reach throughout the great Southwest.

"The little girl with the dangling curls has reached far greater heights than she ever hoped in her girlhood days. She has sung in concerts, at hundreds of funerals for her friends. She has charmed the Southwest with her melodious voice, for there is nothing that soothes or enchants like a beautiful song, floating out on the air, especially when that song comes from the throat of a nightingale in human form.

"This little girl has gone far in the

musical world. Thousands of men, women and children, for the past five years have listened to her, and sat enchanted as the rippling words floated over the air.

"But during the past week this same little girl with the silvery voice, has reached the top—no not the top, for there is no top for such as she—but the highest pinnacle ever dreamed of by her friends. During the past week she has spread the gospel of KFH and of Wichita, to every corner of the United States. She has refused to leave her beloved city, for a greater position in one of the larger musical colleges in America, but has returned to her old job of entertaining the friends she loved.

"It is this little girl, who is our own beloved program director and announcer of the ladies matinee each afternoon, none other than the Nightingale of the Southwest—Sue Fulton."

A'Round-The-World Song-Bird at KDKA

GLOBE Trotter! That's Senora Rita Cavaliery, Spanish soprano heard in broadcasts from Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA at Pittsburgh. Born in Australia, the senora has sung in several countries, including Italy, Australia, Mexico, England and France. She intends to make America her home. She was only 12 when she made her first public appearance.

Among her diversified roles was that of taking the part of a Russian soprano in Australia.

New Technician at WLW Cincinnati

RUSSEL S. HOFF, expert radio technician and specialist in studio pickup, is the most recent addition to the technical staff of WLW, according to the announcement of Joseph Chambers, Technical Director of that station.

The Show Must Go On!

JOSEPH CHERNIAVSKY refusing to consider himself "out" while confined recently in a local hospital with an infected hand and unwilling to trust his Syncopators—who are literally the apple of his eye—to other hands during their broadcasts over WLW and the NBC network, had attendants install a loud speaker and a telephone at his bedside.

Through a direct telephone line to his assistant director on the floor of the Florentine Room, this popular maestro of jazz conducted his concerts without a hitch.

It "Sounds" Easy, But Jimmie Says "No!"

TAKE it from Jimmie Jewell, radio dramatist at WXYZ, in addition to being a writer of dialogue, is also a property boy. For just like the property boy on the stage, he has to run around looking for stage effects. Only



Here's a chap who, though only 20 years old is a recording artist and also Chief Announcer for WIBA out in Madison, Wisconsin. His name is John L. Olson.

this time they must all have a sound! Or they just don't work on the radio.

In the old days of the movie serials authors had to build up pictorial suspense. But your radio dramatist today has to build a picture in your mind, with conversation and sound effects, has to create the characters, and a plot, and always keep up the suspense!

First a character and subject must be thought of that will have general appeal, then a situation must be created that tells a story which can continue to interest listeners, then sound and voice must be so controlled as to build up a following.

For every fifteen minute Lulu and Leander program over WXYZ, four rehearsals and two auditions are held, and five sound experts listen in. First the dialogue has to be written, the "props" secured. Then an audition is held that emanates from the Maccabee building studios and comes down town on a special "audio" receiver into the spacious downtown audition room of WXYZ in the Madison theatre building.

Model "News" Broadcast Over WTMJ

AFTER considerable experiment The Milwaukee Journal has developed a newspaper-radio tie-up radio program that appears to be flawless in



A lady of exceptional talent and wide experience in the musical world is Katherine McIntyre, program director of Radio Station KMOX, the "Voice of St. Louis."

so far as it has attracted and held thousands of readers and listeners, has received their enthusiastic approval through the mail and by phone and telegram and has thus far received no complaints, kicks or criticism.

This near-perfect Journal program is called "Tribute to Wisconsin Cities," and is actually a superfine musical program which includes only five minutes of conversation of such tremendous interest to Wisconsin people that it is at least as welcome as the music.

"Tribute to Wisconsin Cities" is broadcast every Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock and lasts for one-half hour. Each Sunday a different Wisconsin city or town is featured. The program consists of a short booster talk by a speaker selected by the featured town's chamber of commerce, two vocal or instrumental solos by a similarly selected local artist and, to lend weight and balance to the program, a leading WTMJ



Verne Leslie Steck, prominent in musical circles the country over, is a recent addition to the staff of KFBB in Great Falls, Montana.

orchestral group presents a well balanced program of symphonic and semi-classical numbers.

Here's One From WDGY

Dear Digest:

YOU know, I hate conceit in a person, but there surely isn't any sin in being proud.

After receiving your friendly letter, asking for a line from station WDGY, Minneapolis, I just couldn't resist confiding to you folks that I am feeling pretty proud these days of our programs.



From footlights to microphone has been a short and most successful step for this young California beauty, Zeta Harrison of KPO, San Francisco.

The "two Ernies," old timers at this business, are going over bigger and better all of the time with their songs.— And speaking of fan mail, they surely are keeping the government busy.

Undoubtedly you have heard of Stan Thompson, the boy with the melodious voice. He is our studio director and an announcer that does not try to mimic Tony Won or anyone else. He is a type unto himself and always conforms to the original.

Now the next isn't bologna—it is with deepest sincerity I state that the RADIO DIGEST, as ever, rates Ace high with WDGY and I don't mean maybe.

Well, now that I've tried to tell you what I think of your magazine, Hal, I'll just sign off with best wishes for your continued success.

Cordially yours,

Dr. George W. Young,
President.

Many thanks, Doctor Young, for the little boost! And you're right about this "proud" business! I'm with you 100% on that.

KMA Writes Us A Note From Iowa

Dear Digest:

WE KNOW that you are more or less swamped with radio stories from every radio station in the country, but nevertheless we are going to send in a sample of our literary efforts one of these days, and trust that you



This picture is of little Anuhea Brown, an eight-year-old miss from Hawaii, who plays her native steel guitar like an expert before KGU's microphone.

will have the available space to sneak it in someplace in your issue. With all good wishes to you and to your entire staff of workers, we are

Yours very truly,
Irmah Carmean.

Swamped nothing, Miss Carmean! Send it along. We've always got space for KMA and the big boy. Tell Mr. May we miss his breezy calls since moving to New York.

Radio Coins A New Word

A NEW word has been coined as a direct result of the influence of broadcasting upon the people of this age. It comes from the studios of KDYL at Salt Lake City, Utah.

According to Philip G. Lasky, manager of KDYL, "inventor" of the word,

Radioligion will soon be in universal use to thoroughly describe and define that fast growing institution of religious broadcasting.

Radioligion—another word added to ever growing vocabulary of the modern day wonder.

They're All Sod Busters!

THE Sod Busters, favorite radio stars of the Northwest, wish to advise their many radio friends that their noticeable absence from WNAX, Yankton, S. D., is due to the fact that they have been called back to "Bar Nothin'" Ranch to husk corn and herd chickens. To put it in Ezra's words—"By Cracky, we'll be back with ye jist as soon as we git plinty of dirt thrown around the walls of our old ranch house, heh, heh, heh!"

Noted Maestro "Goes" Montana with KFBB

VERNE LESLIE STECK, used to be with WTAM but he has recently accepted a position at KFBB as a feature staff artist and is already occupied with the organization of a string ensemble to work under his direction. Steck has a brilliant record as a violinist, a teacher of violin, and as conductor of several orchestras in some of the finest theaters in the country.

Steck completed the course in violin offered by the Wesleyan University of Nebraska while still in his 'teens. Then followed three years as an instructor of violin in western states. In 1913 Steck went to Minneapolis where he studied with Maxmilian Dick, a pupil of Wieniaski, at the same time filling the position of assistant director of the violin department at the Northwestern Conservatory of Music. Mr. Steck has completed the entire Sevcik course.

Steck has had two years with the Chicago Symphony under Frederick Stock and one year with the Little Symphony of Chicago under the baton of George Dach.

As former director of music at the Martha Lee schools of Cleveland coupled with two years of work with the Cleveland Festival Orchestra; conductor of the Rialto and Madison Theater orchestras at Aurora, Ill.; concert master with the WTAM symphonic en-

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They call her the "Nightingale of the Southwest" but her real name is Sue Fulton and she's Program Director for KFH.

Tune ful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

You Try Somebody Else

HERE we have Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson at their best, and their best has always been a unique ability to write what the mass public wants. They show how unusually clever they are in writing the story and songs for such a clever picture as Gloria Swanson's epic, *Indiscreet*. But this type of song shows that they still have a finger on the public pulse, and that the *Sonny Boy* type of song flows as easily from their pens as the more sophisticated type of thing.

The lyrics are suspiciously those of Lew Brown, as I believe by this time I have become a connoisseur of the Lew Brown touch. Who conceived the idea for the song is another matter, and whether Ray Henderson conceived most of the melody may still be cause for wonderment. But what is most intriguing in the way of reflection, is how the three gentlemen manage to write a song together, with Buddy DeSylva out on the Coast writing for pictures, and Messrs. Brown and Henderson anchored here in New York.

The boys have written under all sorts of conditions, such as on board a train en route to California; half-way out they conceived and furnished the idea of *My Sin*. They wired it back in telegraphic form to Bobby Crawford, general manager of the firm.

Usually the three boys have gone to Atlantic City, and in an elaborate suite at one of the best hotels there they have finished the ideas and songs for a smash Broadway hit. In fact, it was while they were writing a show there that Jolson called them from California telling them that he needed a song for the *Jazz Singer* picture, and after describing the type of song he needed the boys wrote, more as a gag than anything else, *Sonny Boy*. On returning from Cuba several months later, they were more surprised than anyone else to find the song was a sensation all over the country.

Dame Rumor would have you believe that the boys had parted for good, but this song gives the lie to all that, as it shows they are still writing together, and furthermore, still writing hit songs!

The song is one of the best they have done in a long time, having just the



Rudy Vallee as seen in *Scandals*

right swing and common-place thought that go with the big public. Although the cleverest contribution from a lyric standpoint are the lines:

*You start painting the town
I'll try acting the clown.*

The idea of the song is that after each has gone their separate ways, apparently happy, true love will find them reunited.

We play this song at about 50 seconds to the chorus, quite snappily and in staccato time. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson.

Old Playmate

AS IS ever the case when an individual or individuals conceive and present anything which is termed successful, they attempt to follow-up their first success, but rarely does the follow-up product compare with the original. Such was the case with the boys who wrote *S'posin'*, and here in the case of

Old Playmate is a song supposed to be a worthy successor to *I'm Thru With Love*.

With Whiteman being in Chicago, those of his boys who incline to song-writing find a ready demand for their efforts. Matt Malneck, Whiteman's very clever hot violinist, vocalist, and humorist, could have allied himself with no greater lyric writer than Gus Kahn, of whom we have already raved considerably in past issues. Kahn, whose battling average is exceptionally high, followed *Dream a Little Dream of Me* with *I'm Thru With Love*, the musical contribution probably being the work of Matt Malneck.

While I honestly believe that they have not written as great a song as *I'm Thru With Love*, yet I sincerely feel that *Old Playmate* is a creditable follow-up to it. I believe that Bing Crosby has made an excellent Brunswick record of it, and I feel that if anyone could do it justice, that gentleman is the one.

It is published by Robbins, Inc., and we play it at about one minute a chorus.

By the Sycamore Tree

NOT since *Swinging in a Hammock* and *Crying Myself to Sleep* has Pete Wendling, old-time writer of a long list of creditable hits—and whose name I somehow always associated with Walter Donaldson, inasmuch as both were writing hit songs when I was just beginning to fool around with snare drums and cornets, in my last years of grammar school and my first years of high school—not since these last two songs has Mr. Wendling offered to the musical public at large such a delightful melody.

While the first few measures are hauntingly reminiscent of *She's Not Worth Your Tears*, a tune from Billy Rose's *Sweet and Low* revue, a tune which was once the delight of yours truly, yet in no way is there any suggestion of plagiarism. The main part of the song, the part which is probably the hit part of the song (since very often just a certain phrase makes the song a success), is the part which is entirely unique, different and refreshing. For me to try to describe these few measures is futile; they must be heard to be appreciated. By the time this ar-

ticle appears, I am quite sure, if you listen to your favorite dance band at all, that you will know just the phrase of which I speak.

Wendling, who is now a staff writer with the firm of Irving Berlin, Inc., collaborated with Haven Gillespie, who evidently is free lancing. Gillespie is best known, perhaps, for his contribution to *Honey*, though he is quite a prolific song-writer.

I predict a rosy future for *By the Sycamore Tree*, especially if the bands will play it at a tempo varying between fifty seconds and one minute per chorus, thereby enabling them to get the best out of it. It may be played both legato and staccato. I imagine the Lombardos will do a great job with this song, as it is, in the language of Broadway, "right up their alley."

It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

Faded Summer Love

THERE are about three publishers in Tin Pan Alley who are not seeing red these days. Till some adjustment is made between radio stations, hotel owners, and the general public itself, toward contributing properly for the privilege of playing popular dance music, most of the publishers will continue to lose thousands of dollars a month, as the sheet music sale has come to be pretty much of a joke. Eddie Cantor says that even those who do not intend to pay are not buying, and in the same way, even the hit songs, admittedly smash hit songs, are not selling enough to warrant the tremendous cost of exploitation. It takes more than two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand sheet copies to pay the terrific overhead and high expense of maintenance of a music publishing firm, cost of the orchestrations and the contact men who visit orchestra leaders nightly in their respective locales to urge them to broadcast the songs.

In the meantime, there are two or three of the major publishers who have been fortunate enough to have two or three hits riding simultaneously, which are perhaps permitting them at least to break even. The firm of Leo Feist, headed by Rocco Vocco, is one of them. Although my pianist, Cliff Burwell, thinks that the lyric of *I Don't Know Why* is the most hideous repetition of that phrase, still it is a blessing to the firm of Leo Feist, as the song is doing exceptionally well. While Feist has other songs which are selling as well as songs do sell, none of their songs are any more lovely in thought than this very poetic type of song which Rocco took from a certain Phil Baxter.

Just who Mr. Baxter is I don't know; he sounds suspiciously like an amateur, yet it may be a professional with a nom de plume. At any rate, Mr. Baxter has

done a creditable job with his poetic thought, in which he likens a fading love to the fading leaves of Fall. Perhaps that will be the major fault of the song—that it is just a little too beautiful. It is quite "rangey" too. Still, as I have often said, many a song finds mention within these columns not so much for its potential hit qualities as for its being a creditable job on the part of those who wrote it.

We play the song quite slowly, taking about a minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Freddie the Freshman

CLIFF FRIEND is at it again! This time he allies himself with Dave Oppenheim, millionaire owner of a chain of beauty shops. Oppenheim writes as a hobby, and does a darn good job of it. Friend is a dyed-in-the-wool song-writer with a long list of songs and hits to his credit.

With the coming of the Fall season, song-writers in general feel impelled to crash through with something savoring

THOSE CONNECTICUT YANKEES—*We are sorry, and no less sorry is Rudy, that we could not have the special article about the orchestra members in this issue of Radio Digest. Mr. Vallee paid a glowing tribute to each of his men at the birthday party presented by the Fleischmann Hour aboard the S. S. Stuttgart. Radio Digest asked for the comment for its readers. Rudy thought it could be done. But every hour of his day and evening is scheduled far ahead. It was physically impossible for him to revise the script in time for this issue. You will doubtless see it here later.—Editor.*

of football, college, freshmen, or what have you. Years ago two young college students gave us *Collegiate*. Though they have not duplicated their success over a period of six years, theirs has always been the shining example for all other song writers, even the most blasé of the Tin Pan Alley group.

Thus it was, in the Fall of 1928, the Connecticut Yankees and I had as one of our first Velvaton recordings *Doin' the Raccoon*, and the same writer, J. Fred Coats, has written another of the same type, working with Ray Klages on the former, and with Charles Newell on this, which is called *A Hot Dog, a Blanket and You*, which Eddie Cantor introduced on our Fleischmann program a few weeks ago.

But Messrs. Oppenheim and Friend have really gone in for effect in the writing of *Freddie the Freshman*. The song should be great material for the bands that seek novelty tunes, Waring's

Pennsylvanians, Mall Hallett, Horace Heidt and his orchestra, Hall Kemp and his boys, Ben Bernie; in fact, the bands who dare to step out of the rut of saccharine love ballads and straight rhythmic compositions to present crazy novelties, these bands will enjoy doing *Freddie the Freshman*.

It has the usual applesauce and nonsense of raccoon coats, and even worse than that it, too, puns the Greek fraternity naming system. Still, it will make a good lively spot on anyone's radio program.

Needless to say, *Freddie the Freshman* is played brightly, and written in 2/4 time; it is published by Witmark, Inc.

Time on My Hands

AT ONE time the name of Vincent Youmans was a name to conjure with; it was on everyone's lips. The night he dropped into the Savoy Hotel in London, while I was playing with the Savoy Havana Band in 1924, we were all agog to see the young man who had written such a successful musical comedy with such an outstanding hit as *Tea for Two*. He had come over to supervise the staging of *No, No, Nanette*, and it was probably he, as much as anyone else, who saw to it that *Tea for Two* was not played around in London until the show had properly opened. The theory has always been, among producers of musical comedies, that to permit the indiscriminate playing of feature songs from a musical comedy or revue while the show is playing, or when it is about to open, is the surest way to shorten the life of the show itself, and this theory would seem to be not far from correct. It is quite obvious that the songs have become distasteful through the constant hammering of them in people's ear drums, and few people will go to a show in which they know they must hear the songs again. Hence it was that restraining injunctions were used against various bands, including the Savoy Band, to prevent them from playing *Tea for Two*, even though the patrons nightly clamored for the song.

Tea for Two, both in thought and melody is one of the loveliest things Youmans has ever written, though he has since followed his first success with *Hit the Deck*, from which came *Hallelujah*, and *Sometimes I'm Happy*. Although his show, *Great Day*, was considered a flop, the music from it was one of the loveliest groups of musical compositions ever published.

Superstitious persons attribute Youman's list of show failures to luck. However, it does seem unfortunate that since *Hit the Deck* both *Great Day* and *Smiles* should not have enjoyed the same great success of his first two ef-

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RADIOGRAPHS

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

Emery Deutsch
By Anne B. Lazar

I ENTERED the studio just ten minutes before the program was to be broadcast. Six or seven musicians were sparring with one another. An innocent member of the orchestra was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a poke in the ribs with a violin bow. Then there was a scramble of arms and legs. A pair of these animated, anatomical appendages belongs to Emery Deutsch—the leader of this group of men on a quarter-hour holiday. The minute hand moves quickly and there are just sixty seconds left before the program starts. How in the world will Emery Deutsch and his musicians step out of this mood of play in time to get set for the broadcast! But Ed Cullen, the announcer, is not perturbed. He probably knows from experience that Emery can organize his men for any important program in the twinkling of an eye. A signal from the control room separated from the large studio by a glass window, sends Sidney Raphael to the piano. Maurice Brown is, by some magic stroke, already at his 'cello, and the other members of the orchestra, Elias Tanzer, bass, who by the way is a genuine gypsy, Mr. Lifschey, viola player, and Mr. Gross, the man who manipulates the cymbolon, are all ready to go.

Then the gypsy measures, untrained and undisciplined by the theory of music, fret your fingers to snap and induce your toes to do a nimble dance. These haunting strains conjure up for you some woodland scene sprinkled with the colorful costumes of the gypsies and the musical clicking of castanets. But although Emery Deutsch is able to build up for you such a merry scene with the genuine gypsy flavor, he himself is not a member of that Nomadic Tribe.

His genius for remembering a tune and giving it a civilized twist and turn is the key to his success, and the early recollections of his youth have stood him in good stead.

There is probably no parallel to the childhood of Emery Deutsch. As a little bit of a shaver, all dressed up in velvet breeches and waistcoat, with extravagant silken ruffles around neck and wrists, young Emery was a frequent visitor at the lavish night clubs in Hungary. No, it was not that he prematurely developed a penchant for night life. But these cafes were sort of nurseries for him, a part of his home background. His aunt was the Texas Guinan of Hungary, but she operated on a much larger scale. In fact, Emery says

she had a monopoly on these nocturnal palaces of wine and song. "But those were night clubs, why, nothing you have here can compare with them," said Emery Deutsch not without a trace of scorn at what we deign to call night clubs.

"My nurse used to take me around to these different places located in various parts of Budapest—you see my mother sang in the opera in Vienna, and I would catch the tunes played by real gypsy musicians." These snatches of song were stored up in Emery's mind and the lively selections you hear during his many programs over the Columbia Broadcasting System are variations and developments of these early musical seedlings.

Emery is twenty-seven years of age—quite young to have about forty programs a week over a large network. And there is never a trace of fatigue, never a scowl, never an air of self-importance. He is just a good, young, hard-working orchestra leader, part and parcel of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He lives at home with his parents, and has two brothers and a sister. Emery has played before the most fashionable sets at the resorts of the elite—but that mischievous twinkle in his eyes foretells that no glamor or great height of success will ever go to his head.

Frank La Forge
By Mark Stevens

HE PLAYS those marvelous piano accompaniments for Mme. Frances Alda every Wednesday and Friday evening. In fact, he has accompanied and assisted most of the famous opera and concert stars for the past twenty years, including Mme. Alda, Schumann-Heink, Semblich, Matzenauer and many others.

He has discovered and taught a host of young singers who became famous under his guidance, including Lawrence Tibbett. His



Emery Deutsch

beautiful and spacious studio at 14 West 68th Street is filled from morning till night with opera and concert stars in the making.

HE HAS found time to be one of America's most noted composers and many artists sing his songs frequently over the radio. Lawrence Tibbett has probably summed it up in a beautiful tribute on an autographed photograph which hangs in the studio. The inscription reads: "To Frank La Forge, a great American, the greatest of teachers, the finest and best of friends, gratefully and sincerely, Lawrence Tibbett."

With all of his accomplishments, Frank La Forge is one of the most modest of men. He absolutely hates to talk about himself and passes over such things as his remarkable memory, for instance, as though they were nothing. La Forge is probably the only accompanist who never uses music when he plays for a singer. He has over five thousand songs committed to memory. I asked him how he did it.

"Well, I have always memorized naturally," he said. "My sister, Mrs. Ruth La Forge Hall gave me my first piano lessons and she was very strict. From the beginning I committed every piece I played to memory feeling that whatever was worth doing at all was worth memorizing. Soon it became a habit. Anyone can have a good memory who uses it regularly. It is like a muscle; it improves with exercise.

"An amusing incident occurred when I was playing for Mme. Sembrich at a concert in Berlin. At the time scheduled for the concert a man appeared behind the scenes saying he was a page-turner. I told him that since I used no notes I would not need his services. He seemed unable to comprehend an accompanist without notes, probably thought I was joking and so he went out on the stage with me for the first number. When he saw no music in evidence anywhere, he beat a hasty and confused retreat. Later on in the wings a somewhat downcast page-turner told me he received three marks for such services as he rendered. I gave him that amount and told him to take a holiday which he did with evident joy."

IT HAS become a tradition that soloists should commit their music to memory but this is not expected of accompanists. Nevertheless, this La Forge trait saved the day at one concert at least.

Mr. La Forge was playing a recital with a famous cellist in the large auditorium at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. They had just begun on a long number which lasts over fifteen minutes when suddenly, without any apparent cause, every light in the place was extinguished.



Frank La Forge

When asked as to the primary requisites for success as a singer Mr. LaForge said first it was by all means imperative to have a voice capable of culture and development, then, "an unusual capacity for work, a right method of study and a fixed determination to get ahead."

***B**ARRING accident by shipwreck at sea or crackup by ship of the air you are going to see some interesting and unusual pictures in the January Radio Digest pertaining to the first broadcast from Honolulu on the Night of November 15th last. It was the momentous occasion when KGU of Honolulu became a member of the NBC network. Just after midnight a program of almost irresistible charm swept over the country from that station. If you were up your imagination must have had a treat as you heard the seductive voices from these musical people—the native Hawaiians. Pictures especially for Radio Digest are winging here as these lines are written. Don't miss that feature next month.*

"A quite audible gasp ran through the house," he said, "the audience probably thinking that the number would have to come to an abrupt halt until the lights

could be switched on again. But when they found that the total darkness made absolutely no difference in the performance, the effect was quite magical. Oddly enough, just as we were concluding, all the lights came on again as if we had planned it so. It looked like a piece of good showmanship although it was entirely unforeseen on our part.

Once a famous Russian baritone wanted to sing several American songs which La Forge was playing for him in Vienna. This incident occurred when he was studying with Leschetizky. The songs could not be purchased in the city so La Forge wrote them out from memory and gave them to the astonished baritone. Furthermore, this singer could not understand why an accompanist should not use music. In fact, he thought it would look better if music were placed on the piano rack while he was singing. This was done to please him although the music on the rack had no resemblance to the music the baritone was singing.

THAT is one of the secrets of Mr. La Forge's perfect accompaniments. Instead of looking at the music, he watches the lips and movements of the singer and is able to anticipate every mood and whim.

Frequently Frank La Forge has the joy of discovery. Back in the Fall of 1922 a tall young man from the western wilds walked into his studio and wanted to study voice.

"Let's hear you sing," said Mr. La Forge, going to the piano and playing over a few chords. Soon the young man was singing of wide open spaces, of hardship and struggle, of life and love. He lived his song as he sang.

"What a thrill it gave me," said Mr. La Forge, "when I realized that here was a voice, one of unusual possibilities. Of course I urged the young man to make the most of it."

So Lawrence Tibbett began to study with La Forge and some time later made one of the most sensational triumphs ever accorded a singer at the Metropolitan Opera House. Tibbett was made overnight.

"I can never forget that night," said Mr. La Forge. "After it was all over and Tibbett was still in a daze from all the curtain calls, we went to a restaurant across the street and Tibbett had his usual bowl of cornflakes and glass of milk. Imagine eating cornflakes and drinking milk when one has just been swept into fame and fortune. But that is just like Tibbett."

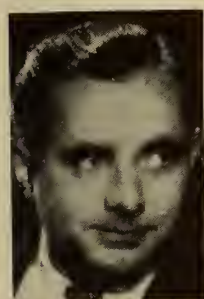
I asked Mr. La Forge what were the chief requirements of the successful singer.

"A voice," he said, "an unusual capacity for work, a right method of study and a fixed determination to get ahead no matter what the obstacles.

MARCELLA

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

EVERY Monday morning, Toddles (Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) and I scamper hurriedly along Madison Avenue and reach the Columbia Broadcasting System in time to hear every part of



Ed Cullen

Radio Digest's program, *Front Page Personalities*. Which is just as good a way as any of opening the story about our amiable friend, Edward Cullen, who announces R. D.'s feature over CBS. Toddles, my dears, is simply wild about the boy—well—I shouldn't say boy—he's 32, and I have a most awful time tearing her away from him at the finish of each program. What they talk about—this very handsome young man of five feet eleven and a half, and this mite of a bird, Toddles, as they stand there in the center of this very large studio, is quite beyond me. But her chief ambition in life, being to pull television from around that old corner, I am beginning to think that she has enlisted Edward to help her drag this elusive subject to just the place where she thinks it ought to be. But he's told her all about his travels in London, Ireland and Italy. That he was born in Buffalo—that he has toured the country several times—and that he has appeared in many successful Broadway productions. That once while he appeared on the same bill with Babe Ruth in Keith's Vaudeville Theatre, in Washington, General Marshal Foch who had been sitting in a box during the performance, was brought back stage by the manager to meet the "Sultan of Swat." The Sultan waxed nervous, his strong hand trembled and he rebelled against meeting the famous General. "But I can't speak French," stammered Babe, as the manager was egging him on to meet the General. Finally, with beads of perspiration strung heavily across his brow, The Sultan found himself in the presence of the War Hero. "H-have you been in the w-war," stuttered the striker of home-runs. Which all goes to prove

what Shakespeare said, "The things that I do, I would not—" or was it Brad Browne? When Ed Cullen came to radio, the theatre firmament lost a bright star, and radio listeners will be fortunate if producers fail to persuade Ed to take leads in big productions. For he has played with Nat Goodwin, Jane Cowl, George Cohan, Mary Boland, and Lorette Taylor. His hobbies are golfing and swimming. A recent triumph was his success in turning out cookies with the assistance of Ida Bailey Allen.

* * *

ANNOUNCERS in one respect at least are not any different from other human beings. They don't like to get up in the morning. Knowing this Ma and Pa NBC employ an eight o'clock morning program as a cat o' nine tails for their delinquent boys who for some reason or another miss a program. This rod of great affliction has proved very effective according to results.

When Rudy married, a million feminine hearts deflated. Now here's some news that won't help the depression in the Vallee fan quarters. Hold your breath, girls—Mrs. Rudy attends the performance of *George White's Scandals* every night—isn't that enough to turn every eye the shade of Erin? Her going has two purposes, one—to be near her crooning husband—the other to check up on the audience's reaction.

A press release from CBS says that Toscha Seidel's hobby is mountain climbing but that he hasn't a chance to do that sort of thing in Manhattan. Perhaps he's resting after that terrific climb to the Peak of Fame.

* * *



Louis Dean

IN 1901, Valley Head, a small village in Alabama, added one more human being, at least, to its census, in the person of Louis Dean, now announcer over in the CBS camp. Mr. Dean is an astute business man and got his early training at the general store owned by his grandfather. One department with which it is said he was particularly well acquainted was the Confectionery Division and here he spent a

great deal of time inspecting with keen eye and open lips generous samples of molasses candy and chocolates. Whenever Louis could be induced from the candy counter where he would station himself with a vengeance, his mother gave him piano lessons. Later he took a course at the Randolph-Macon Institute of Music at Danville, Virginia. Before this he had attended Washington and Lee University and during the war joined the nav-vy. His interest in radio had its beginning during his connection with the Brunswick Company where he worked with microphones. Louis believes that it is his background of salesmanship rather than his training in music that is his important asset. He plays a nice drawn-out game of golf, and reads over the biographies of great men during his spare hours.

* * *

TODDLES and I were attending the last radio performance of the Lucky Strike program to be directed by B. A. Rolfe before he sailed for Europe. And between running from one studio where Weber and Fields were trying to make the water in a shallow basin sound like a big fish pond, and the other studio where B. A. Rolfe and his musicians were assembled, we had quite a busy time. But we did manage to get a few moments with Howard Clancy, one of NBC's star announcers. And both Toddles and I heaved a sigh of relief to know that just in case the depression should happen to hit radio, Howard Clancy could be a success in at least four professions—architecture, sculpture, painting and the theatre. He appeared in such successful productions on Broadway as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Liliom* and *June and the Paycock*. His early training in architecture, drawing and painting fitted him for the work of stage designer for many productions. Mr. Clancy was born in Pittsburgh, April 17th, 1898, where he received his grammar and high school education and attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He is fair, has bright blue eyes and blond hair. During the Lucky Strike Hour, we whispered "hello's" to



Howard Clancy

Kelvin Keech, Walter Preston, and Frank Parker. Helene Handin, the girl announcer, who extolled the virtues of Lucky's product, sat right next to us, and this chatter of women's voices formed the background that is so essential to any good program.

* * *

PHYLLIS TINDALE, M. Z. Fischer and others interested in Rudy's broadcast schedule will find it listed under the heading *Throughout the Week* in Chain Calendar Features. Mrs. F. A. E., Dorothy Wise, Evelyn Arledge and the rest of Gene Arnold's admirers may expect a full page story about Gene, Chuck and Ray in the January issue. Address Bob MacGuinsey in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Laurentine Reine and Josephine Brunier can reach Lucille Wall at the same place.

* * *

TREMLETTE TULLY? Yes, that's her real name. Doesn't the very sound of it make you want to leave your old desk and typewriter, or frying pan or whatever constitutes the backbone of your daily existence for a tramp in the woods, for a rest under the sheltering arms of a tree and the tip toe flow of a quiet stream. But before we find ourselves too far in the woods and unable to come back in time to get this copy off to the Printer, it might be well to point out that Tremlette Tully—my, but great is the temptation to wander off again—is Director of Woman's Activities of WKRC, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild Station. And her Numerological Chart foretells a bright future for this little auburn-haired girl from the south.



Trem Tully

IF YOU have any fish stories up your sleeve, never try them on Howard Petrie, the announcer with the deepest voice on NBC. For Howard was brought up in too many fishing towns along the Atlantic Coast to give credence to the most subtle fish story. He was born in Beverly, Mass., November, 1906, and for nine full years his family moved from town to town, until finally they settled down in Somerville, Mass. Until he was fourteen he sang in the choir of the Cathedral of St. Paul in Boston. When he finished high school he worked for a Boston bank and during his leisure hours studied voice in the New England Conservatory of Music. He started at WBZA as announcer and in June,

* * *

1930, was graduated to the NBC ranks. Being the tallest of all NBC announcers, his great concern is taking care of a hasty assignment where he hasn't time to adjust the microphone. Is a member in the choir of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City.

* * *

DOUg EVANS is a comparatively new announcer over at CBS having been drafted there from WMCA some time in May. A recent accident to his eyes prevented his recognizing Toddles and myself, and Toddles particularly was very much chagrined because she had put on her best smile. Evans was born some twenty-seven years ago in Newport



Doug Evans

News, Va. His father and grandfather having been army men, a military career was laid out for Doug and with this end in view, was groomed for West Point. He passed all the necessary exams but at the last moment changed his mind. He had always been interested in the stage and when the opportunity came he joined the road company of *Naughty Riquette* with Mitzi. Later he took important parts in *Peggy Ann* and *A Connecticut Yankee*.

* * *

YES, C. L. Swafford of Pratt, Kans., Cecil and Sally are married, that is, I suspect they are. They never have committed themselves. They broadcast via electrical transcription. No, I'm not Helene Handin's partner, although I've been seeing her so often these days, that I'm beginning to think I am.

* * *

CAROLINE KOCH will find a double page story about Lowell Thomas in the February issue, and a picture of Floyd Gibbons in June, page 50. *Always a Digest Fan* and *Inquisitive* from N. D. will find an interesting article about Gene and Glenn in October, 1930, issue of R. D. Other pictures and short items about this team have appeared in *Radio Digest* from time to time. October, 1930, issue also has a *Radiograph* about Ann Leaf, Adelaide, and one of these days we'll have more than a few words about Jesse Crawford.

* * *

LANNIE ROSS is so popular, that his radio fans would league themselves against me forever if we did not invite him into our columns this month. First of all he is a Yale man—and maybe that's why he has the key to so many hearts. He's twenty-five, inher-



Lanny Ross

ited his voice from his parents who were vaudeville singers and is a skillful painter. He's a great athlete, and to perpetuate the memories of his athletic activities, Yale Gymnasium has pictures on its wall of Lanny. He's six feet tall.

* * *

OF Glen Ellison, KNX, Hollywood, the late Mr. Edison once said that he had the finest recording voice of any of his artists and that his records showed a larger sales record than many of them. Mr. Ellison was born on the Highlands of Scotland and the "unusual" in his voice and songs has won for him an enviable reputation. In London at the Royal Academy of Music he won many prizes, scholarships and medals for singing, opera and drama. He played leading roles in some of Shaw's plays. In Australia he stepped into grand opera where he took leading parts in *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lily of Killarney*, *Bells of Normandy* and other English operas. When he came to New



Glenn Ellison

York he made successful tours in vaudeville. Mr. Ellison is of medium height, with broad, heavy shoulders, and a smile that never wears off. Being Scotch he plays his game of golf, of course.

* * *

EVER since that first picture of Henry Edward Warner, Toddles and I have been deluged with letters for more about him. So Toddles, chastising me for being a very cold, unsympathetic creature, and shaking her head so vigorously that the feather on her Empress Eugenie hat stood in imminent danger of falling, wrote a letter to Uncle Ed of WCAO and we both got the following note. I'm going to take the liberty of quoting the letter without waiting first to write to Uncle Ed for his permission, for I do want Marcellians to get something of the exquisite beauty of his philosophy. "You know my personal Sunday hour is based on love, sympathy, understanding and kindness, and at my age (83 next January, or thereabout) I get a big kick out of actually doing good. Last Sunday I broadcast an answer to the question: 'What is Love' and incidental to my definition and discussion of the subject, I said: 'If you can think of love as something which has to do with the fact of Life itself, you will be very near to the truth. The scientist has not been able to isolate the beginning of Life, nor to explain whence comes consciousness, nor thought, nor volition, nor the conception of ideas, but when he does isolate that thing, whatever it is, he will find it to be inseparable from the essence of what my Dream Children and

I call Love. . . And that intangible but vital principle is the only thing that holds this world of helpless humans together; it is the thing that binds the corners of the universe, the thing that sends the sun to paint its glories over western hills; it is the one thing that differentiates man from all other creation, that gives him Faith in the darkness of despair and lifts him to comradeship with the gods. Strip man of all his possessions and set him down in the desert, rob him of wealth and visit him with sorrow, but if in his heart he holds Love, he shall read the secret of the heavens, and the stars shall sing his story until Time has taken its weary way to the dormitories of Eternity." Certainly this epitome of Love should be given a rare setting and can be with full justice compared to Henry Drummond's volume on that subject. It seems to me that these truths are just a bit different from some of the sob and sniffing kind of so-called homely philosophy dished out to the poor mortals called radio listeners. I'd like to quote a few more lines from that wonderful letter which Toddles will cherish forever and ever. "I don't accept a cent for my Sunday broadcast, and give up my Sunday, traveling 60 miles round trip from my home to do it, just because the least we humans can do is to contribute our helpfulness to others, thus to justify our own existence. In other words, at my age, I have my one big job: To take from my life experiences all that is good, and from my talents all that is worthy, and give it to the world without charge for humanity's sake." Here's a good opportunity for NBC or CBS to invite Mr. Warner to give some real, genuine impartations of wisdom over a chain of stations.

* * *

HENRY RING of WLW has announced such important orchestras as those of Vincent Lopez, Jan Garber, Johnny Hamp, Ted Weems, Don Bigelow, Ben Bernie, Bernie Cummins and many others, and possesses a collection of autographed photographs from these band leaders that would warm the cockles of your hearts for many a year. Persistence got Henry Ring his job as an announcer.



Henry Ring

It was a round about way, but he finally got there. First he managed to be hired in the Crosley Radio Corporation's factory. And every lunch hour he spent in the WLW control room, his mental eye all the time being glued to the microphone. In other words he was conspicuous by his presence—and finally an opening "opened" for a radio operator. Ring got the place and a few conversations

in which he convinced those in charge that he could announce, resulted in his becoming an announcer.

* * *

IN the sear and yellow leaf period of life, Elliott Shaw, baritone member of the Revelers, one of the best loved quartets on the air, looks forward to spending his days as a country gentleman. He is married, collects pewter as a hobby, avoids silent or talking pictures, seldom attends concerts, and has only a passing interest in the theatre. He is tall and slender, has light brown hair and a fair complexion. Comes from Des Moines, Iowa and an idea of his boyhood days can be obtained from the stories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Days just brimful of adventure and daring up along the Mississippi. And behind his quiet laugh, one gets glimpses of his real boyish nature, the Tom Sawyer spirit that never leaves a man once it settles within him.



Elliott Shaw

* * *

JACK REID, chief announcer of Stations WGBS and W2XCR (Television) is one of the most cheerful individuals around radio stations. But don't ever let Jack get to your sugar bowl. When Jack sees sugar he has only one thought and that thought is so impelling, that he empties the bowl into his pockets and cares not for the consequences. Hotel keepers, club owners and restaurateurs shrink with dread as Jack Reid enters for they know only too well the dearth of sweetening which follows these visits. But what can you do with a man whose love for horses is so great that he pilfers sugar for them. His heart also goes out to stray cats which he brings home with him. Drinks 36 cups of coffee a day, and his pet aversion is being photographed (hence his absence in the flesh in this column). Is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and during the War, was an officer in the Royal Flying Corps. Is an honorary member of the DOX crew, and has flown in every big ship with the exception of the new Army Bomber and the Dirigible Akron. Confidentially, there's a girl out in Cleveland—well—to use his own words "I wish she would hurry back to New York or that they could move Cleveland nearer to this city." His broadcasting activities cover every sort of event that has gone over the air from championship matches to presidential elections, and can't wait for the time when boxing and wrestling matches

will be given via television. Secretly hopes to be the first one to announce such an event.

* * *

AND while we're around W2XCR, I might mention that I saw a good-looking young man with blond hair and fair complexion place his arm surreptitiously around Marcia Stewart who has been accompanist for that station for some years. I sort of gulped a minute or two and then the illuminating thought occurred to me that, the boy being Mr. Stewart, and the woman being Mrs. Stewart—maybe they were related. You know you begin to connect up ideas like that if you hang around Toddles very long. Well, I ventured in as tactful a manner as possible and asked the question. Of course they were related. Mr. Stewart is Mrs. Stewart's son.

Marian Canniff, so sorry, but all my photographs are gone. Maybe some day I can get Toddles and myself again to sit still long enough to have our portrait done and we'll remember you. Sure we forgive you for your delay so please don't get gray hairs.

Sid Goodwin, NBC announcer out on the Coast, was born in Chicago, was reared in Oregon and obtained his education at the University in that state. Was a leader in amateur theatricals. Before he was 20, he had played in vaudeville, pictures and rep. shows. As a newspaper man he covered police, drama and radio news for the Portland Oregon. Mr. Goodwin is married, and has a 13-year-old daughter. His only aberration—I mean—hobby, is golf.



Sid Goodwin

Lester Spencer, formerly of stations KFJF in Oklahoma City, and WCAH in Columbus, is now broadcasting over WOWO, Fort Wayne. He hails from Sidney, Ohio, has blond hair, blue eyes and a very pleasing disposition. All fan letters answered personally, informs Charlotte King, of WOWO's Publicity Department.

Sorry, Jules Allester, no personal addresses of radio stars given. Letters forwarded to stations are always turned over to the artists, unless the Fan Mail Department happens to have been out late the night before.

Yes, F. M. Miller, the theme song of the Amos 'n' Andy programs is broadcast by musicians and not via record.

Cherio is Charles K. Field and Franklin Bauer is not broadcasting at the present time. I'm doing my best to find out where he's hiding out, Elizabeth Whiting.

(Continued on page 87)



Mrs. Petch in Norwegian peasant costume every stitch of which is sewn by hand. (Harold Stein)

BEAUTIFUL fair women can be found all the world over, but if you want the real ash blonde, then you must come to Norway. Take a walk down the Carl Johan, the chief street in Oslo the capital, with a beautiful park on one side, and the Royal Palace standing at the top, at about two o'clock and stand in the park near the band stand, where the military band plays every day from two to three. You will find, that eight out of ten girls have the beautiful ash gold hair that is the real blonde.

And perhaps this will give rise to a question from your side "What is the Norwegian girl and woman like?"

Well let's have a chat about her. As a rule she keeps herself very much in the background, but all the same she is a very active partaker in the affairs of her country.

The Norwegian woman has experienced the multitude of changes that came to her, as it did to her sisters of other lands, with the changing times, with the speeding up of travel, with co-education, and with modern dances.

Emancipation of women came early

Blondes Preferred

But—

Where Are They?

Why, in Norway, of course, says Mrs. Petch, and they're just as modern as our American girls.

Mrs. Gladys Petch, author of this article, is on her fourth broadcasting trip to the United States where she has been lecturing on the traditions, customs, literature and present day life of Norway. Her film, "The Top of the Old World," which ran for three weeks at Roxy's Theatre in New York, is the first short travelogue, and her talks about this fascinating country have been the delight of American audiences.

to Norway, and it has not proved derogatory to her character. When Olive Schreiner wrote the story of a South African

farm the Norwegian woman was already waking. Camilla Collet was the pioneer of the movement in Norway. She was the sister of the poet Wergerland, and was herself a clever authoress. *The Amtmands daughter* is her most popular work and in it she makes a fierce attack on the demoralizing habit of regarding marriage as a "woman's" sole breadwinning business. She died at the age of eighty-two, having for many years been the champion of the woman's cause in Norway. No other woman in Norway has stood out so prominently as she, indeed it does not seem to be characteristic of them to care to come individually to the front, in the mass perhaps they make an impression on their country, but alone they are modest and retiring.

Now in public life the Norwegian women made rapid strides. From 1901 and 1912 government posts were open to her. She can fill high positions, she can sit with the lawgivers, she can rise to a place in the cabinet, she can heal the sick, she can defend the criminal, but she cannot mount the pulpit in the church.

The great war has naturally changed the outlook of the average young woman. But even before the Great War Norwegian girls were accustomed to choose some special line in which they could earn a living. At school they ask each other "What are we going to be" as regularly as their brothers. Marriage with them is always a possibility and not an expected thing, but this I think is the case with most girls of the present day.

THE day of betrothal is festive and serious as the wedding day. Breach of promise is practically unknown, divorce is easy and common, but it is arranged unostentatiously and on business lines. There is no ill will apparently, and they meet later on each with a new partner, at a dance or bridge party with no indication of discomfort or animosity. Olav enjoys the privilege of playing on the edge of a volcano, he must be careful of his attentions to Ragna, must watch his personal appearance and behaviour. And Ragna on her side will never endure that Olav shall ever be led to form an impression that after all, it might be that Solveig, would have suited him better as a partner for life. So divorce itself may be an unpleasant business, but the contemplation of the risk of it has a certain modify-

(Continued on page 83)

The AWFUL TRUTH

Veracity should be tempered with kindness and tact---else its purpose will die on the wing

By Frances Ingram

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

THE virtues of truth have been extolled so long and so vehemently that it is small wonder that the "awful truth" has gained a tenacious foothold in this century. Truth is a virtue, of course, but not always.

Caustically truthful people frequently excuse their frankness by remarking sagely that of course "the truth hurts." It does indeed. For this reason the civilized person refrains from unpleasant veracity.

For instance, take two people who are seeing for the first time a room which a friend has done over according to her own ideas of interior decoration. We'll grant the results of her talent are not beautiful. The truthful person says at once that the room is terrible. The civilized person finds, somewhere in the room, a bit of really good grouping or some pleasing combination of colors and waxes enthusiastically about that.

Telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is, nine times out of ten, really nothing more or less than nervousness. It's a mental letting-go similar to such physical exhibitions as St. Vitus' dance or the popular 1931 "jitters." Truth that hurts is therefore often a sign of weakness rather than strength.

There are times when the truth is called for, naturally—for a vitally necessary understanding, for the ultimate happiness of some friend. But under ordinary circumstances there is no excuse for truth merely for truth's sake. Consider the bitterly truthful woman who tells her acquaintances unpleasant things about the style of hats they wear or the diet they choose for their children or the

way they acted at the Literary Club. Can you honestly admire her penchant for truth?

When I was in school I had a roommate whose mother was one of these caustic truth-tellers. Ruth used to look forward to letters from home, but invariably they left her depressed and morose. Mrs. Wilson had a habit of telling her daughter the truth about every member of the family and about all the family's friends, too. When Father had a little cold, when Mother had one of her sick headaches, when

the next door neighbor made an unpleasant remark about higher education for women, Ruth heard about it as soon as the postal service could get her mother's letter to her. Mrs. Wilson told the truth in her letters, but I've never been able to believe that her brand of truth was of the virtuous kind. It didn't accomplish anything useful—it merely depressed.

There were other truths in that household, I'm sure, interesting, amusing, witty truths. Mrs. Wilson saw the "bad news" type of truth. Her error lay in her selection of truths.

Mrs. Wilson and other chronic truth-tellers have simply fallen into the habit of choosing the wrong truths. Women everywhere fall into this common fallacy even in regard to themselves.



Marcella Shields—Yes Helene Handin, the other Trouper is around somewhere—broadcasting over NBC
(Courtesy Harold Stein)

MISS BROWN looks at herself in the mirror and sees but one truth—a small insignificant mole. In time she may write to a number of beauty specialists, demanding to be told how she can remove this mole which she insists is ruining her whole life. A more sensible truth-finder sees a mole on her face and decides to make of it a beauty mark, pointing out the lovely texture and clearness of her skin. Or she decides that her skin is not in good condition but that she will improve it so that her mole can be an accentuation of skin beauty. All a matter of selection, you see.

It's sensible to see yourself truthfully. It's foolish to let one truth color your perspective of yourself. The intelligent thing to do is to see yourself truthfully, but with imagination, too. Accept the truth about yourself,

(Continued on page 83)

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—(Daily except Sun.)
6:45 a.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEL WFI WGY
WCAE WRC WBEN CKGW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.)
7:45 a.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW

ON THE 8:15—Landt Trio and White. (Daily except Sun.)
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WGAR WJR WRVA WSM

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily except Sun.)
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WDBJ WBT WDAE WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG WDSU
KMOC KOIL KFH KJFJ

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WTAM WEAF WTIC WJAR
WTAG WEEL WBSH WJAB
WRC WGY WCAE WBEN
WTAM

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(Daily except Sun.)
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WLWZ WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WMAL WDBJ WBT WQAM
WDDB WDAE WXYZ WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG WDSU
WTAQ WGTQ WCCO KMOC
KTSA KDLV CFRB

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily except Sun.)
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WTIC WRC WCAE
WGY WHAS WWJ WPTF
WTAG WBEN WRVA WIOD
WFLA WFTS WJAX WJAB
WOW WWSH WGN KFJR
WFI WCKY WJAX WIBA

CHEERIO—(Daily except Sun.)
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTIC WRC WCAE
WCKY WWJ KPRC WFI
WSB WSM WJAX WPTF
WTAG WOAI WBEN WRVA
WIOD WHAS WFLA WFTS
WJAX WJAB WFTS WJAX
WGY WOW WCAE WWSH
WSMB WDAF KSTP WGN
WDAY-KFYR WAPI

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WAAB WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WRC WJAX WJAB
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAC WBRG WDSU WISN
WOWO WBBM WCO KMOC
KMBC KOIL KFH KJFJ
KRLD KTSA KDLV CFRB

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutch, Conductor. (Daily except Sun.)
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB WPG WHP
WIP-WFAN WJAS WBLW
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WVA
WADC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WRCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRG WDSU
WTAQ WOWO KSCJ WMT
KMOC WNAK KOIL KFH
KJFJ KDLV CFRB

TOM BRENNIE—"The Laugh Club." (Daily except Sun.)
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBAL WFAX WIOD
WGN KOA

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHBC WKBW WDRG WAAB
WORC WRC WJAX WJAB
WHP WLWZ WMAL WCAO
WDBJ WVA WADC WQAM
WDDB WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WTAG WFLA WFTS
WMT KMOC WJAX WJAB
KJFJ KDLV CFRB

"BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS"—(Daily except Sun.)
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJAR WLW
KWK WREN KFAB KSTP
WBCB WDAY KFJR WRVA
WPTF WJAX WHAS WSM
WAPI WSMB WJDX KTHS
WBAP KPRC WKY

MELODY MUSKETEERS—Male Trio. (Mon., Thurs. and Sat.)
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WBCB WKBW WDRG WAAB
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WBLW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WVVA WADC WBT WQAM
WDDB WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WTAG WFLA WFTS
KSCJ KMOC KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KLZ CFRB

OUR DAILY FOOD—Col. Goodbody (Daily ex. Sun.)
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WGY WCAE
WTAM WWJ WOC KSD
WHD WDAF WTMJ WBCB
WRVA WPTF WIGD WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WOAI WSB WSMB WJDX
WIBO WKY WBEN KSTP
WEEI WGN WOW KPRC
WFI WFAA WAPI WJAX

MORNING MINSTRELS—(Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.)
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WJAX W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WDBJ WBT WQAM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG
WDSU WTAQ WCCO KMOC
KTSA KDLV CFRB

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sat.)
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WTIC WTAG KYW
WJAR WBSH WFT WEEL
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WSAL KSD WOC WHO
WWJ WDAF

BREEN AND DE ROSE—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WFI WGY WBEN
WCAE WTAM KSD WOC
WHO WDAF KSTP WRVA
WFLA WSUN WHAS WMC
WAPI WJDX WFAA WKY

BEATRICE MABIE—(Mon. and Thurs.)
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WHAM KDKA WGR WJR
WIBO KWK WREN KFAB
CKGW CFCF

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KYW WOV WDAF
WFLA WFTS WJAX WJAB
WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WAPI WKY KOA KGO
KFI KTAR KFSO KOMO

SOCONY PROGRAM—(Tues. and Thurs.)
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR
WTAG WBSH WGY WBEN

MELODY PARADE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WOKO WHEC WKBW WLBZ
WJAX WDRG WJAX WCAO
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WVA WBT
WQAM WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WFLA WDSU WISN WTAQ
WOWO WJAX WJAB WFTS
KLSA KJFJ KTSA WACO
KOH KFOR WABC W2XE

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Tues. Wed. and Thurs.)
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WTIC WWJ WEEL
WBEN KSTP WJAR WBSH
WLIT WRC WGY WCAE
WSAI KFJK KSD WTAM
WOAI WMC KTHS WTAG
WOC WHO WTMJ WBCB
WHAS WSM WSB WAPI
WXYZ WJAX KPRC WOW
WBAP KYW WDAF

STAGE AND SCREEN STARS—(Tues. and Thurs.)
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WNAK WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WRC
WXYZ WBBM WCCO KMOC

DON BIGELOW'S YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sun.)
12 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRG WNAK
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAX WBSH WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WVA WADC
WBT WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRG WDSU WISN
WQAO WCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC WJAX WJAB WCO
KOH KFOR KVI KFPY
KPRC KHJ KLZ

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.)
12:15 p.m. 11:15 10:15 9:15
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGR WJR
WBCB WENR WTMJ KSTP

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW WGR
WJR KYW KWK WREN
KFCB WCO KSTP WBCB
WDAY WIBA WVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WAPI
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
KPRC KOA WOC WHO

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily ex. Sun.)
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRG WNAK
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WVVA WADC WQAM WDBO
WXYZ WRC WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
KSCJ WMT WMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KJFJ WACO
KOH KFOR KOL KVI
KFPY KPRC KHJ KDLV

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WEAN WDRG WAAB
WORC WPG WCAU WHP
WJAS WBSH WMAL W3XAU
WADC WHK WBT WOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRG WDSU WOWO

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM—(Daily except Sat. & Sun.)
1:15 p.m. 12:15 11:15 10:15
WDRG WVA WDAE WBCM
WLAP WDOD WTAQ WBBM
WCO KSCJ WMT KMBC
KPH KJFJ WACO KOH
KFOR KPRC KHJ KDLV

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Fri.)
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WLBZ WDRG WORC
WPG WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WDAE WXYZ WQAM WDBO
WDOD WLAC WBRG WDSU
KJFJ CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Mon. & Wed.)
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WBCB WKBW WDRG WAAB
WNAK WLBW WRC WNAK
WJAS WDBJ WMAL WCAO
WTAR WTCO WVVA WADC
WBT WXYZ WQAM WDBO
WDAE WDOD WBCM WSPD
WDRG WRC WLAC WBRG
WBRG WFBM WISN WRC
WGL KMBC WCCO KSCJ
WMT KTSA KLRA KOIL
KJFJ KFPY KOH KFOR
KVI KLZ KHJ CFRB

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. & Sun.)
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAK WOC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WVVA WADC WBT WTCO
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSD WJAX WJAB
WREC WLAC WBRG WDSU
WISN WTAQ WGL WFBM
WCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KLRA KOIL KFH KFJF
KTSA KOH KFOR KVI
KJFJ KPRC KHJ KDLV
KLZ CFRB KMBC

PRINCESS BOLENSKY—(Tues. & Thurs.)
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGR WJR
KYW KWK WREN KFAB
CKGW CFCF WTMJ WIBA
KSTP WBCB WDAY WRVA
WPTF WRC WFLA WFLA
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WAPI WSMB WJDX KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA KSL KGO KECA
KGW KHQ KFSD KTRAR

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WNAK WRC WPG
WIP-WFAN WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WVVA
WADC WHK WBT WTCO
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WJAX WJAB
WLAC WBRG WDSU WISN
WTAQ WGL WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
KOIL KJFJ KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KFOR KOL
WTAQ KFPY KDLV

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sun.)
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WSAI KYW KSD WOC
WTAG WBSH WFI WHO
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WGY WJAX WOW WDAF

PHIL SPITALNY—(Daily except Sun.)
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCAE
WGY WTAM

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.)
4:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WJAR WENR WBEN

CAFE DE WITT ORCHESTRA—(Mon.; 3:45 Wed.)
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRG WAAB
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WVVA WADC WQAM WDBO
WXYZ WRC WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WQAO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
KJFJ KRLD KTSA KOH
KFOR KDLV KLZ CFRB

FRANK ROSS, Songs—(Tues.; Thurs. 6 p.m.)
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WDRG WAAB WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WBT WTCO WQAM
WDBO WDAE WBCM WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRG WDSU WTAQ WBBM
WCO KSCJ WMT KOIL
KFH KJFJ KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KFOR KVI
KFPY KDLV KLZ CFRB

CHATS WITH PEGGY WINTHROP—(Mon. and Wed.)
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGR WJR
KYW KWK WREN KFAB
WTMJ KSTP WBCB WRVA
WHAS WSB WAPI WSMB
KVOO KPRC WKY KOA

RINSO TALKIE—(Tues. and Thurs.)
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WTIC WSAI WEEI
WJAR WTAG WBSH WFTS
WRC WBY WBEN WOC WHO
KSD WDAY WDAE WBCB
WGY WDAF KSTP WBCB
WTAM WWJ WOV WTMJ
KFYR

Eastern				Central				Mountain				Pacific			
SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)				THE CAMEL QUARTER (Daily except Sun.)				HOURLY—				CUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—(Thurs. and Sat.)			
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30	7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45	12:00	11:00	10:00	9:00	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	WCHS	WRC	WGY	WOC
WHK	WXYZ	WSPD	WBMM	WDRG	WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHL	WLBW	WVA	WHO	WDAF	WENR	WTAG
WCCO	KMOX	KNBC		WLAG	WNOX	WBRG	WMAL	WJAE	WBCM	WSPD	WCCO	WFBZ	WBN		
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.)				THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily ex. Sun.)				PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues. and Sat.)				BIBLICAL DRAMA—			
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45	7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45	12:15 a.m.	11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR	WEAF	WSAI	WVJ	WCAE	WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
WLW	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WENR	WGY	WBN		WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WCHS	WRC	WGY	WOC
WIOD	WFLA			WENR	WGY	WBN		WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WHO	WDAF	WENR	WTAG
RAISING JUNIOR—(Daily ex. Sun.)				ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. & Fri.)				NOCTURNE ANN LEAF AT THE ORCHARD—(Daily ex. Sun.)				INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—			
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00	7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45	12:00	11:00	10:00	9:00	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR	7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45	WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBN	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
KYV				7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45	WTAM	KSD	WVJ	WOW	WGR	WLBZ	WDRG	WAAB
VAUGHN DE LEATH—(Mon., Tues. and Thurs.)				CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)				PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues. and Sat.)				INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—			
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30	8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	12:15 a.m.	11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WJAR	WFI	WRC	8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WCAE	WWJ	KSD	WOW	8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WGR	WLBZ	WDRG	WAAB
WDAF	WJAX	WIOD		8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
REIS AND DUNN—(Mon., 7:30 Sat.)				GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(Tues. and Sat.)				NOCTURNE ANN LEAF AT THE ORCHARD—(Daily ex. Sun.)				INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—			
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30	12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRG	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WDRG	WRC	WJAS	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	W3XAU	WLBW	WSPD	WDOD	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WDBJ	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WDSU	WISN	WGL	WCCO	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WGL	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WLAG	WDOD	WLAG	WDSU
WFBI	KSFJ	KMOX	KNBC	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WISN	WTAQ	WLOW	WCCO
KLRA	KJFF	KRLD	KOH	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WISN	WTAQ	WLOW	WCCO
KVOR	KLZ			8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WFCM	WVVA	WBT	WTOC	WISN	WTAQ	WLOW	WCCO
HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Wed., 4:30 Thurs.)				LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEY MUSIC—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)				MORNING MUSICAL—				CAFÉ BUDAPESTH—			
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	12:45 p.m.	11:45	10:45	9:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRG	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WAAB	WORC	WLB	WJAS	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WDBJ	WVVA	WHK	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WTR	WDBJ	WVVA	WADC
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WISN	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WFBI	KSFJ	KMOX	KNBC	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WLAG	WDOD	WLAG	WDSU
KLRA	KJFF	KRLD	KOH	8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WISN	WTAQ	WLOW	WCCO
KVOR	KLZ			8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WISN	WTAQ	WLOW	WCCO
SWIFT PROGRAM—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)				SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—(Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)				TONE PICTURES—LEW WHITE—				CATHEDRAL HOUR—			
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WEAF	WCAE	WTIC	WTAG	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
WEEL	WJAR	WCHS	WFI	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
WRC	WGY	WBN	WDAF	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45	8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—LOWELL THOMAS—(Daily except Sun.)				LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)				QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DITTSCH—				SONS OF ELI—			
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WCAU
VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—(Mon. and Thurs.)				LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)				QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DITTSCH—				SONS OF ELI—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WEAF	WDEG	WFI	WJZR	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WCAU
WCHS	WLIT	KFBR	WGY	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WBN	WCAE	WWJ	WSA1	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WADC	WHS	WKRK	WBT
WENR	WTIC			10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—(Daily except Sun.)				LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)				QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DITTSCH—				SONS OF ELI—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WCAU
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WLV	WCKY	WRC	CKGW	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WADC	WHS	WKRK	WBT
CFCF	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WIOD	WFLA			10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
MYRT AND MARGE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)				LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)				QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DITTSCH—				SONS OF ELI—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WCAU
WNAC	WGR	WKRK	WCAU	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
W3XAU	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WADC	WHS	WKRK	WBT
WFBL	WSPD	WMAL	WOKO	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WDRG				10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
BING CROSBY—(Daily except Sun.)				LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)				QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DITTSCH—				SONS OF ELI—			
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WCAU
WGR	WLBZ	WDRG	WAAB	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WADC	WHS	WKRK	WBT
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WDBJ	WVVA	WADC	WBT	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WTOC	WQAM	WDOD	WDAE	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WBCM	WDAE	WDOD	WREC	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WBRG	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WOWO	WGL	WFBI	WCCO	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	WLAG	WBRG	WDSU	WOWO
KJFF	WACO	KOH	KVOR	10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00	10:30 a.m.							

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RHYTHM RAMBLERS—Nat
loff, Conductor
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:15 8:00
 WOKO WFBL WHEC WKBW
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WEAN
 WDRG WNAC WPG WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WWVA WBT WTOG
 WGAM WDAE WBCM WSPD
 WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
 WDSU WISN WTAQ KSCJ
 KMBC KOIL KFJF KMTA
 KTSA WACO KOH KFOR
 WXYZ

THREE MEN IN A TUB
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
 WDRG WNAC WORC WPG
 WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
 WTAR WDBJ WBT WTOG
 WGAM WDAE WBCM WSPD
 WLBW WDAE WXCZ WSD
 WLAP WDOD WLAC WDSU
 WISN WTAQ KSCJ WMT
 KOIL KFJF KMTA
 WACO KOH KFOR KXYL

MUSICAL ALPHABET
 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
 WDRG WNAC WORC WPG
 WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WBT WTOG WQAM
 WDBO WDAE WXCZ WSD
 WLAP WDOD WLAC WDSU
 WISN WTAQ KSCJ WMT
 KOIL KFJF KMTA
 WACO KOH KFOR KXYL

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHES-
TRA
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 a.m. 10:30
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WGR WLBZ WDRG WAAB
 WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
 WJAS WLBW WCAO WQAM
 WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
 WBT WTOG WQAM WDAE
 WBCM WSPD WDOD WLAC
 WBRG WDSU KFJF CFRB

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
 WDRG WNAC WORC WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
 WKRC WCAH WBT WTOG
 WXYZ WSPD WDOD WREC
 WLAC WNOX WBRG WDSU
 WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
 KSCJ KMOX KMBC KLR
 KOIL KWBW KFJF KRLD
 KTRH KOL KYL
 KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ
 KDYL KLZ CFRB CKAC

PACIFIC VAGABONDS
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
 WREN KSTP WBA WCFR
 WSM WMC WAPI WKY
 KOA KGO KECA KTAR

JOLLY JUGGLERS
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WHEC WKBW WLBZ WAAB
 WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
 WHP WJAS WLBW WCAO
 WTAR WBT WTOG WQAM
 WDBO WREC WLAC WBRG
 WDSU WTAQ WBT WTOG
 WMO KMOX KMBC KSCJ
 KFJF KRLD KMTA KOLA
 KOH KFOR KDYL KLZ
 CFRB WDAE WXYZ WLAP
 WDOD

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WAAB WHP WLBW WWVA
 WADC WDAE WBCM WLAP
 WDOD WTAQ KSCJ WMT
 KOIL KFJF KMTA KRLD
 KTSA KOH KFOR

SNOOP AND PEEP
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WEAJ WJAR KSD KOA
 KECA WBN KFJR WSM
 WJDX

SILVER FLUTE
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAJ WTAG WEEI WJAR
 WCHS WLIT WFRB WRC
 WGY WBN WTAM CKGW
 CFCE

GUY ROBERTSON
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 WHAM WJAR WJR WCKY
 KYW KWK WREN KFAB
 KSTP WBCB WDAY KFJR
 WBA WBYA WPT WJAX
 WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM
 WMC WSB WSMB WJDX
 KVOO WFAA WBP KPRC
 WOAI WKY KOA KSL

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WGAR WJR WLW WLS

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week Sunday

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds, whose comedy songs and mirthful chatter are designed to cheer the early hour. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook. Tony Wons with bits of curious facts, poetry and so forth. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WEAF—Beautiful Thoughts, featuring Chuck, Ray and Gene, a harmony trio, with Irma Glenn, organist, and Gene Arnold, narrator. (Montgomery Ward & Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins, the Old Topper himself, who worships satire and gives a whimsical touch to matters of not-too-much importance. (Libby, McNeil & Libby.) (Thurs. and Fri.)

2:30 p.m.—WABC—American School of the Air. Education alluringly offered to young and old. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas, voice of Literary Digest, scholar, author and adventurer, who gives and interprets the daily news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy, giving their superbly human act and still entangled in the situations. (The Pepsodent Company.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m. and 10:45 p.m.—WABC—Myrt and Marge. Adventures of two ladies of the chorus. (Wrigley's Chewing Gum.) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby. The heman barytone who won fame over night. (Cremo Cigars.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter - Hour. Morton Downey's voice, Tony Wons announcing and Jacques Renard's music make fifteen minutes all too short. (Camel Cigarettes.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give one an intimate peek into the struggles and ambitions of Jewish families. (The Pepsodent Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—La Palina Presents Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. The spot to turn to for those "memory songs." (La Palina Cigars.) (Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet, as originated and presented by Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. (Proctor & Gamble Co.) (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, biggest on the air, presents a solid hour of new arrangements in danceable tempo. (American Tobacco Co.) (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, just three brilliant college girls in roles of rural characters analyzing international problems. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

11:30 p.m.—WJZ—Russ Columbo, the voice of the Golden West, whose originality in phrasing popular sentimental songs has won him instant fame. (Daily.)

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Columbia's "Church of the Air," with the most eminent Protestant preachers in the country.

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. Always worth watching for.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. The day's outstanding music.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn gives everybody Eddie Cantor, humorist and self-made presidential candidate, and Dave Rubinnoff's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour always provides an array of talent in music and drama with an outstanding guest speaker. John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies. (Crowell Publishing Company.)

9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Kellogg Slumber Music presents Ludwig Laurier and his string ensemble playing many delightful old classics. (Kellogg Company.)

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Best Sellers with Ted Weems Orchestra and Ilo May Bailey, vocalist. (S. C. Johnson & Co.)

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's, the largest religious class known to history. Typifies the wholesome religious services of Down East neighbors.

Monday

11:30 a.m.—WABC—Radio Digest Front Page Personalities in which Anne B. Lazar, Woman's Feature Editor gives interviews about well known people she has met.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days, another of the most popular dramatic programs, portraying the hardships and grim humor of the early American frontier. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies featuring Harry Horlick's Orchestra and Veronica Wiggins, contralto, and Frank Parker, tenor, in numbers that give one the wanderlust. (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story in which Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling, as Mary and Bob, add weight to the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. (Macfadden Publishing Co.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program. Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadian's enchanting music.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel with his magic violin, accompanied by a concert orchestra.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks, presenting the realistic rural characters of Thompkins Corners as written by George Frame Brown. (Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
MOBILOIL CONCERT—Gladys Rice				KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY	THE MILLS BROTHERS—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30	WVIC	WDAF	WGD	WGY	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WEAF	WELI	WJAR	WCHS	WDAF	WCAE	WHO	WOW	WABC	WFBL	WGR	WLBZ
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI	WVJ	WBN	KSTP	WIMJ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WORC
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA	WDAY	KFYR	KYW	WIBA				

Features

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Meet the Artist. Bob Taplinger persuades Broadway and radio celebrities to tell all.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing features a mixed quartet composed of Muriel Savage, soprano; Helen Janke, contralto; Richard Maxwell, tenor, and Arthur Billings Hunt, baritone and director.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong Quakers, a dance orchestra under the direction of Don Voorhees and Lois Bennett, soprano, and May Hoppie, contralto, and a male quartet. (Armstrong Cork Co.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Walter Winchell. Inside information by our most tireless gossip. (La Gardine.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie still the old maestro with his Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Blue Ribbon Malt.)

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Fuller Man comes knocking at your door and invites you to listen to Mabel Jackson, soprano, and Earle Spicer, baritone, and a lively orchestra. (Fuller Brush Co.)

Wednesday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost's Melody Moments offers Eugene Ormandy's orchestra and Oliver Smith, tenor. (National Sugar Refining Co.)

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert, Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra and two prominent vocalists, Gladys Rice, soprano, and Douglas Stanbury, baritone. (Vacuum Oil Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, an artistic dramatization of the world famous detective stories; acted by Richard Gordon, Leigh Lovel, Joseph Bell and Edith Meiser. (G. Washington Coffee Refining Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight. Words and music from Minneapolis. (Gold Medal Flour.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. Magnificoes of the stage and screen as guest artists with Freddie Rich's Orchestra. (Vitality Shoes.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation Program. Watch this one for real stars of the concert and operatic worlds.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, describes favorite radio personalities as she knows them.

Thursday

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Miriam Ray. Columbia's sensational new "blues singer."

5:00 p.m.—WJZ—Coffee Matinee offers Michel Gusikoff, an accomplished violinist, with a marimba orchestra and Scrapy Lambert, tenor. (Brazilian American Coffee Promotion Committee.)

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Dixie Spiritual Singers, a chorus of colored folk from the heart of Dixieland. (Larus & Bros. Co.)

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale offering the delightful male group of singers known as the Rondoliers Quartet. (American Radiator Co.)

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees' orchestra and a brilliant guest artist.

10:45 p.m.—WABC—Peters Parade. Musical comedy and operetta hits by Irene Beasley, Ken Christie Trio and orchestra. (Peters Shoes.)

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WJZ—NBC Music Appreciation Hour presents the classics for young and old alike with the master tutor and symphonic orchestral leader—Walter Damrosch.

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Curtis Institute of Music. Classical music program of high order.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family, direct from the Capitol Theater, with orchestra under the direction of Yasha Bunchuk.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service featuring the lovable Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cavaliers Quartet. (Cities Service Co.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time. News of the day dramatized into a program of punch and thrills. (Time Magazine.)

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men are as colorful as Whiteman's bands of old, and Mildred Bailey, blues singer, leads a group of talented singers. (Allied Quality Paint Group.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air offers a myriad of stars of the stage and Milton Schwarzwald's orchestra. (Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit.)

10:45 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti, showing what great skill and art can accomplish with two pianos.

Saturday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Political Situation in Washington Tonight. Frederick William Wile's expert exposition of what's going on at the Capital.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, presenting outstanding authorities in many fields of thought.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar with William Wirges' orchestra and a guest vocalist. (Valspar Corp.)

10:00 p.m.—WJZ Cuckoo, radio's burlesque program with Raymond Knight as Station Master Ambrose J. Weems of KUKU.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons Show Boat. The villain always gets his just deserts and the hero the pretty gal in these old melodramas with Harry C. Browne and his able cohorts.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

HALSEY STUART PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEAFF WEEI WJAR WTAG
 WGSB WLIT WRC WBY
 WCAE KOA KSL KGO
 KGW KOMO KHQ WSAI
 KSD WOC WHO WOW
 WWJ WSMB KPRC WOA1
 WTMJ KSTP KYW WSM
 WHAS WRVA WMC WSB
 WBNR WTAM KFI CRGW
 WJAX KVOO WFBR

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC WOKO WFB1 WKBW
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
 WXYZ WSPD WWOV WFBM
 WMAQ WCCO KSCJ WMT
 KMOX KMBC KOIL KFH

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
 WLS KWK WREN

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
 WENR KWK WREN

ENO CRIME CLUB—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC WFB1 WKBW WEAN
 WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
 WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
 WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
 WWOV WMAQ KMOX KMBC
 KOIL CFRB

PALMOLIVE HOUR—Olive Palmer, Soprano
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEAFF WEEI WJAR WJAG
 WTAG WGSB WLIT WRC
 WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
 KSD WOC WOW WSMB
 WTMJ KSTP WHAS CKGW
 WSM WMC WDAF WHO
 WSB WOA1 KOA KSL
 KGW KOMO WDAF KHQ
 WWJ WTAM WBN KFI
 KVOO KPRC WIBA KGO
 (WFAA on 10:00) WIS WWNC

SALONESQUE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 KHJ KOIN KRC KOL
 KFPY KVI KGB KQOR
 KRLD KLZ KTRH KFI
 KOH KTSA KDYL W1BW
 WACO KFH

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WGAR WJR WCFL WREN
 WIOD WFLA WHAM

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC WOKO WFB1 WKBW
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
 WBT WGST WXYZ WSPD
 WLAP WREC WLAC WBRB
 WDSU WISN WWOV WFBM
 WBBM WCCO KMOX KMBC
 KLRA KOIL KFI KRLD
 KTRH KTSA KOL KVI
 KFPY KOIN KFCR KHJ
 KDYL KLZ

WEED TIRE CHAIN PROGRAM—
 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC WADC WCAO WNAC
 WKBW WGN WKRC WIK
 WXYZ WWOV WDRC KMBC
 KOIL WCAU W3XAU WJAS
 KMOX WFB1 WSPD WMAL
 WLBZ KRLD KLZ WCCO
 CKAC KFIJ KDYL

COCA COLA—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WEAFF WEEI WTC WTAG
 WGSB WLIT WRC WSAI
 WOC WCAE WERC WBY
 KYW KSD WRVA KFSB
 WHAS WJAX KSTP WIOD
 WSM KPRC WOA1 KOA
 KSL KGO KGW KIIQ
 KOMO WDAF WTAM WHO
 WOV WMC WPTF WSB
 WWJ WBNR WAPI KFI
 WGY WTMJ WJAR WFLA
 WSNR KJAR CFCF WSMB
 WBAF KTHS

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC WOKO WFB1 WKBW
 WLBZ WDRC WAAB WORC
 WPG WIP-WFAN WHIP
 WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
 WJAR WBJR WADC WBT
 WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
 WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
 WDOD WREC WLAC WBRB
 WDSU WISN WTAQ WFBM
 WCCO WMT KMBC WSN
 KOIL KFIJ KFCR WCAO
 KOH KFPY KFCR KDYL
 CFRB WIEC KQOR

RADIO'S GREATEST LOVER—
 10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WHAM WBAL WBR WZA
 WJAX KDKA WGAR WJR
 WENR KWK WREN

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO	WAHDEMNA CHORAL CLUB				KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ	8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45	KFIJ	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
WSPD	WDSU	WFBM	WMAQ	KOIL	KIJ	KOIN	KFCR	KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFI
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC		KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB	WNAX			

Table with 16 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Contains program listings for 'THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST', 'INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON', 'ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES', 'RHYTHM KINGS', 'VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA', 'CARVETH WELLS', 'MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE', 'BLUE MOONLIGHT', 'LEW CONRAD'S ORCHESTRA', 'COFFEE MATINEE', 'HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA', 'A. & P. GYPSIES', 'HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS', 'TITO GUIZAR', 'FAMOUS FALLACIES OF BUSINESS', 'DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS', 'PETERS PARADE', 'RADIO ROUNDUP', 'LA FORGE BERUMEN MUSICALE', 'RIN TIN TIN THRILLER', 'PICKARD FAMILY', 'ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICAL', 'EUGENE ORMANDY PRESENTS', 'VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist', 'MELODY MAGIC', 'RAY PERKINS, THE PRINCE OF PINEAPPLE', 'MACHINE AGE HOUSEKEEPING', 'L'HEURE EXQUISE', 'HELPS FOR POULTRY AND STOCK FEEDERS', 'THE SINGING VAGABOND', 'FLEISCHMANN HOUR', 'RAY PERKINS', 'BOND BREAD PROGRAM', 'FIRESIDE SONGS', 'FOOTBALL FORECASTS', 'SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE', 'NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR', 'LOVE STORY HOUR', 'CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA', 'JOHN KELVIN', 'MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY'.

Thursday

Table with 16 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Contains program listings for 'RAY PERKINS, THE PRINCE OF PINEAPPLE', 'MACHINE AGE HOUSEKEEPING', 'L'HEURE EXQUISE', 'HELPS FOR POULTRY AND STOCK FEEDERS', 'THE SINGING VAGABOND', 'FLEISCHMANN HOUR', 'RAY PERKINS', 'BOND BREAD PROGRAM', 'FIRESIDE SONGS', 'FOOTBALL FORECASTS', 'SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE', 'NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR', 'LOVE STORY HOUR', 'CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA', 'JOHN KELVIN', 'MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY'.

Friday

Table with 16 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Contains program listings for 'RAY PERKINS', 'BOND BREAD PROGRAM', 'FIRESIDE SONGS', 'FOOTBALL FORECASTS', 'SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE', 'NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR', 'LOVE STORY HOUR', 'CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA', 'JOHN KELVIN', 'MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY'.

State and City Index

Compiled from latest issue of Federal Radio Commission Bulletin. However, as changes take place almost daily, our readers are asked to report any inaccuracies that they may be checked against our regular sources of information.—EDITOR

Alabama

Anniston WFDW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Birmingham WAPI
110 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
Birmingham WBRC
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Birmingham WKBC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Gadsden WJBY
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Huntsville WBHS
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mobile WODX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Montgomery WSFA
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Alaska

Anchorage KFQD
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Juneau KFIU
10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Ketchikan KGBU
500 w.—9000 kc.—333.1 m.

Arizona

Flagstaff KFXV
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Jerome KCRJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Phoenix KTAR
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Phoenix KOY
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Prescott KPJM
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Tucson KVOA
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Tucson KGAR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Arkansas

Blytheville KLCN
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Fayetteville KUOA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Fort Smith KFPW
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Hot Springs KTHS
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Little Rock KLRA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Little Rock KGHI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Little Rock KGJF
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Paragould KBTM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

California

Berkeley KRE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Beverly Hills KMPC
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Barbank KELW
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Calver City KFVD
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
El Centro KXO
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Fresno KMJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hayward KZM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Hollywood KFWB
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Hollywood KNX
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Holy City KFQU
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Inglewood KMCS
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Long Beach KGER
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Long Beach KFOX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Los Angeles KECA
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Los Angeles KFAC
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Los Angeles KFI
50,000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Los Angeles KFSG
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Los Angeles KGEF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles KGFJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Los Angeles KHJ
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Los Angeles KMTR
500 w.—870 kc.—526 m.
Los Angeles KTM
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Oakland KLX
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Oakland KLS
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Oakland KROW
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pasadena KPCC
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Pasadena KPSN
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Sacramento KFBK
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
San Bernardino KFXM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
San Diego KFSD
1500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
San Diego KGB
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 500 w.)
San Francisco KGO
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
San Francisco KFRC
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
San Francisco KGGC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Francisco KFWI
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
San Francisco KJBS
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
San Francisco KPO
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
San Francisco KTAB
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
San Francisco KYA
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
San Jose KQW
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Santa Ana KREG
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Barbara KDB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter and studio to Bakersfield, Cal.)
Santa Maria KSMR
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Stockton KGDM
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Stockton KWG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Colorado

Colorado Springs KVOR
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Denver KPOF
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Denver KFUP
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Denver KFEL
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver KFXX
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver KOA
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Denver KLZ
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Grand Junction KFXJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Fort Morgan KGEW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Greeley KFKA
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pueblo KGHF
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Trinidad KGIW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Yuma KGEK
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Connecticut

Bridgeport WICC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Hartford WTIC
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Hartford WDRC
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Storrs WCAC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Delaware

Wilmington WDEL
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Wilmington WILM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

District of Columbia

Washington WOL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Washington WMAL
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Washington WRC
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Florida

Clearwater WFLA-WSUN
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Gainesville WRUF
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Jacksonville WJAX
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Miami WQAM
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Miami WIOD-WMBF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Orlando WDBO
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pensacola WCOA
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Tampa WDAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Tampa WMBR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Georgia

Athens WTFI
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Atlanta WGST
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Atlanta WSB
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Augusta WRDW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Columbus WRBL
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Macon WMAZ
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Rome WFDV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Savannah WTOG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Thomasville WQDX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tifton WJTL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Hawaii

Honolulu KGU
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Honolulu KGMB
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

Idaho

Boise KIDO
1350 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Idaho Falls KID
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Nampa KFXD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Pocatello KSEI
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Sandpoint KGKX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Twin Falls KTFI
250 w.—130 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Illinois

Batavia WCHI
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Carthage WCAZ
50 w.—1070 kc.—282.8 m.
Chicago KYW-KFKX
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Chicago WAAF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Chicago WBBM-WJBT
25,000 w.—770 kc.—428.3 m.
Chicago WCFW
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Chicago WCRW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago WEDC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago WENR-WBCN
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago WGES
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset—On Sunday

Chicago WGN-WLIP
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
Chicago WIBO
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
Chicago WLS
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago WMAQ
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
Chicago WMBI
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Chicago WPCC
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Chicago WSBC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Cicero WHFC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Cicero WKBI
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Decatur WJBL
500 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Evanston WEHS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Galesburg WKBS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg WEBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Joliet WCLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Joliet WKBB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
La Salle WJBC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mooseheart WJJD
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
Mount Prospect WJAZ
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Peoria Heights WMBD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Quincy WTAD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rockford KFLV
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Rock Island WHBF
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield WCBS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield WTAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tuscola WDWZ
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Urbana WILL
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Zion WCBD
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.

Indiana

Anderson WHBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Connersville WKBV
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
Culver WCMA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Elkhart WJAK
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Evansville WGBF
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Fort Wayne WGL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Wayne WOWO
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
Gary WJKS
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
Hammond WVAE
100 w.—1230 kc.—249.9 m.
Indianapolis WFBM
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Indianapolis WKBF
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Muncie WLBC
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Bend WFAM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
South Bend WSBT
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Terre Haute WBOW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
West Lafayette WBAA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

Iowa

Ames WOI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Boone KFGQ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Cedar Rapids KWCR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Clarinda KSO
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Council Bluffs KOIL
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Davenport WOC
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Decorah KGCA
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Decorah KWLC
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Des Moines WHO
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Fort Dodge KFJY
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Iowa City WSUI
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Marshalltown KFJB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Muscatine KTNT
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Ottumwa WIAS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Red Oak KICK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Shenandoah KFNF
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Shenandoah KMA
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sioux City KSCJ
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Waterloo WMT
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Kansas

Dodge City KGNO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Kansas City WLBF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Lawrence KFKU
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Lawrence WREN
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Manhattan KSAC
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Milford KFBI
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
Topeka WIBW
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wichita KFHH
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Kentucky

Covington WCKY
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Hopkinsville WFIW
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Louisville WHAS
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.

Louisville.....WLAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Paducah.....WPAD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Louisiana

Monroe.....KMLB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WABZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WDSU
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
New Orleans.....WJBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
New Orleans.....WJBW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to
100 w.)
New Orleans.....WSMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
New Orleans.....WWL
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
Shreveport.....KRMDS
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport.....KTBS
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter
and studio to Laurel,
Miss.)
Shreveport.....WTSLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport.....KWEA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Shreveport.....KWKH
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

Maine

Augusta.....WRDO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Bangor.....WAB1
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Bangor.....WLBZ
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland.....WCSH
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Presque Isle.....WAGM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Maryland

Baltimore.....WBAL
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
(1060 kc. during daytime Sun.,
Mon., Wed. and Friday and during
evening on Tues., Thurs.
and Sat. At all other times dial
760 kc. The change from one
wave to the other is made at
7:30 p.m. on Sun. and at 4 p.m.
week days.)
Baltimore.....WCAO
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
Baltimore.....WCBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Baltimore.....WFBR
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Cumberland.....WTBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Massachusetts

Boston.....WAAB
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Boston.....WBZ
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Boston.....WEEI
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Boston.....WHDH
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Boston.....WLOE
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Boston.....WNAC-WBIS
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Boston.....WSSH
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Fall River.....WSAR
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington.....WLEY
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Needham.....WBSO
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
New Bedford.....WNBH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Dartmouth.....WMAF
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Springfield.....WBZA
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Worcester.....WORC-WEPS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Worcester.....WTAG
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

Michigan

Battle Creek.....WELL
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to
100 w.)
Bay City.....WBCM
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Calumet.....WHDF
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Detroit.....WXYZ
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Detroit.....WJR
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
Detroit.....WMBC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Detroit.....WWJ
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
East Lansing.....WKAR
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Flint.....WFDF
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Grand Rapids.....WASH
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Grand Rapids.....WOOD
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Highland Park.....WJBK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson.....WIBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kalamazoo.....WKZO
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Lapeer.....WMPC
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Ludington.....WKBZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Marquette.....WBEO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Royal Oak.....WEXL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Minnesota

Fergus Falls.....KGDE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Minneapolis.....WCCO
5000 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
Minneapolis.....WDGY
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis.....WLB-WGMS
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Minneapolis.....WRHM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Moorhead.....KGFK
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Northfield.....KFMX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Northfield.....WCAL
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
St. Paul.....KSTP
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

Mississippi

Greenville.....WRBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Gulfport.....WGCM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hattiesburg.....WRBJ
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to
100 w.)
Jackson.....WJDX
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Meridian.....WCOC
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Tupelo.....WDIX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Vicksburg.....WQBC
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

Missouri

Cape Girardeau.....KFVS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Columbia.....KFRU
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Grant City.....KGIZ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Jefferson City.....WOS
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Joplin.....WMBH
1000 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Kansas City.....KMBC
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Kansas City.....KWKC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kansas City.....WDAF
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Kansas City.....WHB
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Kansas City.....WOQ
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
St. Joseph.....KFEQ
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
St. Joseph.....KGBX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
St. Louis.....KFUO
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis.....KFWF
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Louis.....KMOX
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
St. Louis.....KSD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis.....KWK
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
St. Louis.....WEV
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
St. Louis.....WIL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Montana

Billings.....KGHL
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Butte.....KGIR
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Great Falls.....KFBB
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Kalispell.....KGEZ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Missoula.....KGVO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Wolf Point.....KGCX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Nebraska

Clay Center.....KMMJ
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Lincoln.....KFOR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln.....KFAB
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln.....WCAJ
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Norfolk.....WJAG
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
North Platte.....KGNC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Omaha.....WAAW
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
Omaha.....WOW
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Ravenna.....KGFV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter
and studio to Kearney,
Neb.)
Scottsbluff.....KGKY
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
York.....KGBZ
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Nevada

Las Vegas.....KGIX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Reno.....KOH
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

New Hampshire

Laconia.....WKAV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Manchester.....WFEA
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.

New Jersey

Asbury Park.....WCAP
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Atlantic City.....WPG
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Camden.....WCAM
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Hackensack.....WBMS
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WAAT
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Jersey City.....WHOM
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WKBO
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark.....WAAM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
(C. P. to increase power to 2500
until local sunset.)
Newark.....WGPC
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Newark.....WNJ
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark.....WOR
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Paterson.....WODA
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Red Bank.....WJBI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Trenton.....WOAX
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Zarephath.....WAWZ
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

New Mexico

Albuquerque.....KGGM
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Raton.....KGFL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
State College.....KOB
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

New York

Albany.....WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Auburn.....WMBO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Binghantown.....WNBK
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn.....WBBC
500 w.—1400 kc.—215.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WBBR
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Brooklyn.....WCGU
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WCLB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn.....WFOX
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WMBQ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn.....WMIL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Buffalo.....WBEN
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Buffalo.....WEBR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset

Buffalo.....WGR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Buffalo.....WKBW
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Buffalo.....WMAK
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Buffalo.....WSVS
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton.....WCAD
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Freeport.....WGBB
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Glens Falls.....WBGF
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Ithaca.....WEAI
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Ithaca.....WLCI
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamaica.....WMRJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamestown.....WOCL
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Long Island City.....WLBX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
New York.....WABC-WBOQ
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
New York.....WBNX
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WCDA
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WEAF
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
New York.....WEVD
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York.....WGBS
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
New York.....WHAP
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York.....WHN
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WJZ
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
New York.....WLWL
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
New York.....WMCA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York.....WMSG
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WNYC
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York.....WOV
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
New York.....WPCH
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
New York.....WQAO-WPAP
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WRNY
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Pachogue.....WPOE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Poughkeepsie.....WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rochester.....WHAM
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
Rochester.....WIFC-WABO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Saranac Lake.....WNBZ
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Schenectady.....WGY
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
Syracuse.....WFBL
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Syracuse.....WSYR-WMAC
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Troy.....WHAZ
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Tupper Lake.....WHDL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Utica.....WIBX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
Woodside.....WURL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yonkers.....WCOH
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

North Carolina

Asheville.....WVNC
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Charlotte.....WBT
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Gastonia.....WSOC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Greensboro.....WBIG
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Raleigh.....WPTF
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
Wilmington.....WRAM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Winston-Salem.....WSJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

North Dakota

Bismarck.....KFYR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Devils Lake.....KDLR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 Fargo.....WDAY
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Grand Forks.....KFJM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Mandan.....KGCU
250 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Minot.....KLFM
250 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Ohio

Bellefontaine.....WHBD
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton.....WHBC
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Cincinnati.....WFBE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Cincinnati.....WKRC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Cincinnati.....WLW
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
Cincinnati.....WSAI
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Cleveland.....WGAR
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland.....WJAY
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland.....WIK
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Cleveland.....WTAM
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Columbus.....WAU
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Columbus.....WCAH
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Columbus.....WEO
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Columbus.....WSEN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Dayton.....WSMK
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Mansfield.....WJW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Steubenville.....WIBR
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Tallmadge.....WADC
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
Toledo.....WSPD
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Youngstown.....WKBN
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Zanesville.....WALR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Oklahoma

Chickasha.....KOCW
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Elk City.....KGMP
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Enid.....KCRC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Norman.....WNAD
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFJF
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFNR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Oklahoma City.....KGFG
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Oklahoma City.....WKY
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Ponca City.....WBBZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Shawnee.....KGFF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
South Coffeyville.....KGGF
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Tulsa.....KVOO
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

Oregon

Astoria.....KFJI
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Corvallis.....KOAC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Eugene.....KORE
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Marshfield.....KOOS
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Medford.....KMED
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Portland.....KBPS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Portland.....KEN
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Portland.....KFJR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland.....KGW
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland.....KOIN
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Portland.....KTBR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland.....KWJJ
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Portland.....KNXL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Pennsylvania

Allentown.....WCBA
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Allentown.....WSAN
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Altoona.....WFRG
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to
250 w.)
Carbondale.....WNRW
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Elkins Park.....WIRG
25 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Erie WEDH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Grove City WSAJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg WBAK
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Harrisburg WCOD
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Harrisburg WHP
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Johnstown WJAC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster WGAL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster WKJC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Lewisburg WJBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Oil City WLBW
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
100 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia WCAU
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Philadelphia WELK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia WFFN
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia WFI
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia WHAT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Philadelphia WIP
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia WLIT
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia WPEN
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia WRAX
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Philadelphia WTEL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Pittsburgh KDKA
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
Pittsburgh KQV
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Pittsburgh WCAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Pittsburgh WJAS
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Pittsburgh WWSW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Reading WEEU
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Reading WRAW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Scranton WGBI
100 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Scranton WQAN
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Silver Haven WNBO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
State College WPSC
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Wilkes-Barre WBAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Wilkes-Barre WBRE
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Williamsport WRAK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Porto Rico

San Juan WKAQ
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

Rhode Island

Newport WMBA
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Pawtucket WPAW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence WEAN
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Providence WJAR
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
Providence WPRO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

South Carolina

Charleston WCSC
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Columbia WIS
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Spartanburg WSPA
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

South Dakota

Brookings KFDY
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Huron KGDY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mitchell KDGA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Pierre KGFY
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Rapid City WCAT
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Sioux Falls KSOO
2500 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.

Vermillion KUSD
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Watertown KGCR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Yankton WNAX
1000 w.—570 kc.—526.0 m.

Tennessee

Bristol WOPI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Chattanooga WDOD
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Jackson WTJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Knoxville WFBC
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Knoxville WNOX
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Knoxville WROL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Memphis WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis WHBQ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Memphis WMC
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Memphis WNBW
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis WREC-WOAN
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Nashville WLAC
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204.0 m.
Nashville WSM
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Springfield WSIX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Texas

Abilene KFYO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Amarillo KGRS
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Amarillo WDAG
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Austin KUT
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Beaumont KFDM
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Brownsville KWVG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238.0 m.
College Station WTAW
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Corpus Christi KGFI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Dallas KRLD
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Dallas WFAA
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
Dallas WRR
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Dublin KFPL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso KTSM
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso WDAH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Fort Worth KFJZ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Worth KTAT
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Fort Worth WBAP
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
(licensed at present for 10,000 w.)
Galveston KFLX
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Galveston KFUL
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Greenville KFPM
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harlingen KRGV
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Houston KPRC
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Houston KTLG
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Houston KTRH
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Houston KXYZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Angelo KGKL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KMAC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KONO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio KABC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Antonio KTSA
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
San Antonio WOAI
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Tyler KGKB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Waco WACO
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Wichita Falls KGKO
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Utah

Ogden KLO
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Salt Lake City KDYJ
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Salt Lake City KSL
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

Vermont

Burlington WCAX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Rutland WSYB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Springfield WNBX
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Albans WQDM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Waterbury WDEV
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Virginia

Alexandria WJSV
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
Danville WBTM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Emory WEHC
500 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
Lynchburg WLVA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Newport News WGH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Norfolk WTAR-WPOR
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Petersburg WLBG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Richmond WBBL
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond WMBG
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond WRVA
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Roanoke WDBJ
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Roanoke WRBX
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Washington

Aberdeen KXRO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Bellingham KVOB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Everett KFBL
50 w.—1270 kc.—218.7 m.
Lacey KGY
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Pullman KWSC
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Seattle KJR
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Seattle KOL
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle KOMO
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Seattle KPCB
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Seattle KRSC
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Seattle KTW
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Seattle KVL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Seattle KXA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Spokane WFIO
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Spokane KFPY
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Spokane KGA
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
Spokane KHQ
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Tacoma KMO
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Tacoma KVI
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
Walla Walla KUJ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Wenatchee KPQ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yakima KIT
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

West Virginia

Bluefield WHIS
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Charleston WOBV
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Fairmont WMMN
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Huntington WSAZ
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wheeling WVVV
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.

Wisconsin

Eau Claire WTAQ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Fond du Lac KFIZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Green Bay WHBY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Janesville WCLO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
La Crosse WKBH
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Madison WHA
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Madison WIBA
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Manitowoc WOMT
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Milwaukee WHAD
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee WISN
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee WTMJ
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Poynette WIBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Racine WRJN
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Sheboygan WHBL
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
South Madison WISJ
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Stevens Point WLBL
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Superior WIBC
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset

Wyoming

Casper KFDN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

The following list of Mexican, Cuban and Canadian stations has been corrected from the latest report of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1931.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC. Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO. St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CKOW. Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCE. Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCH. North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—328 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CNKC. Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN. Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO. Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR. Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT. Victoria, B. C.
50 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY. Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFJC. Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFCL. Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CFNB. Fredericton, N. B.
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS. Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNRC. King, York Co., Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC. Kingston, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK. Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CHCS. Hamilton, Ont.
500 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CHGS. Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA. Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML. Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS. Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC. Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CHWC. Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK. Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w.—665 kc.—451 m.
CHYC. Montreal, P. Q.
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE. Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB. Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCY-CHCA. Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGJ-CNRI. London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX. Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC. Lethbridge, Alta.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.

CJOR. Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJRM. Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW. Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX. Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM. St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCE-CHLS. Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI. Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR. Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL. Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKCO. Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR. Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CKCV-CNRC. Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC. Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC. Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKGW-CJBC-CJSC-CPRY. Toronto, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNDR. Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC. Cobalt, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO. Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC. Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC. Hamilton, Ont.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKPC. Preston, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR. Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKUA. Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX. Vancouver, B. C.
100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKX. Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—556 m.
CKY-CNRC. Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA. Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRH. Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CNRO. Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV. Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
10AE. Bowmanville, Ont.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BQ. Brantford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AK. Stratford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BP. Wingham
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BU. Canora, Sask.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10CB. Liverpool
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AB. Moose Jaw
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BI. Prince Albert
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AY. Kelowna
1109 kc.—250 m.

Cuba

CMAA. Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB. Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA. Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC. Havana
150 w.—965 kc.—311 m.
CMBD. Havana
150 w.—965 kc.—311 m.
CMBF. Havana
7 1/2 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG. Havana
130 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBH. Havana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBI. Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ. Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK. Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL. Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM. Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN. Los Pinos
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP. Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ. Marianao
50 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBR. Arroyo Apolo
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.

<p>CMBSHavana 150 w.—790 kc.—380 m. CMBTHavana 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m. CMBWMarianao 150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m. CMBXHavana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m. CMBYHavana 100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m. CMBZHavana 150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m. CMCHavana 500 w.—840 kc.—357 m. CMCAHavana 150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m. CMCBHavana 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m. CMCDHavana 15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m. CMCFHavana 250 w.—890 kc.—337 m. CMCGGuanabacoa 30 w.—1345 kc.—223 m. CMCHHavana 15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m. CMCJHavana 250 w.—550 kc.—545 m. CMCMMarianao 15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m. CMCNMarianao 250 w.—1225 kc.—245 m. CMCOMarianao 225 w.—660 kc.—454 m. CMCQHavana 600 w.—1150 kc.—260 m. CMCRHavana 20 w.—1285 kc.—233 m. CMCTGuanabacoa 5 w.—1500 kc.—200 m. CMCUHavana 50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m. CMCWHavana 150 w.—1285 kc.—233 m. CMCXMarianao 250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m. CMCYHavana 15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m. CMGAColon 100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.</p>	<p>CMGBMatanzas 7½ w.—1185 kc.—253 m. CMGCMatanzas 30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m. CMGDMatanzas 5 w.—1140 kc.—263 m. CMGECardenas 30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m. CMGFMatanzas 50 w.—977 kc.—307 m. CMGHMatanzas 60 w.—780 kc.—385 m. CMGIMatanzas 30 w.—1094 kc.—274 m. CMHACienfuegos 200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m. CMHBSagua la Grande 10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m. CMHCTuinucu 500 w.—791 kc.—379 m. CMHDCaibarien 250 w.—926 kc.—325 m. CMHESanta Clara 20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m. CMHHCifuentes 10 w.—870 kc.—345 m. CMHISanta Clara 15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m. CMHJCienfuegos 40 w.—645 kc.—465 m. CMJACamaguey 10 w.—1332 kc.—225 m. CMJBCiego de Avila 20 w.—1276 kc.—235 m. CMJCCamaguey 15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m. CMJECamaguey 20 w.—856 kc.—350 m. CMKHavana 3150 w.—730 kc.—411 m. CMKASantiago de Cuba 20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m. CMKBSantiago de Cuba 15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m. CMKCSantiago de Cuba 150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m. CMKDSantiago de Cuba 20 w.—1100 kc.—272 m. CMKESantiago de Cuba 250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.</p>	<p>CMKFHolguin 30 w.—1363 kc.—220 m. CMKGSantiago de Cuba 30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m. CMKHSantiago de Cuba 250 w.—1327 kc.—226 m. CMQHavana 250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m. CMWHavana 700 w.—588 kc.—510 m. CMXHavana 500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.</p>	<p>Mexico XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEB.....Mexico City 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEC.....Toluca 50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XED.....Reynosa, Tamps 10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m. XEE.....Linares, N. L. 10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEFA.....Mexico City 250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m. XEFE.....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEG.....Mexico City 2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m. XEH.....Monterrey 1000 w.—1132 kc.—268 m. XEI.....Morelia 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEK.....Mexico City 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEL.....Saltillo, Coah. 10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEM.....Tampico Tamps 500 w.—730 kc.—411 m. XEN.....Mexico City 1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m. XEO.....Mexico City 5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m. XEP.....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps 200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.</p>	<p>XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih. 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XER.....Mexico City 100 w.—650 kc.—461 m. XES.....Tampico, Tamps 500 w.—890 kc.—337 m. XET.....Monterrey, N. L. 1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m. XETA.....Mexico City 500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m. XETF.....Vera Cruz 500 w.—680 kc.—441 m. XEU.....Vera Cruz 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEV.....Puebla 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEW.....Mexico City 5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m. XEX.....Mexico City 500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m. XEY.....Merida, Yucatan 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m. XEZ.....Mexico City 500 w.—598 kc.—510 m. XETA.....Mexico City 500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m. XETY.....Mexico City 2000 w.—1300 kc.—231 m. XFA.....Mexico City 50 w.—(n-21,429 kc.—0-14 m.) (7,143-6,977 kc.—42-43 m.) (600-500 kc.—500-600 m.) XFC.....Aguascalientes 350 w.—805 kc.—373 m. XFD.....Mexico City 50 w.—(9,091 kc.—33 m.) (11,111 kc.—27 m.) (6,667 kc.—45 m.) XFE.....Villahermosa Tab. 350 w.—804 kc.—373 m. XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih. 250 w.—915 kc.—328 m. XFG.....Mexico City 2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m. XFH.....Mexico City 250 w. XFI.....Mexico City 1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m. XFX.....Mexico City 500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.</p>	<p>XFZMexico City 500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.</p>
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Television Stations

<p>Channel 2000 to 2100 kc. W3XK.....Wheaton, Md. 5000 w. W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y. 100 w. W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J. 5000 w. W9XAC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w. W2XAP.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w. W2XCR.....Jersey City, N. J. 5000 w.</p>	<p>Channel 2100 to 2200 kc. W3XAD.....Camden, N. J. 500 w. W2XBS.....New York, N. Y. 5000 w. W8XAK.....Bound Brook, N. J. 5000 w. W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 20,000 w. W2XCW Schenectady, N. Y. 20,000 w. W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.</p>	<p>Channel 2750 to 2850 kc. W2XBC.....L. I. City, L. I. 500 w. W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w. W9XC...W. LaFayette, Ind. 1500 w.</p>	<p>Channel 2850 to 2950 kc. W1XAV.....Boston, Mass. 500 w. W2XR.....L. I. City, L. I. 500 w. W9XR.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w. W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.</p>
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The Awful Truth

(Continued from page 71)

but think it out clearly and plus imagination and see what can be done. Be discriminating in your selection of truths. Have the good sense and the wit to adapt yourself to the truth and to make of truth a real virtue. Remember that truth can be a cruel and bitter thing. Spare yourself and your friends what can only be called, "the awful truth."

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.

Blondes Preferred

(Continued from page 70)

ing effect in the matter of small differences and irritabilities, arising in domestic life from day to day.

One is inclined to believe that the Olav and Ragna of today are very happy together, he makes a good husband, she a charming wife.

The Norwegian woman is the queen of the home and a good housewife. As soon as they become engaged they go to a housekeeping school to learn properly and completely how to feed the brute. I think I am quite safe in stating here, that surely in Norway is to be found the finest type in the world of

this kind of school. Just outside Oslo is one of these schools, quite unique of its kind. There everything from cooking to the care of small babies is taught. Not very long ago I visited this school and quite longed to be a pupil there.

I dare say that the Norwegian housewife is one of the best in Europe. Then too they are very fond of entertaining in their homes, and not in restaurants which seems so much the vogue at present in England and France. A Norwegian dinner party is a very serious affair, with many courses and speeches. They have rather a nice custom I think. The ladies do not retire from the table and leave the men to smoke alone, but cigarettes are passed round during the dinner. There is no stiffness whatsoever. Then there is the charming custom of what they call the Family day. This institution is very dear to the heart of the Norwegian, and one that could be well copied in other lands. Once a fortnight all members of the family who live in the same town, meet at the eldest son's or daughter's house for dinner. Thus the members of the family are kept together and the spirit of family affection is fostered.

As lovers of sport they excel, they can go for miles, and miles on ski in the winter and never tire, as a matter of fact as tiny children of seven or eight they begin, and it's quite a common thing on a Sunday morning to see the whole family, mother and father, sons and daughters, start off early in the morning for a day's skiing in the hills. Here is another chance to see the real

blonde. I know of no more charming sight than that of a young Norwegian girl, in the winter rushing down the beautiful pine covered hills on ski, her lovely blonde hair blowing in the wind.

As I have said the Norwegian woman works unostentatiously but she works none the less. She is known beyond the boundaries of her homeland. Wherever the menfolk have settled down to scattered quarters of the globe, the women, with that club instinct that seems natural to them, have set on foot plans for churches, hospitals, children's homes, and all kinds of movements that are philanthropic in their object.

So whether she is met with in Norway, where traditions as old as the mountains cling to her, or in foreign lands, where many influences encircle her, she is still the same. At home she has all the advantages of all that the women of any country have won for themselves in the theoretical field of women's rights. Abroad she is capable of appreciating and absorbing new habits of life and new ways of thought. Still she continues a hall marked woman, hallmarked with that impression that the Great Assayer stamped upon her forebears, the mark of a quiet spirit that is content to serve.

We have become quite serious, and perhaps you are a little disappointed at the turn this article has taken.

But never mind, at least I have given you some idea of the Norwegian women, and you may rely on me when I tell you that if you want to find the real Blonde you must go to Norway.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 62)

semble, and outstanding in his work with various symphonic organizations, Steck brings a wealth of musical experience and talent to KFBB.

They're Really Brothers

BOB and Jimmy (Palmer) are now exclusive KTM, Los Angeles artists. Known over the air as "The Utah Trail Boys," the duo are real brothers. Some of their own compositions are "The Utah Trail," "An Old Fashioned Sweetheart," "My Blue Mountain Home in the West," "Old Virginny Lullaby," "Where the Golden Poppies Grow" and "When the Raindrops Pattered on Our Old Tin Hats."

Good Things in Small Packages

AVERY unusual girl is diminutive Nora Schiller, KFRC comedienne. Here are a few items to prove it.

1. Was on the Pantages circuit in a singing and dancing act, doing impersonations of famous stars when eight years old.

2. Entered a high school in San Diego when eleven years old, the youngest student to ever enter the school.

3. After high school took a business course so she would have something to fall back on when she was through with the stage.

4. Weighs one hundred and two pounds; lacks one and a half inches of being five feet tall; has brown eyes, and is in her very early twenties.

Nora, to put it bluntly, is a "snappy little number." In her caracul fur jacket, brown derby with a French accent and a list to starboard she is a sight to increase any man's faith in life, love and the pursuit of happiness.

What The Long Beach Waves Say---

PERCY PRUNES, the characterization of a young lad not yet in his teens, was the result of an effort of a continuity writer at KFOX to conceive a character of the effeminate type. The writer of the famous "Butter Cream School" program assigned the new part to a young man who had but recently entered radio, Foster Rucker. Foster realized the mistake of trying to portray such a character as the writer had

drawn and his resultant modification of the part has been the means of his becoming identified by thousands as Percy Prunes and today there are very few children in Southern California and as far north as San Jose, who do not know of this little fellow.

Seldom in radio or in show business either, does a person strike a 'natural,' but Foster Rucker has done just that. After but a short time, reading the dialogue written for him by the author of the Butter Cream School Program, he began appearing in other programs and without written dialogue. Aside from the amusing situations that furnished entertainment to the kiddies and brought a chuckle to the older folks, was a plaintive quality to the affected voice of the Percy Prunes character that endeared him to every woman who had a spark of the mother instinct about her.

Not more than a year and a half ago, a playmate was created for Percy, appearing with him in the Butter Cream School and later introduced into his other feature period. This little lady was called Daisy Mae, and, as Percy had immediately captured the hearts of radio listeners a year before, so did Daisy Mae become the heroine in the eyes of countless little girls and the favored child of listening mothers.

Oh, yes, Foster Rucker and Pauline Stafford, as they are in real life, know quite well that it is impossible to please everyone and they are reconciled to the fact that they are 'tuned out' many times when they come on the air, but there are many phone calls and letters which prove that their audience is constantly increasing.

Like Father, She's An "Early Bird"

THE latest addition to the KFOX staff is little Margaret Marlene Miller, daughter of Eddie Miller, snappy talking announcer of the Early Bird programs. To date the young lady has not been active in her duties about the studio. In fact, she just recently came from the hospital to the waiting cradle in the Miller home in Long Beach. KFOX is in Long Beach, California.

A Lady Radio Ringmaster

"VI" CURTIS, who wields a wicked whip over at KELW, Burbank, Cal., as ring mistress of the circus program at 1 a. m. daily, uses 20 acts for the broadcast.

Billy Courtney, blues songster, accompanied by Margaret Grier has joined the circus staff as a regular

nightly performer. The "Pair of Jacks" (brother and sister) from WOAI, San Antonio, Texas, are also heard in piano melodies, songs and a couple of skits.

Then there is Sambo, studio handyman and local hanger-on, who does spirituals and popular tunes of the day.

All The Way From Nova Scotia

SPIN the dial of your radio until you have CHNS, the voice of Nova Scotia, at the Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax, N. S.! Time your tuning until the hour of the Dinner Dance in the Georgian Ball Room! Then comes the harmonious rythm, that is Harry Cochrane's Dance Orchestra in full swing.

Harry ranks as a pioneer in broadcasting having appeared over the old Carleton Hotel Studio of CHNS back as far as 1927. Tall, spare and grey eyed, Cochrane is one of the most familiar figures at CHNS in their new quarters on the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson Hotel. Never a day passes but that he drops in, music case in hand to assist in some programme as staff pianist, or with his orchestra to go on the air.

Aloha-Oe KGU!

LITTLE Anuhea Brown, an eight year old Hawaiian girl plays the steel guitar like an expert. The strange looking implements in front of her are the ancient Hawaiian instruments used as a background for the old hulas. By her left foot is the hollow gourd beaten with the open hand as a drum or tom-tom. The feathers by her right foot, or feathery object, is another gourd filled with dry seeds and decorated with feathers. It is known as the u'li u'li, used for the same purpose, as is the split bamboo stick in the foreground.

* * *

Eddie Marble, tenor, has been meandering from KGER over to KSL, Salt Lake, thence to KPO, San Francisco, and now back to KGER, Long Beach, again. Mrs. Eddie says there's a limit to all things and she isn't going to pack up, dress the children and go gallivanting around any more.

* * *

Roy Leffingwell, KECA entertainer, used to be an engineer. His brother, W. H. Leffingwell, wrote "Scientific Office Management" and other tomes. But Roy drifted back into music and threw away the engineering paraphernalia for good.

(Continued on page 87)

A RADIO MESSAGE

To men who are looking ahead
 . . . and up

RCA Institutes offers instruction in these interesting branches of radio . . . aircraft radio, disc and film recording, servicing home entertainment equipment, broadcast station or studio, talking pictures . . . to mention a few.

RCA Institutes (formerly the Marconi Institute) was founded 22 years ago for one purpose. To produce graduates who will be of *value* to the industry.

Naturally, we want our message to reach as many men as possible. So we have four resident schools—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. We prepared extension courses for men all over the world . . . so they might study at home in their spare time. With the special equipment we furnish, you can have your own radio laboratory right at home. Outstanding graduates of the extension courses become eligible for free scholarship at nearest resident school. Outstanding graduates of resident schools also eligible for university scholarships.

Our courses cover the entire radio field. Complete elementary and advanced instruction . . . taught by outstanding teachers. Modern, up-to-date methods are used plus the benefit of association with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. The cost is surpris-



LOOK! HERE'S a thrill! Short wave operation between ground and airplane!

ingly low for the training you get.

As the *oldest* radio school in America—and the *most modern*, up-to-date courses—we have given training to nearly 20,000 men. Many of these now hold responsible positions in the radio industry. But none arrived overnight. Nor will you. Your success may depend on how well you train yourself. But . . . be sure to get that training at the right place. Write today for our free catalog. The coupon makes it easy.



A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

RCA Institutes, Inc., Dept. DR-12, 75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.

- Aircraft Radio
- Broadcast Station or Studio
- Television
- Disc and Film Recording
- Talking Pictures
- Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment

Name _____
 Address _____
 Occupation _____

RCA INSTITUTES, INC.



Here she is—the Old Dutch Girl herself, in person, whose cheery “Good Morning, Ev’rybody” is an early morning tonic to hundreds of thousands of radio listeners. True to her tradition of twenty-six years’ standing, her identity remains a secret, as the Old Dutch Girl has never shown her face. Assisting her is the famed Old Dutch Girl orchestra, whose tuneful melodies are a matutinal treat. The Old Dutch Girl broadcasts over thirty-six stations on the CBS chain every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time.

Broadcasting *from the* Editorial Chair

(Continued from page 52)

up with all guns on the National Broadcasting Company. It may not have been a pre-conceived move, but what he said seemed to fit in with all the cumulative razzing and harpooning aimed at the NBC for months by practically all of the New York newspapers.

He blasted the chief executives, the NBC policies, torpedoed the program department and made such serious accusations that the officials of the NBC called hurried and heated conferences as soon as the first editions of the *Journal* reached the stands. Repercussion in the *Journal* office had already stirred the supervising editors to action. Men were hurried out and copies of the first edition were retrieved from the stands so far as it was possible to find them.

Mr. Porter's column was lifted out forthwith. The final editions carried a substitute column in which the Aircaster, (as Mr. Porter signed his feature,) said he presented the “guest columnist” views of certain leading NBC artists who were asked to answer the question, “What do I think of Radio?” It was a tough spot for some of the NBC headliners but they did their best. The *Journal* has a new aircaster now.

This outburst from the *Journal* evoked some surprise in broadcasting circles because the *Journal* is a Hearst paper

and Mr. Hearst has personally taken a friendly attitude toward broadcasting. In fact it was only a short time ago he talked over an NBC network. He recently bought WGBS, New York, and retains it as his personal property. He also has other stations in the Midwest.

The outcome of this climactic situation is unknown as *Radio Digest* goes to press. Will the fire continue to be concentrated on NBC as one of the most important objectives in humbling the American Plan of Broadcasting. After the NBC, what? Probably, CBS, and then into the Congressional lines at Washington?

Whether such things be true or not, and far be it from us to discount temporary dangers, the editors of *Radio Digest* still adhere to their original premise that in the end there will be a real wedding of interest between newspapers and broadcasting stations. They are fundamentally complementary to each other, and all the smoke and fire which currently ensue can only serve in the end to make this truth more quickly and more completely apparent. Meanwhile the radio public must be constantly on guard against “political” legislation that aims to rob the American people of the benefits of competitive broadcasting.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 84)

The Solitaire Cowboys, prime entertainers, have started on their fourth KOA year with real western atmosphere of prank-playing and vocalizing.

* * *

Tom Mitchell, who made a reputation as the Rainier Lime Rickey man over NBC, and who was once KNRC manager, now does some chain baritone-piano programs for KGW, KHQ and KOMO in the northwest. An amateur fisherman, Tom is the beau brumel type of entertainer.

* * *

Carlton Bowman, young Denver tenor, is the third KOA singer to leave en route for New York to join the Seth Parker troupe. Others . . . Norman Price, tenor and Edward Wolter, baritone.

* * *

Southern California is getting its fill of hill billy teams. Over at KTM there are the Beverly Hill Billies. KGFJ calls theirs the Chinese Hill Billies. KMTR labels theirs Tom Murray's Hill Billies while NBC's troupe are just plain Hill Billies. And KECA offers the ranch boys. But, sadly gasp the radio editors out there, "Thar's nothin' we can do about it."

* * *

KNX has to be good. Two sons of famous preachers are active on its personnel . . . Charles Gabriel, Jr., program manager and Drury Lane, office manager.

* * *

Eileen Elman, KPO contralto, is really Eileen Eddleman, who was born in Butte, Montana, but who moved to California while a baby.

* * *

Richard LeGrand, former NBC thespian, journeyed down to Los Angeles, and did a KFVB program or two but has since disappeared from his usual haunts.

KELW is growing bigger and better . . . physically at any rate. The station has just completed a new, or auxiliary studio which will be used for the announcer on duty and also as a soloists' studio. It faces towards the mountains with an ever changing vista of scenic loveliness and, at the same time, is separated from the visitors gallery by a plate glass partition.

* * *

Earl Taylor in conducting a contest over at KELW to pick out a good Olympic song . . . with catchy music and lilting lyrics. Taylor, who is himself an organist, pianist and popular singer, is doing a fifteen minute program at KELW each Monday and Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Cash prizes are being offered for the winners and it is said the contest will continue for several weeks.

Anita Greets Her Public

CHRISTENED Anita Grazelda Butler at an early age, at least a few years before the event of radio, one would almost think her parents had radio in mind from the euphonious name they gave her, but at any rate she is gaining a lot of popularity with the women audience through her broadcasting from WLBW, Oil City.



Anita Grazelda Butler

Contrary to the usual custom of Housewives Programs, Miss Butler does not confine herself to recipes, but gives direction for planting flowers, painting kitchen and porch furniture.

In spite of all the hard work attached to this type of programs, Miss Butler is fully repaid by the response she receives, and feels quite flattered when the listeners write to her asking her advice on special menus and home decorations.

In addition to conducting this morning program, Miss Butler is also Studio Directress of Radio Station WLBW, Oil City.

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 51)

Georgia. Something happened that delayed her in getting to the theatre. Just made it as the overture was finished. She was supposed to be the first on the stage.—She was helped into a dress—one of those snapper affairs and rushed onto the stage where she had to climb a ladder to a balcony from where she sang.—She made the balcony just as the curtain rose, BUT MINUS THE DRESS. It had caught on the ladder on the way up and the snaps—well you know.—You also know it's warm down in Atlanta and one doesn't wear much.

Marcella

(Continued from page 69)

MARC WILLIAMS, where have you been since you left Waco, Texas? Don't you know that Cecil Bounds of Ladonia and Ida Farrow of Elizabeth and many others are searching the ether for you? Ida writes, "I have heard lots of good singing Cowboys but I've never heard anyone to equal Marc Williams. I admire him very much and sincerely hope he will be back in the south this winter. He is 27 years of age and still single to my best knowledge." Maybe that answers your other question, Cecil.

There certainly seems to be an epidemic of missing sheep in radio circles. And now where are Eddie and Jimmie Dean? You have probably seen their picture in the October issue, Mina White. Yes, Mina, back copies can be obtained by writing to us. Haven't been able to locate Shepherd of the Hills picture. And where are Miriam Hadley and Margaret Schmidt of WTMJ?

Pauline Nininger of Ft. Lauderdale calls the Street Singer (Arthur Tracy) the golden-voiced Caruso II. There's a big story about him in this issue.

Floyd Gibbons has been married. Not living with his wife. Draw your own conclusions, Dixie.

MRS. MILLIE SAGE of Sandwich, Ill., would like to know the name of the singer on the record, *Sitting on a Five-Barred Gate*, made by Jack Hilton's orchestra. Can anyone help her? Wendell Hall is not broadcasting as far as can be learned. Edward Peyton (Ted) Harris, my dears, is giving lessons in radio technique, as a side line, up at the studios of Ida Bailey Allen. I once mentioned that he is one of the most active and energetic individuals in radio.

"HUSK O'HARE," writes Dee of Newport, N. H., "is slim, has dark hair and eyes, and is handsome. There are nine others in his band, and their waltzes are marvelous, Marcella—simply marvelous. He is apparently fond of inspirational poetry, judging from some he sent me. The frequent playing by this band of the exquisite *I Love You Truly*, as a salute to their own mothers and to ours is a most charming tribute, don't you think? The O'Hare speaking voice, almost expressionless, almost monotonous, slightly unsteady, has that 'something' that makes it simply fascinating and (oooh) thrilling. If it

VOTE NOW
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Turn to page 31

weren't for our rheumatics and our gray hairs and our husband and seven young 'uns, we'd let ourself just get in the throes of a good old-fashioned, school-girl crush, so there!" It seems to me, Dee, my dear, that you're deceiving yourself if you think you're not a good old-fashioned victim already. Toddles agrees with me—and she knows the symptoms of crushes.

* * *

A BALTIMORE Admirer will find a picture of the four Lombardo Brothers in the February issue of Radio Digest, page 66. Lebert is the trumpeter, Victor, the saxaphonist, Carmen, who plays the flute, is the vocalist and of course, Guy, the violinist, leads the group. Guy is about 29 years of age, Vinci.

BY THIS TIME: Ruth G. of Iowa, Alice Slaughter and Mrs. M. L. Potts have read about Wallace Butterworth in the October issue: Marion Hall of Norristown has seen Little Jack Little's picture in the Summer Edition (Yes, he's married); Betsy has read about Sanderson and Crumit in the Summer Edition and Milt Cross in October. There will be a note, H. W. Garner, in the Editorial, about the winner of the Diction Medal. Feature story about Wayne King in this issue, John Drake. Rudy was born July 28, 1901, Elizabeth. Peter de Rose and Mary Singhi Breen will celebrate their second wedding anniversary this month, according to Hal Stein, Mary. In the November issue of last year there was a very nice story and picture about them. Most interesting fact about their career is that neither ever took a music lesson. Both of Italian descent. Miss Dick Whittington, there was a picture of the Three Doctors in the February, 1931, issue.

Mrs. J. P. Empson wishes to refer the fans of the late Al Carney to a picture of this popular artist which appeared in the Who's Who Columns of May, 1930. Thanks for your kind words, Mrs. Empson.

Picture and paragraph of Tony Wons in May issue, Mary. You know now, Thyrza, that James Melton is now with the Cavaliers Quartet.

BY THIS TIME: Virginia Randolph has read Jean Paul King's story about the Super Suds Girls in October; Dorothy has seen the Kate Smith story in that number; yes, Marguerite, Kate tips the scales somewhere around 225 pounds, and you have probably seen John Mayo's picture in the September issue.

There was a very large picture of Milt Cross about a year ago, Mrs. Larabee, and by this time you've seen a small cut of Milt Cross in October. Keep up your spirit and I hope radio will continue to be a real friend to you.

Didn't you like Smith Ballew's story in October, Mrs. Doble? Oscar Dale and other Paul Tremaine fans better keep a sharp eye out—there'll be a story soon about Paul.

We had a picture of Howard Roth, Doctor of Sunshine, in the Marcella columns of October, 1930, Edna. He is about 25 and his orchestra, when he was broadcasting from New York City, was composed of college students. He used to have programs over WGBS, WPCB, WRNY and WBBC.

Splendid idea, Mae Chaney. Gave it to our M. E. as your suggestion. Maybe something will come of it.

Jinny Peters, how in the world can I ever get your forgiveness for not personally answering your sweet letters. But don't stop writing. I love to read your notes. Didn't you like the Coon-Sanders story in September?

A Radiograph about Russ Gilbert appeared in September, 1930, and a story about Pat Barnes in October of that year—R. P. Breen.

M. R. Laepple, anxious about Jean Warren Hight, formerly of WLIT, Philadelphia. He is now writing programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and by the way, did you know that he used to be Professor of English at the University of Pa.?

* * *

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

College for Homemakers

(Continued from page 24)

ly why we want you," they told me. "We want somebody who will have a real feeling for every woman's every day problems—some one with understanding and interest in what every woman wants to know about those problems." So here I am. And here's how we have planned the programs for the Home Circle.

To each meeting of my women's club of the air I am going to bring someone who will be both interesting and instructive as a guest speaker on some topic of interest to the woman listener. Home decoration, planning the budget, fashion notes, entertainment suggestions, child health and similar topics of feminine appeal will be discussed from time to time by speakers from leading women's magazines and other authorities.

The theme of the morning broadcasts will be "The Housewives of the World." I am sure that will be especially interesting because you know they say half the world never knows how the other half lives, and as the object of the broadcasts is to promote a broader

knowledge of better homemaking methods, I can't think of any way to make us appreciate all our modern American conveniences better than to give my listeners a glimpse of some of the homes of other lands and the homemaking problems the women in those countries have to face.

One morning, for example, the broadcast will take the listeners to a French kitchen. Another time to Hungary, another time to a "company dinner" in far-off Japan. In each case the visit will show the daily activities of those "other women." Each story will tie-in with primitive methods of doing some household task and the modern way it is done with General Electric products, each program being planned to give the women of the audience an opportunity to learn the good feature of at least one product.

ONE of the best features of the program, tho—at least one of the most interesting to me, and I hope it is going to be one of the most interesting and helpful to the other members of the "club" is the daily question and answer "column." I am going to read letters then from listeners in various parts of the country about different problems they have met in their own homemaking and telling how they, or other women, have met similar situations.

Musical entertainment will also be included in our fifteen minute meetings every morning. There will be at least an opening and closing theme song, "The Song of the Fireside" by Theodore Webb, the well-known baritone, and from time to time on the programs he will sing one or more other songs.

Then after the daily meetings during the week there is the lovely Sunday afternoon program, coming for half an hour just at the twilight hour. The Sunday afternoon program is something which has never been done before on the radio, and something which I know is going to bring as much pleasure to my listeners as it does to me. Each week we are going to have one of the most famous singers in the world, and he or she will sing the most famous old familiar songs in the world, not as if they were singing from the stage to a big audience, but informally, just as though they were actually singing to a group of intimate friends in their own home.

Geraldine Farrar was the guest star in the first of the "song at twilight" series on Sunday, October 18. She was followed by John McCormack, while on future Sundays through the winter, the programs will draw from such a list stars as Jeritza, Tibbett, Garden, Bonelli, Gigli, Ponselle, Homer, Zimbalist, and the English Singers.

In introducing each of these artists I

am going to try to give a word-picture of them at home, so that my audience will feel that they really and truly "know" the great singers whom they are hearing. And I am going, too, when somebody like Geraldine Farrar or Jeritza sings, to give my fellow "club-members" a little description of what they are wearing, because, well, I know that's something I'd like to hear about.

There's just one thing more I want to say about this Sunday program, something which does make it really different and like a "visit." The commercial announcements on this program, and on the morning programs, as well, will be kept at a minimum.

In other words, the program will be planned to give the audience the feeling of being taken into the home and life of the famous singer whom they hear. During the morning broadcasts I am going to ask what songs the listeners would like to hear on Sunday, not great arias, but just the simple songs we all love, and then on Sunday we will "drop in" and hear them.

Vis-a-Vis

(continued from page 29)

various images and objects. One minute you may be looking at a speed boat, which is changed by a few lines into a picture of Gar Wood, racing pilot. Speaking of inventions, Hanlon draws a new one for television each week, in which very strange mechanical contrivances are linked together resulting in hilarious entertainment.

Larry Christian is thinking about hiring a suit of armour for the future television boxing bouts. During the past few exhibition engagements he has taken everything from a kick on the shin to a right cross to the jaw in the limited space of the studio.

Ezilda Sutton who presents original international characterizations over W2XAB does not change costumes for her many character portrayals. Instead, she uses a number of veils for head decorations that have proven to be essential for this type of dramatic work.

The television audience had the pleasure of witnessing a very unique feature several weeks ago when Tony Sarg, the guest artist of Major Ivan Firth and Gladys Shaw Erskine presented the first visual broadcast of his flesh and blood marionettes, over the Columbia experimental station. The diminutive figures are made up as follows—Mr. Sarg and one of his fellow workers paint the back of the hands with eyes, mouths, noses, etc. and with the addition of a few strings which are attached to the arms and legs of a small wooden body, a puppet is formed. By working the fingers in different posi-

tions the face looks almost human, and by closing and opening the two middle fingers it gives the lookers-in the impression of lip movement which is substantiated with a sound channel used by Mr. Sarg and his assistant in making the figures carry on a lifelike conversation. During the broadcast, the small figures drink milk, eat crackers, in fact do most everything except smoke cigarettes.

NBC Cuts Cake

(Continued from page 30)

Therefore in September 1926, representatives of the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the three companies most vitally concerned in the propagation of broadcasting which meant increased sales of equipment, decided to organize broadcasting.

The outgrowth of this agreement was announced on November 1 as the National Broadcasting Company, founded to bolster up the Radio industry and coordinate the broadcasting field. The first official act was to purchase WEAJ from the AT&T, then as now an outstanding unit. Its network was organized on a permanent basis. This chain, ably built up by the Telephone Company, covered New England, the Middle Atlantic States and the Middle West with a total of nineteen stations.

To head this infant company came M. H. Aylesworth, a native of Colorado who was managing director of the National Electric Light Association. He confessed at the time that he has only learned to twirl dials to tune in programs, but his record of public service and progressive executiveship was sufficient qualification for his task of directing the destinies of NBC.

The company had its "coming out party" on November 15 by presenting the most spectacular broadcast arranged up to that time. Mary Garden sang from Chicago, Will Rogers spoke from Independence, Kansas; Weber and Fields, Walter Damrosch and his symphony orchestra, and others were heard from New York, but the audience had only the announcers' word that these

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performers were separated by hundreds of miles. Distance had been eliminated for the listener.

Meanwhile a second basic network had been formed to cover virtually the same territory, and having WJZ as a key station, which had been bought some time previously by RCA. Through the ensuing years other stations augmented these basic networks and finger-like supplementary chains, which could link with either basic network as the occasion demanded, were extended out into every division of the nation and over into Canada. The Pacific Coast network was formed early in 1927.

The first coast-to-coast broadcast of a football game was accomplished by NBC on New Year's Day, 1927, when the East heard a play-by-play account of the Rose Bowl gridiron contest in Pasadena, California. Three weeks later a performance of the Chicago Civic Opera was picked up by microphones from the opera house stage and transmitted over coast-to-coast facilities.

An all-time record for the greatest audience ever to hear a single human's voice was set when President Coolidge spoke over an NBC network on Washington's birthday, 1927. Ten million persons, it was estimated, turned attentive ears to radio sets on that occasion.

Radio received great impetus during the Smith-Hoover Presidential contest of 1928 as each nominee resorted to radio to reach the voters. It is believed that Hoover, fearful of visible auditors, welcomed the microphone as a friend which, it developed, assuredly aided his cause. Hoover's inauguration was one of the outstanding broadcast events of radio history.

MEANTIME NBC had constructed and occupied elaborate new quarters at 711 Fifth Avenue from which poured forth an unending stream of quality entertainment. In this fifteen-story edifice were eight ultra-modern studios, to which four more have been added. Favorite artists developed solely by microphone, leading stars of the stage, screen, opera and the recording studios beat a path to the building which rewarded them liberally for their contributions to a public service which had become a veritable religion to those responsible for the broadcast program.

NBC sought and found new ideas for radio. Outstanding was the emergence from the experimental laboratory of international rebroadcasting in the fall of 1929. Several Christmas and New Years programs exchanged between England, Holland, Germany and the United States that year awakened the radio audience to the remarkable possibilities of this new medium of mass communication. A new spirit of internationalism had dawned. To radio, the

peoples of the world were one.

George Engles, who had risen high in the concert management field with such sensations as Marion Talley, was engaged to head an artists bureau and now the NBC Artists Service is one of the largest agencies of this sort in the world, greatly increasing the supply of talent available for radio as well as the theater.

Walter Damrosch joined the company as musical counsellor and launched his Music Appreciation Courses, a broadly organized plan of mass music education. Deems Taylor, leading American opera composer, has headed a similar program in the operatic field. With the cooperation of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, NBC has made its networks available for programs of adult education.

John Royal, a master showman, has been brought in as program director; Erno Rapee, former right-hand man of S. L. "Roxy" Rothafel, as musical director; Frank Mason, formerly head of International News Service, as head of public relations activities; John E. Elwood to supervise educational and in-

ternational broadcasts, and numerous others to build a service schedule for a highly discriminating public.

WITHIN two years NBC will move its New York division into Radio City and there expand its scope.

As radio reaches a milestone in its growth it looks eagerly forward and in the future is sight. Television is said to be "around the corner" and all the radio industry strives mightily to turn the angle. In anticipation of this advent NBC has leased one-half the top floor of the world's tallest structure, the Empire State Building, and is there installing for experimental purposes the most advanced television broadcasting equipment yet developed in the scientists' laboratories. The transmitter tops the high reaching mooring mast 1250 feet above Fifth Avenue and will project images into the air.

Aylesworth and his associates pause to contemplate and to gain a second wind for the next hard drive.

Santa Has Athletes Foot

(Continued from page 21)

ventional instruments, wants more ideas for unusual instruments.

Jesse Crawford, NBC Poet of the Organ, "Continued good health is my Christmas wish. Show me a man who is in good health and I'll show you a man happy in his work."

Harold Sanford, director of Old Stager Musical program, "A happy Christmas for thousands of New Yorkers whose luck has deserted them in the past few months, is my sincere Christmas wish."

Lowell Patton, director of "Song For Today" program, "Nothing will please me or my assisting artists more than the opportunity to continue our interesting work with our NBC audience through the coming year."

Andy Sannella, director Lucky Strike Dance Hour, "I guess my Christmas wish a little trite, but nevertheless it is sincere. If I can continue through the coming year as pleasantly as I have in the past, I feel that is enough. If Santa Claus will unpack his bag and fill the stockings of the needy kiddies that will go a long way in making all of us happy this Christmas. I don't believe I can wish for another thing for the coming year."

Sisters of the Skillet—"We would like to have our sisters of the radio audience continue to send in their problems which we will try our best to solve for the benefit of all concerned."

Colonel Goodbody—"I earnestly hope

I can serve the housewives of America throughout the coming year as well as I think I have during the past."

At this juncture I heard a terrible commotion. There were shouts and sounds of a scuffle. Drawing my trusty safety razor blade I cut a slit in the mail bag, crawled out and scurried around into the corridor. A veiled woman was struggling with Dick Gordon who was there as Sherlock Holmes.

"**S**PY!" he shouted. She broke from his grasp, leaped into the elevator shaft and slid down a cable. While the other stood gasping and wondering what to do, I sprang after her and performed the same feat. I followed her to the street. She jumped into a taxi. I followed on my bicycle. The taxi turned east on 52nd st., but I seized the rear fender as it swung around and kept hold until it pulled up in front of the CBS building on Madison. The veiled woman sprang out and disappeared in the doorway. But in her haste she dropped a paper which I read.

Ah, ha! Hilda Cole, Columbia's mysterious veiled woman, as I had suspected! Getting the low-down on NBC Christmas plans before turning in her report on what she had observed while surreptitiously watching the Santa Clauses opening their mail from the Columbia stars. But here is the paper.

(See next page)

Santa and the Missus Read Letters from CBS

By Hilda Cole

MRS. SANTA CLAUS gave her husband a large bundle of letters.

"These are from radio stars," she said, "Please take your feet off the chair."

"I don't see much point in reading them," replied her husband, absent-mindedly braiding his beard, "Because all I have left is pop guns and whistles."

Mrs. Santa Claus raised her eyebrows.

"I've been out to feed the reindeer and I said—just by way of conversation 'well, it won't be long before we're hitching up the old sleigh again'—and what do you suppose Blitzen said?"

"What?"

"'Nerts.' And furthermore, I'm not sure, but I think the minute my back was turned Donder gave a Bronx cheer. Such insolence from the help!"

Santa sighed as he ruffled through a pile of letters, "I guess they feel the depression, my good woman," he said, "Well, sit down anyway, and we can have a lot of fun seeing what these blokes are counting on for Christmas. This is going to be a what-I-would-like-to-have-if-I-could-have-it Christmas."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Santa Claus, "This is going to be a howl," saying which she snatched up the first letter and adjusted her glasses to read.

"Santy darling:

I wish this Christmas you would just say hokus-pocus, or something, and I would find myself in a cute little white frame house in the country, with a fireplace, and all my friends and family around it. Best regards, Kate Smith."

"Nice idea, what?" observed Santa, reaching rather too eagerly at a letter postmarked Chicago.

"Dear old Clausy:

I want a smooth new car. I hope I like it. Yours, Ben Bernie.

P. S. Ben to you. I lead a band, and I smoke cigars, and I bet on horses. If I can't have a car, I certainly would like to know more about horses.

The Old Microbe."

"Dear Mr. Claus:

I am a contralto up at CBS and I have a theory that at Christmas time no one should be cursed with practical gifts. May I please count on you to see that I am provided with things I don't need at all. If I receive any white

linen handkerchiefs, I think I shall scream. Sincerely yours, Helen Nugent."

"Which is least useful?" inquired Papa Claus, "A whistle or a pop gun?"

"Dear Santa:

Are you listenin'—huh? I should like to have you come down my chimney and leave a book of poems—a book of poems I have never seen before. Is there such a thing, and, from one philosopher to another, does it really matter?
Tony Wons."

"I like poetry" said Mrs. Santa, "I always was aesthetic.

"Dear Santa:

I want an aeroplane. Vera Eakin.
P. S. I am a pianist at CBS."

At this point, we regret to report, both Mr. and Mrs. Santa burst into a roar of laughter, and at least five minutes elapsed before they opened the next letter.

"Dear old Santa:

Carolina moon keeps shi-i-i-i-ning. I'm Morton Downey of the Camel Quarter Hour. I remember past Christmases when I eagerly wrote you asking for sleds or skis. Now, I regret to say, I have almost everything I need except a stick of red and white peppermint candy. Won't you please put one in my sock! Morton Downey.

P. S. I want a candy cane. M. D."

"Say San," said Mrs. Claus, "There are certain drawbacks to success. Imagine not wanting anything except a stick of candy."

"Now don't go getting sentimental," advised her husband, "But make a notation about the peppermint cane."

"Santa darling:

The long tall gal from Dixie is way down yonder in New York City, and she's homesick. She has also been working very hard on a book. This is just to show you what a good girl I've been, and to ask you to bring me some mod-

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ernistic furniture. I'm just simply crazy about it, darlin'. Irene Beasley."

"Dear Santa Claus:

This Christmas my little boy will be three years old, and it will be the first year he is able to appreciate you. If you aren't down my chimney with tin soldiers and a drum, I'll put on some whiskers myself. I don't want to be sued for libel, either.

Harry Von Zell."

"Dear Santa:

I want a pair of roller skates, and you needn't take that the wrong way, either.

Harriet Lee, H. R. H."

"HEHEHEHEH" said Santa Claus.

"Dear old ham:

Christmas day I will be down in Georgia announcing a football game. That makes life simpler, as a matter-of-

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fact because if any of my playmates say, 'Why, Ted, you rat, I didn't get a Christmas card from you,' I will say, certainly not, I was down in Georgia announcing a football game. See? I will be among perfect strangers, though, to amend that, all football crowds are pretty much alike, and I certainly do like football crowds. If there is such a thing as a watch that keeps perfect time, please bring me one, old bean.

Ted Husing."

"Well" said Santa, "There isn't."

"There isn't what?"

"A watch that keeps perfect time."

"Give him two whistles then, San, they might come in handy."

"Dear Mr. Claus:

You are going to laugh. Although I have been working in radio for goodness knows how long, this Christmas, I want a radio of my own. Please, Mr. Claus, I want a radio."

"She said that once before," said Mrs. Claus.

"Shuh. She signs off this way—'with love to you and the family, Virginia Arnold.'"

"Dear Mr. Claus: •

I have often wondered whether you have anything to do with claustrophobia (if that's the way you spell it). Not that I know what it means, but I just wondered. At Christmas I like receiving practical gifts, although, if you will pardon my saying so, some of the ties I have received in the past have not been practical. They have been horrible. Once when I was a kid, I got myself in bad with the family, by sawing a hole in the top of the grand piano to put the tree in. Climbing down, I fell off, but I didn't hurt myself, because I fell on the soft pedal. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

P. S. Some people call me Spoofnagle, or Soupangel, or almost anything. Take your cherche."

"My dear Santy:

I would like a lot of flowers. Once when I was small I wished for dolls, and when you brought them I used to pretend they were actors. Now I just want flowers, please. I see quite a few actors. With love, Georgia Backus."

"My dear—ha cha cha—da—pardon me. Bad beginning. My dear Sir: This is Bing Crosby, enunciating. I want some wool socks size nine and a half. Whenever I get size nines it never works—Ha-cha-cha. You mustn't mind me, it's an old Crosby custom.

Sincerely, Bing.

P. S. That's really my adopted name. I'm really not trying to be funny."

"Dear Santa Claus:

Chimney Christmas . . . comes but once a year, but so far Christmas has been every day for me, because Christ-

mas is like every day. On account of the impression, if you can't bring me anything nice, Mrs. Santa Claus, might do.

Bob Taplinger."

And, inasmuch as the good lady took it very much to heart and made a scene without further ado—that is to say, with very much ado about comparatively nothing, there is nothing more to report. Santa Claus, for your information, is henpecked.

This report is respectfully submitted by No. 1313.

The Street Singer

(Continued from page 23)

listeners could decide through the mail.

Of course all this interest and suspense fired him with a new zeal and his interest in radio increased enormously. Certainly he would sign up for a trial period.

And never was a newly discovered prospective radio artist put through a more severe test than was young Tracy during the next few weeks. It was in the midst of last summer's hot spell. Those who tuned in during the mid-afternoon to hear him may have liked him but few took the trouble to write in and say so. One week it rained and the mail increased. The columnists began to mention him favorably in the newspapers. From once a week he went on twice a week, and then four times. The mail increased in proportion.

Suddenly Kate Smith was signed for a commercial program and Bing Crosby was switched from the popular 11 o'clock period to 7 p. m. Who would fill the 11 o'clock spot? The Street Singer had been growing stronger all the time. They decided to give him a try on that period once a week.

Almost everybody knows now that this hitherto radio unknown clicked immediately. Advertisers and advertising agents began making inquiries and even as these lines are being written a series of commercial auditions are scheduled—and of course a strong "commercial" is the aim of every ambitious radio artist. It would seem that the world depression is all over so far as the Street Singer is concerned and Arthur Tracy is destined to take his place on the scroll of the other Columbia immortals—the Downeys, Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys.

Oh, the radio scout, Ed Wolf? Why he's out scouting for another find, of course.

Just by way of biographical data it might be stated that Arthur Tracy was born in Philadelphia where his father and mother were both prominent in church and club music circles, his father being a well known professional singer. Arthur began singing publicly

at ten. At fifteen he bought all the Caruso records and studied the great Italian's technique. When he was eighteen a teacher tried to force his sound volume and as a result he temporarily lost his voice.

For a period of seven months he could scarcely speak above a whisper. It was then he almost gave up his idea of a musical career and matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania to study architecture. His voice came back during the second term and he became active in the glee club and undergraduate musical comedy. . . . He soon became better known for his singing than his proficiency as a student of architecture.

At the suggestion of the dean he terminated his campus career at Penn and transferred his activities to the Curtis School of Music where he studied voice and violin. He was tagged by a scout for the Shubert Theatrical Enterprises, sang in *Blossom Time*, *The Student Prince* and other operettas.

He had five years of theatrical singing and performing as master of ceremonies before the alert manager of Vincent Lopez heard him at that house party and steered him over to CBS. A few weeks ago he was asked to go up in a blimp and sing from the sky through a short-wave hook-up. He hesitated and said he thought the street was the best place for a street singer to do his stuff. Then his best girl poked her finger at him and said he was afraid. He couldn't stand that and went up. Ever since then he has been a flying enthusiast and goes up every chance he can get.

Mills Brothers a Find

(Continued from page 22)

called by his middle name—Flood.

Young Don is the "kid" of the quartet, and he looks as though he is wearing his first pair of long pants. In truth, they are his second pair. Though the youngest, he has the best memory for dates, names and places, and is quick to correct his brothers whenever he deems it necessary.

All the boys were born and raised in Piqua, Ohio. Before their father turned barber, he and their mother sang in vaudeville and wherever they chanced to get an engagement.

The boys began singing together when John was but thirteen and Donald a mere nine. At first they performed for stray pennies, nickels and dimes.—once they received a quarter—but their father, wishing to keep them off the streets, set them up as entertainers in his barbershop. Business doubled, and the Mills were enabled to keep the hovering wolf from the door.

At the same time their three sisters

also were asserting themselves musically. One played the violin, one the piano, and the third sang. Today, two are married and one is a registered nurse. The brothers are particularly emphatic about the "registered." They are quite proud of that.

Finally, the brothers graduated to an engagement in the local opera house. By this time, they had developed that unique "instrumental" harmony which happened quite by accident. John, who just about blew his way along with the trumpet, was offered a job playing the horn in a local colored boys band. Not having one of his own, he tried to borrow one, but failed. It required money to buy a trumpet, and he had none. So he offered to imitate the instrument in the band, for the night's engagement for only half pay. He didn't get the job, but it gave him an idea.

That idea he took to his brothers, and they each picked out several instruments, and listened closely to every orchestra they heard in order to perfect their effects.

The three nights they appeared at the opera house, it rained continuously and heavily, but the place was jammed to the doors at all performances. Each was paid ten dollars a night, making a total of \$120 for the Mills' coffers.

AFTERWARD, the family moved to Bellefontaine, and there the youngsters resumed their "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic." John and Herbert were freshmen in high school, and the two younger boys were now in the eighth grade. John played football, and Herbert starred on the track.

Financially speaking, matters weren't so good with the Mills family, and the boys found it necessary to quit school and seek work. That was in 1926, and Harry became a bootblack, John tended flowers in a greenhouse, and Herbert turned hod-carrier. But Don didn't search very strenuously for work—in fact, several times when it almost overtook him, he ran the other way. He preferred to sit at home and watch the others bring home the pay envelopes. At first the other three objected, but then their mother reminded them that Don was the youngest, and too much shouldn't be expected of him.

All the while they were appearing at various smokers, socials and other entertainments. Then last year they moved to Cincinnati where they immediately won a place on WLW, the Crosley 50,000 watt station. Soon they were appearing on thirteen programs weekly, of which four were commercials. Also came theatre engagements, both in vaudeville and movie houses. They learned more and more songs, and in time they could sing from memory more than 130 numbers. And as they require almost two hours to arrange and

memorize a tune, it kept them continually busy.

When it was suggested that they make a bid for the "big time" broadcasting in New York, they were a bit dubious as to how they would be received. Then too, they didn't want to leave their Cincinnati home, but finally it was decided they would venture East only if their mother accompanied them. She consented, and to New York and Columbia they came, they sang and, they conquered.

Harry and Don like New York immensely. John and Herbert prefer Cincinnati. John and Herbert left their girls in Cincinnati.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 64)

forts. *Smiles* was a great Ziegfeld show which featured Marilyn Miller, and for which Ziegfeld hoped a great success. The show folded even after every artificial measure of respiration was resorted to.

Similarly as in the case of *The Man I Love*, which survived the flopping of the first appearance of the musical comedy, *Strike Up the Band*, has Youman's composition *Time on My Hands* survived the show in which it first appeared. In fact, even more than that, it seems to be on its way to a hit, as it is constantly requested from our radio fans and Pennsylvania Grill patrons.

We play it at about one minute to the chorus, and to those who would sing the song a word of caution about the last few measures, where there is an unusual construction of melody and words. It has been taken over by the Miller Music Co., a firm which will probably handle all of Ziegfeld's music from now on.

Our Love Song

AS I said in one of our last issues of Tuneful Topics, Byron Gay and I have been working on various novelty ideas with the hope of getting a novelty song which might strike the public fancy. These are really the things that are needed to whet the jaded appetites of radio fans. Were it not for them, musical radio programs played by dance bands would become quite boring indeed.

There is no person more capable of producing this type of song than Byron Gay. Most of the publishers think him rather odd because his ideas are always odd and contrary to the Broadway idea. Byron is a great believer in repetition; witness his repetition of his main theme in his first big hit, *The Vamp*, which he peddled about until it was finally accepted. In fact, in any of his songs one discovers a constant repetition of the main melody or the main idea before it

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is driven home firmly into the public mind.

Byron and I spent many Sunday afternoons before we finally completed the idea itself. The main idea was to see that the song was long enough, and yet not too long. Furthermore, different ideas and themes are introduced throughout it, making it a varied type of composition. As yet, the song is unpublished, and if our few broadcasts of it bring any appreciable response, it will probably find its way to your favorite music counters.

It would be rather useless to describe the song, as it must be heard in order to be appreciated, though it might be said to refer to several different types of songs in different countries or different places. Its fate is in your hands.

When I Look In the Book of My Memory

FOR the past several weeks I have been engaged in making a series of Paramount moving picture shorts, the first of which I think you will find amusing. Two of Tin Pan Alley's cleverest song writers and "idea boys" were called in on these shorts, Sammy Lerner and Sammy Timberg.

Although in the making of the first short we used *A Little Kiss Each Morning*, near the end of the picture we introduced an original song called *Don't Take My Boop-oop-a-doop Away*.

This afternoon, in fact, I am rushing over to Astoria to see the finished print of the short, and the "rushes" I have already seen lead me to believe that it is going to be real entertainment.

Yesterday afternoon I conferred with the director of the shorts I am making, Aubrey Scotto, and our next short, in a collegiate vein, is going to feature another song by the Messrs. Lerner and Timberg called *When I Look in the Book of My Memory*. It is a beautiful waltz with a lovely melody and a fine lyric. I have already introduced it several times on the air, and as soon as Famous Music publishes it the bands that play waltzes will probably bring it to your ears on many an evening's program.

They also have a very cute song called *The Rhyming Song*, but I will tell you more about that in a future issue of *Tuneful Topics*, with the belief that the song will be published in the near future.

When I Look in the Book of My Memory is easily one of the best waltzes of the current season.

When It's Sleepy Time Down South

FREED-POWERS music publishing company, which name is more like the name of a group of attorneys or a business house, may boast of one of the best dance songs from a standpoint of

rhythm and a different thought in melody in *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*. The composers are new to me; either they are *nom de plumes*, or strictly amateurs, being Leon Rene, Otis Rene, and Clarence Muse. However, that does not impair the value of the song in any way, shape or manner.

Perhaps one of the finest and most clever renditions of the song is that of Louis Armstrong on his Okeh record of it. I have already mentioned Armstrong, and for the blasé phonograph record listener who wants something different in disc recordings, nearly any Armstrong record in which the inimitable trumpet player and singer gives vent to the feelings within him will do the trick. *I Surrender Dear* usually sends those who listen to it for the first time into gales of laughter; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, although not quite as wild as *I Surrender*, nevertheless is one of Louis' masterpieces.

There have followed in the wake of his recording of this song the usual recorded and radio attempts of various of his followers who are featured on the air to sing it in the same way that Louis does. The Brunswick record of Mildred Bailey would seem to show that she was not averse to the Armstrong influence. And I suppose Messrs. Crosby and Colombo will do it a la Armstrong.

Although I have yet to sing *Sleepy Time* on the air, we have played it, perhaps a little too brightly, as befits the orchestral rendition of it, though when sung the tune should be slowed down to about one minute the chorus.

Arthur Freed, of Freed-Powers, was a collaborator with Nacio Herb Brown in the writing of *Broadway Melody*, *Singing in the Rain*, *Pagan Love Song*, *The Doll Dance*, and so many other famous successes.

I Promise You

LITTLE JACK LITTLE turned composer again.

Jack lives in my building, so I feel that I can call him my neighbor. In fact, the building in which I live is often called "Radio City," inasmuch as it houses B. A. Rolfe, of Lucky Strike fame; Carmen Lombardo, of the Lombardo Brothers; Little Jack Little, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Jack Capp, of Brunswick records; Scrappy Lambert of the Smith Brothers, and heavens knows just how many more of the radio and phonograph world may be living in pent-houses and nooks and crannies of which I know nothing.

Jack has a most charming wife, whom everyone knows as Tee Little, and I often meet them on the elevator. A short time ago Mrs. Little tendered Jack a lovely birthday dinner, a real surprise party, as he came back from

golfing, and nearly everyone from the radio, phonograph and radio columnist world was there.

Carmen Lombardo, Jack Little and I live on the same side of the house, so we are constantly saying "hello" to one another.

During his stay in New York, in which time Jack has been building up an Eastern radio following in the hopes of getting a big commercial, he has written a host of songs which have been impartially placed with various big publishers. This time Jack has given one of his best songs to Phil Kornheiser, who formerly directed the affairs of Leo Feist.

While *I Promise You* may not be the sensational natural hit that Kornheiser needs and is waiting for, yet it is a mighty good song, and Phil's popularity with all the orchestra leaders will result in much broadcasting of it. Watch for it.

We play it quite slowly, at about one minute and five seconds for a chorus.

War Thrills

(Continued from page 15)

—the city that had become my goal on the boat up Long Island Sound in that long ago spring, it seemed, when I talked with an immigrant lad about his own home town.

Czernowitz with its snow white streets and with its dazed populace rubbing its eyes at the liberation that had taken place during the night when the troops of the Tsar had given up the place to fall back across the Pruth River. An unreasoning monster thing that mob, that might take us for spies and do away with us, Dunn was rightly sure. We went through a lot before we reached the river bank and saw a blazing trestle bridge and a burned out pontoon bridge cutting us off from following the retreating Russian Army that we had set out to join.

Then Bob and I shook hands and each promised he would give the other the breaks if one lived through what we were going to attempt, and the other didn't. And never have I met a man who was a better pal in a tight place. In the middle of the river the planks were burned out of the pontoon bridge but the side runners remained. Out on the bridge we started, knowing that the Cossacks were on the other bank in that white whirl that half blotted out the string of low houses across the stream.

Behind us, just back of the hill was Czernowitz, with its pinkish Rathaus and mob—and its shattered illusions of streets and flowers. The Hungarian Hussars were entering the town on one side as we pulled out of the other. Ahead was the swirl of the river with

the yawning gap where the planks were gone. And just beyond was the Russian rear guard, ready to engage the enemy. My right hand was in my pocket to raise a white handkerchief should a Russian fire on us and miss.

From the furnace of the blazing trestle bridge to the left, intermittent gusts of smoke came blowing across us until we reached the yawning middle of the pontoon bridge. Here the icy current swirled through the gap where the retreating Russians had burned out the cross-planks. But there was enough of the charred runners on each side to give us a chance to cross if we didn't slip or lose our balance.

This feat concerned us more than the Austrian Hussars behind and the Cossacks ahead until we reached the cross-planks on the other side of the gap. Then heart-pulsing paces until we stepped off upon the crunching snow and started to scramble up the slippery bank ahead.

Some shaggy figure moved in the doorway of a battered, burned house. It was a Cossack with carbine unslung. We were ready for the *Kto-to idyot* challenge. The fellow eyed us, but did not give it. Instead he peered back across the river. To the life and death hazard with which he was about to come to grips. He was the farthest outpost of the rear-guard, and things would be hot enough for him any minute now.

We held our breaths and passed him—we were inside the Russian lines!

Cossack horses behind a row of low houses along the river. More Cossacks on the road ahead. Hours of high adventure; until, by night, we had joined fortunes with the retreating army of the Tsar. But that is another story.

Read another adventure tale by Tom Curtin in the *January Radio Digest*.

Wayne King

(Continued from page 12)

waukee, recently and Hanson, head waiter, wrote Wayne a note thanking him for producing work for additional waiters and kitchen help. . .

Composes popular songs in spare time . . . some of his successes include: "The Waltz You Saved for Me" . . . "Until the End" . . . "Beautiful Love" . . . and now a great novelty hit, "Goofus" . . . often said Wayne makes his saxophone talk . . . friends say he endeavors to attain a certain expressionistic tone enabling him to almost speak the words of the song . . . puts a great deal of feeling into his playing . . . often closes his eyes while doing a solo . . . lives each number.

Great sportsman . . . hunts, fishes, plays good golf, and is a great aviation enthusiast . . . owns and pilots his own Stinson-Detroit cabin plane . . . surprised friends a few months ago by flying to Denver with Bill Stein, the flying MCA vice-president, as passenger.

Wayne is a bachelor . . . young too, only 31 years old . . . recently acquired a home in Highland Park where he lives with his valet, his dog, 150 pipes, and music . . . Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, once was a Wayne King admirer . . . Edna Torrence, the dancer, still is . . . surprised intimates the other day by buying a farm in northern Wisconsin . . . 640 acres located on a lake . . . much speculation about it . . . some say it will be his bachelor retreat with aviation field, fish and game preserve . . . a baton-brandisher with brains.

Lew White

(Continued from page 28)

before him in rolling grandeur. There were majestic sweeps and thunderous rumbles as of distant mountain storms. His mind flashed a vision of the bridge. The sound and the bridge certainly had a definite affinity. At last the problem was solved—if this same music could be reproduced there.

"Who was this man White?" Mr. Temple asked himself. He would like to know more about him. Later he said he would go out to see a picture show but would come back again to discuss what could be done about the records. He went over to the Roxy theatre—the greatest motion picture theatre in the world. He found that Lew White had been the featured organist there for four years. And from the same source he discovered that Lew White's records had sold into the millions to all parts of the world. So there could be no question about his ability to put the beautiful harmonies of the pipe organ in the records. But how would he manage to do it?"

That evening John again called by appointment at the studios. He thought he had stumbled into a social affair when he entered and was about to excuse himself to say that he would come again. But he was told this was the usual gaiety he would find there at night and to join and make himself at home. He joined in, and found out that Broadway was not cold, high hat and aloof toward strangers from other parts of the country. Of course the guests were really there on business. They were rehearsing or actually on the air—and between times having a good time together.

"I'm sold on the record idea," he said

later in the evening to Lew, "but where do you make these records? I'd like to have this very organ, your own pet organ do the job if possible without having to depend on some recording company's instrument."

"Exactly," smiled Lew, "we do it right here in the studios."

Again the visitor was surprised because he had imagined the records were made in some kind of a factory where they turned them out like so many china plates in a pottery.

"Now what would you like to have me record?" asked Lew.

"There you have me stopped, young man. Don't you suppose you could break away for a few days and come down to the Natural Bridge and get your own ideas, just from seeing it and getting the feel of it?"

Not many understand the real art of showmanship better than Lew White. He knew exactly how John Temple felt, and he knew that John was right. To do the presentation adequately he would have to see and get the feel of it. So he arranged to make the visit.

Natural Bridge astonished Lew White even though he had traveled back and forth across the continent many times on his concert tours. A great towering arch between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Alleghenies. He moved in and out of shadow and gazed upward from below and down from above. He got the feel that John had told him about. As a result he afterward recorded *The Seven Stages of Creation*, based on the Bible story.

HE NOW considers this among the greatest achievements of his career. When tourists visit Natural Bridge they hear this superlative expression of the soul within a mighty organ as it rolls through the valley and reverberates from one great crag to another. The heart of a man lifts in praise to the Creator through the throat of a great organ, and the organ gives voice to the inarticulate hymn of Nature. The reproduction is perfect.

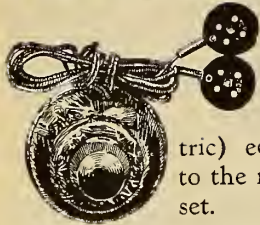
And hospitality? John Temple and his associates who backed the enterprise gave Lew White the time of his life; they did the noble state of Virginia proud in full justice to all traditions of the past.

It was the late Victor Herbert who eyed the young Lew White just coming into prominence. The old composer was foot weary and nearing the end of the road, but he paused to say that the young man would some day become, according to all portents, the greatest master of the pipe organ. He based his tribute on the younger man's tense eagerness to study and understand his art. For fifteen years Lew White has adhered to the same schedule of study.

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Sherlock Holmes

(Continued from page 27)

was abandoned."

Broadway, and then the circuits Richard Gordon soon became known across the footlights from coast to coast. In 1913 he was the "heavy" with Nance O'Neill; in 1917, the lead with Violet Heming in *The Frame*. Before the year was out he joined Florence Moore in *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*. Emily Anne Wellman, who became his life partner, was his stage partner in Orpheum vaudeville during 1921. Again he played "heavy" in the play *Aloma* in 1925. As recent as 1929 he played with Ethel Barrymore in *The Kingdom of God*. Since then he has been coming down from the sky in innumerable radio productions from the National Broadcasting Company studios in New York.

Mellow and jovial was this midnight hour with Sherlock Holmes. Congenial fellows and a delightful host. And I smiled to think the police had consulted him as to his theories concerning such frightful crimes as the Starr Faithfull murder and the Collings case. What could Dick Gordon know about criminology? Why, thieves even pilfered his automobile as it was parked outside the NBC studios and he hardly thought it worth while to report the matter to the police.

Should one pull down the shades and turn out the lights while listening to a Sherlock Holmes program? By all means, and let your imagination run riot. But don't forget this real man behind the Sherlock Holmes voice is a regular fellow with a heart twice as big as his two fists.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 53)

Stevens, a gossip; Flora May Barbert, school-teacher, and Delia, Mrs. Jones' Irish maid, among other characters in the rural sketch. Miss Gordon is probably the best character actress on the air today and has enough voices to play the entire sketch alone . . . even doing her own announcing for good measure. She is young, pretty and dark and is married to an insurance broker. She has a five-year-old son. Her interpretation of Sneed Yager and his contagious giggle is one of the high spots of the sketch.

Edward Whitney, who is Bill Perkins, Judge Whipple and Grandpa Overbrook on the ether waves, is a bachelor, middle-aged and has white hair. He speaks in either a high-pitched voice or a gruff sort of a grunt. He also appears in "Harbor Lights," "Death Valley Days" and "The Esso Hour."

The part of Fred Tibbets, the local barber, and that of Tony, Mrs. Jones' gardener, are both played by G. Underhill Macy. Mr. Macy has been on the legitimate stage and was in vaudeville for many years.

Phoebe Mackaye, who is Mrs. Effie Watts, the boarding-house keeper, is a tall, striking-looking English girl. Her father was an officer in the royal army and was attached to Buckingham Palace.

Tommy Brown, no relation to George Frame, was in short trousers when he joined the cast of "Real Folks." He portrays the part of Elmer Thompkins, nephew by adoption to the Thompkins'. He is a handsome, unspoiled young man now, and is a real actor. He is fifteen years old and was recently graduated from the Professional Children's School.

Who is Mrs. Jones. Well, turn down the lights, shut the windows, draw your chair up and listen. Mrs. Jones is none other than Mayor Thompkins, George Frame Brown himself, in posson.

THAT'S a great trio who contribute the Dutch Masters weekly program for the Consolidated Cigar Company on NBC. The entertainers are Walter Scanlon, Billy Murray and Marcella Shields. Walter Scanlon and Billy Murray were minstrel men together twenty years ago. Murray was one of the first stage artists to make phonograph records. Walter Scanlon sang the leading role in Victor Herbert's operetta, "Eileen," and has appeared in several Arthur Hammerstein musical productions. Marcella Shields made her stage debut at the age of five and has played with Maude Adams, Fay Bainter, DeWolf Hopper, "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher, Positively Mr. Shean" and innumerable other well-known stars.

Oh yes, I must tell you about Jeff Sparks, the youthful NBC announcer. Just as George Frame Brown got his start in radio by ridiculing radio . . . so did Jeff Sparks get his break by ridiculing announcers.

It all happened six years ago, when Jeff and two other fellows built a station at Brighton Beach. Just for a laugh, Jeff was appointed announcer after giving a hilarious burlesque performance on how the well-behaved announcer does not behave. Jeff soon found out he liked the post and settled down to his task in all seriousness. He secured a job with WPCH where besides announcing, he also played the ukelele and sang. In 1930 he joined NBC's staff of announcers.

Jeff Sparks is but 26 years of age, is five feet eight inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. He has dark eyes and hair and has a compelling personality that wins for him the friendship of everyone he meets.

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